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Among the New Books

By Harry Hansen

Literary Editor of the New York World-Telegram

IN giving first place this month to *The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb,* rather than to *Mrs. Astor's Horse,* I want to emphasize the fact that scholarship does not rest its labors even though a world seethes with war and rebellion and innumerable individuals indulge in meaningless antics. Amid the acute financial distress of a few years ago E. V. Lucas came to the United States with the worthy intention of locating and copying letters written by Charles Lamb and now reposing in American collections. He found a great many of them—the Huntington Library possessed a large number; the University of Texas had the correspondence with Wordsworth; there were letters in the Morgan Library in New York, the Folger Shakespeare Library, and in the hands of many private collectors, among them Owen D. Young, Edward Newton, and John Gribbel. These have been added to the letters held in England to make three volumes, giving copies of practically all the known letters.

These letters were written long before the activities of daily life ruined our leisure. They contain news as well as comment and reflection and form an autobiography, helped materially by the explanatory notes provided by Mr. Lucas. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Manning, Leigh Hunt, John Howard Payne, Mary Shelley, Monkhouse, Southey, Forster, Moxon, Hood—innumerable others corresponded with Lamb. The kindness and generosity of Lamb makes these letters memorable. The work is being published by Yale University Press on the Philip Hamilton McMillan Memorial Foundation.

"LADIES, LOVERS AND OTHER PEOPLE"

Elisabeth Finley Thomas, author of *Knickerbocker Blood* and other novels, has written a sparkling book of reminiscences called *Ladies, Lovers and Other People,* which is filled with a generosity toward well-known figures that is unique among current memoirs. The reason is not far to seek: Mrs. Thomas is not an old lady of other days recalling the past with nostalgic bitterness but a vivid personality of our time with wide artistic sympathies and an appreciation of things both amusing and extraordinary. She begins with the days in New Haven when she asked President Woolsey of Yale to look for a monkey on the hand-organ at the corner; she describes the grand tour that gave her a glimpse of Queen Victoria and landed her in a French school in the days of the obstreperous Boulanger. Pre-war Germany, Italy, and France were well known to her; in Paris she became a student in the Académie Julian; in New York City she studied painting under Twachtman, Kenyon Cox, and Carroll Beckwith, and at one time had an atelier in the Holbein studios on West Fifty-fifth Street, then the Latin Quarter. Her writing is a model of compactness and grace, yet each figure is clearly limned. Sarah Bernhardt is here, at the peak of her career and in her courageous old age; Anatole France sends a copy of *Le Livre de mon Ami;* Gladstone, Bismarck, Ouida, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Carl Schurz, W. Somerset Maugham, and personalities of New York's theatrical and journalistic life occupy positions in this gallery. The illustrations by Edward C. Caswell are happily in tune with the book. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA"

Ernest Hemingway went into Africa to hunt an antelope known as the kudu and decided to transcribe the events of his expedition with a truthfulness hitherto unknown. The result is *Green Hills of Africa,* which he calls a novel in which he, his wife, his hunter, his guides, and the men he meets are actors. Mr. Hemingway can never be accused of dullness in writing, although his party seems to have had in it several who were both ignorant and bores. The descriptive passages are full of movement; the comments on life, writing, happiness, civilization, etc., which reflect Mr. Hemingway's cogitation as he goes a-hunting, are done in a style that is so intentionally simplified that it becomes artificial. This is especially marked because Mr. Hemingway undertakes to dispose of Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, "and company" because

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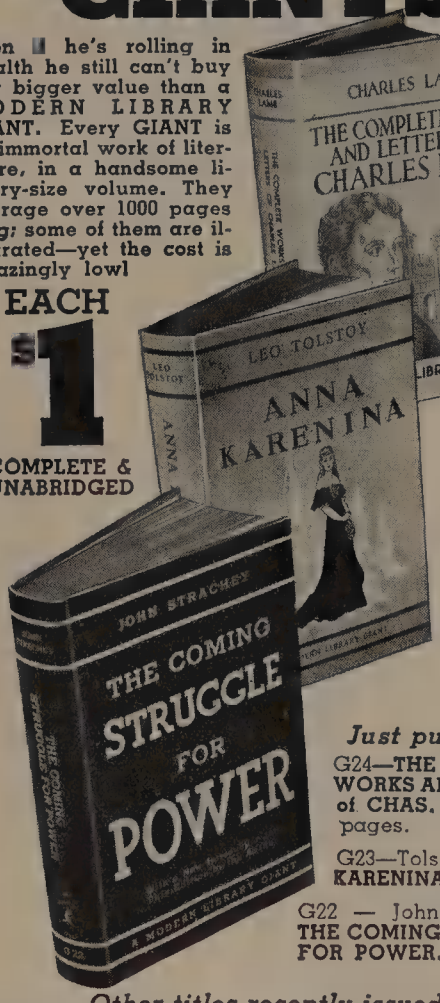
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they were respectable, had "nice, dry, clean minds," and did not "use the words that people have always used in speech." It all depends on what people one means. But as the expression of an individuality that does not have to borrow themes from others Mr. Hemingway's book is wholly successful. In the past many books on hunting have been written by men and relished by women—the writings of Martin Johnson come in this category—but of Mr. Hemingway's work it can be said that he writes primarily for men and is enjoyed by them. (Scribner's.)

"MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE"

Stanley Walker, author of *City Editor,* has made a hilarious book out of current events merely by putting them between covers. He calls it *Mrs. Astor's Horse,* reminding us that in the red-plush era of the Nineties people often described a woman as "dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse." The book has little to do with Mrs. Astor, for it concentrates on our own age and suggests that the Nineties must have been sane and normal.

The manifestations of American life that get Mr. Walker's attention include the money-spending antics of the rich, the preposterous programs on the radio, the breakdown of the testimonial racket in advertising, the vogue of outlandish interior decorating, the idiotic behavior of those attending the Hauptmann trial, the playtimes of Hollywood stars, the invectives of politicians, the careers of Daddy Browning, Earl Carroll, Mae West, Aimee Semple McPherson, Sally Rand, and Rudy Valentino, the welcome home parties of Jimmy Walker, and allied subjects that throw light on our times.

After reading the book one gropes for an explanation of these phases of American life. Mediocrity, bad taste, blatant self-advertising, greed for money on any terms, insincerity and shamelessness on the part of individuals are matched by lack of good judgment on the part of the public. The greed for money has distorted many of these people and their use of it makes them fair game for newspaper copy. One can merely conclude that our age is even more abnormal than that of Mrs. Astor's horse. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

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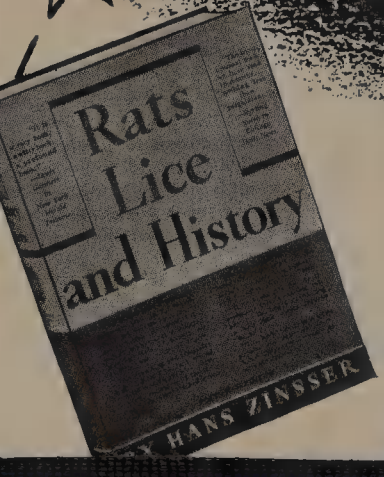
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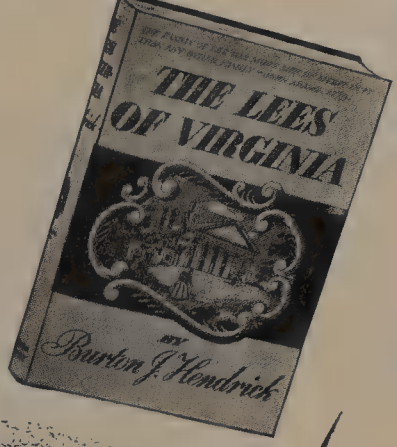
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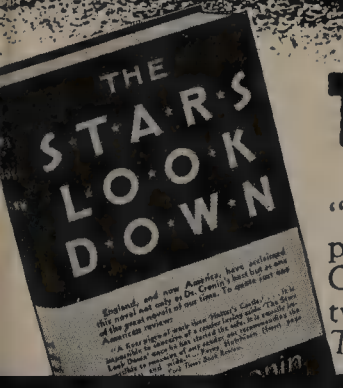
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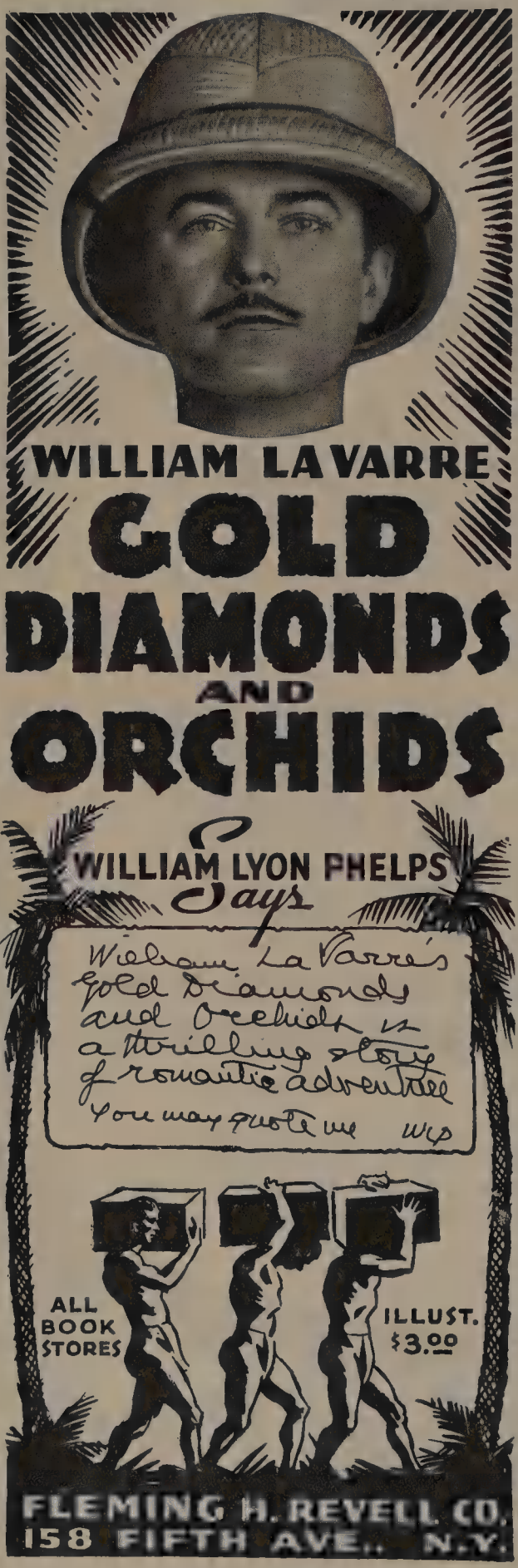


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used to describe objects, persons, and events; the articles are short with emphasis on essentials, and the editor seems to have had in mind a book of general usefulness, appealing to the man who wants information rather than to the expert who seeks to dig deeper into his specialty. Many articles have references to books that are in print, so that the reader may continue his search for more details. Leaders in modern life are copiously represented, and since information is of first importance, the editors have avoided controversial interpretations. This should make a most desirable gift book for the coming holidays.

"STEEL OF EMPIRE"

The land through which the Canadian Pacific Railway makes its way is a great segment of the North American continent, and the path it follows is so important that John Murray Gibbon, in *Steel of Empire,* calls it "the Northwest Passage of to-day." He has seen its story as romantic history, and in a book filled with drawings and reproductions from photographs as well as maps he describes the part this railway has played in opening up Canadian territory, giving farming and industry a chance to transport their products, and in building steamship lines that reached foreign ports with Canadian cargoes. "Through the exercise of economy and efficiency in operation," writes Mr. Gibbon, "and through its conservative financing, it has enabled Canada to enjoy a lower scale of freight rates on primary exportable products than exists in any other country." The part played by the railway in making British Columbia an integral part of Canada was a large one; for the separatist movement, favoring joining the United States, was gaining there and could be opposed only by the construction of the road and closer ties with the East. The tale of how the project was financed, how engineering difficulties were overcome, and track laid in mountainous territory is a thrilling record and a part of the history of industrial conquest of the continent. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

BRIEF NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

A large-paper edition of *The Idiot,* by Dostoyevsky, has just been issued by Random House, uniform with the edition of *The Brothers Karamazov* of two years ago. Boardman Robinson, who drew the illustrations for the first volume, is also the artist of the new work. The translation by Constance Garnett is used.

Research in a neglected field has yielded *The Spanish Missions of Georgia,* by John Tate Lanning, who reveals that the mission system developed important outposts amid the vicissitudes of Indian warfare a century and a half before

Books For Christmas

By the author of
A LANTERN IN HER HAND

SPRING CAME ON FOREVER

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

A new and inspiring novel of the Middle West, presenting the life of a stalwart, courageous pioneer woman from the days of the covered wagon to the present. A magnificent "cavalcade" of seven decades of American life, its dreams, its traditions, its ideals, its accomplishments. $2.00

MONUMENTS AND MEN OF ANCIENT ROME

By Grant Showerman. Against the ancient monuments amongst which they lived, Professor Showerman projects the lives of representative figures of Rome, revealing them in the light of their times, their thoughts, impulses and emotions. Lavishly illustrated. $5.00

LIKE A MIGHTY ARMY

Hitler Versus Established Religion

By George N. Shuster. The managing editor of The Commonweal, author of "Strong Man Rules," here exposes the real significance of the Nazi anti-Semitic movement, especially as it bears with ominous forebodings for Protestants and Catholics alike. $2.00

SNAKE-HUNTERS' HOLIDAY

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By Francis Watson. "Superb." — *Boston Transcript.* "The bloody Catherine dominates the pages of this excellent biography." — *Los Angeles Times.* $3.00

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By Marjorie Bowen. A true biography. "Highly informative, brilliantly written, worthy of a place beside 'The Viper of Milan' and 'General Crack'." — *N. Y. Sun.* $2.50

IF THIS BE I: As I Suppose It Be

By Margaret Deland. One of America's best known and best loved authors writes a charming volume of childhood memories. It all began when Margaret Deland looked at a photograph of herself at six — and the flood of memories beginning with her childhood in the days of the Civil War forms a fascinating and unique narrative. Illustrated. $2.00

JANE ADDAMS A Biography

By James Weber Linn. The definitive, authorized life of Jane Addams. "Into one volume he has compressed the life of one of the greatest women of our time. Fascinating, important, comprehensive, accurate." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Second printing. $3.50

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Oglethorpe arrived. Extensive remains are said to lie along the seacoast. Mr. Lanning has consulted archives and discovered an immense amount of American history hitherto unrevealed. (University of North Carolina Press.)

The lore of the patchwork quilt deserves to be recorded in books. *The Romance of the Patchwork Quilt in America,* by Carrie A. Hall and Rose C. Kretsinger, is a step in the right direction. The subject is treated informally, as it should be, and innumerable quilt patterns, antique and modern, are listed and reproduced. The Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, are issuing this book.

Preoccupation with native American authors has obscured our interest in French literary figures in the past few years. *French Novelists of Today* recalls them to mind—here are essays on the personalities and ideas of Jules Romains, André Malraux, Jean Cocteau, Jean Girardoux, Colette, Paul Morand, André Gide, François Mauriac—and even Julien Green. The author is Milton H. Stansbury, and an attractive volume has been produced by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

Professor Philip Wheelwright of New York University has translated and edited three of Aristotle's writings in a new volume: *Natural Science, Psychology and Nicomachean Ethics.* A companion volume will be devoted to the *Metaphysics.* (Doubleday, Doran.)

Two handsome volumes that will prove a most welcome addition to any booklover's library are *An Oxford Anthology of English Poetry* and *An Oxford Anthology of English Prose,* the first edited by Prof. Howard Foster Lowry and Prof. Willard Thorp, the second by Prof. Arnold Whitridge and Prof. John Wendell Dodds. Each has about one thousand pages without being either too bulky or too difficult to read; the familiar Oxford blue cloth with gold top is used. (Oxford University Press.)

New thrills and surprises are provided by Agatha Christie in her new detective mystery, *The Boomerang Clue,* which has enough red herrings in it to confuse the most astute amateur. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)



CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN



In August the newspapers carried the report that Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who had been in the forefront of battles for woman suffrage and peace, had committed suicide at the age of seventy-five, leaving a letter beginning, "Human life consists in mutual service," and ending, "I have preferred chloroform to cancer." The reader whose interest has been aroused by this unconventional ending of a great life will find Mrs. Gilman's own point of view explained in *The Living of Charlotte Perkins Gilman,* which is introduced by a laudatory memoir by Zona

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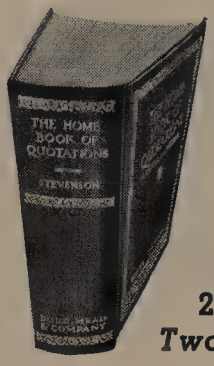
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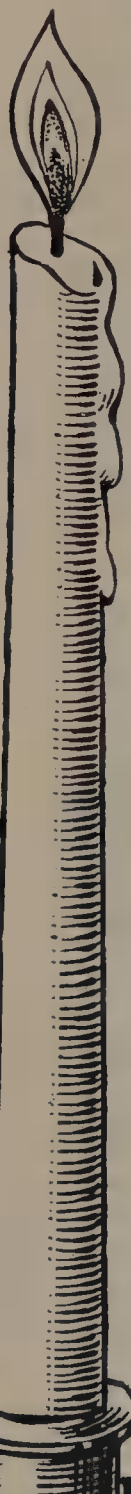
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Gale. Mrs. Gilman belonged to the Beecher family and had their intellectual integrity in her bones. She fought for her convictions in days when plain-speaking often aroused the discontent and enmity of neighbors. Thus she obtained a divorce long before this was an American custom, and she remained good friends with her former husband when he married her best friend. She fought for woman's freedom from domestic cares, and that led her to advocate the ballot for women; she resented bitterly the resignation of women who went back to the kitchen during the depression when they were unable to get help, believing that the community would eventually provide for all families. Her story, covering fifty years of an active life, touches on her activities in California as well as in New York and her wide acquaintance with leaders of modern thought in England. She regretted that the hospitality of the United States had opened our gates to more foreigners than we could assimilate and looked upon New York as a sprawling, un-American city that was not very close to American ideals. (Appleton-Century.)



BARRY BENEFIELD'S NOVEL



Many authors are like squatters in a mining rush; they see one author bring up rich ore out of his diggings and immediately begin working the same locality. But Barry Benefield's position is unique; he has his own richly human sympathies with submerged characters who do not ordinarily appear on the scene, and he manages to make them live on the printed page. Those who remember *The Chicken-Wagon Family* will recall the story of the Louisiana peddler who moved his family to an unused firehouse in New York. In *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* Mr. Benefield has taken his inspiration from an earlier short story, "Carrie Snyder," and developed the story of how Carrie, an outcast in the smug little town of Crebillon, formed a compact family with two little friends, Paul and Lady, led them into New York City, made her way as manager of a chain of cleaning and dyeing plants, and brought their lives successfully to the bloom of maturity. In his last line Mr. Benefield hits upon the one word that describes Carrie—she was valiant—and hence comes his happy inspiration for the title. (Reynal & Hitchcock.)



SINCLAIR LEWIS' NEW NOVEL



Satire of American affairs and manners is the particular forte of Sinclair Lewis; in *It Can't Happen Here,* his latest novel, he describes America under the heel of a ruthless dictator who borrows his methods from Germany and

Among the New Books

THE PARADE OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Virginia Kirkus

MY favorite story about shopping for children's books was told me by Christine Noble Govan (do you remember her hilarious *Those Plummer Children* last year?), and this year's Children's Book Week slogan reminded me of it. An anxious mother, with two shy youngsters in tow, was seeking just the right book and inquiring of the salesman, "Is it this, that, or the other?" when, annoyed by successive tugs at her skirt, she turned to the children with an impatient, "What's the matter?" "Ask him if it's interesting?" was the reply. So let's make that again the acid test. Let's throw out, for the holiday testing ground, those books which do not qualify on that score. And remember this: children who like to read won't need tempting bait. They'll find their own way. And those who don't like to read won't be tempted unless they are interested. So here goes for the 1935 book parade.

We'll lead off with the new d'Aulaire picture-story book, *Children of the Northlights* which rivals their inimitable *Ola* and certainly ranks at the top—not overcrowded this year—of gay, warmly colorful, friendly picture books, this one a might-be-true story of small Lapp children who live at the top of the world and who come alive in these pictures of their daily round of fun and work. Crowding it close, but for slightly older children, comes *Honk, the Moose,* written by Phil Stong and pictured by Kurt Wiese. Honk was hungry. The village seemed to tickle his nose. So—in spite of the skepticism of the inhabitants, who did not remember inviting him, Honk took up his abode in the livery stable and demanded the right to his daily quota of hay. Listen to the chuckles of small readers as you follow the story and the enchanting pictures. *Gone Is Gone* is the name of the new Wanda Gag book—and that is always news. It's a stick-in-the-toe-of-the-stocking book this year, an amusing story of a man who insisted that his wife's lot was sugar and spice and everything nice, and who quickly changed back to his own lot after one day of running the household and finding it not quite such a sinecure as he had imagined. You know the Wanda Gag magic—there's humor and a folk quality and imagination in both text and pictures. There's a mystery story for beginners—*I Know a Surprise,* by Dorothy Walter Baruch, a sort of House That Jack Built pattern with its repetition and build up, which all beginners in the miracle of picking out words and sentences find enticing. And this time the pictures by the Haumans carry the story along from page to page. Another book in this same group of picture-story books, for the graduate of just pictures, is *Across the Cotton Patch,* by Ellis Credle,

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adventures and misadventures of plantation children, black and white. Don't overlook *Mister Penny,* by Marie Hall Ets. It's a natural —fun and an underlying philosophy, an overworked little man and his spoiled family of animals, a moral with sugar coating; but after all, most of the world likes that formula: the shoe always fits someone else, you see.

We must not fall for the temptation of too rich a diet of pictures, so the next group of books includes the high spots of books for the eight- to twelve-year-olds. One of the books that arbitrarily we include in this group just because it can't be bound to earth by any rules is Hendrik Van Loon's *Alphabet Book.* Whenever I read anything Mr. Van Loon has written in the way of so-called travel books, I think what fun it would be to see the world with him. Now here's a quick trip around the world, by way of the cities and towns that happen to fit the letters of the alphabet. It is just an artificial connecting thread; for he jumps all over the map, and he has a glorious time doing it—he makes his picture maps bring the places to life in imagination, and he tells an oddly assorted collection of facts about them. It's the sort of book that will make children ask for more, and will prove that twice-told tale, too often forgotten, that learning things *is* fun. The new Hader book takes us traveling too—to Jamaica and the playground of *Jamaica Johnny,* who had as playmates a white goat, a dog, a donkey, and a pair of parakeets.

One of my favorites in this age-group, this season, is *Sandy's Kingdom,* by Mary Gould Davis. I always associate Miss Davis with books about Italy, one way and another; so this was a surprise—a story of a fox farm with the animals of the stable yard as actors, a Great Dane, two very human St. Bernards, and the wise shepherd dog, Sandy, who kept them in order. Emma Brock did the pictures, and together she and Mary Davis have made a book that I'll wager every eight-, nine-, and ten-year-old will love. . . . There's a new Mary Poppins—for those of you who joined that joyous parade last year. And for those who didn't, there's fun in store for you with both *Mary Poppins* and *Mary Poppins Comes Back* by P. L. Travers. Magic and realism in perfect accord in a story of a nursery governess whose thralldom was established for me when she began unpacking a full bag and took nothing at all out of it. Mary Shepard, a true daughter of her famous father, made the pictures for both books, and she is on intimate terms with the nurse who turned life upside down and right side up and blew in on one wind and out on another. I miss my guess if Mary Poppins hasn't come to stay, no matter what the winds may do. . . . There's another English writer who has held my heart for more years than I care to state and on this same premise, that magic and everyday life can exist side by

side. This is E. Nesbit. The reissuing of her books to-day proves that she has outlasted her contemporaries, and the Would-be-Goods are nursery playmates of thousands of American children. This season sees the reissue of *The Wonderful Garden*—which was a new one to me, and gave me a refreshing afternoon and lots of chuckles. A nine-year-old to whom I passed on my copy, reluctantly, pronounced it "The best book you've ever brought me!"

There's a might-be-true story of American childhood this year which answers the age-long demand, "Tell us a story about when you were a little girl." The book is *The Three Little Warrens,* and it is written by Sarah Wheelock. The time is a generation ago—the place an old Southern town. A homespun tale, of real charm. . . . There's a new Paul Brown book, which for those who saw *Crazy Quilt* last year is sufficient introduction. This one is called *Piper's Pony,* and it is the perfect book for the youngster whose aim in life is to own a pony, and for the lucky child who has one. Text and pictures; you'll want the book for yourself. . . . A far cry to fogs and winds of the Bay of Fundy and to the story of a herring gull. Add *Top Gallant* by Marjorie Medary to your this year's list; and whether it fits your needs or not, have a peep at the Lynd Ward illustrations. . . . Round out this group with Helen Sewell's *A Round of Carols,* companion volume to *A First Bible.* T. Tertius Noble, organist of St. Thomas's Church, New York, has made the selection of thirty-five carols, beautiful ones, but not as familiar a list as I, personally, should have preferred. Somehow, to me, holiday season calls for old friends, and I hoped to see all my old favorites. But there are a half dozen everyone will know, and twice as many more that are worth knowing. The musical arrangement is simple enough for children to follow readily. And the pictures—well, you must see for yourself.

Now for the older boys and girls. In fiction, there are a goodly number to choose from, with these as my "tops" for the year: *Caddie Woodlawn,* by Carol Brink, a story of farm life in Wisconsin in days when massacre was a real threat and when livelihood, hardly earned, allowed for fun in outdoor things; *Keturah Came Round the Horn,* by Ada Claire Darby, is a story of a fifteen-year-old Boston girl whose father uprooted her from the safety of Beacon Street and took her in a sailing vessel to California with its conflict between Spaniard, Mexican, and American; *Coot Club,* by Arthur Ransome, ideal for the boy or girl with a yen for sailing; *Uncharted Ways,* by Caroline Dale Snedecker, an unusual theme—the story of the persecution of the Quakers and the founding of the first White colony on Nantucket; *Patsy's Progress,* by Rose Knox, a story of post-Civil War South and of a girl who found the problems of life under the

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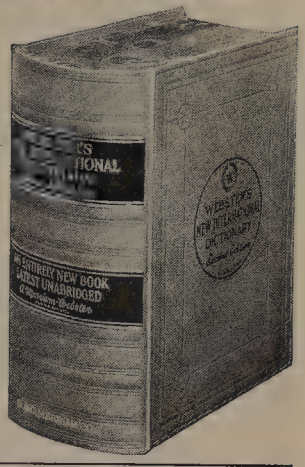
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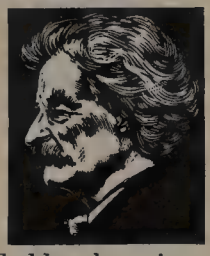
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supervision of far too many relatives almost too much for her; Armstrong Sperry's *All Sail Set*, a might-be-true story of a trip round the Horn, a grand tale with good factual background. In the field of fact books, there are several exceptionally fine books this season. Leading the list I should put *Behind the Show Window*, by Jeanette Eaton, the story of what goes on behind the scenes in some of the basic industries of the country, a book of social import, and yet so interesting in the telling that any intelligent boy or girl will find it fascinating reading. An excellent story of communication is told in *Heels, Wheels and Wire* by F. Rogers and A. Beard. *Automobiles from Start to Finish*, by F. M. Rack, is the first thoroughly satisfactory book on the subject that I have chanced to see planned for younger readers. J. J. Floherty has written a first-rate book called *Movie Makers*, of which the title is self-explanatory. And, finally, the book that is, perhaps, my favorite of all this



Illustration from "Children of the Handcrafts"

season's output, *Children of the Handcrafts*, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, a fascinating collection of authentic stories of the early background of all sorts of crafts in America, stories drawn from source material, and with an inspirational quality in the sense of sharing in the building of the cultural and artistic backgrounds which gives it permanent value. To make it yet more appealing from the gift book point of view, it is delightfully illustrated by Grace Paull.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES
By H. C.

In an issue of HARPER'S of a few months ago H. L. Mencken wrote on "The Future of English," and spoke of Dr. Ogden's books on Basic English, and because of this there has come a letter from Stan Klimek in Breslau, Germany, asking for information about this form of concentrated English. There is just one large volume published in the United States, called *The System of Basic English*, and described as follows: "A system of 850 words devised to cover all

the needs of everyday life and to furnish an international auxiliary language." Harcourt, Brace, 383 Madison Ave., New York, are the publishers, and the price is $2.50. Dr. Ogden has published many books, each selling for 2s. 6d., brought out by G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd., Broadway House, 68 Carter Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4, England, which firm also publishes many small books on this subject by other writers. . . . The fight against the dread disease of cancer is always worthy of attention because it is of interest to so many people, and we wish to announce the receipt of a large pamphlet called, *On Health's Highway*, and with the subtitle, Progress in Relation to Cancer Control. It is designed to present to the public some of the facts regarding the role played by animals in the study of scientific medicine, and of the great value of the advances accomplished by this means, particularly with reference to cancer. It has been highly praised by members of the medical profession as an unusual and effective method of presentation. Copies of the pamphlet can be obtained from the New York City Cancer Committee, 150 E. 83d St. The price is 50 cents. . . . Mary A. Hervey, Wheeling, W. Va., wants to know where she can get the traditional tunes of Scottish and English ballads, and we are fortunate in being able to consult Amy Murray of New City, N. Y., who has done much work and research in this particular line. We quote her reply in part: ". . . The ballads of Scotland, as distinguished from the songs, were recitals of historic or imaginary events. They were set, if I may judge from the few specimens I have, to a more or less elaborate recitative, hardly suitable for choral performances. 'The Twa Sisters o' Binnorie,' is a good example. Arnold Dolmetsch showed me in an old book a very characteristic setting of 'The Bonnie Earl o' Moray.' I have also heard a setting of the traditional ballad 'Edward,' but

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I think the setting is by a modern German composer. If any collection of the ballad settings has been made, which I doubt, Paternoster and Sons of Edinburgh would most likely have published it. Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, addressed in their care, might also give some information. . . ." Our correspondent will doubtless get complete answers to her request by consulting them. . . . We do not know just which second-hand book dealer is particularly interested in paper-back novels of Laura Jean Libby, Bertha M. Clay, and others; but we suggest that Mrs. Ruby Shipley, Greenfield, Ind., write to Scribner's Bookstore, 597 5th Ave., the old book department, or to James F. Drake, Inc., 24 W. 40th St., both in New York City. . . . The books of Wilson MacDonald are all privately printed both here and in Canada. Myron G. Davison, Providence, R. I., may find the following among the titles he does not already own: *Caw-Caw Ballads,* illustrated by Guy Rutter, $1.50, 1930, Pine Tree Press, 477 Sherbourne St., Toronto, and Maple Leaf Press, Middlefield, Conn.; *Flagon of Beauty,* with decorations by the author, $2.50, limited leather edition, $15.00, autographed, $50.00, Pine Tree Press (the $2.50 edition is published also by the Maple Leaf Press, 1932); *Out of the Wilderness,* $2.00, and *Paul Marchand and Other Poems,* $1.50.

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BY BENNETT CHAMP CLARK

United States Senator from Missouri

Is there a way to keep America out of war?

If there is such a thing as intelligence left in the craniums of mankind, a thing so monstrous as another modern world war must be avoided. There certainly is no moral justification for war between civilized nations. No moralist or philosopher worthy of the name in modern times has ever been able to defend it. The veriest jingo in the United States does not dare to stand upon any public platform and attempt to justify war as such. The peoples of the whole world abhor it.

Yet it is apparent to any student of international affairs that the post-war era has come to an end, and that the world is once again in that precarious condition in which the bad temper of a dictator, the ineptness of a diplomat, or the crime of a fanatic may let loose irremediable disaster. As these words are being written, early in October, the conflict in Ethiopia has already begun. No one knows how fast or how far it may spread, or whether it may not be merely the first of a series of conflagrations that will roar from continent to continent. But of this we may be sure: if the flames sweep Europe there will be mighty forces presently at work—forces of cunning or desperate diplomacy, of propaganda, of greed, and of thoughtless patriotism—to force us too into the insane débâcle to preserve our fancied honor, or freedom of the seas, or "neutral rights."

At present the desire to keep the United States from becoming involved in any war between foreign nations seems practically unanimous among

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the rank and file of American citizens; but it must be remembered there was an almost equally strong demand to keep us out of the last war. In August, 1914, few could have conceived that America would be dragged into a European conflict in which we had no original part and the ramifications of which we did not even understand. Even as late as November, 1916, President Wilson was reëlected because he "kept us out of war." Yet five months later we were fighting to "save the world for democracy" in the "war to end war."

In the light of that experience, and in the red glow of war fires burning in the old countries, it is high time we give some thought to the hard, practical question of just how we propose to stay out of present and future international conflicts. No one who has made an honest attempt to face the issue will assert that there is an easy answer. But if we have learned anything at all, we know the inevitable and tragic end to a policy of drifting and trusting to luck. We know that however strong is the will of the American people to refrain from mixing in other people's quarrels, that will can be made effective only if we have a sound, definite policy from the beginning.

Such a policy must be built upon a program to safeguard our neutrality. No lesson of the World War is more clear than that such a policy cannot be improvised after war breaks out. It must be determined in advance, before it is too late to apply reason. I contend with all possible earnestness that if we want to avoid being drawn into this war now forming, or any other future war, we must formulate a definite, workable policy of neutral relations with belligerent nations.

Some of us in the Senate, particularly the members of the Munitions Investigation Committee, have delved rather deeply into the matter of how the United States has been drawn into past wars, and what forces are at work to frighten us again into the traps set by Mars. As a result of these studies, Senator Nye and I introduced the three proposals for neutrality legislation which were debated so vigorously in the last session of the Congress. A part of that legislative program was battered through both houses in the closing hours of the session late in August; a very vital part of it was held in abeyance.

Senator Nye and I made no claims then, and make none now, that the neutrality proposals will provide an absolute and infallible guarantee against our involvement in war. But we do believe that the United States can stay out of war if it wants to, and if its citizens understand what is necessary to preserve our neutrality. We feel that the temporary legislation already passed and the legislation we shall vigorously push at the coming session of the Congress point the only practical way.

II

Let us examine that legislation briefly. It will be recalled that the three resolutions I have mentioned provided for mandatory embargoes upon munitions and implements of war to belligerent nations; for positive prohibition of loans and credits to warring countries; and for the extension of embargoes to contraband articles other than those strictly defined as war implements.

The resolutions were not hastily drawn. They came as the result of long and patient study of the whole question of those forces which draw nations into war—particularly as to who gets the "profits" from war. But our proposals were pounced upon immediately and vigorously by those who did not want any neutrality legislation

and by some who thought the provisions were too stringent. One camp contended that *mandatory* power to establish embargoes upon war munitions and implements, to curtail loans and credits, and to prohibit shipments of articles declared contraband would never do. It should be left *permissive* at the discretion of the President of the United States to exercise those duties. Some shouted to high heaven that our nation should by all means be left free to co-operate with other nations in "pressure" against aggressors to prevent war, and that mandatory neutrality would violate a lot of fine American foreign-policy traditions.

It would. That is what I—speaking for myself—hoped it would do. Our neutrality policies have not only failed to keep us out of foreign quarrels, but certainly dragged us into the War of 1812 and the World War. Unless changed, they will drag us into every major war of the future.

All the fine jousting of parliamentary battle was necessary to get any legislation passed by the present Congress. There loomed ahead of our proposals an uncertain fate in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. There awaited them the bitter and relentless opposition of the munitions makers, the war fraternities in government and out, the big-preparedness brigades. There was to be taken into account the attitude of the Administration itself, which, expressed by both President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull, strongly favored permissive powers instead of mandatory provisions. As finally passed, the joint resolution on neutrality provides for the prohibition of the exportation of arms, ammunition, and implements of war to belligerent countries; the prohibition of the transportation of arms, ammunition, and implements of war by vessels of the United States for the use of belligerent nations; for the registration and licensing of persons engaged in the manufacturing, exporting or importing of arms, ammunition and implements of war, at all times; and for the restriction of travel by American citizens on belligerent ships during war.

The act is to terminate February 29, 1936. It is a stop-gap only. But it is pointing the way we intend to go.

The President is empowered to enumerate definitely the arms, munitions, and implements of war, the exportation of which is prohibited by this act. On September 27th President Roosevelt made this enumeration in a proclamation, following closely the list submitted to the disarmament conference at Geneva in our government's proposals for international control of the munitions industry. A National Munitions Control Board has been established, composed of the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy, and Commerce, with the administration of the board in the Department of State. It is contemplated that by November 29th, when the Act takes effect, the manufacturers and exporters of war implements will all be listed in the office of this board. After that date such materials as are specified may not be exported without a license issued by the board to cover such shipment. This will, obviously, permit the government to prohibit shipments to belligerent nations. The act makes it unlawful for any American vessel to "carry arms, ammunition, or implements of war to any port of the belligerent countries named in such proclamation as being at war, or to any neutral port for transshipment to, or for use in, a belligerent country."

Further provisions of the act empower the President to restrict the use of American ports and waters to submarines of foreign nations in the event such use might disturb our position of neutrality, and to proclaim the condi-

tions under which American citizens on belligerent ships during war must travel entirely at their own risk.

Two provisions from our original program failed to pass: prohibition of loans and credits to belligerent nations, and the application of strict embargoes upon contraband materials other than munitions and war implements. These are the unfinished items of our neutrality proposals, and I shall discuss them presently.

III

It was inevitable that our munitions investigations should follow the trail that led us up to the brink of war in 1917. From the lesson of that study our new neutrality program was largely drawn. One is forced to the conclusion that our statesmen and our people knew very little about the forces ready to draw us into war when the conflict broke in Europe in 1914. President Wilson issued his proclamation of neutrality and we went on with business as usual, in the happy belief that three thousand miles of ocean would keep us out of the mess. Our professional diplomats were not much more astute. They assumed that all we had to do to keep out was to observe the rules of international law and insist upon our neutral rights.

About two weeks after the outbreak of hostilities our State Department issued a public circular on the rights and duties of a neutral in wartime. It took the position that "the existence of war between foreign governments does not suspend trade or commerce between this country and those at war." It told American merchants that there was nothing in international law to prevent them from trading with the warring nations. It told munitions makers that they were free to sell their war materials to either or both sides. It took no steps to warn American citizens of the dangers of travel on vessels of the warring nations, even after passenger ships had been sunk without warning. This attitude, strange as it may seem to-day, was in full accord with the rules of international law as generally understood at that time.

We should be wiser to-day! We know much more about both war and neutrality. From all the study of that World War drama, four conclusions stand out in my mind:

(1) That a policy based on defense of our so-called neutral rights led us into serious diplomatic controversy with the Allies and the Central Powers, and in the end brought us to a point where we were compelled to choose between surrendering these rights or fighting to defend them. In 1917 we chose to fight.

(2) That "national honor" and the "prestige" of the nation are inevitably involved when American ships are sunk on the high seas—even though the owners of these ships and their cargoes are private citizens seeking to profit from other nations' wars. Passions are quickly aroused when American lives are lost—even though the citizens who took passage on belligerent ships knew in advance the risks they ran.

(3) That the economic forces set in motion by our huge war trade with the Allies made it impossible to maintain that "true spirit of neutrality" which President Wilson urged upon his fellow-citizens at the outbreak of the conflict.

(4) That among these economic forces, those which involved us most deeply were the huge trade in arms and ammunition and other war materials with the Allies.

I have called the present neutrality act a stop-gap. But it has not stopped the activities of our American war-munitions makers anxious for profits from imminent conflicts. Reports from centers of manufacturing and ex-

porting of war implements all tell the same story: there is a boom in war preparations. Chambers of commerce in cities with large war-materials plants proudly report reëmployment of skilled munitions makers in large numbers, the stepping up of output to as high as three hundred per cent, the rushing to completion of new additions to plants. Day-and-night shifts in the brass and copper mills, rising prices and large shipments of these metals, and the acquisition of large capital for immediate wartime scale production, all indicate that Mars has waved his magic wand in our direction.

Where are these war-implements shipments going? There is no proof that the munitions makers are trying to "beat the embargo" which will prohibit shipments to belligerents after November 29th, but it stands to reason they are making hay while the sun shines. Our Munitions Investigation Committee has not had time to look into immediate developments, but it needs no stretch of imagination to contemplate the rich profits that would flow from an Italian-Ethiopian war, with England jumping into the fray against Italy, and other European nations following suit on one side or the other.

And, of course, there's lots of war business right here at home. We have increased our expenditures on our Army and Navy in preparation for another and more dreadful war more rapidly than any European country in the period since the World War. In 1914 the total cost of our Army and Navy combined amounted to $348,000,000. For this year we authorized the expenditure of $821,000,000 in two bills for the support of our armed forces—an increase of more than 130 per cent over 1914. With the funds which will be allotted under the Works Relief Bill and those still applicable and being expended under the Act of 1933, our expenditures this year will run far in excess of a billion dollars. To a large extent our professional military men have been allowed to dictate not only our military policy but our national and foreign policies as well. We have been very free to criticize the militarism of other countries dominated by military or naval cliques. We ought now to recognize that we have submitted more docilely to being plundered by ship builders and other purveyors of munitions than have other peoples.

I would not be understood in any way to reflect on the character or the patriotism of the officers and men of our military and naval services. They are quite uniformly men of courage and honesty and patriotism. But they habitually assert that the country can be saved only by increases in armament. They are the last who should be permitted to decide our foreign policy. To the fact that the delegations from all nations to all disarmament conferences have been accompanied by squads of admirals and generals the failure of those conferences may be directly attributed.

When the Congress meets in January, facing the expiration of the neutrality act on February 29th, the battle for a practical policy of neutrality will have to be fought all over again. We who believe that the detour around another devastating war is to be found only in new conceptions of neutrality will fight for the retention of the present legislation and for the passage of the two items left out in the cold at the adjournment of the Congress.

I firmly believe, whatever the status of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute at that time, whatever the position of other European powers as belligerents or as neutrals, that the United States of America cannot turn back to a policy of so-called neutrality that finally pulls us into conflict with one or all the

belligerents. Surely it is obvious that the legislation forcing mandatory embargoes upon war materials will serve to check the growth of another vast munitions trade with warring powers and the dangers that follow a swing of our foreign trade in favor of our munitions customers and against those who cannot purchase the munitions. Why shall we contend for embargoes upon contraband articles as well, and prohibition of loans and credits to belligerents? Because it takes these two items to complete any sort of workable neutrality program. If we are in earnest about neutrality we may as well plan to be neutral.

The futility of the old plan should be apparent. As a neutral in 1914, we claimed the right to trade in war materials and all other goods with the warring nations. This right—with two main exceptions—had been recognized under the rules of international law which had grown up over more than a hundred years. The exceptions were important: A warring nation had the right—a right which we recognized—to capture goods called "contraband." Originally "contraband" consisted of guns and explosives and other munitions intended for the use of the armed forces. Great Britain, for example, had a legal right to stop an American ship on the high seas if it could prove that the vessel carried munitions bound for Germany. In 1909 the leading sea powers drew up a list of contraband in a famous statement of maritime law which came to be known as the Declaration of London.

When the World War broke out, however, this declaration had not been put into force by any of the Governments. When our State Department asked the British Government whether it would accept the list of contraband articles in the Declaration of London, the British declined. They argued that under modern conditions of war, food and raw materials, and almost anything except ostrich feathers, which were sent to the enemy peoples, were as important as guns and explosives for the army. Modern war is not merely a contest between armies on the field of battle. It involves the entire population of nations and becomes a death struggle in which the warring country tries to overcome the will of the enemy to resist. Anything which helps the enemy to carry on the war is of vital importance. It was from the vast extension of the term "contraband" by both the Allies and the Central Powers, combined with the expansion of the doctrine of "continuous voyage," that most of our difficulties arose from 1914 to 1917. The Allies claimed enlarged rights to interfere with our trade with other neutral countries. On the British list of contraband compiled November 5, 1915, were 299 articles of absolute contraband and 78 of conditional contraband. The latter category was dropped within a few months, and in the list presented to Parliament in April, 1916, there were 170 categories of absolute contraband, representing far more than the former list of 299 because of the fact that many separate articles were combined in each category. France and Germany paralleled the British action and made equally extensive additions to the list of contraband.

By the end of 1916 Great Britain had placed almost every article exported by the United States on the lists of contraband. Our State Department protested that the British had no right to change the old rules of international law. We sent a stream of indignant notes to London. But Great Britain was engaged in a death struggle and knew that one way to win the war was to starve the enemy. Our notes fell on deaf ears, partly through the almost treasonable connivance of our own ambassador.

Our government protested even more violently to Germany. While British ships were seizing contraband and taking American vessels into port, German submarines were sinking merchant ships on sight. The Imperial German Government argued that their submarine campaign was the only effective means of combating the Allied blockade which was starving the German people. They complained bitterly against the blockade and they protested our huge trade in munitions and war materials with the Allies.

Public opinion in the United States became inflamed at the ruthless destruction of unarmed merchant ships and passenger vessels. When the *Lusitania* was sunk in May, 1915, with the loss of one hundred and twenty-four American lives, our patriots began to shout for a strong policy. President Wilson parried with diplomatic notes, and for a time Germany offered to compromise. No one, it seems, thought of asking whether private American citizens in pursuit of fat profits had a right to involve us in war. In the end we were led to the point where we had to choose: we could try to defend our neutral rights by force of arms or we could give up those rights and stay out.

Monsieur Tardieu, subsequently French premier and cabinet member, saw the situation very clearly during the War. He has said:

"Colonel House had vainly tried to make the belligerents understand the American refusal to 'distinguish between violations of international law.' Neither London nor Berlin admitted this fairness. And if an attempt had been made to force both sides to admit it, a break with both sides would have been the result. To break with every one because unwilling to break with any, such was the paradox to which Wilsonian diplomacy led. To remain logical with itself, it would have had to declare two wars instead of one, [illegible] some people jump into the river to keep out of the rain. Robert Lansing frankly admitted it on December 23, 1916, when he told the Washington correspondents: 'Our rights are more and more traversed by the belligerents on both sides. We are getting nearer and nearer the brink of war.' Which war? That was now the only question. Unless the United States wanted two enemies, it had to choose one. Neutrality was admittedly a failure."

The only logical result of attempting to enforce neutral "rights," as they were described, was to get us into war with both sides or to force us to join hands with one violator of our rights against another. On April 6, 1917, Congress declared that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany.

Thus we got into the war on the side of those with whom we were doing a business of billions of dollars, yet they, too, had violated our neutral rights.

Let us foresee that under conditions of modern warfare everything supplied to the enemy population has the same effect as supplies to the enemy army, and will become contraband. Food, clothing, lumber, leather, chemicals—everything, in fact, with the possible exception of sporting goods and luxuries (and these aid in maintaining civilian "morale")—are as important aids to winning the war [illegible] are munitions. Let us foresee also that our ships carrying contraband will be seized, bombed from the air or sunk by submarines. Let us not claim as a right what is an impossibility. The only way we can maintain our neutral rights is to fight the whole world. If we are not prepared to do that we can only pretend to enforce our rights against one side, and go to war to defend them against the other side. We might at least abandon pretense.

On the matter of loans and credits to belligerents, the train of events which pulled us into the World War is

equally significant. Correspondence which our Munitions Investigation Committee discovered in the files of the State Department offers illuminating proof that there can be no true neutrality when our nation is allowed to finance one side of a foreign war. One letter, written by Secretary Robert Lansing to President Wilson, dated September 5, 1915, lucidly points out that loans for the Allies were absolutely necessary to enable them to pay for the tremendous trade in munitions, war materials generally, foodstuffs, and the like, or else that trade would have to stop. He declared that the Administration's "true spirit of neutrality" must not stand in the way of the demands of commerce. About one month later the first great loan—the Anglo-French loan of $500,000,000—was floated by a syndicate headed by J. P. Morgan and Company. This company had been the purchasing agents for Allied supplies in the United States since early in 1915. Other loans to the Allied powers quickly followed.

Our Committee is pressing further the investigation of American loans and credits to Allied nations during the World War, and I can say with confidence that in the coming session of the Congress our findings will present irrefutable proof of the influence of the big money lenders and money changers in drawing us into the conflict. One statement needs no proof to intelligent men: You cannot finance one side of a war and remain neutral!

IV

"But, think of the profits!" cry our theorists. "America will never give up her lucrative trade in munitions and necessities of life when war starts!" Mr. Ernest Angell in a recent discussion in HARPER'S asserted: "The American public is not prepared to pay the price of complete abstention from trade with belligerents, and only at that price can neutrality be effectively preserved."

I am quite prepared to admit that this program involves the sacrifice of transitory profits. I do not know how the American people will receive these neutrality efforts, but I feel they are worth presenting. I contend that profits are not worth the cost of involvement in another World War. I contend that all the profits of all the wars are not worth the cost of them. I would ask those who compile the figures to show how profitable in trade in munitions and necessities another war would be, who point to a "profit" to the United States of five billion dollars from trade with the Allies in 1914–1918, to take a look at the twenty billion dollars of debt—and the world depression—we got in return.

Just who profited from the last war? Labor got some of the crumbs in the form of high wages and steady jobs. But where is labor to-day with its fourteen million unemployed? Agriculture received high prices for its products during the period of the War and has been paying the price of that brief inflation in the worst and longest agricultural depression in all history. Industry made billions in furnishing the necessities of war to the belligerents and then suffered terrific reaction like the dope addict's morning after. War and depression—ugly, misshapen inseparable twins—must be considered together. Each is a catapult for the other. The present world-wide depression is a direct result of the World War. Every war in modern history has been followed by a major depression.

Therefore I say, let the man seeking profits from war or the war-torn countries do so at his own risk. A business representative of Swift & Company was shot in Cuba a year or two ago, and our war party started talking of military intervention. Every man profit-

bent or impelled by idle curiosity in the war-torn areas of the world carries in his body the death of a hundred thousand American boys. He can be made the cause for war. His profits from the warring countries are his own business; let his risk be his own business too.

If there are those so brave as to risk getting us into war by traveling in the war zones—if there are those so valiant that they do not care how many people are killed as a result of their traveling, let us tell them, and let us tell the world that from now on their deaths will be a misfortune to their own families alone, not to the whole nation.

The profiteers and others who oppose any rational neutrality shout: "You would sacrifice our national honor!" Some declare we are about to haul down the American flag, and in a future war the belligerents will trample on our rights and treat us with contempt. Some of these arguments are trundled out by our naval bureaucracy. The admirals, I am told, objected strenuously when the State Department suggested a new policy of neutrality somewhat along these lines.

I deny with every fiber of my being that our national honor demands that we must sacrifice the flower of our youth to safeguard the profits of a privileged few. I deny that it is necessary to turn back the hands of civilization to maintain our national honor. I repudiate any such definition of honor. Is it not time for every lover of our country to do the same thing?

TO THE GERMANS

BY ROBERT NATHAN

PUT not the Jew in ghettos. For the hills
Breed in the stones a never-fading flower;
And as the keen and lonely weather fills
Its tiny veins with everlasting power,
As on the heights too rocky for the vine
It makes a root of beauty or of air,
Taking from wind and sun its oil and wine,
No foot on earth, yet being lovely there—
So in his prison man will bear his fruits;
By stones oppressed they will be sweet and dry;
Who has no earth will take his heart for roots,
And draw his living downward from the sky.
Think not to wall the spirit; for the ghost
Dwells in the rocks and in the silence most.

MAJOR ALSHUSTER

A STORY

BY KAY BOYLE

IF ANYONE thinks I saw him only that once, the time he showed me his mother's house in June, that isn't true; for the truth is every time I go out, if I go up the country in the rain or walk on the chalk edge in the evening and watch the swans below—only the two of them, moving down the river's mouth to the edge of salt where the low waves run into the dark fresh water —I meet Major Alshuster coming through the drenching grass or along the cliff, and he puts out his hand at once and says, "I'm sorry I didn't let you have my mother's Dower House." He looks just as he did in June: he is a young man still, he is not quite forty, and if he is on horseback when I meet him he gets down from his horse and we walk along together, with the gulls overhead crying like cats in the mist or riding curved the clear evening light. His head is narrow, unlike a military head, and his hair is black like a Spanish girl's; his shoulders are broad and his waist thin, and he has a handsome, vain, a slightly bewildered face, and a loud, unhappy laugh. But there is one thing that has altered in him since the first time we met: it is his eyes that have altered and he looks at me with courage as if there were nothing of India left to mar his sight.

The first time I heard of him was in June when they told me in the hotel bar, "If you're looking for a house, there's a man up at Needlehay with a house to let," and they said to ask for Major Alshuster where he lived at the Manor House with his mother and sister.

"His sister, you see," said the Scotch woman who served behind the hotel bar, "his sister, she never married so as to keep house-like for the old mother and for this Major Alshuster." Nor had Major Alshuster ever married, said the Scotch woman who was still unused to the English. "I don't know why he never married," she said, and she looked quickly round the hotel bar to see how near to the sound of her voice the people were sitting. "Unless it's because every demned one of the English has a heart like *that*," she said, and she rapped the wood of the counter. She opened her newspaper out flat on the bar between us and she said, "I put five pounds up every time there's a Scotch hearse running," and a grim smile of love came on her mouth as if there were more kin between herself and any Scotch horse than with the English. "One running to-morrow name of Bonnie Dundee," she said with the sports' page spread out. "You can put your faith on a Scotch hearse every time."

There was a paper written about the place at Needlehay, and I sat at the corner of the bar reading the things about the house to let. It had boot and knife houses, a tile-floored dairy, and "practically every window," said

the paper they gave me to read, "was stone-dressed and many had stone mullions with tracery above filling the pointed arched headings. The drainage had recently received attention; the soil was light top soil, gravel and sand subsoil." There was a building on the grounds, it said, "erected in keeping with the House, with a livery room and a fireplace, a cobbled wash, and three rooms for the chauffeur. Hidden from the drive by yew hedges, was a heated span Greenhouse, a peach case, a range of pits, and an open barrow shed. The trees not only include forest trees," said this paper that was signed by Major Alshuster's name, "but ornamental ones as well. Splashes of color are provided by the variety of flowering shrubs planted in clumps about the grounds. There is an undulating lawn shaded by oak and coniferous trees, a rambler screen, mown and rough grass with bulb carpets, a rose garden, strawberry and asparagus beds." There was a photograph of the Dower House standing quiet, looking out to sea, and of this the paper said "there are ribbed stone quoins, mullions, tracery to windows, cappings to gabled ends and parapet walls, carved masks to springing of archings, and parts of its elevation clad in a variety of choice flowering and evergreen creepers."

"If I had any money at all," I said to the picture at the bar, "this is a place I'd grow old in and die in its arms," and on Friday I went in curiosity up to Needlehay in the rain and heat, and I met Major Alshuster at the gate of the Dower House, where he said on the telephone he would be. He was touching his short, black mustaches with his dark, burned hand, and he could scarcely see me getting out of the car for the hand of blindness that twelve years of India had laid across his eyes. He was wearing breeches and puttees, and his horse was standing at the gate with its bridle drawn through the iron ring.

"We don't really want," was the first thing he said, "that is to say, we never let anyone have the house before. We're not at all keen on having . . ." he said, and he looked away over the fields where the men were scything down the hay. A mile or so off the gray wing-tip of the Manor House could be seen, showing above the trees.

"My mother," said Major Alshuster as we went through the gate, and he winced at the sound of the intimate word as if in saying it he had given too much of his own life away, "she's rather the worse for wear at present, so it's up to me."

He put the key in the lock of the Dower House, and I saw very close to me the coarsening, thickening side of his face that had carried his features with it from what might have been clear-skinned wonder in youth to this texture of caution and despair. The color came up into his neck with fear, and he was as delicately made as a girl, with his black hair nipped close at his ears, and his cheekbones standing high. But here was the thickening, toughening side of his face saying "huntin', shootin', fishin' " and nothing else besides.

This was the first time we met and he did not speak of other things to me. He did not tell me the names of the different grasses growing thick in the fields, although he knew them very well. He did not say that for a horse's mouth hay should be a year old, smell sweet but not be mowburnt; but instead, he went quickly through the reception rooms and through the servants' hall and the kitchen, escaping, as though pursued by the person who had come to see.

"This is the study sort of thing," he said without stopping, and he started in haste to mount the stairs. He was always ahead, with his back turned on

this woman or any other. They were none of them going to get the house as long as he was there. "This is a bedroom and so's that," he said, hastening past the doorways. He wanted the place standing empty in its grounds alone, with its Italian garden and its grass tennis court leading almost to the edge of chalk, and below it the sea sucking in and out with a hollow sigh as it left the shore. He did not want strangers asleep in its beds or sitting at ease by its fireplaces. He wanted it empty of life, chambered and clean as an empty nut, with the key of the door in the palm of his own hand to set in the lock when he liked. He did not want strange people in it, speaking what must be a foreign language there. Give him an army man, or his wife, and he knew at once, he knew without mistake, unless they happened to be of an army not the British. But give him British army people and he could tell you at a glance, before they opened their mouths even.

But the thing was that his mother was ill; he had said so as he went through the gate, and now he could use the money that the Dower House might bring. He had made up his mind to let it—to let it furnished with all the old things in it, and if he could not decide for himself, then he looked to the fine, old things, to the chests and the solid tables and the strong beds, to speak out, to cry aloud if he had opened the door to people he was going to regret for the rest of his life.

He did not speak of horses that day, he did not say that "spirit and ardor are in the temper of a horse what passion is in the mind of man," but on other days he talked of the horse that was standing in the shade by the gate, and he said this horse was bold and generous, quick and active.

"He's bold as brass over rough, blind country," Major Alshuster said to me as we walked along one night. "He has plenty of heart room, and he's a good doer." We stopped to listen to the sea below us murmuring in and out, and Major Alshuster spoke suddenly out of the darkness. "Did you ever do any pig-sticking, Mrs. Whatchername?" he said.

But on this day he hastened past the third lavatory door of the Dower House, and then he reached back and opened it in confusion, and closed it quickly again.

"That's just another thingamabob, a thingamajig," he said in a low voice as he escaped to the second floor. "You saw the one like it just below."

Mrs. Whatchername came breathless to the landing.

"A what?" she said, looking straight at him up the stairs. She opened the door quite wide and stared at the varnished mahogany-colored seat within, and a blush of shame ran up the Major's neck and ended in his hair.

"Daresay your husband's not an army man?" said Major Alshuster uneasily in the nursery, and Mrs. Whatchername said:

"I haven't any husband. I'm quite alone. Except, of course, for my children."

"Oh, yes," said Major Alshuster, staring at the wall.

He saw Mrs. Whatchername counting out the beds, and he touched his black mustache in fear.

"Where," he said, clearing his throat, "where would the children be going to school?"

His eyes moved swiftly out the window in escape. She might say the wrong school; in spite of the strength and wisdom of his race he must wait with the meekness of a beast for the words to be said so that he should know.

"School?" said Mrs. Whatchername, catching sight of herself with pleasure in the glass. "Oh, yes, school. I'll have to see about a school when I've found a house I like."

Some thought took hold of the Major's mouth and twisted it aside.

"Oh, I daresay," he said, and he shut his teeth on his contempt. "Of course," he said presently, clearing his throat, "here in England we'd go about it the other way. Cart before the horse sort of thing, I daresay," he said in mock humility.

"In my country," said Mrs. Whatchername smiling at the Major, "horses know their place. They wouldn't dream of getting behind a cart."

That was in June, and there were a hundred sheep in the heat on the other side of the garden wall asking for peace of mind all afternoon. We went down the staircase to the hall, and we could hear the hard, high rattle shaking in their mouths, the question shaking unanswered on their pallid tongues. Major Alshuster's lovely delicate shadow ran down the massive stone of the stairs, and my voice came back like a cry from the entrance hall below.

"What do they want?" I said. "What are they asking you for?"

But whether they wanted water or care, or a direction in which to follow, Major Alshuster could not be brought to say. He stood near the gate where his horse was moving from the flies, and he held the answer in his mouth.

"I daresay my farmer knows what's up," he said, and he did not listen to the sound of the sheep asking for what he did not have to give. He saw a rabbit hurrying down the land and it was of that he began speaking.

"The rabbits ruin the country," he said with bitterness as the little white puff of tail went under the hedge at the end.

"The rabbits!" said Mrs. Whatchername looking brightly at him. "Not the dole then?"

"No, not at all," said the Major shortly. "I daresay you'd scarcely have anyone with you with a gun?"

"No," said Mrs. Whatchername firmly, "I don't believe in guns. I wouldn't let my children have them. I don't believe in war."

"Oh," said the Major, clearing his throat. "Of course, whatchacall it, civilization sort of thing, naturally we're all out to avoid it if we can."

"Have you managed," said Mrs. Whatchername, "to avoid war?"

"That's neither here nor there," said the Major with sudden briskness, stepping ahead as if to speed her on her way. "We'd need someone here to keep the rabbits in order. Of course, if you couldn't keep the rabbits down, there'd scarcely be any use . . ."

"But I want this house," said Mrs. Whatchername behind him. Out of curiosity she had come this far, out of curiosity saying the things she said. She felt the stones of the gravel through her shoes as she walked, and even in poverty, even alone, she knew this was the house she wanted. There was no money for the wax on its floors, for keeping the grass-court rolled or the dovecots clean; there were no pigskin bags to be carried in the door. But her voice went up the Major's back and round his neck like a woman's arm. "This is the only house I've ever wanted," she said.

The gulls were flying inland over the house and garden, their voices crying, their salt-white breasts firm on the wind. The clouds were breaking now, and shaped clear against them, the gulls mewed their sour word over the full-headed trees and the beds of marigold and straight, strong sweet william. For a little while nothing remained of England, with these wild, white birds of the sea crying hunger, hunger, hunger to a land as green as moss.

"I'd just like to see the greenhouse," said Mrs. Whatchername, and the Major cleared his throat and went over the little step at the end, showing her hastily the way. But once within the greenhouse there arose a languorous, a

stifling tide of heat that clasped their limbs in a mute, lingering embrace, and folded close upon their throats; the smell of geranium stopped their nostrils with crimson corks, and the heart cried out in vain for breath. The sun burned strong and white and pitiless on the glass panes above their heads—this sun, coming suddenly after rain, is the fiercest, having waited and gathered vengeance into its pale, swooning light—and through this fecund, slowly expanding world they moved, Mrs. Whatchername behind the Major, pressing deeper and deeper into the tropic, suffocating belt of rich, unfolding life.

Here in this heart of glass were cactus besought to grow, wooed from the dark earth and rotting wood until they stood, leather-thick and coarse, with their soft yellow or long, silvery beards upon their bellies, rearing upward like snakes poised to strike. But only in one had the promise been fulfilled, and the bright cactus flower had blossomed on the leather leaf. On one side were the ginger plants in bloom, and mingling with the others on the air the smell of these frail, spidery, yellow, ginger-flowers; and on the other, ferns uncurling in yards of narrow, deep green lace, the prongs of fern opening finger by finger from the dark, skeleton hand.

"Here," the glass above their heads was wooing them, "is Spain, Italy, sweet-mouthed islands; nothing to do with pale ale tepid in the glass, with the Cathedral Close, with Cookery Nooks, or lobster teas upon a stony shore that does not hesitate to cast the first." Deeper and deeper into the jungle heat of the greenhouse they went, and here were the tomato plants lifting their lean, burdened arms, and here the onions in basket-trays drying in their burnished skins, and their blood ran slow as honey in their veins.

"England is outside," said Mrs. Whatchername, scarcely speaking in the Italian heat, and the Major turned swiftly round, and his eyes were burning without warning in dark, impassioned bewilderment. The gardener's broken mirror was hanging to an upright beam, and Mrs. Whatchername walked straight to Major Alshuster, close enough to touch him with her hand, and looked into the glass. She saw the blue hat on her head, and the pieces of smooth, light hair drawn back, and the short, white nose, and the red put on her mouth, and she said:

"Don't look at me, please. It's not fair to look at any woman over thirty in the sun."

"I *am* looking at you," said the Major savagely behind her. "I've been looking at you for an hour. I don't want to stop looking at you," he said. "I don't want to stop at all."

"Please," said Mrs. Whatchername lazily into the glass, "look at something else while I fix my lips. And besides, I'm not here. Not a single bit of me is in England. I'm at Lago di Garda, lying in the sun."

But when Mrs. Whatchername turned round there was nothing left of what the Major had said. He was looking straight at the tomato plants, and it might very well have been someone else who had spoken, for the fire was extinguished in his eyes. He had turned a little from her, and there was nothing left; there was only the trembling of his hand as he put back his Spanish hair.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Whatchername, "that if devastation came to this place, this island, England, I mean, do you think in the fury of the burning and the flood and the chaos there would be one person, just one person drunk and dancing, making music of some kind to die by?"

"The what?" said Major Alshuster in a loud, startled voice and he stepped back before her.

"I think," said Mrs. Whatchername, "there would be people standing still all over the country, standing in groups, misshapen by their own fear, waiting. . . ."

The crying of the sheep had grown so strong now that when she stepped out of the greenhouse it was as if a hundred fleshless hands were rattling in desperate supplication before her on the air. They were asking her this, the bare knuckles of their anguish asking it of her, and she had no answer to give them but could only turn her back on the ague of their speech and make as if she had not heard them. The Major's tethered horse turned his head to look at her as she got into the small old car.

If anyone thinks it was because I never saw Major Alshuster again that I remember every word we said, it is not true. For even after the letter he wrote me, even after the matter of letting the house or not letting it was finished with, still that was not the end of it. The day after I visited the Dower House, I had the letter from Major Alshuster. He wrote me: "Dear Mrs. Whatchername: Due to unforeseen circumstances, I fear I shall have to forego the pleasure of renting you my mother's Dower House. Thank you for your inquiry. Yours very truly."

I did not see him at once, but I went up to the Half-Way House one wet afternoon in late July, and I was at peace in my heart for all the colors that came alive as soon as the sun was out of sight, for the fresh little furze flowers, and the red sumac beads, and the power of the thick short grass. That afternoon I met him on the downs and he was on horseback, and when he sprang off, the saddle leather and the leather of his gaiters creaked aloud as sweet as small birds speaking in the bush. He walked along beside me, looking at the ground before his feet, and the reins of his horse were through his fingers and his horse was following docilely behind. He said, "The way it happened was that everything came at once this year: too much rain at first and then too much sun, and the time I knew the hay should be cut was the time they should have been shearing the sheep, and not enough hands for it. A late crop," said Major Alshuster, "loses half its value because the seeds fall out. We got the wool off the sheep that night—they were asking for it the day you looked at the house." He was saying these things at once to me as if making up for the things he had not said. "We'd had them closed in a day and a half, thinking we'd make the time. But we did it by lantern-light, and the cattle went unmilked until half-past three in the morning. They looked as if they'd been struck with the rickets, the lot of them by then, with their hind legs falling away from under because of the weight of their milk."

The hills lying beyond us and beyond Sidmouth were as blue as pansies, and the heather sprang up fresh and rosy at our feet, and the Major walked along beside me, talking of many things. It was as if he had waited a long time, as if he had waited his life to say them. He talked of his horses, and of this horse that was following now as soft as music over the sod behind us. He was a pig-sticker, he said, with the strong loins and thighs and hocks of a pig-sticker, the hard, sound legs and the good sloping pasterns, and the heart room to spare that a good doer and a good pig-sticker should have.

"A man can see a lot of fun fox hunting," said the Major and, without any warning given or heard, Mrs. Whatchername saw that the Major was beautiful. He was a wonderful thing, with his neck fitting well into his shoulders, and his face lifted to the

open embrace of rain. His throat was strong and bare from his coat, and from the sides of it the ears sprang up and lay flat and close to his narrow, perfect skull. "Even on a horse that is neither bold nor generous," the Major said, "a man can see a lot of fun. But that isn't true for pig-sticking. If your horse isn't bold and free over rough, blind going, and is too cunning and careful to take you within spearing distance of the pig, then there's no use wasting time on him. He may be a savage in the stable," said the Major—and the line of his teeth was white as a tusk under his ruddy lip and his black mustache—"but if he'll gallop over hairy, blind country and go blindly up to an angry boar and face a charge, then you can forgive him for anything else."

"Yes," said Mrs. Whatchername, scarcely breathing. "Yes."

She saw how small and strong were the Major's wrists, and how the lip of his leather glove, turned back, showed the skin burned dark on his hands.

"It's the boar," said the Major, walking up the country over the smooth, short wild grass, "that chooses the ground, and that's the devil of it. When he's hunted he'll take good care to select a line where the going's as rough and the covert as thick as he can find."

"Yes," said Mrs. Whatchername, "yes."

Her words were soft in her mouth, almost without breath, so the Major could scarcely have heard. She was walking beside him in the rain, walking with the sight gone from her eyes, walking with the knowledge in her limbs that the Major was shaped in strong, pure movement beside her, walking in step with him, toward whatever he was going to. "Toward what are we going?" she said, scarcely aloud, and the Major said:

"When he finds he's being overhauled he'll still have lots up his sleeve, the bastard will. He'll suddenly jink sharp right or left, quick as a hare from a greyhound."

"Yes," said Mrs. Whatchername.

"The great thing is to kill your pig with one spear," said the Major. "Only you must never thrust at him, and that's always the thing you want to do. You must just drop the point and hold it steady and let the force of the collision do the rest. If you thrust at him you'll miss him clean, nine times out of ten. Just set your spear and then wait," said the Major with the wet green bracken slapping at his puttees; "and if your spear is sharp," he said, "it will go in like a hot knife into butter."

The rain was falling on the side of his face, down from the brim of his soft brown hat, and falling sad and pale on the land and sea ahead. And suddenly the Major took savagely hold of Mrs. Whatchername's hand.

"The way women go after a man," he said, speaking quickly, with his fingers biting into her palm, "it's enough to make you sick, choosing their own ground, by God, and keeping to it, day after day, for a lifetime, riding him hard, ready for any turn or ruse, into the jungle and out of it, India, home, following him jink by jink until they think they've got him!"

"They didn't get you," said Mrs. Whatchername proudly, walking the way he walked to whatever destination he had in mind.

"By Gad, they didn't!" said the Major with a snort of laughter. "Moved right into the country to get me, two of them did. One went as far as Calcutta. And this is what," he said. "None of them wanted *me*, d'y'see? Not a one of the damned bitches. Wanted Needlehay or the name beginning with what it does, or a standing, y' understand, in South Devon."

"They didn't get it, did they?" said Mrs. Whatchername softly. She was walking tall and close beside him, looking ahead, with her mouth painted red and her yellow hair pinned back. The Major pulled her roughly against him as they walked.

"Look here," he said. "I like your hair. I like you walking beside me."

The next time I saw him was in a few days, but it was in the evening; it was quite dark when I went up the red cliff at the end of the town. I had been in the common, leather-benched lounge where the ailing and poor and old came in for their beer, and I had been talking there to an old lady with her grandson beside her and her bonnet tied fast on her head.

"He's only three," said the old lady taking another glass of beer, "but he can use words as long as your arm." This was the third we were having together, and her tongue was not quite clear.

"Give me somethin' to drink, com'on now," snarled the grandson, and the little old lady rocked with laughter and settled her bonnet on her knot of hair.

"Just listen to him!" she gasped with joy, but she gave me a sly look to one side. "Now, swish! He must have heard somebody asking for a drink one time."

"You give me a drink now," he said, and he set his nails hard into her arm. I knew I must look the other way while she lifted the glass up quick and put it to his mouth.

"He's as good as good with his granny," she said when I looked round, "and with his mommy and pop he's just a terrible boy. They got all kinds of houses and things," she said with her melting eye, "you never saw. To-day when he was to the beach and see a great big car he went over to turn the crank of it. Only three he is! He thought as it was his pop's big car!"

"My pop ain't got no car, never did," said the boy, and the old lady looked narrowly at him over the brim of her glass.

"Just listen to him, will ya?" she said with her loving smile. "I'm sure I don't know where he gets hold of them words as he does. His pop, he's got the finest car in Devon."

"Give me a drink," said the little boy, and the old lady reached slyly under the table and pinched his skin. He gave her a kick with his boot, and the old lady lifted her black bag up to hide from the others the sight of him finishing the beer.

"He minds me like anything," she said. "And with his mommy he's like possessed."

The Scotch lady who served at the hotel bar was passing in the hall, and when she saw me she came in to ask if I'd found a house.

"Did you ever go up to Needlehay that time?" she said, and I said, yes, I had been up to Needlehay and looked at the Dower House in June, and now it was August.

"It was too large for what I want," I said, and the Scotch lady said, "What'll you have this time? You have a drink with me."

I said I'd have a gin, and after she had poured it out, she went on speaking to me.

"Did you see Major Alshuster?" she said in a low voice. "Was he still alive when you went there?"

I put down my glass of gin and waited a moment.

"Of course he was alive," I said. I looked right across the bar into her face, and she was shaking her head.

"Well, it must have been right after you were there," she said. "He was killed in June. The end of June."

I knew that there wasn't a word of truth in it, but I sat there quiet, listening to what she said.

"I know it was when they were cutting the hay on his place," she went on, "because the hearse took fright of the mowing machine and reared up, and the Major pulled him over backward. That's what they told me. The hearse and the Major, the two of them, broke their backs and they were dead in a minute."

I took another gin and then I went out in the dark and along the sea for the length that the walk goes, and up the cliff-path; and where the land ceased and the water and space began I could not see; but if I looked to one side the breath came freer, and if I looked to the other it was as if the unseen hand of the land were lifted in silent warning. Major Alshuster was waiting for me where he always waited, leaning on the piece of railing on the perilous edge that in daylight was like a window onto the sea that whispered a mile straight down below.

"Listen, Major Alshuster," I said, and I took hold of the wooden rail beside him. A beautiful mist, soft as a cat, was moving against my face. "This is the wrong country for me," I said. "I don't belong in this country." I went on talking fast so that I would not cry. "I can't bear it," I said. "I can't bear it. I might as well be dead if I have to go on living the way I'm living. . . ."

The Major pulled me suddenly against him and his mouth closed hard and hot upon my mouth. It was dark, and only our breaths and our hands could seek each other out and cling in love together. There were no words left, there was nothing to say, there was only the swooning touch of one taken wildly from the other.

"To hell with the country," said Major Alshuster after a while, and his voice was hoarse, like the voice of a stranger speaking. His hands held fast to my shoulders and he lifted his head to look straight into the darkness which was England stretching invisibly away. "To hell with the country," he said. We stood close on the edge of it together. "You belong to me, Mrs. Whatchername," said Major Alshuster. "I don't believe in death," he said.

STALIN

BY JOHN GUNTHER

The art of leadership is a serious matter. One must not lag behind a movement, because to do so is to become isolated from the masses. But one must not rush ahead, for to rush ahead is to lose contact with the masses. He who wishes to lead a movement must conduct a fight on two fronts—against those who lag behind and those who rush on ahead.—Josef Stalin.

No revolution can be made with silk gloves.—Josef Stalin.

STALIN is the most powerful single human being in the world, and one of the very greatest. He is different from other dictators because he is not only the undisputed leader of a national state but of a movement, the Communist International, which has roots in all countries. Also he differs from Hitler and Mussolini in that he is of the second generation of dictators, having taken over authority from a predecessor, Lenin.

He was not appointed by Lenin to the job. Indeed quite the contrary. Stalin was the man whom Lenin did *not* want to be his successor. Lenin was quite explicit on this point. Listen:

> Comrade Stalin is too rude. . . . I propose to the comrades to find a way of removing him from that position (secretary-general of the party) and appointing another man who in all respects differs from Stalin only in superiority—namely, more patient, more loyal, more polite, and more attentive to comrades, less capricious, etc. . . .

This was in 1924. Eleven years later Stalin was extolled by his subordinates in terms almost as extravagant as those which Lenin himself evoked. In the Soviet Press you may find him fulsomely called "Great," "Beloved," "Bold," "Wise," "Inspirer," "Genius." Four cities have been named for him, Stalingrad, Stalinabad, Stalinogorsk, Stalinsk. Celebrations have concluded with the words, "Long Live Our Dear Leader, Our Warmly Beloved Stalin, Our Comrade, Our Friend."

Let us take an inventory of the sources of Stalin's power.

In the first place, he has guts, durability, physique. He suffers from a dilated heart, but otherwise his physical strength and endurance are enormous. He is no high-strung neurotic like Hitler, nor is his command of physical power closely associated with emotion, as is the case with Mussolini. Stalin is about as emotional as a slab of basalt. If he has nerves, they are veins in rock.

Again he has patience, tenacity, concentration. His perseverance, as Walter Duranty says, is "inhuman." He is a slow builder of bricks, so slow that often his followers are impatient, because they do not see the outline of the finished structure he is building. His line is undeviating; he takes only "the long view." His ability to concentrate is very great. Louis Fischer, for instance, told me the following little story:

At the celebration in the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow of the fortieth anniversary of Maxim Gorki's literary

career, Stalin was observed on the stage in earnest conversation with some minor communist, possibly a delegate from the provinces, whom no one recognized. The young man—of no importance compared to the other dignitaries—asked Stalin questions. Stalin, paying no attention to the rest of the gathering, listened to the young man, then began to answer him, slowly, persuasively, absolutely oblivious to what was going on around him.

Stalin has shrewdness, cunning, craft. He is, of course, an Oriental; moreover, he admits it. "Welcome," he said to the first interviewer, a Japanese, whom he ever received, "I too am an Asiatic."

Stalin tried to suppress Lenin's testament denigrating him. He had not quite the power to do this. But presently the U.S.S.R. was flooded with five hundred thousand copies of a photograph showing Stalin and Lenin sitting on a bench together, conversing with earnest friendliness.

Stalin's double campaign to rid himself first of the left opposition of Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev, second, the right opposition of Bukharin, Radek, and Tomsky, was a triumph not only of ruthless perseverance but great imaginative shrewdness and subtlety.

When candor suits his purpose no man can be more candid. He has the courage to admit his errors, something few other dictators dare do. In his article "Dizzy from Success," he was quite frank to admit that the collectivization of the peasants had progressed too quickly. He writes in *Leninism:*

> The main thing in this matter is to have the courage to admit one's errors and to have the strength to correct them in the shortest possible time. The fear of admitting one's errors after the recent intoxication by successes, the fear of self-criticism, unwillingness to correct one's errors rapidly and decisively—that is the main difficulty.

This book, *Leninism,* is one of the frankest—if long-winded—expositions of political philosophy ever written. In its eight hundred and twenty-five pages you may find record of things good, bad, and indifferent in the Soviet Union in illimitable profusion. Stalin emphasizes the good, naturally, but he does not conceal the bad. The book had sold over two million copies in the Soviet Union before the end of 1935.

His sense of detail is very great. His wary eye penetrates to the smallest elements in the national life, and in general he tends to detail in a way neither Hitler nor Mussolini would dream of doing. Hitler, for instance, refuses to read any of his fan mail, even the most glowing samples. Stalin reads everything, down to the last paragraph in the *Pravda.* His day begins with perusal of local reports, carefully sifted from all parts of the Soviet Union. W. H. Chamberlin, certainly no friendly critic, notes that Stalin, by personal intervention, remedied injustices in spheres far removed from his normal business.

In the summer of 1933 Stalin wanted to see the building of Magnitogorsk, the industrial city created in Siberia during the Five Year Plan, dramatized and made colorful in the newspapers. He remembered a bright feature reporter on the *Izvestia* named Garry and asked what had become of him. He was found in a concentration camp! Stalin had him released and sent him to write up Magnitogorsk.

During the February, 1934, congress of the communist party Stalin was listening to a speech by his first assistant, Kaganovitch. He was talking about certain textbooks which had been unsatisfactory. Stalin interrupted, "Not those textbooks, but the looseleaf textbooks."

When his friend Kirov was murdered in Leningrad, in December, 1934, Stalin went to Leningrad in order personally to interrogate the assassin.

Another source of his power is the ability to handle men. He is a consummate political tactician, a party boss and organizer *par excellence*. Friends told me in Moscow in the summer of 1935 that Stalin possessed "ectoplasm," that you felt his antennæ as soon as he entered a room. His personal as well as political intuition is very great. He has offended many; plenty of communists would deny that he had any sense of human relationship; yet his men work for him loyally, and he chooses them supremely well.

Associates worship Hitler, fear Mussolini, and *respect* Stalin; this seems to be the gist of it.

He is no orator. His speeches are simple and businesslike, much resembling reports made by the president of a corporation to his board, but longer. His writing, when he tackles the dreary wastes of Marxist dialectics, particularly when he voices the ideological bases of his differences with the opposition, is heavy going; he sounds like an applicant for a Ph.D. degree at a minor university. (He has ambitions to be regarded as a great Marxian theorist.) When, as in his recent address to graduates of the Red Army college, he avoids philosophical issues, he is much more successful—direct, simple, full of sense. Generally he likes the question and answer method of exposition. His speeches are like catechisms. And in style he aims to hit the broad level of the masses.

His intelligence is wary, slow, thorough, rather than acute or brilliant. Yet witness his talk with H. G. Wells, wherein he more than held his own with that glib and eloquent tongue. And witness his interview in 1927 with an American workmen's delegation.

On this occasion he answered questions for four solid hours, and questions of considerable diversity and difficulty. He talked strictly extemporaneously, but with perfect organization of material, of a kind that only a man completely sure of himself can achieve. The verbatim report, about 11,800 words, comprises one of the most comprehensive and discerning statements of Soviet aims ever made; it was a *tour de force* quite beyond the capacity of any but an exceptionally intelligent man.

When the delegation, thoroughly exhausted, had concluded its queries, Stalin asked if *he* might ask questions about America—and he did so for two hours more. His questions were penetrating and showed considerable knowledge of American conditions; Stalin, single-handed, answered the delegation's questions much better than they replied to him. During this six solid hours of talk the telephone did not ring once; no secretary was allowed to interrupt—another indication of Stalin's habit of utter concentration on the job in hand.

Another asset is Stalin's zeal. Communism is strength to Stalin, and his belief in it is that of the Pope in Jesus Christ.

He is extravagantly ruthless. It is stupid or silly to deny this. The Russian terror was a wholesale punitive assault on a class. Soviet Russia differed from other dictatorships in that it assumed from the beginning the necessity of destruction of class enemies. Stalin did not at the moment of crisis flinch from obliterating the recalcitrant peasants by the weapon of famine. All governments, in the last analysis, rule by force. In Soviet Russia force is applied directly, and with social aims in view which are intended to benefit not only 165,000,000 Russians, but the whole human race. The end justifies the

means in the Soviet view. Stalin is perfectly frank about this. Lady Astor asked him, "How long are you going to go on killing people?" Stalin replied, "As long as it is necessary."

A Soviet worthy, absent from the U.S.S.R., was asked his opinion of Stalin. He replied, "The man is just a little too bloody for me." Rare burst of indiscretion!

It is significant that Stalin alone had the guts to stick the game out inside Russia after the collapse of the revolution of 1905. The other revolutionaries scattered into exile, and lived, like Lenin, in libraries or coffee houses till 1917. Stalin stayed within Russia the whole time. He did the dirty work; he was "the hall sweeper." Thus he built up an immense acquaintance with submerged revolutionaries, and profitably was enabled to transform an underground organization into his own party structure when he needed it.

The communist party is no longer divided on questions of principle, as it was during the Trotsky episode; no opposition remains; Stalin is absolutely its boss, its master. Discipline in the party is overwhelmingly severe; and Stalin controls discipline. Party and state are one, and Stalin, as Louis Fischer puts it, "controls every wheel and screw of the party machine."

Note well that Stalin created the importance of the post of party secretary, not vice versa. Several men were secretaries of the party before Stalin. One was Bogdanoff, now a nonentity; one was Krestinsky, now an official in the foreign ministry. Stalin alone saw the advantages that would accrue from control of the party mechanism; thus, as he packed each office with his men, friends from underground days, his power grew.

"Lenin ruled by intellect and personality, Stalin by efficient organization," I have heard it expressed.

Naturally Stalin's espionage within the party is of the best. The story is told that he turned to a comrade suffering from a disease of a peculiarly private and secret nature. "Well . . . ," Stalin greeted him, "how's your . . . . to-day?"

He is not a dictator of the first generation, I have noted, but the successor to Lenin. His tactics have always been to use Lenin as a stick to beat opponents with. In his long struggle with Trotsky, Stalin pretended never to put himself forward for his own sake, but only as the "instrument of Lenin"; he persistently accused Trotsky of "false Leninism," the most heinous sin in Russia, thus doubly confounding him. No man ever quoted scripture to better purpose than Stalin quoted Lenin. Mussolini and Hitler can plead only themselves for justification; Stalin always had the mighty shadow of Lenin for support.

This leads to another point. The basic strength of the Soviets is that all the outside world is the enemy. Thus the Soviet state, thrown back on itself, is close-knit, cohesive, self-sufficient. It has its complete ideology, the Marx-Lenin dogma, without possibility of deviation. Stalin, representing himself as the authentic voice of dogma, is the mouthpiece not merely of the masses in Russia, but of Russians vis-à-vis the hostile world.

Finally, as Duranty says, Stalin is indispensable. "The leader has become identical with the cause."

II

Stalin holds no government post, except that since January, 1934, he has been one of the thirty-seven members of the Presidium of the All-Union Central Executive Committee. This is the keystone of what might be called the Soviet parliament. The cabinet (council of people's commissars) is re-

sponsible to it—theoretically. But Stalin is not a cabinet member, commissar.

He is no longer "secretary general" of the communist party, but merely one of five theoretically equal party "secretaries," the others being Kaganovitch, Zhdanov, Ezhov, and Andreyev. He is, it goes without saying, one of the ten members of the Politburo, the highest party organ.

The Central Committee of the party, from which the secretaries and members of the Politburo are drawn, could —in principle—dismiss Stalin. He is theoretically subject to majority decisions of the Central Committee. In practice his dismissal is out of the question, since he controls election of the committee members.

Party and state in Soviet Russia are, I have said, one; but Stalin maintains rigid theoretical separation between party and governmental functions. Lenin was not only head of the party but chairman of the council of people's commissars—prime minister. Stalin has rejected this coalescence. He prefers to remain in the background—the party boss. He rules eight and one-half million square miles, which is bigger than all North America, and about twice the size of the continent of Europe.

His real name is Yosip (Josef) Visarionovitch Dzhugashvili, and he was born in the village of Gora, near Tiflis, Georgia, in 1879. The legend is that Lenin gave him his nickname, Stalin, which is the Russian word for "steel," as tribute to his iron durability. In reality, some anonymous comrade suggested it as an "underground" name back in 1910 or 1911, long before Lenin knew him well.

Stalin was the son of a cobbler who had been a peasant. The family was miserably poor, probably as poor as Mussolini's, but Josef, nevertheless, got an education. For four years, from the age of fifteen to nineteen, he attended the Orthodox Theological Seminary in Tiflis, training—of all things—for the priesthood.

His father, like Hitler's, of blunt imagination, wanted him to follow the parental vocation. But Stalin's mother—apparently, like Hitler's, an exceptional woman—refused to have him become a cobbler. She insisted that Josef go to school. It is commonly thought that Stalin was expelled from the Seminary for Marxist activities. This is not so. His mother withdrew him after four years because privation had hurt his health.

H. R. Knickerbocker has interviewed this old Georgian mother of Stalin's, Ekaterina Dzhugashvili, who lives in Tiflis still, and who speaks hardly a word of Russian. She said that "Soso," as she called him, had been quite "a good boy" and she seemed bewildered at his immense success. Stalin fetched her to Moscow some years ago. She spent an unhappy month in the Kremlin, puzzled, so the story went, at her boy's prominence, because she could not discover what it was he "did" to earn a living! Then she retreated to the Tiflis hills, morose, content.

Georgians are not Russians. Even to-day Stalin speaks Russian with a soft hint of Georgian accent. The Georgian language not only differs from Russian as much, say, as English differs from Portuguese; even the alphabets are dissimilar. The Georgians are a southern race of complex Caucasian blood; they are mountaineers, with the primitive defensive instincts of the frontiersman; tenacity, temper are ingrained in their physiognomy; they are close to Armenians in origin, but with their own proud national history; they have purple-black hair and eyes black as midnight.

Stalin's motivation to revolution came first from poverty, second, from

his experiences in the Seminary. He detested authority as it was voiced by the cunning, dogmatic priests, who combined parochial intolerance with the backwardness of the provincial Orthodox church. The years in the Seminary were crucially important in the formative period of his life. He left the Seminary, met Marxist friends —and his long revolutionary career began.

Those submerged nineteen years, from 1898 to 1917, were years of incessant, overwhelming labor, always to the same end—revolution; of patient, tenacious establishment of an organization; of pain, cruelty, persecution, arrest. Both Hitler and Mussolini have seen the inside of jails. But Stalin was much more real a jailbird. Five times he was caught by the Tzar's police, five times exiled. Four times, a veritable Houdini, he escaped; the 1917 revolution liberated him from the fifth imprisonment, when he was incarcerated above the Arctic circle, in the Turukhansk region.

Stalin assisted in actual terrorism. The party needed money and undertook a policy of "expropriations," raids on banks which were simon-pure robberies, nothing more, nothing less. As member of the Tiflis party committee, he was partly responsible for an outrage in 1907 wherein some twenty persons were killed: his men bombed a shipment of currency, got away with $75,000. The casualties were a bit excessive for Stalin's superiors, and for a period—very brief—he was expelled from the party.

He found time—between jail sentences and exile—for much activity of less tumultuous nature. At Baku, on the Caspian Sea, he edited a Bolshevik paper, *Vremia,* in the Georgian language. He went to Stockholm, Cracow, and Prague, to attend party congresses; thus he is more widely traveled than the other dictators. He had managed to write a book, *Socialism and the National Question,* as early as 1912. He was leader at this time of the Bolshevik section of the social democratic party in the Duma, and an editor of *Pravda,* the party newspaper; then in 1913 he was arrested and sent to his last exile.

All this was preparation. In 1917 real life began. The revolution, overnight, transformed his function—and that of thousands of others—from conspiracy to organization, from insurrection to administration. He was a member of the Politburo from the moment of its creation, on October 10, 1917; other members, besides Lenin, were Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Sokolnikov, Bubnov. Also he held two cabinet portfolios when the government was organized: commissar for workers' and peasants' inspection, and commissar for nationalities.

He was not as active as Trotsky during the civil war period, though he was a member of the revolutionary military committee, and saw service both in the Ukraine and, toward the end, in Petrograd against Yudenitch. He defeated the Kronstadt mutiny in 1921, and as reward for this job of work Lenin—little dreaming what use Stalin would put it to—made him secretary-general of the party, the post from which his subsequent rise to power derived.

His main work was in the sphere of nationalities. As a non-Russian, he was peculiarly fitted for this task. Soviet Russia was a *mélange* of at least one hundred quite separate races and nationalities, and the job was to combine them into a stable unity while conceding some measure of provincial autonomy, at least in spirit. Stalin, under Lenin, invented the idea of the U.S.S.R.—the convenient device by which "independent" and "autonomous" republics became the Soviet "Union," surrendering central author-

ity to Moscow, retaining local administrative privileges.

Stalin was jealous of Trotsky from the beginning, and they came into conflict early. Duranty records that Stalin, mending a breach in the front, shot a group of officers for inefficiency, and that Trotsky, as supreme War Lord, telegraphed in protest. Stalin scrawled across the telegram, "Pay no attention," and left it to molder in the archives.

Another anecdote of this period shows him in different mood. He was reviewing troops near Petrograd. A sullen soldier refused to salute. Stalin questioned him and the man pointed first to his own feet, wrapped in coarse burlap, soaked in snow and dirt, then to Stalin's substantial boots. Without a word Stalin took his boots off, tossed them to the soldier, insisted on donning the soldier's wet and stinking rags—and continued to wear them till Lenin himself made him resume normal footgear.

Stalin, says Duranty, was picked by Lenin as one of his successors because he knew the Georgian could *endure*. The proverb in those days said, "Lenin trusts Stalin; Stalin trusts no one." Some authorities, Paul Scheffer among them, assert that Lenin and Stalin broke about four months before Lenin's death, because Lenin distrusted his ambition and thought that Stalin was already intriguing to supersede him. Certainly we have seen that Lenin in his testament showed his disapproval of some aspects of Stalin's character. "This cook," he said, "will make too hot a stew."

The Georgian began to act the moment that Lenin died. He and Zinoviev carried Lenin's coffin. This was in 1924. It took Stalin just five years to perfect his organization, unmercifully weed out heretical opponents—whom he attacked by accusing them of deviation from the sacred "party line," which he alone was competent to interpret—and establish himself as undisputed dictator of the U.S.S.R.

III

Stalin denies that his differences with Trotsky were personal. Nevertheless, personal differences occurred. The two leaders cordially disliked each other. They came from different worlds, and not even the bridge of Marx could link them. Stalin called Trotsky an aristocrat and an actor. And Trotsky *was* an aristocrat in all save the social sense, *i.e.*, he had brains, he had courage, and he had style. Trotsky called Stalin a boor, treacherous, barbarous, corrupt.

It is an odd fact that such a bourgeois and "trivial" conception as personal hatred, based on the irrationality of passion, should have been an important factor in the history of the Russian revolution. But it was so—though, of course, the personal considerations were buttressed by other factors. Trotsky detested Stalin so heartily that he studiously insulted him in public; for instance in committee meetings he would ostentatiously pick up a newspaper and begin to read to himself whenever Stalin made a speech.

The difference in their characters was, of course, profound. Stalin, a passionate politician, above all a creature of committees; Trotsky, a lone-wolf, a violent individualist, who for twenty years could not bear to shackle himself with allegiance to either Bolshevik or Menshevik divisions in the party. Stalin, patient as an ikon; Trotsky, vivacious as a satyr. Stalin, immobile, silent, cautious; Trotsky, a lively, frank, and inveterate conversationalist. Stalin, a bomb-thrower, literally; Trotsky, horrified by sporadic violence. Stalin, a hard-headed practical wire-puller, unyield-

ingly jealous of his career; Trotsky, a lover of the abstract, impulsive, vain. Stalin, a supreme organizer; Trotsky, a bad politician, incapable of compromise, very hard to work with. Observe their smiles. Stalin smiles like a tiger who has just swallowed the canary. Trotsky smiles brightly and spontaneously like a child. Observe their escapes from Siberia. Stalin went about it somberly, efficiently, with methodical coldness; Trotsky—puff!—has disappeared into clear air; he escapes like Ariel.

Above and beyond their personal conflict was a divergence in political views of extreme importance. The passion of each came to embody cardinally opposed theories of the operation of the Soviet Union. Trotsky's "Left Opposition" arose out of the doctrine of "permanent revolution." He did not believe, as Stalin did, that socialism could succeed in a single state. He believed that the Marxist regime could maintain itself in Russia only if permanent, progressive revolution took place outside.

The Trotskyists were horrified at the way things went after Lenin's death. They thought that the socialization of the U.S.S.R. was going ahead far too slowly. They feared that Lenin's tactical and temporary concession to capitalist forces, the NEP (New Economic Policy) would continue indefinitely; they thought that communism in Russia itself, with such meager spoils of victory, would perish without help from proletarian revolution in the external world.

Stalin took the opposite view. He said, in effect, "You boys outside cool your heels for a couple of decades, then we'll get round to you." Trotsky said, "Join your Russian comrades in revolution and free yourself from your chains at once." Stalin said, "Russia first. When we get our state in order, then comes your turn." Trotsky said, "Whatever country you live in comes first." Russia, as Stalin saw it, was settling down to the prosaic ardors of married life. But Trotsky, an incorrigible romantic, wanted permanent revolution as a perpetual honeymoon.

Stalin was, of course, right. The very considerable success of the Five Year Plan proved that. It is easy to be wise after the event. Seven years ago, before Trotsky was expelled from Russia, before the Five Year Plan got under way, no one could have foreseen the outcome so surely. Great credit to Stalin for his prescience, his "long view."

Stalin broke Trotsky and his friends by the same method he subsequently employed to break the "Right Opposition" (which thought that the socialization of Russia was going at too *rapid* a pace). (1) He controlled the party machine; (2) his interpretation of Leninism made all his opponents heretics and, therefore, punishable.*

Stalin's detestation of Trotsky led him to exaggerated meanness in revenge. Yet his extirpation of Trotsky's name from the official records, the schoolbooks, so that unborn generations may hardly know his name, is not as complete as one is led to believe. In his *October Revolution,* which is purchasable anywhere in Russia, Stalin pays tribute, albeit grudgingly, to his enemy. "Let us admit this, it is impossible to deny that Comrade Trotsky fought well at the time of October."

Stalin hated Trotsky partly, in the complicated way of human beings, because he, Stalin, owes him so much: he stole part of his program. Trotsky advocated super-industrialization in the manner of the Five Year Plan as far back as 1921, and he wanted to expel the kulaks (rich farmers) in 1925, ■

* Trotsky, in exile now, founded ■ "fourth International." Oddly enough, it was supported—inadvertently—by bourgeois American publishers from whom the bulk of Trotsky's income came.

task which Stalin did not set himself till almost five years later. But that was the trouble. Trotsky, impulsive, demanded these things prematurely, at the wrong time; Stalin had the strength to wait.

And Trotsky never seemed to realize that when Stalin said he could build socialism in a single country, the country was *Russia,* which is not a country at all—but a continent. Nor did it occur to Trotsky that far and away the best single advertisement for world communism, in the future, would be a Russia which was successful, stable, safe.

IV

Of course there was a famine. None can deny this any longer. It occurred in the spring of 1933, in the great grain-producing areas of the U.S.S.R., the North Caucasus and Ukraine. Communists, after preliminary hesitancy, now admit the fact of the famine, though in circumlocutory jargon.

The chief point about the famine is not—it might be said—that several million people died. Chamberlin puts the mortality as high as five or six million. This is too high, other authorities believe. The point is that the Soviet government was engaged in a tremendous epochal struggle to socialize the land, for the eventual good of the peasants; the peasants, however, resisted and—terribly enough—suffered. To balk the government they refused to harvest grain. Therefore they did not have enough to eat and died.

The inside story of the famine is briefly this. The Five Year Plan included "collectivization" of the peasantry. Russia, overwhelmingly an agrarian country, contained in 1927 almost twenty-five million peasant holdings; Stalin's plan was to unite them into socialized collective farms. The peasants would turn over implements and livestock to a farm manager, and work in common on comparatively large rather than very small holdings, assisted by tractors furnished by the state. This was the idea. On it the future of socialism in the U.S.S.R. depended.

What happened was that the peasants, bitterly indignant, staged two major resistances to the immense forcible process of collectivization. First, they slaughtered their livestock rather than turn it over to the collectives. It was an extraordinary and tragic event—though not so tragic as the human starvation later. There was no organization among the peasants, no communication; yet in hundreds of villages, separated by hundreds of miles, a *simultaneous* destruction of animals began. Rather than turn over their precious pigs, sheep, cattle to the collective authorities, the peasants murdered them.

The cost was terrible. Stalin—four years later—admitted it. The agrarian economy of the Soviet Union suffered a blow from which it cannot fully recover till about 1940; it will take till then to replenish the slaughtered stock. For, once the killing began, it progressed till about *fifty per cent* of the animals in the Soviet Union were killed.

The peasants, stunned by this catastrophe, sank into temporary stupor. The government—when the worst of the damage was done—retreated hastily. Probably Stalin had not realized the formidable extent of the slaughter until it was too late. The tempo of collectivization had been far too rapid. The plan called for full collectivization only after ten years; but within two years, in 1930, 65 per cent of all the farms had been collectivized. So the pace was slowed down.

Even so, in 1932, the peasants, stiffening into a final vain protest, rebelled

again. As if by underground agreement, another psychic epidemic spread through the rich fields of the Caucasus and Ukraine. The farmers, those still outside the collectives, were paid miserable prices; either they could buy no manufactured goods at all or goods only of indifferent quality. They hit on a plan. They had sowed the crop, which was abundant; but they decided not to harvest all of it. They harvested exactly what they calculated they would themselves need during the winter, and left the rest to rot. "What was the use of slaving to produce a handsome crop if the state simply seized it all?"

This was, of course, mutiny. It was not only defiance of Stalin; it was a threat to starve him into submission. The Soviet government needed grain to distribute to the industrial regions, the great cities; it needed grain for export, to pay for the machinery it had to import for the Five Year Plan.

Even the farmers already in the collectives let their grain rot. There were few communist overseers, few trained and loyal farm managers. Word got to Moscow that the harvest, which should have been handsome, was largely lost. Stalin saw that this was a major crisis. If the peasants were permitted to get away with this, the revolution was beaten. ("Obsolete classes don't voluntarily disappear," he told Wells.) He had to act, and did.

Government grain collectors descended on the farms, tall with weeds, and seized that small share of the crop that the peasants had saved *for their own use!* One by one, they visited every holding, and took every lick of grain due the government in taxes. If a man's normal crop was, say, 60 bushels, the tax might be 20 bushels. But the farmer had harvested only, say, 25 bushels. So when the government took 20, the farmer and his family had only 5—instead of 25—to live on the whole winter and spring.

Russian economy is still extremely primitive. The question of grain, of bread, is a matter of life and death. When there was no grain left the people began to die. The government might have diverted some grain from the cities—though that was a pinched, hungry year everywhere—to feed the peasants. But the government did not do so. Stalin decided that the peasants must pay the penalty for their rebellion. They had refused, blindly, stupidly, to provide grain; very well, let them starve. And they starved.

Meanwhile, the kulaks had been liquidated by a more direct process. These were peasants of more than average industry or ability or wealth; the capitalist farmers, "class enemies on the agrarian front." In 1928 there were 750,000 people officially classed as kulaks in the Soviet Union. To-day there are none. They were rooted out like trees, packed into prison trucks, dispatched to labor camps in far parts of the country, put to forced labor on building railways, digging canals.

The famine broke the back of peasant resistance in the U.S.S.R. Since the famine collectivization has proceeded slowly, smoothly. From 1930 to 1935 another 25 per cent of the land has been socialized. All but a small fraction of the best arable land in Russia is now organized into about 250,000 farms. The peasants tried to revolt. The revolt might have brought the Soviet Union down; but it collapsed on the iron will of Stalin. The peasants killed their animals, then they killed themselves.

V

Let no one think that Stalin is a thug. It would be idle to pretend that he could take a chair in fine arts

at Harvard; nevertheless, his learning is both broad and deep, especially in philosophy and history. One is instinctively tempted to consider this reticent Georgian as a roughneck, a man of instincts and muscle, not of brains. But his speeches quote Plato, Don Quixote, Daudet; he knew all about the monkey trial at Dayton and the composition of Lloyd George's shadow cabinet and the unionization of workers in America; in his talk with Wells he showed a better knowledge of Cromwell and the Chartists than Wells himself.

In 1933 he shocked and horrified a deputation of Bolshevik writers by telling them their work was rubbish, because it had no broad basis in general culture. "Read Shakespeare, Goethe, and the other classics, as I do," he said.

Nor are his manners bad. He sees visitors only very rarely; but one and all they report his soberness, his respectful attention to their questions, his attempt to put them at their ease. His speeches are full of a curious sort of sardonic courtliness; for instance he refers to capitalists usually as "Messieurs the Bourgeoisie." He restrains his personal appearances to the minimum; once, during the crucial period of the Five Year Plan, he made no speech or public appearance for eighteen months. He is the only dictator who is *serene*.

He has a sense of humor, though perhaps it is heavy to Western ears; that he has a sense of humor at all differentiates him from Hitler or Mussolini. Shaw reports his keen sense of comedy. Addressing the 1930 congress of the party, he ticked off the right opposition of Bukharin and Rykov by asserting that if Bukharin saw a cockroach he proceeded at once to smell catastrophe, foreseeing the end of the Soviet Union in two months. "Rykov supported Bukharin's theses on the subject," said Stalin, "with the reservation, however, that he had a very serious difference with Bukharin, namely that the Soviet Government will perish, in his opinion, not in one month, but in one month and two days."

Stalin makes occasional pretenses to humility. When Wells asked him what he was doing to change the world, he answered mildly, "Not so very much." And he concluded the interview by saying, "Much more could have been done had we Bolsheviks been cleverer." Imagine Mussolini or Hitler making such a confession!

Stalin has, however, permitted and encouraged his own virtual deification. Pictures of him share the place of honor everywhere with Lenin. His photograph leaps at one from buildings in Moscow, illuminated at night like theater advertisements. Worship of him is Byzantine. Obviously he could stop the public expression of adulation very easily. He does not do so. One reason may be his shrewd Orientalism; the flattery, the pictures, are a good political weapon; he knows the Russians understand a master. Or perhaps he likes them.

He lives, as is well known, in the Kremlin when he is in Moscow. The Kremlin is not a building but a compound, a walled fortress, containing forty or fifty buildings, churches, barracks, gardens. Stalin lives in three rooms. He does not, however, as is generally believed, *work* in the Kremlin. The legend that Stalin, a virtual prisoner, stays always within Kremlin walls, is nonsensical. He does much of his daily work outside the Kremlin, in the building of the central committee of the party, on Staraya Ploshad, in the busiest part of Moscow.

Also he spends much time in the country, at his *datcha,* or country villa. This is about an hour from Moscow, in the region of Usova-Arkangelskaya, near the Moskva River. The house be-

longed to a former millionaire, a gold miner and merchant, who had a persecution complex and, therefore, surrounded the ten-acre estate with a heavy wall. Stalin has not torn down the wall.

The region of the *datcha* is, indeed, heavily guarded, and so is the Moscow road leading to it. Stalin usually drives there in three cars, Packards, going very fast; he sits as a rule with the chauffeur, and the position of his car in the procession is changed daily. Picnickers and sightseers in the vicinity are told politely to move on.

Yet Stalin is not as conspicuously guarded as Hitler or Mussolini. He exposes himself much more than they do. He has several times been seen returning to the Kremlin from the Opera on foot, walking with friends through the crowded square. And at least twice a year, on May 1st and November 7th, the two great Soviet holidays, Stalin stands on the tomb of Lenin, and literally several million people pass him at a range of about fifteen yards.

He cares nothing for pomp or ceremony. He does not wear a uniform, but a dark olive-green jacket buttoned at the neck, riding breeches, and boots. When he goes out he wears a cap with a visor. Not an official uniform, this costume has, nevertheless, been widely imitated throughout most of Russia; the high people in the party, all the sycophants and flatterers, have faithfully copied it and wear it as a proof of devotion to the boss.

Stalin's usual routine is to work hard for about five days, then go to the *datcha* for two or three to rest. He has few relaxations, but he likes opera and ballet, and attends the Bolshoi Theater often; sometimes a movie catches his fancy, and he saw *Chyapaiev,* a film of the civil wars, four times. He reads a good deal and plays chess occasionally. He smokes incessantly, and always a pipe; the gossip in Moscow is that he adores Edgeworth tobacco, but is a little hesitant to smoke publicly this non-Soviet product. At dinner he keeps his pipe lighted next to his plate, puffs between courses. He is fond of alcohol, especially brandy, and holds his liquor well.

His attitude to sex is quite normal and healthy. He has married twice. He is supposed now to be living with the sister of Kaganovitch, his first assistant. Records of his first wife are lost in the mists of pre-revolutionary days. She died of pneumonia in 1917. In those days love was more or less an instrument of the class war; the old Bolsheviks paid little attention to the forms of marriage. By this first wife, Stalin had a son, now about twenty-five. He has not turned out well. He did badly at technical school—the rumor has it that he spent most of his time playing billiards with a classmate, the son of Menzhinsky, late head of the G.P.U.—and Stalin, annoyed, packed him off to work in a factory in Tiflis.

In 1919 Stalin dropped in to see an old revolutionary friend in Leningrad, Sergei Alliluiev (the name means Hallelujah), a locksmith. He met his daughter, a seventeen-year-old girl, Nadyezhda (Nadya), and married her. By her he had two children, a boy Vassily, now fourteen, and a girl, Svetlana, nine. Mrs. Stalin entered the Promakademia, or school for industrial arts, in 1929, studying the manufacture of artificial silk. There was no publicity attached to this; she worked like anyone else, and even battled her way into the ordinary street cars, instead of using a Kremlin Packard. Her ambition was to become head of the rayon trust.

On November 8, 1932, in sudden and seemingly mysterious circumstances, Nadyeshda Alliluieva Stalin died. She had been seen, apparently in normal health, at the Opera only a

few days before. The news of her death was announced without elaboration, and she was buried (not, curiously enough, cremated) in the churchyard of the Convent of New Virgins. Molotov, Kalinin, Voroshilov, Ordzhonikidze carried her coffin, while the Red Army band played Chopin's Funeral March.

Reports were quick to spread that she tasted all food prepared for Stalin and had been poisoned. But the facts seem to be that she had been having acute intestinal pains for several days, and had neglected them. She did not wish to trouble her husband with what she thought was a minor ailment. Probably she was somewhat afraid of him. She sought to hide her pain, keep the stiff upper lip of the Bolsheviks. The ailment was appendicitis, and by the time she admitted she was ill, it was too late, and she died of peritonitis.

Stalin's relation to his younger children is quite paternal, but he has taken pains that in school they are treated exactly as other children. He has never visited the school, which is one of three model schools in Russia; it is called School No. 25, and is on Pimenovsky Street, just off Tverskaya. The boy had seven "fairs," five "goods," on his last report-card; no "very goods" or "excellents." His best subject was literature. In the spring of 1934 he was elected head of his "pioneer" troop, the Soviet boy scouts.

VI

Stalin's salary is about 1000 rubles per month, the equivalent of which, outside Russia, in 1935, was about $33.50. He is completely uninterested in money. Like all the Soviet leaders, he is a poor man; no breath of financial scandal has ever touched any of them. Salaries of communists are adjusted by category, this system having replaced the former rule whereby no man in the party could earn more than 225 rubles per month. There is no upward limit; the average is 600. No communist may accept a salary for more than one post, no matter how many he holds; and no member of the party is allowed to retain royalties from books.

On the other hand, Stalin could, like the Tzars, eat off gold plate if he so wished. There is no wealth in all of Russia that he could not have if he wanted it. He lives modestly, but his *datcha* is the Soviet equivalent of the country home of an American millionaire. He has servants, motor cars, books.

His attitude toward conventional religion is purely negative. His religion, like that of all the dictators, is his work; communism is enough faith for him. He stamped out the Orthodox church from much the same motive that Hitler attacked the Roman Catholics in Germany. Stalin has said, "The party cannot be neutral toward religion, because . . . religion is something opposite to science." Nevertheless, it is noteworthy that he permitted his wife an almost orthodox religious burial. He is the only dictator who may be said thoroughly to have read the Bible; he did so, of course, in his seminary days.

He has few friends. Voroshilov and Kaganovitch are the two closest. He is on thee-and-thou footing with old colleagues in the party, but it is hard to address him intimately because there is no ordinary diminutive for Yosip, his Christian name. People who know him well call him "Yosip Visarionovitch"; others simply say *Tovarish* (Comrade) Stalin. He has no title. Secretaries or interpreters show no fear of him. They are excited perhaps if they have never seen him before, but not afraid. There is no grovelling about Stalin. He dis-

likes Yes-men, and he can stand criticism.

Russians—outside his presence—usually call him "khozayen," or "boss." Americans in Moscow for some odd reason have chosen the appellation "Uncle Joe."

He seldom sees outsiders. William C. Bullitt, the American Ambassador, has the high honor of having dined with him. Until Bullitt arrived in Moscow, Stalin had never received a foreign diplomat; even Lord Chilston, the British ambassador, had not met him until Anthony Eden's visit in the spring of 1935. Retiring, uncommunicative, he has seen, in eighteen years, only seven journalists—two Germans, two Japanese, three Americans —for formal interviews.

He "received" Bullitt in typical and indirect fashion. Voroshilov had arranged a dinner party, and Stalin simply dropped in. He was cheery and cordial, toasted everybody round the table, talked with great intelligence and knowledge of America, and relaxed, smoking his pipe, while the commissars sat at piano, singing songs almost like brothers in a fraternity.

Lately Stalin has given evidence that he may come out of his shell. He visited the new Metro unannounced; he spoke over the radio recently for the first time; he has even kissed babies—final concession to popularity—in the Culture Park. When he received Eden, Laval, and Benes in the spring and summer of 1935, he jointly signed the communiqués with Molotov.

This may be partly explained by his growing popularity. He is not loved, as Lenin was loved, but as the revolution grows more successful, as the standard of living rises, even rigid noncommunists are being won over, as Knickerbocker has pointed out. The new subway in Moscow brought forth many half-unwilling grunts of approval from the population; the attitude was, "Guess the fellow has something to him after all."

Also, Stalin has taken a new tack lately, as defender of the people's rights, the champion of men as men—even non-party men. In May, 1935, he denounced the "heartless bureaucracy" and said that "first of all we must learn to value *people,* to value cadres, to value every worker capable of benefiting our common cause. It is time to realize that of all the valuable capital the world possesses, the most value and decisive is people." Men above machines!

But this concession to humanity comes very late, after terrible struggles, terrible sacrifices. If Stalin can relax now and search for human values, well and good. But his historical mission was quite different. Stalin is the man who took over the Russian revolution and made it work. Human values temporarily collapsed. He is the creator of the iron age, the genius of the Five Year Plan, the man who, by industrializing Russia, made socialism possible in a single state.

TO PHILADELPHIA IN THE NEW WORLD

MEMOIRS OF AN EARLY AMERICAN

BY PETER A. GROTJAN

PART I

You have often, my dear children, solicited me to give you a sketch of the adventures of my past life, and I have as often promised you, that if my time, circumstance, and situation would permit, I was willing to undertake this agreeable task. This period has at length arrived. The term of my public services has expired, and my present age (nearly 70) admonishes me, that I have arrived at that period of life, at which I can, without censure, withdraw from the turmoil. My mind remaining still active and my physical powers unimpaired, it affords me both pleasure and occupation to commence this undertaking. I am impressed with the belief that the various trials I have experienced, an honest endeavor to do right, and a persevering temperament, which instead of being subdued by adversities, would constantly rise superior to them, may afford you in the course of your pilgrimage some useful lessons.

Repudiating all feudal or aristocratic feelings on the subject of my ancestors, I nevertheless freely admit it gives me pleasure that I can trace them for several centuries past. It appears from documents now in our possession that my family originated in Westphalia in lower Saxony, Germany, that my immediate ancestor, John Henry Grotjan, moved to the free Hanseatic city of Hamburg about 1680 and there pursued the mercantile business. His son Conrad Grotjan, my grandfather, followed the same business and accumulated a fortune. He was much respected in the town and until his death a member of the Council of the Ancients. At his death my grandmother, unwilling to relinquish his important business, took my uncle into partnership and continued the concern under the name of Grotjan, Widow and Son. My father, who was of a lively and social disposition, showed no inclination for mercantile pursuits, and consequently received a classical education, and after three years at the University of Jena received his diploma of Doctor of Laws. After his return from the University, and whilst employed in his professional duties, the celebrated Maria Theresa ascended the imperial throne of the German Empire. This event drew forth the greatest demonstrations of respect from all parts of the Empire, and the citizens of Hamburg—ever foremost in acts of chivalry and courtesy, determined to send an embassy of congratulations, and my father was appointed as one of the two citizens to perform that duty.

Although the authorities had no

doubt made such provisions for the expenses of the ambassadors during their mission as was deemed sufficient, my father being a gay Lothario, and perhaps a little intoxicated with the honor conferred upon him, found the appropriation entirely inadequate and drew on his father from time to time for considerable amounts. These drafts were promptly paid but were regularly booked to his debit, as had also been all his expenses during his collegiate studies. I mention this circumstance now as it had a considerable influence on our future at the death of my grandmother. I have often heard him relate what a brilliant career he ran during his stay at Vienna, and feel convinced that he did not suffer the renown of the Imperial City of Hamburg to be tarnished.

Two events during his stay at Vienna I will relate to you. Shortly after his official audience at which he discharged the duties of his mission, a Masked Ball was given by the Empress, to which besides the court and nobles, all the foreign ambassadors were invited. People of rank and especially foreigners seldom if ever appear in character, but generally attend in a Domino, that is to say in a suit of black, over which is thrown a long mantle of black or red silk, and wearing a partial mask which sometimes covers only the eyes. My father, being thus attired, was in the midst of enjoying this brilliant fête, when he was led by one of the Ministers of State toward a lady seated at a short distance. This ambassador then whispered in his ear to solicit the favor of dancing a minuet with her. Having at that moment no suspicions of the rank of this lady, he obeyed, and was graciously accepted. He was, however, soon undeceived, for on approaching the middle of the ball room, he saw everybody giving way and himself and the Empress the only dancers on the floor. At the end of the dance the Empress bowed and graciously presented him with a seal ring with the impression of the dying gladiator cut in the stone. Notwithstanding all his usual democratic principles, he was ever afterward proud and delighted when he reflected on the events of that night. I, myself, may fall under a similar censure, for relating it. Be it so! It gives me pleasure, and if that pleasure is a folly, it is only adding one folly to the many I have committed in the course of my life.

I will now relate the second event, which is rather more instructive. My father and the Minister of Police became intimate friends during his stay at the Court of Vienna, and when the time of his departure arrived, he called on him to take a formal but friendly leave. After much social conversation the minister drew from his Portfolio a paper which he with much gravity but politeness presented to my father, observing that if he was not prepared to settle that trifle before his departure, to be so kind as to exchange it for a draft at convenient time on himself or his father at Hamburg.

Figure to yourself the astonishment and dismay of my father when he held before his eyes an obligation for twenty thousand florins received by him on loan from the said Minister, payable at sight and acknowledged by his name in his own handwriting. He said he was for a minute utterly confounded, the high source from which this demand came, and the bland and friendly manner in which it was made, occasioned him to doubt his own recollections. He felt certain that he had never received that sum, and still knew his handwriting so well that there was no disputing it. When his first perplexity had subsided, he candidly stated to the Minister that he had not the slightest recollection of ever having received such a sum, and that amongst his expenditures there was no item

which would have made this loan necessary. He begged of him as a favor to state, if at any time when they played at hazard, he had been so much under disguise as to lose so large a sum without knowing. He, however, added that notwithstanding his surprise and want of recollection, he could not deny his handwriting, nor for a moment doubt his friend's integrity. That, therefore, as he was not now prepared, he would accept his kindness and draw on himself or father at 60 days' sight.

The Minister, after calmly listening to all my father had to say on the subject, approached him and, laying his hand on his shoulder, addressed him as follows: "My dear friend, I perceive your surprise and agitation with satisfaction. You have convinced me of your honorable intentions, and what is more, you have given me an indubitable proof of your reliance in my integrity. The lesson which I have contemplated to give you, I hope will be worth the momentary anxiety I have caused you, as it will hereafter put you on your guard against a careless and dangerous habit. I will now explain to you how this paper came into my possession.

"You will doubtless recollect that on the evening of your arrival in Vienna, you were introduced to me at my Bureaux, as is the custom with all strangers of note. I requested you to favor me with your name to be recorded in the Police Office, according to law, and I handed to you a sheet of paper with pen and ink for that purpose. I perceived with regret, that you carelessly wrote your signature on the middle of the sheet, and at that moment formed the project to punish and caution you. The paper you now hold in your hand, contains the name you wrote that night, over which I ordered my Secretary to write the obligation, informing him of my intention in the presence of another witness. Since it has fulfilled its purpose, permit me now to cancel it." With those words he took the paper from the hands of my father and destroyed it.

If this incident, after being only related to me more than fifty years ago, made such an impression on my mind, that during the course of my life I never signed my name on paper without examining the space above, it is no wonder that my father was ever afterward permanently cured of this dangerous carelessness.

II

Shortly after my father's return from his mission, he was nominated attorney general of the criminal court, and in 1762 he married my mother, Catherine Elizabeth Wohlgemuth. My parents, who possessed no fortune or property save the annual income, lived nevertheless in the same style as my grandmother's family, with the exception that they kept no carriage and owned no country seat. The society which frequented our house was choice, consisting chiefly of literati and scientific persons of various branches.

The society of Hamburg is free and untrammeled by stiff and conventional rules of etiquette, and the great number of strangers who constantly arrive and depart from all parts of the world, contribute much to enliven the domestic circles. Mixing daily with all nations, the people of Hamburg are compelled to become acquainted with different languages, and are given a taste for sciences and the fine arts, and in this manner cultivate their minds without any special effort on their part.

My parents were blessed with five children before I was born on the 19th of August, 1774. Soon after, I was carried to the font and given the name of Peter Adolph Grotjan.

My childhood passed by happily and uneventfully, with many pleasant hours spent at my grandmother's country seat. As I grew older, I began to participate a little in the social life of my parents. During the winter evenings we received company three times a week and the remaining evenings my parents visited abroad. At that period there were in Hamburg no clubs or societies exclusively for men, and women participated in every species of entertainment. L'hombre, Whist Boston, Piquet, and Tarroe were the usual games of cards. Billiards, Bagatelle, Backgammon, chess, and checkers were the other pastimes for the married and elderly, whilst the younger part amused themselves with music, singing, and dancing. Among the most intimate friends who visited my father's house at that period, were John G. Wachsmuth, a cousin of my mother's, who afterwards became an eminent merchant in Philadelphia, where he was for many years Director of the Old Bank of the United States, the celebrated divine Dr. Sturm and Professor Klopstock, whose epic poem "The Messiah" is not inferior to Homer's "Iliad."

Shortly before my fourteenth birthday I suffered the loss of my dear mother. She had long been ill with a pulmonary complaint which eventually caused her death. After this sad event my aunt and uncle took up their residence with us, as it was difficult for my father to manage a household full of children.

As I have just stated, this was shortly before my 14th birthday—an event of considerable importance in the life of a German boy. It was the custom then to change at this age from childish costume to manly dress.

As the 19th of August, 1788, drew near, I was taken to a tailor and properly outfitted for the great occasion; but my hair still gave me great uneasiness. Hitherto I had worn my hair cropped and cut short behind, but on the 19th it must be dressed with powder and pomatum with a cue of at least eight or nine inches. On the 18th I consulted an artist on the subject, and engaged him to dress my hair for the next day. Being eminent in his profession his time was so occupied that he informed me that unless I could call at daybreak the next day, it would not be possible for him to attend to me. These matters being fixed and all my finery properly arranged I retired to bed—but not to sleep. The possibility that I might not be aroused at daybreak kept me awake. I rose at one o'clock and seated myself before an open window to watch for the approach of morning. As soon as I could clearly discern objects, I started for the barber, whom I aroused with much difficulty, and who manifested great displeasure at my early call. Although I had been letting my hair grow for months it was still not long enough, and I was obliged to purchase an artificial cue. In consequence of the shortness of my own hair the barber was compelled to tie the cue close to the head so that instead of hanging tastefully between my shoulders it stuck out behind at an angle of 45 degrees. At last I was permitted to view myself in a mirror. Whatever I might think of the transformation at the present, it is certain that on that day I thought all was right, beautiful, and fashionable, and I departed satisfied, holding my head, from necessity, very erect.

I next attired myself in my new finery—which I will describe to you in detail. Three-cockaded hat, and cane in hand, head dressed and powdered, stiffened shirt collar touching the ears and covering half the cheeks, white cambric cravat, with pudding cushion covering the chin and tied in a formidable bow in front, ruffles at bosom

and wrists, medallion breast pin, vest —white satin embroidered with silver sprigs and border, scarlet cloth dress coat lined with white serge and with steel buttons highly polished, yellow nankin shorts, fitting tight with buttons at the knee and fastened above the calf of the legs in silver knee buckles to match the shoe buckles, white silk stockings and long quartered black morocco shoes with silver buckles of a size which left but a small part of the shoes visible at the toe.

Thus attired, I started for my aunt's country seat, where I underwent a regular muster. The older members of the family looked upon me with approbation, my sister and cousins complimented me but with occasionally a mischievous smile or wink, but my cousin Jean who was a year younger, and not yet entitled to my privileges, mocked me, and laughingly said, "Peter, you walk as if a skewer had been driven down your throat." This and other ironical sallies lost their effect as I was convinced they proceeded from sheer envy.

III

Shortly after I was fifteen I was taken into the mercantile house of my uncle, starting as errand boy but gradually working up in the concern, until in 1794 I became chief clerk in the business. During the years of my connection with my uncle we had but one quarrel—which took place as follows:

One Monday morning I discovered my cash account short of twenty Dutch Ducats (gold pieces of $2 each) for which I could in nowise account, unless my uncle, who as well as myself had a key to the strong box, had taken them out, which had sometimes occurred; but never without his leaving a memorandum in the drawer. My uncle had left home early that morning, and did not return for several days which obliged me to carry this deficiency forward. On his return I took an early opportunity to take up the matter with him. He responded he had not used his keys for several weeks, and when informed that the deficit amounted to forty dollars, manifested great displeasure. He first accused me of unpardonable negligence, in no gentle terms, against which I staunchly defended myself. Our conversation grew warm, I felt irritated, and no doubt forgot the deference in my demeanor toward him to which I had been accustomed since infancy. I saw the storm arising in his countenance but heeded it not, until with a sarcastic smile he hinted that I had probably appropriated the money myself. This was too much to bear, and I gave him the lie direct.

Almost frantic with anger he struck me, the first blow I ever received from a man. No tiger ever sprang quicker on his prey than I did, when I seized him with my right hand by the cravat and ran him backward, until I encountered a table on which I prostrated and held him down. The scuffle and noise soon filled the room with the family, and I instantly felt sensible of the full weight of responsibility of my action. Before a word could be said by anybody, my uncle had regained his feet; his rage was cool, but with a withering look he bade me depart and never again show my face before him.

I returned to my father's apartment and communicated to him what had happened. After listening to me he said, "Peter, you have acted rashly to lay your hands in violence on your uncle, guardian, and employer, but believing you to be innocent of this vile accusation, I will protect your honor, until you have made it manifest, and then procure you suitable redress."

The house remained for some days in considerable ferment, my good aunt,

who loved me most affectionately, was in great distress and kept running from my uncle to me, crying and praying to us to make up our quarrel. On the following day, my father and uncle were in conclave together for a considerable time, and afterward I had a visit from my aunt who stated to me that my uncle had since our encounter, recollected that on the preceding Saturday when he was going to participate in a game of cards, he had found his purse not sufficiently filled and had taken 20 ducats from the safe. He was sorry for the accusation he had made against me, and was ready to forgive me if I would beg his pardon for my attack on him. I listened to my dear aunt with much attention but could not consent to this mode of reasoning. I told her without hesitation that I could never be reconciled on these terms, that my uncle had attempted to deprive me of all that was valuable in life, my good name, my honor, and my integrity. I was willing to forget and forgive if he would invite all the nearest relatives, and state to them in my presence that he had been unjust to me. Then would I acknowledge to him and before them my regret and sorrow that I had used violent means to redress myself. My aunt declared that she knew her husband would not stoop to humble himself in this way. After another day during which my uncle remained obstinate and undecided, my father and I were asked to join the family in the salon, where on our arrival the matter was amicably adjusted according to my proposition, and the evening ended in great hilarity, with a supper and a game of whist.

IV

Toward the end of the year of 1795 my uncle decided to retire from business, and offered to leave enough capital in the concern for me to carry on. In case I accepted the proposition, although he would not expect to share in the profits, he insisted that I consult him on all important negotiations, and abide by his better judgment. This found no favor with my ideas of independent action, and shortly after I decided definitely to go to America and establish myself as a merchant in the city of Philadelphia.

I invested my capital in Swedish and Russian bar iron, Russian hemp and window glass, and on the 14th of July, 1795 said good-bye to all my family and sailed on the ship *Cygnet* for New York. This voyage took 56 days to accomplish and I found on board only one other cabin passenger, a German by the name of Schubert, who was of an extremely taciturn nature.

You must not, however, imagine that my time was spent in idle listlessness or frivolous occupation. I kept a journal or diary of the transactions of every day. My mathematical and trigonometrical studies had made me acquainted with the rudiments of theoretical navigation, and I was determined to devote a portion of my time to its practical study. I had provided myself with a sextant, a case of mathematical instruments, a nautical almanac, Moore's Navigator, and a fine sea chart of the Atlantic. Under the instruction of Captain Johnson and his mate I learned the practical use of my books, chart, and instruments, and could soon work my courses and distances arithmetically, geometrically, and by dead reckoning. Three nights a week I kept regular watches on deck, either with the captain or the mate. I had with me a choice collection of German and French books, but not being then very proficient in English, I had besides my grammar and dictionary only two English books, the *Life of Numa Pompilius* and the *Vicar of Wakefield.*

My brother, who was studying medi-

cine at the University of Jena had presented me before my departure with a mahogany medicine chest, the contents of which were prepared by his own hands, accompanied by a book of ample directions. This chest procured me many friends as it gave me the opportunity to impersonate the doctor and surgeon on numerous occasions. Besides physicking the male and female steerage passengers when seasick, I cured the broken head of a shoemaker after a battle with our steward. I bandaged, dressed, and cured the leg of a sailor, who fell from the yardarm in a gale of wind and tore his leg open against the fluke of an anchor, causing a wound of more than nine inches long. I also cured the foot of Philipson, the Jew, who was bitten by a shark we caught.

When the 19th of August arrived, I determined to celebrate my birthday with as much éclat as circumstances would permit. My friends had presented me before I sailed with cakes, comfits, almonds, nuts and raisins, and a hamper of mineral water and five dozen bottles of various wines. On this day I was liberal with my stores, and so was my worthy captain, furnishing for the occasion extra titbits not only for the cabin, but also for the steerage passengers and crew. At 11 o'clock A.M. we partook of a mammoth bowl of Arrac and Brandy punch, before we sat down to what at sea could be called a sumptuous dinner. With the permission of Captain Johnson, I had sent the steward with a dozen bottles each to the steerage and the crew, with the request that they drink to my health.

When we were off Sandy Hook, we were boarded by the officers of a British frigate for the purpose of searching for British seamen. At that infant state of our republic no naturalization or seamen's protection papers from the United States Government were sufficient to prevent the British from forcibly taking any sailor that they asserted to be a British-born subject. Our mate, Mr. Taylor, whose Scotch accent would have betrayed his birth made a narrow escape from being captured. He requested me to administer to him a strong dose of Ipecacuanha, on which he retired to bed. While we were being boarded the medicine began to act, and he was seen to be too ill for a personal examination. Even at that time, I felt the situation of the American seaman to be humiliating, and I thank God that times have greatly altered since 1795.

V

After beating up the noble Hudson River we at length arrived at New York on the 13th of September. Everything appeared new and unusual to me, the climate excessively warm, the site of the city magnificent, but the pale faces of the people and their thin trousers and gingham jackets struck me unfavorably. My friend, Mr. Schubert, took me with him to the Old Coffee House, a large hotel near the Battery, where at three o'clock we sat down to a table laden with oysters, melons, and other land delicacies. Madeira, brandy, gin, and Jamaica Spirits stood between every two guests. At four o'clock Mr. Schubert and I excused ourselves in order to visit Long Island. When we returned to the hotel at about half-past six we found about thirty of the guests still seated at the table—drinking, smoking, conversing, and singing. Mr. Schubert, who was better acquainted with New York customs than myself, told me that he suspected that all the wine consumed at that table would be clubbed and that we should all have to pay an equal share, so the next day we both took lodgings in Liberty Street at $8 a week. My share at the Old Coffee House, due to the wine drunk by my fellow guests,

exceeded the enormous rate of three dollars per day.

After staying a week in New York I took my departure in a line of stages which at that period required a day and a half to travel 96 miles, a journey which is now performed daily in the space of six hours. When I arrived in Philadelphia, I found board at Mrs. Woodward's house in Second Street nearly opposite Christ Church. I presented some of the letters I had brought with me from Hamburg, and was soon agreeably launched among many pleasant acquaintances, most of them Germans, of which the town was filled. I sold my goods to much advantage and a few months later received several new consignments from Hamburg.

Congress was at this time and up to the period of 1800 held in Philadelphia, and General Washington had his permanent residence there. Through the kindness of Mr. Muhlenberg, the Speaker in the House of Representatives, I obtained an introduction to him, which however was nothing more than a ceremonial granted to all decent strangers who had any acquaintance with officers of Government or friends of the General. I will here observe that although the President of the United States, he was always spoken of as General Washington. As I have seen this great and inimitable man hundreds of times in public and private places, and as his figure and face are as fresh in my memory as if it had been yesterday, I will give you a concise description of his person. He was rather more than six feet high, with a strong and well-formed body, muscular though neither corpulent nor clumsy. He walked very erectly with an easy military grace, and his step was firm and measured but without affectation. There was a dignity in carriage and manners which I never saw equalled except in General Andrew Jackson. His face was rather long, and I have always insisted that the famous portrait by Stuart which has become the standard of Washington's features is defective in that respect, the face being too much compressed. The best likeness of Washington I have ever seen is a splendid lithograph from a painting by Peale which was published many years after his death.

During the winter of 1796 I had two more opportunities closely to observe this extraordinary man. Concerts were in these days of rare occurrence and not so generally frequented by the public as at present. A grand concert had been advertised and my fondness for music made me of course attend it. I had just placed myself on a seat near the front when General Washington, his lady, and her granddaughter made their appearance. In those days of democratic equality and simplicity their entrance created no particular sensation. They quietly walked up the middle passage and took their seats immediately in front of me. I had the finest opportunity in the world to closely observe them, and I shall never forget the benign matronly and friendly countenance of Lady Washington. The print in which Washington and his family is represented affords an excellent portrait of that lady. My mind during the evening was so occupied with the study of the two chief characters that I did not take such notice of Miss Custis as to be able to bring her appearance to my mind at this present moment, which certainly was ungallant in a young man of my age.

The last opportunity I embraced both to see and hear Washington as a public functionary, was on that memorable day when he delivered his farewell address to Congress* in the Senate

*Not the Farewell Address to the nation, which was given to the press in September, 1796; presumably the reference here is to the Eighth Annual Address delivered before a joint session of House and Senate on December 7, 1796.—*The Editor.*

Chamber at the corner of Chestnut and Sixth Streets. Through the kindness of my friend, I had obtained a seat on the floor of the house, immediately behind the railing which separated the Hall from the audience, and the place I occupied was not more than eight yards from the elevated platform and chair of Washington. At this time it was customary for the President of the United States to deliver his Inaugural and farewell address in person, a custom which has long been dispensed with. These documents are now written and sent to the Speaker of the House and President of the Senate, without the personal appearance of the President himself. General Washington was no orator, and, therefore, read his farewell address with a distinct and impressive voice.

In 1799, I beheld for the first time the famous John Randolph of Roanoke, Virginia. He was then young, not yet thirty years of age, but in appearance looked more like a boy than a man. When I saw him seated among the other members, I asked a person alongside of me if the members of Congress were permitted to bring their sons on the floor. I was answered, "You are no doubt a stranger, not to know John Randolph." Randolph was slender in person, of middle stature, pale visage, and very plainly dressed, his light colored hair combed over the back of his head and tied with a black silk ribbon. His voice was rather shrill, but his manner of speaking impressive, and he treated every subject with a profundity and in a style that commanded the attention and enforced the admiration of his auditors. His powers and his fearlessness were so great that he became the terror of his opponents during successive sessions of Congress.

My business took me to Reading for periods of time and it was there I first commenced my political career. Then and ever afterward I have been decidedly democratic on the principle of "the greatest good, and the greatest degree of national liberty and protection, to the greatest number of people." No sinecures and no exclusive privileges.

VI

In order that you may understand the temper of those times it is necessary for me to give you a brief statement of the parties. On the retirement of General Washington as President of the United States there existed two distinct political parties in this country. Many of our wealthy citizens, and nearly all those who had been opposed to the Revolutionary War, together with many whose interest was deeply interwoven in the British commerce, and highly opposed to the French Revolution, formed one party, styling themselves Federalists but nicknamed by the opposite party, Tories. Among the leaders of this party were the Adamses, Hamilton, Jay, Dana, the Francises, Gouverneur, and Harper, and many others from eminent families in other States. The other party, much more numerous, but not so well organized at that period, and not quite so wealthy, consisted of those who had been strenuously in favor of the Revolution, who enthusiastically loved our Constitution and Government, who had divested themselves from British predilections, and who bore that nation little good will on account of former cruelties and oppression. This party was also favorable to the French Revolution, and to the emancipation of all mankind from regal tyranny. They styled themselves Democrats but were nicknamed by the other party Sans-culottes. The chief leaders of this party at the time I speak of were Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, John Randolph, Albert Gallatin, James Madison, James Monroe, Judge

McKean, and many other great and distinguished citizens of other states.

With this array of parties opposed to each other in many essential parts relative to our political government, the election of Washington's successor took place, and although the most sanguine expectations had prevailed that Thomas Jefferson would be elected, John Adams of Massachusetts became President of the United States. During his administration party feuds ran very high. The Federal Party exercised their power with an iron hand. Obnoxious laws were passed in Congress and sanctioned by the President. The most oppressive of these were our alien and sedition laws, a stamp tax, and a window tax. Debates in Congress became very acrimonious, and such scenes as have been recently enacted at Washington were not uncommon in those times, as is apparent from the fact that Matthew Lyon, a representative, spit in the face of Mr. Griswold, another member, for offensive remarks made by the latter during a debate. John Randolph and Albert Gallatin defended the Democratic cause with much energy and ability, for which the latter, having had the misfortune to be born in Switzerland, was most cordially hated and abused by the whole Federal Party.

While these events were taking place in Philadelphia that stormy session closed, and the respective members prepared themselves for home. Mr. Gallatin, who had his wife and children with him traveled in his own private carriage. He resided in the western part of Pennsylvania and his route home passed through Reading. On a pleasant afternoon about five o'clock, I heard the bells ring a merry peal, and on inquiry of the cause was informed that it was done by order of the Democrats to welcome their champion in Congress, who was expected to spend one night in Reading and whose coach was already in sight. I went at once with several of my friends to Barr's Hotel, where I welcomed him and his family on their arrival. Rooms on the second floor had been prepared to which they retired. Soon after dark, I noticed a great deal of whispering among the men of Captain Keim's company, called the "Reading Blues," apparently discussing some plot or outbreak. I soon got information of their schemes. It appeared the Federals had been highly incensed at the honor paid to Mr. Gallatin and had determined to be revenged by taking him forcibly from the house in order to offer him some personal indignities. The leaders of our party immediately consulted with Mr. Barr, the landlord. This gentleman, one of the largest and most athletic men of Berks County, who weighed upward of 300 pounds and occupied the space of two common men, answered that he would take care of the safety of Mr. Gallatin and his family whilst in his house, if we would take measures to protect him when out of it. He advised that some of us should quietly disperse among the crowds in the bar room, and he added, "I myself will guard the stair, and I promise none shall ascend without my permission." So fortified with a heavy loaded chair whip he took his seat on the stairway which his huge body completely filled. In spite of repeated attempts to dislodge him, there he remained the rest of the night. The noise of hooting and the playing of the Rogues March continued through the evening and an image of hideous dimensions, intended as an effigy of Mr. Gallatin, was stuck on a pole. It became evident that personal insult was intended on his departure and we felt we must tell him of his danger. Mr. Barr informed him that a horse stood ready saddled in the stable and advised him to depart. I promised him to accompany

his wife and children in the coach and requested him to wait at Big Spring, about three miles from Reading, until we arrived. After considerable persuasion, and after many assurances that no danger threatened his family he agreed to our arrangements.

At sunrise the carriage was at the door, surrounded by a number of friends. I led Mrs. Gallatin and the children to the coach. When Mr. Gallatin failed to follow there were great manifestations of disappointment—shouts, hoots, and repeated playing of the Rogues March. The effigy was then set on fire and carried on a run by the side of the carriage. During the whole of this trying scene Mrs. Gallatin behaved with much fortitude and prudence, and I feel bound to testify that no personal fear led Mr. Gallatin to adopt the plan we proposed, and that he acceded to our suggestion solely to prevent a greater increase of tumult than already existed. Mr. Gallatin is still alive and resides in the State of New York (1844) and although between 80 and 90 years of age is in the enjoyment of such physical and mental abilities that he is consulted on all great financial questions without regard to party politics.

VII

My European shipping soon became of so much importance that it required my constant presence in Philadelphia and so I moved back to that city in 1798. I had been established there in Mrs. Lewis's boarding house but a few months when in the latter part of July the terrible Yellow Fever made its appearance. Everyone who could fled from the city and death among the remainder reached about 100 victims a day. The wharves were deserted, all warehouses and counting rooms in my neighborhood shut, and the banking houses removed to the neighboring villages. Still I was not alarmed for my own safety, but when the pestilence made its appearance next door to my boarding house, my friends urged me to quit the city.

My arrangements for doing so were soon made and I engaged a seat in the Reading Stage Coach and presented myself there on the following morning at five o'clock. To my surprise I found the stage already crowded. The panic to leave the city was such that the seats had been filled the evening before and defended by the occupants during the whole night. At that period I was young and vigorous and so I determined without hesitation to walk to Reading and set out on the instant—arriving there the next afternoon. On the following day I was surprised early in the afternoon by the arrival of three friends from Mrs. Lewis's boarding house, Holtzbecher, Krumbhaar, and Bergudd, all on foot and much fatigued and wayworn, except the latter.

Holtzbecher gave me the melancholy information that on the day I had left the boarding house, whilst sitting at dinner the youngest daughter of Mrs. Lewis was taken ill with violent symptoms of the Yellow Fever, and that before night the eldest son and daughter were affected in the same manner. This calamity had overwhelmed the family with distress, and the rest of the boarders were obliged to quit the house without loss of time. That he, Holtzbecher, and Mr. Hagenau (a young German merchant), both boarders, had agreed with Krumbhaar and Bergudd to depart on the following day for Reading. That no conveyances could be obtained except at the most extravagant prices, and that these four had concluded to perform the journey on foot. This caused a delay of another day. During the interval Mr. Hagenau, who was particularly attached, if not actually engaged

to the youngest Miss Lewis, had the imprudence to visit her chamber in order to take leave. It appears that this conference seriously agitated his mind; which in itself is highly dangerous during the prevalence of this terrible disorder. They, however, all met on the following day according to promise and commenced their march. They had not proceeded above eight or ten miles, when young Hagenau began to complain of fatigue and lassitude, and ultimately declared himself unable to proceed any farther on foot. At one of the public houses on the road, they overtook a wagon or team, partially laden with merchandise and bound for Reading, and finding sufficient room in the inside engaged a passage for Hagenau.

On the day of the arrival of my three friends, and whilst we were sitting at supper, the team arrived before the door of Boyer's Hotel. I ran to welcome my young friend and led him into the house. The moment I looked in his face, I saw that he was attacked by the fever, his face highly flushed, his eyes red and quivering, and his strength greatly prostrated. I called on Dr. Stroebel and requested him to attend that evening, and he had no hesitation to pronounce it a malignant case of the Yellow Fever.

The truth could not remain a secret either with the family of Mr. Boyer nor could it be kept from the citizens. The consequences which ensued the following day were truly afflicting.

The hotel of Mr. Boyer, the daily resort of everybody, was instantly deserted and shunned by citizens and strangers. The landlord, a highly respectable and gentlemanly man, with whom we had been long acquainted, felt for us the highest regard and friendship; but he was a husband and father of a family, their lives could not be endangered, and his business ought not to be broken up. These representations he made to us on the following day, and we were all in the utmost perplexity. On that day we went into every part of the town to rent a room for his accommodation, but we might as well have proposed to give us leave to set their house on fire and to burn them in it, as to introduce a Yellow Fever patient.

Being utterly at a loss to proceed, I inspected the premises of Mr. Boyer, and found an outhouse in the yard, a small brick building containing a plastered and whitewashed room, which was at that time occupied as the repository of superior saddles and harness. I succeeded at last in having this room cleared out and furnished with every convenience for his reception, whilst Mr. Holtzbecher succeeded, at the price of five dollars per day, to procure the services of an old lady to attend on him as nurse. This arrangement had an ameliorating effect. The citizens and others, hearing that he was not actually in the house, ventured to come to the door and converse and even entered the bar room to refresh themselves. Thus the aspect remained for a few days, during which we received intelligence from Philadelphia of the death of Mr. Lewis and the youngest daughter. These melancholy bereavements occurred almost daily to the end of the season.

Dr. Stroebel's attendance was unremitted; but what could he do? Hagenau was a destined victim, and died after three days' struggle. I visited him every day and was with him when he died. His death renewed the former panic. The house was again forsaken; even we ourselves were carefully shunned and avoided. Our most intimate friends, when they saw us coming along, would cross the street at a respectful distance, and politely salute us. In this unpleasant situation, I proposed to my friends to hire horses and absent ourselves for a few

days until the alarm had subsided.

I should have observed that Holtzbecher had left Reading previous to the decease of Hagenau. The anxieties we had suffered, the awful death of our friend, and the subsequent estrangement of our acquaintances, notwithstanding our great fortitude, had a powerful effect on our minds, which we industriously avoided to communicate to each other, until the night before we concluded to start at daybreak in the morning. We all slept in one large room, in separate beds. We had retired, little had been said, and all was now still as if we had been asleep. The truth was, none of us slept, none of us could sleep. I ever and anon heard a heavy and long drawn breath from different quarters. I first broke silence by inquiring—"Bergudd, are you asleep?" "No!" "Krumbhaar, are you asleep?" "No!" Then we discovered that we were all nearly in the same condition, wakeful and in great perspiration. After a few days' absence, however, things gradually resumed their old course.

One circumstance I should not omit to mention, before I close this mournful narrative.

On the death of the young man, Dr. Stroebel had ordered the bedding and all clothing he had worn whilst sick to be burned. At the earnest solicitation of the nurse, the excellent feather bed was exempted and given to her, with the injunction not to sleep on it until it had been daily aired and exposed to the sun for several weeks. It was said that this old lady, disregarding the caution, slept on it the following night. Whether she did or not, certain it is that she was buried about ten days after.

(To be continued)

ADVENTURES IN DIET

PART II

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Now that the experiments in diet which Karsten Andersen and I undertook at Bellevue Hospital have been accepted by the medical world, it is difficult to realize that there could have been such a storm of excitement about the announcement of the plan, such a violent clash of opinions, such near unanimity in the prediction of dire results.

The feeling that decisive controlled tests were needed began to spread after I told one of the scientific heads of the Food Administration in 1918 that I had lived for an aggregate of more than five years with enjoyment on just meat and water (as described in my article in last month's HARPERS). A turning point came in 1920 when I had an hour for explaining a meat regimen to the physicians and staff at the Mayo Clinic. The concluding phase began in 1928 when Mr. Andersen and myself entered Bellevue Hospital to give science the first chance in its history to observe human subjects while they lived through the chill of winter and the heat of summer, for twelve months, on an exclusive meat diet. We were to do it under conditions of ordinary city life.

At the beginning of our northern work in 1906 it was the accepted view among doctors and dietitians that man cannot live on meat alone. They believed specifically that a group of serious diseases were either caused directly by meat or preventable only by vegetables. Those views were still being held when, the autumn of 1918, an old friend, Frederic C. Walcott (later Senator from Connecticut), decided that my experiences and the resulting opinions were revolutionary in certain fields, and introduced me to Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins, who was then with the U. S. Food Administration in Washington. Pearl considered several of the things I told him upsetting to views then held; he questioned me before a stenographer, and sent the mimeographed results to a number of dietitians. Their replies varied from concurrence with him (and me) to agreement with David Hume that you are likelier to meet a thousand liars than one miracle.

Pearl was convinced that neither fibs nor miracles were involved and proposed that we write a book on dietetics. I agreed. But cares intervened and things dragged.

In 1920 I had the above-mentioned chance to speak at the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota. One of the Mayo brothers suggested that I spend two or three weeks there to have a check-over and see whether they could not find evidences of the supposed bad effects of meat. I wanted to do this but commitments in New York prevented.

Then one day while talking with the

gastro-enterologist Dr. Clarence W. Lieb, I told him of my regret that I had not been able to take advantage of the Mayo check-over. Lieb said there were good doctors in New York, too, and volunteered to gather a committee of specialists who would put me through an examination as rigid as anything I could get from the Mayos.

The committee was organized, I went through the mill, and Dr. Lieb reported the findings in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association for July 3, 1926, "The Effects of an Exclusive Long-Continued Meat Diet." The committee had failed to discover any trace of even one of the supposed harmful effects.

With this publication the Lieb and Pearl events merge. For when the Institute of American Meat Packers wrote asking permission to reprint a large number of copies for distribution to the medical profession and to dietitians, Lieb, Pearl and I went into a huddle. The result was a letter to the Institute saying that we refused permission to reprint, but suggesting that they might get something much better worth publishing, and with right to publish it, if they gave a fund to a research institution for a series of experiments designed to check, under conditions of average city life, the problems which had arisen out of my experiences and views. For it was contended by many that an all-meat diet might work in a cold climate though not in a warm, and under the strenuous conditions of the frontier though not in common American (sedentary) business life.

We gave the meat packers warning that, if anything, the institution chosen would lean backward to make sure that nothing in the results could even be suspected of having been influenced by the source of the money.

After much negotiating, the Institute agreed to furnish the money. The organization selected was the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology. The committee in charge was to consist of leaders in the most important sciences that appeared related to the problem, and represented seven institutions:

American Museum of Natural History: Dr. Clark Wissler.
Cornell University Medical College: Dr. Walter L. Niles.
Harvard University: Drs. Lawrence J. Henderson, Earnest A. Hooton, and Percy Howe.
Institute of American Meat Packers: Dr. C. Robert Moulton.
Johns Hopkins University: Drs. William G. McCallum and Raymond Pearl.
Russell Sage Institute of Pathology: Drs. Eugene F. DuBois and Graham Lusk.
University of Chicago: Dr. Edwin O. Jordan.
Unattached: Dr. Clarence W. Lieb (private practice) and Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

The Chairman of the committee was Dr. Pearl. The main research work of the experiment was headed by Dr. DuBois, who is now Physician-in-Chief of the New York Hospital and was then, as he still is, Medical Director of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology. Among his collaborators were Dr. Walter S. McClellan, Dr. Henry B. Richardson, Mr. V. R. Rupp, Mr. G. F. Soderstrom, Dr. Henry J. Spencer, Dr. Edward Tolstoi, Dr. John C. Torrey, and Mr. Vincent Toscani. The clinical supervision was in charge of Dr. Lieb.

After meetings of the supervising committee, the election of a smaller executive committee, and much discussion, it was decided that, while the experiment would be directed at strictly scientific problems, there might be side glances now and then toward common folk beliefs and the propaganda of certain groups. For instance, our definition of a meat diet as "a diet from which all vegetable elements are excluded" would permit us to use milk and eggs, for they are not

vegetables. But some vegetarians are illogical enough to allow milk and eggs; we agreed to be correspondingly illogical and exclude them. This forestalled the possible cry that we were being saved from the ill effects of a vegetable-less diet by the eggs and the milk.

The aim of the project was not, as the press claimed at the time, to "prove" something or other. We were not trying to prove or disprove anything; we merely wanted to get at the facts. Every aspect of the results would be studied, but special attention would be paid to certain common views, such as that scurvy will result from the absence of vegetable elements, that other deficiency diseases may be produced, that the effect will be bad on the circulatory system and on the kidneys, that certain harmful microorganisms will flourish in the intestinal tract, and that there will be insufficient calcium. The broad question was, of course, the effect upon the general health as judged by the observations of the supervising doctors and by the testimony of the subjects themselves.

The test was originally planned on me alone, but I might be struck by lightning before conclusions were reached, or I might get run over by a truck, and that would be construed, by mixed-dieters and vegetarians, as showing impairment of mental alertness and bodily vigor through the monotony and poison of meat. It was difficult to find a colleague, for you cannot make this sort of experiment on just anybody. That appears if you consider two elementary cases.

Assume the news of a stock market crash that ruins them is conveyed to a number of people after they have eaten a good meal. Digestion may stop almost at the point of the mental shock. Obviously the sickness which follows that meal is not caused by the food, as such.

Or ask some impressionable friends to lunch. Serve them veal, of good quality and well cooked. When dinner is over, you inquire about the veal; they will answer with the usual compliments. Then you say that your case has been proved. Rover died and they have eaten him. If your stage setting and acting have been at all adequate, a few at least of your company will make a dive from the room. What sickens them is not the meat of a dog but the idea that they have eaten dog.

The Russell Sage experiment, then, could not be made upon anybody controlled by any strong dietetic belief, such as that meat is harmful, that abstinence from vegetables brings trouble, that you tire of a food if you have to eat the same thing often. But almost everyone holds these or similar beliefs. So we were practically compelled to secure subjects from members of one of my expeditions; they were the only living Europeans we knew who had used meat long enough to eliminate completely the mental hazards.

One man fortunately was available. He was Karsten Andersen, a young Dane who had been a member of my third expedition. During that time he had lived an aggregate of more than a year on strictly meat and water, suffering no ill result and, in fact, being on one occasion cured by meat from scurvy which he had contracted on a mixed diet. Moreover, he knew from the experience of a dozen members of the expedition that his healthful enjoyment of the diet was not peculiar to himself but common to all those who had tried it, including members of three races—ordinary whites, Cape Verde Islanders with a strain of negro blood, and South Sea Islanders.

But there were other things which made Andersen almost incredibly suitable for our test. For several years he had been working his own Florida

orange grove, spending most of practically every day outdoors, lightly clad and enjoying the benefits (such as they are) of sub-tropical sunlight. In that mental and physical environment he had naturally been on a diet heavy in vegetable elements, and had suffered constantly from head colds, his hair was thinning steadily, and he had developed a condition involving intestinal toxæmia such as would ordinarily cause a doctor to look serious and pronounce: "You must go light on meat" or "I am afraid you'll have to cut out meat entirely."

We could find no one but Andersen whose mind would leave his body unhandicapped. So, in January 1928, the test began with the two of us. It was under the direct charge of Dr. DuBois and his staff in the dietetic ward of Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

A storm of protests from friends broke upon us when the press announced that we were entering Bellevue. These were based mainly upon the report that we were going to eat our meat raw and the belief that we were using lean meat exclusively. The first was just a false rumor; the trouble under the second head was linguistic.

Eating meat raw, our friends chorused, would make us social outcasts. It is proper to serve oysters raw, and clams, in the United States; herring raw in Norway; several kinds of fish raw in Japan; and beef raw almost anywhere in the world if only you change the name and call it rare. The fashion of giving raw meat to infants was spreading, but we were babes neither in years nor stature and could not take advantage of that dispensation.

The answer to the raw meat scare was to explain a basic procedure of our experiments—Andersen and I were to select our food by palate (so long as it was meat). It proved that in most of our meals for a year he leaned to medium cooking and I to well done.

The linguistic trouble came from a recent change of American usage. In Elizabethan English meat was any kind of food, as in the expression "meat and drink." In modern England this has narrowed down to what is implied by the rhyme about Jack Sprat eating no fat and his wife no lean, although they both ate meat. In the United States *meat*, in the last few years, has become a synonym for *lean*. The meaning can become even narrower, as when somebody, usually a woman, tells you that she is strictly forbidden by her physician to touch meat, but that she is permitted all the chicken she wants, with an occasional lamb chop. To that woman *meat* signifies *lean beef*.

In the linguistic sense, then, we pacified our friends by references to Mr. and Mrs. Sprat. Our diet would be of meat in the English sense. We were just going to live under modern conditions on the food of our more or less remote ancestors; the food, too, of certain contemporary "primitive hunters."

II

During our first three weeks in Bellevue Hospital we were fed measured quantities of what might be called a standard mixed diet: fruits, cereals, bacon and eggs, that sort of thing for breakfast; meats, vegetables, including fruits, for lunch and dinner. During this time various specialists examined us from practically every angle that seemed pertinent.

Most tedious, and let us hope correspondingly valuable, were the calorimeter studies. With no food since the evening before, we would go in the late morning to the calorimeter room and sit quiet for an hour to get over the physiological effect of having perhaps walked up a single flight of stairs. Then, as effortlessly as we could, we slid into calorimeters which were like big coffins with glass sides, and every-

body waited about an hour or so until we had got over the disturbance of having slid in. The box was now closed up, and for three hours we lay there as nearly motionless as we could well be while a corps of scientists visible through the glass puttered about and studied our chemical and other physiological processes. We were not permitted to read and cautioned even against thinking about anything particularly pleasant or particularly disagreeable, for thoughts and feelings heat or cool you, speed things up or slow them down, play hob generally with "normal" processes.

(Dr. DuBois told of a calorimeter test ruined by mental disturbance. A nervous Roumanian had developed an intense dislike for a fellow-patient named Kelly. During the second hour of an experiment that had been going very well, Max caught a glimpse of the hated Kelly through the window. This raised his metabolism ten per cent during that whole hour.)

With the air we breathed and the rest of our intakes and excretions carefully analyzed, with our blood chemistry determined and a check on such things as the billions of living organisms which inhabit the human intestinal tract, we were ready for the meat.

During the three weeks of mixed diet and preliminary check-up, we had been free to come and go. Now we were placed under lock and key. Neither of us was permitted at any time, day or night, to be out of sight of a doctor or a nurse. This was in part the ordinary rigidity of a controlled scientific experiment, but it was in some part a bow to the skepticism of the mixed-diet advocates and to the emotional storms which were sweeping the vegetarian realms.

Nor was the skepticism and excitement all newspaper talk. One of the leading European authorities, most orthodox and belonging to no particular school, was touring the United States. He called on us during the preliminary three weeks and assured the presiding physicians most solemnly that we should be unable to go more than four or five days on meat. He had tried it out himself on experimental human subjects who usually broke down in about three days. These breakdowns, I thought, were of psychological antecedents; but our European authority insisted they were strictly physiological—quite independent of the emotions.

The experiment started smoothly with Andersen, who was permitted to eat in such quantity as he liked such things as he liked, provided only that they came under our definition of meat —steaks, chops, brains fried in bacon fat, boiled short-ribs, chicken, fish, liver and bacon. In my case there was a hitch, in a way foreseen.

For I had published in 1913, on pages 140–142 of *My Life with the Eskimo*, an account of how some natives and I became ill when we had to go for two or three weeks on lean meat, caribou so skinny that there was no appreciable fat behind the eyes or in the marrow. So when Dr. DuBois suggested that I start the meat period by eating as large quantities as I possibly could of chopped fatless muscle, I predicted trouble. But he countered by citing my own experience where illness had not come until after two or three weeks, and he now proposed lean for only two or three days. So I gave in.

The chief purpose of placing me abruptly on exclusively lean was that there would be a sharp contrast with Andersen who was going to be on a normal meat diet, consisting of such proportions of lean and fat as his own taste determined.

As said, in the Arctic we had become ill during the second or third fatless week. I now became ill on the second

day. The time difference between Bellevue and the Arctic was due no doubt mainly to the existence of a little fat, here and there, in our northern caribou—we had eaten the tissue from behind the eyes, we had broken the bones for marrow, and in doing everything we could to get fat we had evidently secured more than we realized. At Bellevue the meat, carefully scrutinized, had been as lean as such muscle tissue well can be. Then, in the Arctic we had eaten tendons and other indigestible matter, we had chewed the soft ends of bones, getting a deal of bulk that way when we were trying to secure fat. What we ate at Bellevue contained no bulk material, so that my stomach could be compelled to hold a much larger amount of lean.

The symptoms brought on at Bellevue by an incomplete meat diet (lean without fat) were exactly the same as in the Arctic, except that they came on faster—diarrhœa and a feeling of general baffling discomfort.

Up north the Eskimos and I had been cured immediately when we got some fat. Dr. DuBois now cured me the same way, by giving me fat sirloin steaks, brains fried in bacon fat, and things of that sort. In two or three days I was all right, but I had lost considerable weight.

III

For the first three weeks I was watched day and night by the Institute staff. My exercise was supposed to be about that of an average business man. I went out for walks, but always under guard. If I telephoned, the attendant stood at the door of the booth; if I went into a shop, he was never more than a few feet away; and he was always vigilant. As Dr. DuBois explained, and as I well knew in advance, this was not because the supervising staff were suspicious of me but rather because they wanted to be able to say that they knew of their own knowledge my complete abstinence from all solids and liquids, except those which I received in Bellevue and which I ate and drank under the watch of attendants.

But my affairs unfortunately demanded that I travel widely through the United States and Canada. This was an added reason why Andersen had been secured for the experiment. When, after three weeks, they had to put me on parole, so to speak, they retained him under lock and key, for a total of something over 90 days.

Those who had believed that a meat diet would lead to death had set at anything from four to fifteen days the point where Dr. Lieb, as clinical supervisor, would have to call a halt in view of danger to the subjects. Those who expected a slower breakdown had placed the appearance of the dread symptoms long before 90 days. In any case, Andersen reported back to the hospital constantly after he left it, and I whenever I was in town.

After my three weeks and Andersen's thirteen, and with the constant analyses of excretions and blood when we came back to the hospital for check-ups, the doctors felt certain they would catch us if we broke diet. Moreover, long before the thirteen weeks ended they had satisfied themselves that Andersen had no longing for fruits or other vegetable materials and, therefore, no motive for breach of contract.

Toward the end of the covenanted year Andersen and I returned to Bellevue for final intensive studies of some weeks on the meat diet, and then our first three weeks on a mixed diet. At this end of the experiment all went smoothly with me, but not so with Andersen.

My trouble, it will be remembered, had been that at the outset they stuffed me with lean, permitting no fat. His difficulty, or at least annoyance, began on the second day after he completed a

year on meat (January 25, 1929) when they asked him to eat all the fat he could, to the nausea limit, permitting along with it only a tiny bit of lean, about 45 grams per day. There they kept him, on the verge of nausea, for a week. The second week they added his first taste of vegetables in a year, thrice-cooked cabbage netting about 35 grams of carbohydrate per day. The third week they omitted the cabbage but retained the high proportion of fat to lean.

These three weeks, Andersen says, were the only difficult part of the experiment. Looking back at it now, he thinks if it were possible to separate the nausea from the other unpleasantness there would have been a good deal left over—that he wasn't, properly speaking, well at the end of the third week. However, that is speculation if not imagination.

Returning to facts, we have the ominous one that a pneumonia epidemic was sweeping New York. The hospital was crowded with patients; some of the staff got the disease, and with them Andersen. It was Type II pneumonia in his case, and the physicians were gravely worried, for this type was proving deadly in that epidemic, carrying off fifty per cent of its Bellevue victims. Andersen, however, reacted quickly to treatment, ran an unusually short course, and convalesced rapidly.

IV

The broad results of the experiment were, so far as Andersen and I could tell, and so far as the supervising physicians could tell, that we were in at least as good average health during the year as we had been during the three mixed-diet weeks at the start. We thought our health had been a little better than average. We enjoyed and prospered as well on the meat in midsummer as in midwinter, and felt no more discomfort from the heat than our fellow New Yorkers did.

In view of beliefs that are strangely current, it is worth emphasizing that we liked our meat as fat in July as in January. This ought not to surprise Americans (though it usually does), for they know or have heard that fat pork is a staple and relished food of the Negro in Mississippi. Our Negro literature is rich with the praise of opossum fat, nor did Negroes develop the taste for fats in our Southern States; for Carl Akeley relates from tropical Africa such yarns of fat gorging as have not yet been surpassed from the Arctic. A frequent complaint of travelers in Spain is against foods that swim in oil, and there are similar complaints when we visit rural Latin America. We find, when we stop to think, that many if not most tropical people love greasy food.

Then there is the parallel belief that the largest meat consumption is in cold countries. True, the hundred-per-centers are way up north, the Eskimos, Samoyeds, Chukchis. But the heaviest meat eaters who speak English are the Australians, tropical and sub-tropical, while the nearest you come to an exclusive meat diet among people of European stock is in tropical Argentina where the cowboys live on beef and maté. They like their meat fat and (so an Argentinian New Yorker tells me) will threaten to quit work, or at least did twenty years ago, if you attempt to feed them in any considerable part on cereals, greens, and fruits.

It appears that, excepting as tastes are controlled by propaganda and fashion, the longing for fat, summer or winter, depends on what else you eat. If yours is a meat diet, then you simply must have fat with your lean; otherwise you would sicken and die. But since fats, sugars, and starches are in most practical respects dietetically equivalent, you eat more of any one of

them on a mixed diet if you decrease the combined amount of the other two.

Sir Hubert Wilkins, when we were in the Arctic together, both living exclusively on meat, told me what remains my best single instance of how fats are crowded out by commerce, fashion, and expense. The expense is frequently not the least; fat, which is only about twice as nourishing as sugar, costs, as I write, at my neighborhood grocery 50¢ a pound (bacon) or 35¢ (butter) while sugar is only 5½¢.

Sir Hubert's father, the first white child born in South Australia, told that when he was young the herdsmen, who were the majority of the population, lived practically exclusively on mutton (sometimes on beef) and tea. At all times of year they killed the fattest sheep for their own use and when in the open, which was frequently, they roasted the fattest parts against a fire with a dripping pan underneath, later dipping the meat into the drippings as they ate. But then gradually commerce developed, breads and pastries began to be used, jams and jellies were imported or manufactured, and with the advance of starches and sugars, the use of fat decreased. Now, except that the Australians eat rather more meat per year than people do in the British Isles, the proportion of fat to the rest of the diet is probably about the same in Australia as elsewhere within the Empire.

A conclusion of our experiment which the medical profession seemingly find difficult to assimilate, but which at the same time is one of our clearest results, is that a normal meat diet is not a high protein diet. We averaged about a pound and a third of lean per day and a half a pound of fat (this is about like eating a two-pound broiled sirloin with all the fat such a steak usually has on it). That seems like eating mostly lean; but grow technical and you find, in energy units, that we were really getting three-quarters of our calories from the fat. That is what the scientists meant when they said at the end of our experiment that our diet had proved to be not so very high in protein.

That meat, as some have contended, is a particularly stimulating food I verified during our New York experiment to the extent that it seems to me I was more optimistic and energetic than ordinarily. I looked forward with more anticipation to the next day or the next job and was more likely to expect pleasure or success. This may have a bearing on the common report that the uncivilized Eskimos are the happiest people in the world. There have been many explanations—that an Arctic climate is invigorating, that a hunter's life is pleasant, and that the poor wretches just don't know how badly off they are. We now add the suggestion that the optimism may be directly caused by what they eat.

Some additional fairly precise things can be said of how we fared during the year on meat. For instance, with Dr. DuBois as pacemaker, we used every few weeks to run around the reservoir in Central Park and thence to his house, going up the stairs two or three at a time, plumping down on cots and having scientific attendants register our breathing, pulse rate, and other crude reactions. These tests appear to show that our stamina increased with the lengthening of the meat period.

Andersen, who had had one head cold after another when working nearly stripped outdoors in his Florida orange grove, suffered only two or three attacks during the meat year in New York, and those light. He did not regain his lost hair; but he reported that there had been a marked decrease in the shedding. As said, according to the reports of the doctors, Andersen was troubled when he came from Florida with certain toxin-producing in-

testinal micro-organisms in relation to which physicians at that time ordinarily prescribed elimination of meat from the diet. This condition did not trouble him while on the meat.

A phase of our experiment has a relation to slimming, slenderizing, reducing, the treatment of obesity. I was "about ten pounds overweight" at the beginning of the meat diet and lost all of it. This reminds me to say that Eskimos, when still on their native meats, are never corpulent—at least I have seen none. They may be well fleshed. Some, especially women, are notably heavier in middle age than when young. But they are not corpulent in our sense.

When you see Eskimos in their native garments you do get the impression of fat round faces on fat round bodies, but the roundness of face is a racial peculiarity and the rest of the effect is produced by loose and puffy garments. See them stripped and you do not find the abdominal protuberances and folds which are so numerous at Coney Island beaches and so persuasive in arguments against nudism.

There is no racial immunity among Eskimos to corpulence. You prove that by how quickly they get fat and how fat they grow on European diets.

Only one serious fear of the experimenters was realized—our diet for the year turned out low in calcium. This was not demonstrated by any tests upon Andersen or me, and certainly you could not have proved it by asking us or looking at us, for we felt better and looked healthier than our average for the years immediately previous. The calcium deficiency appeared solely through the food analysis of the chemists.

Part of our routine was to give the chemists for analysis pieces of meat as nearly as possible identical with those we ate. For instance, lamb would be split down through the middle of the spine and we had the chops from one side cooked for us while they got the chops from the other side to analyze. When the diet was sirloin steaks, they received ones matching ours. The only way in which the diet was not identical with the food analyzed was that Andersen and I followed the Eskimo custom of eating fish bones and chewing rib ends; from these sources we no doubt obtained a certain amount of calcium.

Toward the latter part of the test it became startlingly clear, on paper, that we were not getting enough calcium for health. But we were healthy. The escape from that dilemma was to assume that a calcium deficiency which did not hurt us in one year might destroy us in ten or twenty.

You study bones when you look for a calcium deficiency. The thing to do, then, was to examine the skeletons of people who had died at a reasonably high age after living from infancy upon an exclusive meat diet. Such skeletons are those of Eskimos who are known to have died before European influences came in. The Institute of American Meat Packers were induced to make a subsidiary appropriation to the Peabody Museum of Harvard University where Dr. Earnest A. Hooton, Professor of Physical Anthropology, undertook a thoroughgoing study with regard to the calcium problem in relation to the Museum's collection of the skeletons of meat eaters. Dr. Hooton reported no sign of calcium deficiency. On the contrary, there was every indication that the meat eaters had been liberally, or at least adequately, supplied. They had suffered no more in a lifetime from calcium deficiency than we had in our short year (really short, by the way, for we enjoyed it).

(*To be continued*)

OUR SOCIAL INSECURITY ACT

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

On the 14th of August, 1935, President Roosevelt signed the Social Security Act. Surrounded by flood lights, news-reel cameras, and a squad of reporters and administration dignitaries, the Chief Executive gave his approval to a piece of legislation which almost defies analysis and which few understand. There was applause for the bill which the President described as laying the "cornerstone in a structure . . . intended to lessen the force of possible future depressions" and providing for the United States "an economic structure of vastly greater soundness"; but who knew what was in the bill or what it really meant?

The largest tax bill to come out of any Congress, it had provoked scant criticism from the public. Far-reaching and involved though the measure was, it had been adopted without serious debate or much opposition in the national legislature. More vital than the utilities bill, the income tax bill, the relief program, or even the N.R.A., Social Security had been passed with scarcely a ripple of attention. Secretary Perkins had said that it was "one of the most forward-looking pieces of legislation in the interest of wage earners in the entire history of the United States"; but the bill was signed without the presence of a single representative of labor. It took a score of pens to sign the document. Some of the pens were presented to Southern politicians who, in times past, had been opposed to all labor legislation. One of the pens went to Frank E. Herring of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, recently pardoned out of the penitentiary by the President. It was all high thought and fine ceremony and total befuddlement. Congress botched the job by adjourning without appropriation for the subsidies or the bill's administration outlays.

Singular unorthodoxy marked the Social Security Bill's entire career from its inception on June 8, 1934, when the President startled the nation with a promise to undertake "the great task of furthering the security of the citizen and his family *through social insurance*." (Italics mine.) Bold and politically audacious as the promise seemed even to the staunchest American advocates of social insurance, the speech was greeted with almost uniform approval. America suddenly dropped its traditional hostility to "socialistic" experiments and climbed the presidential bandwagon of social security. Even stand-pat Republicans joined the parade. Indeed, no prophecy of a millennium was greeted more eagerly than the President's hopeful promises. Even after the enactment by Congress of a bill that is a perfect labyrinth of constitutional and administrative puzzles, the newspapers, with tiresome reiteration, have hailed it as "the advent of a new social order," "the beginning of a new era," "humanity's greatest boon," and as "the translation of the cross of Christ—the life of the world."

Surprising as this seems, it was but natural for the distressed American people, after five years of unemployment, starvation, and despair, to accept with unhesitating eagerness the President's gilt-edged offer of Social Security. The pot of gold at the rainbow's end has ever been our guiding beacon. Once we believed that Divine Wisdom had decreed for us a destiny of limitless prosperity as capitalists, to which status every American worker was being rapidly promoted. By 1929 almost all were persuaded that, despite the law of economic gravitation, stocks and bonds could only soar upward. We took at face value Mr. Hoover's chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage. Even after depression befell us, we put "confidence" buttons in our lapels and searched for prosperity around the corner. When the New Deal arrived we eagerly joined General Johnson's flight to prosperity and happiness on the wings of the Blue Eagle. What wonder then that we should again sign up for Mr. Roosevelt's new excursion into the land of social security?

II

Not that this land is altogether new or unexplored. The road to it has been trodden for nearly fifty years by more than a score of nations. When President Roosevelt set out to look for "a sound means which I can recommend to provide at once security against several of the great disturbing factors of life," the path of social insurance was well marked; its advantages, pitfalls, and limitations well known. There was nothing essentially revolutionary or heroic in the President's attempts to seek security through social insurance. For while we preferred to live under frontier idealism long after the frontier had disappeared, insecurity pervaded our social and economic world. Widespread insecurity has come upon us as a result of our industrial development because under capitalistic production workers must depend for their livelihood upon a job over which they have no control and receive wages only when they work. Whenever, for one reason or another, they cannot work, their wages—the only means of their livelihood—cease. Since their earnings at best rarely permit them to save sufficiently for the many rainy days which modern life brings upon them, American workers are never very far from destitution and poverty.

Industrial Europe, long ago conscious of modern insecurity and the menace it constitutes, has for many years attempted to overcome this through the medium of social insurance. For a generation and more the two leading industrial nations—Germany and Great Britain—have used this instrument along somewhat different paths. Way back in the 1880's Bismarck attempted to use social insurance as a means of overcoming the insecurity then confronting German wage-earners and of combating the growing socialist movement. Nearly thirty years ago the English statesmen, Herbert Asquith and Lloyd George, inaugurated a system of social insurance to meet Britain's problem of insecurity by the sharing of profits as well as poverty. The experiences of these two industrial nations with social insurance is a matter of record.

Bismarck's problem was comparatively simple. German industrialism was just beginning. Production was rising. Unemployment, at the worst, was of short duration. But insecurity was threatening the new German industrialism because workers' wages were not sufficient to provide them against industrial hazards. The industrial rainy seasons—accidents, sickness, widowhood, and old age—were

not only fairly well known but their duration and extent could be pretty well determined in advance. The problem of insecurity consisted in *the challenge of wage insufficiency* to meet the known exigencies when workers could not earn wages. To circumvent this challenge Bismarck adopted the principle of insurance—a device used from time immemorial for meeting an individual loss by distributing the risk among great numbers similarly exposed. He made insurance against accidents, sickness, widowhood, and old age compulsory and divided the cost of protection between all wage-earners and all consumers through taxes on wages paid by the workers and their employers. Except in the case of old age, he did not provide any direct governmental contributions. So long as German business enterprise was on the upswing the Bismarckian social insurance system did provide workers with a modicum of security against these industrial hazards.

When the German Republic grappled with the greatest of all industrial hazards—unemployment—with its *challenge of wage disappearance* added to that of wage insufficiency, it was ensnared by the Bismarckian policy. The Republic adopted an unemployment insurance plan in 1927 along Bismarckian principles by placing this greatest burden also exclusively upon the workers and their employers. Since blood cannot be squeezed from turnips, the plan collapsed immediately. As unemployment continued to increase, the original rates were doubled, the workers being made to bear a constantly larger share of these costs. By 1932 employed workers were paying directly nearly ten per cent of their wages for social insurance purposes. An approximately similar burden was carried by their employers, not as owners of industry but as industrial establishments, which costs they transferred as a matter of course to the consumers in increased prices. The workers as consumers were, therefore, carrying almost the entire cost of social insurance. Before long they discovered that, despite the great sacrifices demanded of them, the promised unemployment insurance benefits did not materialize when they lost their jobs. The dilemma became insoluble. Workers' living standards were being lowered through both wage deductions and rising prices. Unemployment continued to mount. At the same time huge profits were accumulating. The Republic attempted to balance the insurance budget by reducing the weeks of benefits and by introducing the means test. The majority of the unemployed were gradually forced to resort to poor relief or degrading made-work schemes. Of the more than 5,000,000 unemployed in September, 1932, only about 600,000 were drawing regular benefits, more than 2,000,000 were on the relief rolls, and more than 1,200,000 were receiving no relief of any kind! German workers were slowly but surely driven to desperation. The crying injustices added fuel to Hitler's fires. The finale has been indelibly written in tears and blood since January, 1933.

Even a generation ago the more realistic British statesmen saw that capitalistic production required for its support a stouter prop than the slim reed offered by a social-insurance scheme based on the distribution of misery and the sharing of poverty among the poorest. British statesmen, conscious that modern industrialism implies scant wages on one hand and infinite profits on the other, adopted a social-insurance mechanism through which at least a part of the nation's profits could be refunded as supplements to wages in times of need. The English social-insurance program provided not only a medium for distrib-

uting its costs among workers and consumers, but utilized this instrument for the returning of a considerable share of the profits of the nation to those workers who, through no fault of their own, are deprived of purchasing power because of unemployment and old age. Instead of following Germany, the British Government granted from the start completely gratuitous pensions in old age. It paid a considerable share of the cost of unemployment insurance. When, later on, the old-age insurance system was adopted, the government again joined as a contributor. When the prolonged depression made the original allotments for unemployment insurance insufficient, the English Exchequer without hesitation added more money and increased as well as extended the regular, dignified insurance benefits.

Americans looked aghast at this, labeled it a "dole," and made the direst prophecies. We mourned the decline of British stamina. We deplored its effect on the morals of the poor. But England persisted, the Conservative ministries outdoing the Labor ministries. England maintained its self-respecting system of unemployment insurance through all the bitter years of depression. In addition to its regular contributions and extended benefits, the British Exchequer by 1931 poured in approximately $500,000,000 additional money in the form of loans which were later cancelled. These monies came largely from taxes upon the larger incomes. While America sneered, English official commissions proudly pointed to the fact that "so deep and prolonged a trade depression has produced so little actual suffering," in contrast with depressions before social insurance was in effect.

And now the English grin. They have a balanced national budget. They have reduced taxes on the lower incomes. They have reduced unemployment by more than one-third. Their wage index declined from 100 in 1928 to only 96 in 1934, while the cost-of-living index declined from 166 to 141 in the same period, thus definitely improving the lot of British employed workers. Unlike the Germans, they have "muddled through." Instead of Fuehrer Hitler or Leader Moseley, Stanley Baldwin occupies Downing Street. Unlike the United States, England, despite its prolonged and graver depression, has avoided all forms of voluntary or enforced made-work schemes, C.W.A., P.W.A., W.P.A., boon-doggling, leaf-raking, Blue Eagles, as well as the Townsends, the Huey Longs, and the Father Coughlins.

III

In setting out on his program of social security Mr. Roosevelt might have drawn on these actual European experiences. The forces which confronted both Germany and England were strikingly obvious in the America of to-day with its continued unemployment and mounting technological improvements. Moreover, in both Germany and England social insurance was developed by an educational process of many years. Each part of the program followed years of widespread public agitation and demand. Each structure was expanded as it could be coped with administratively. There was an interval of seventeen years in England between the adoption of straight old-age pensions and the contributory insurance system. A comparatively modest program of social insurance was heatedly debated in the French Parliament for about ten years before its final adoption. Germany procrastinated for nearly forty years in its adoption of unemployment insurance.

In contrast, our difficulties were

enormous. Throughout all the years that Europe was experimenting with social insurance we remained blindly ignorant of even the elemental nature of present-day industrialism. We denied the existence of insecurity. We believed that American capitalism was of a different fiber. Even after 1929 our liberal college professors held out to us the hope of abolishing unemployment through business stabilization. Our statesmen still prattle that "the remedy for unemployment is employment." We remain confident of the return of prosperity despite growing misery and despair. Only about a year ago President Roosevelt himself gave the nation new encouragement by declaring that "I stand or fall by my refusal to accept as a necessary condition of our future a permanent army of the unemployed."

Our ignorance of the complex subject of social insurance was and remains colossal. For years American business leaders delighted in maligning the British social-insurance schemes. Our industrialists condemned them without ever finding out what they were about. Even our universities displayed no interest. Contrary to the leadership on this subject taken by organized labor abroad, our own labor movement bitterly opposed the entire program of social insurance up to a few years ago. Since the success of any reform measure depends largely on a correct public understanding of the issues involved, its solution presented peculiar difficulties for the United States under our Federal government of limited powers, our constitutional and judicial handicaps, our long conditioning to individualism, the traditional hostility to social reform by both capital and labor, the general inertia, and our complete lack of trained administrative personnel without which even the best law can be ineffective. Has not bitter experience taught us that far more important than the passage of a law, which is at best only a declaration of intention, is a ready public opinion prepared to enforce it? Have we not learned our lessons from our most recent experiences with the Prohibition Law, the National Child Labor Amendment, and the National Industrial Recovery Act?

The working out of a social insurance program thus required not only the most expert knowledge but the most careful thought and deliberation. Instead, the complicated and ambitious program was turned over to four of the busiest members of the President's Cabinet and to Mr. Harry Hopkins. This group, already driven to distraction by the "New Deal" activities, was euphoniously designated the "Committee on Economic Security," under the leadership of the Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, and ordered to prepare the legislative program.

Unprecedented events followed as a matter of course. For a considerable time the Committee was not certain of the fields of social insurance which should be embodied in a bill. Miss Perkins, who took complete charge of the Committee's work and staff, was largely concerned with unemployment insurance. The national clamor for old-age pensions which pervaded the country, climaxed by the noisy rackets conducted by the chiropractor and former convict, "Dr." Pope, and the promoters' group gathered around the messianic Dr. Townsend, seemed not to have penetrated the ancient walls of the old Labor Department Building. As late as November 14th the President, in a speech prepared under Miss Perkins' supervision, said: "I do not know whether this is the time for Federal legislation on old age security." When this statement evoked immense indignation throughout the country, Miss Perkins promptly declared that it had been misinterpreted. Mr. Arthur

Krock of the *New York Times* stated that this episode involved the "elements of a first-class political enigma." He entitled it "The Mystery of the President's Speech or Does the English Language Mean Anything."

The nation's reaction to this speech assured the inclusion of old age security in the program. The Cabinet Committee deemed it unnecessary, however, to study the social insurance experiences abroad or to consult the few authoritative American students of the problem and the organizations which for years carried on educational campaigns in behalf of this movement. Two weeks before the bill was actually presented to Congress Miss Perkins did not know what particular plan for unemployment insurance the President would favor. As a result, the bill which finally emerged from the Cabinet Committee was a typical "New Deal" product. It was conceived without any fundamental understanding of the problems to be solved or appreciation of the effects of the proposed remedies. The European warnings were not only ignored but their lessons directly challenged. Ten basic subjects, following three different theories of governmental operation, and providing for fifty-two different Federal and State tax systems, were crammed into one bill. The stupendous administration was divided between Miss Perkins' Labor Department and Mr. Hopkins' Relief Administration. Finally the bill was so incompetently drawn that even the most loyal Democratic Congressmen, after several weeks of hearings and over one thousand pages of Administration testimony, could not explain its meaning.

IV

The bill's career in Congress proved as singular as its birth. Instead of being referred first to the regular labor committees, composed generally of members from industrial centers with a long-standing interest in labor legislation, this "greatest labor measure in the history of the United States" was turned over to Committees made up largely of veteran political leaders. These were headed by gentlemen from Mississippi and North Carolina who, for all their good intentions, found the entire subject unfamiliar, irksome, and altogether contrary to their previous convictions. Since it was an Administration measure on the "must" program, the House Committee on Ways and Means displayed little interest and patience in hearing spokesmen outside the Administration fold. Only after it was convinced, after many weeks of hearings, that it would be unable to proceed with such a slipshod draft, the Committee ordered its own draftsmen to rewrite the bill and to humble Miss Perkins by making the administrative board entirely independent.

Even after the House draftsmen improved the bill, it is doubtful whether there were a score of members in both Houses of Congress who had a conception of its basic provisions, to say nothing of its economic and social implications. Congressmen were too harassed with the many "New Deal" bills before them to find time to study such an omnibus measure. Their chief interest was in non-contributory old-age pensions; and while many were vaguely aware that the bill embodied economic fallacies and social dangers, they believed that the Administration's choice was "all or nothing," and voted for all. So profound was the ignorance of members of Congress of the main purposes of the bill, that Representative Samuel B. Hill, one of the most active members of the House Committee, had to make the following revealing confession in the closing hours of the debate: "I know that it is

probably difficult for the members generally to find the time to study this bill closely and to understand every detail of this legislation. That is no reflection on anyone. I want to confess it is difficult for the members of the Ways and Means Committee, who have studied it for weeks and weeks, to get the full purport and understanding of all its provisions and ramifications." Conditions were no better in the Senate. The chairman of the Senate Committee, according to Senator Clark of Missouri, was always "flanked" by two experts during the discussion of the bill on the floor. "I think it is no exaggeration to say," stated the Senator from Missouri, "that there were over three times as many experts in attendance in that supposed executive session of the Committee as there were Senators present to vote on the bill, a measure which puts a larger charge upon the taxpayers of the United States than any bill ever heretofore introduced."

The desultory debates on the bill were unavoidable. Of the two hundred forty-seven pages of actual House debate not a half dozen presented a genuine discussion of the entire bill. During the five full days of Senate discussion not even half a column of the *Congressional Record* was devoted to the unprecedented scheme of unemployment insurance outside of the explanatory remarks. The economically unwise and socially menacing contributory old-age insurance plan was given less than a page in the hundreds of columns of Senatorial debate. Many Senators expressed fear that this feature is unconstitutional, and during the debate on the Clark Amendment to exempt private pension schemes from contributory insurance, a number of Senators pointed out that this would complicate the constitutional difficulties. To this the Senator from Missouri replied: "The constitutionality of the proposed act is already so doubtful that it would seem to me to be a work of supererogation to bring up the question of constitutionality in regard to the pending amendment."

In view of the harumscarum methods with which the bill was adopted, the adjournment of Congress without any appropriation was not an unfitting climax. It is political balderdash to place the blame for this failure on the late Huey Long's miniature filibuster in the last hours of Congress. The Administration cannot dodge its responsibility. Congress was in session for nearly eight months and enacted practically everything the Administration demanded. A congressional adjournment scheduled for Saturday was postponed, when the Administration wanted it, until the next Monday. Senator Long's filibuster could have been beaten either by prolonging Congress for another day or by the customary process of turning back the clock. Instead, Congress adjourned promptly at midnight—an accomplishment rarely achieved before. Adjournment probably would have been postponed had not the President threatened to send Congress home under the never-used constitutional powers in order to outhooey Huey.

V

As finally enacted, much of the Social Security program is not only of doubtful constitutionality but of questionable social and economic wisdom. The Act embodies all the three possible philosophies of government: (1) The principle of Federal grants-in-aid to States; that is, "We'll help you finance a State plan if you'll set it up in such a way as to meet our requirements." (2) A Federal-State tax-offset scheme, which is to say, "We'll levy taxes to finance the undertaking, but we'll remit them in any State which levies similar taxes of its own," and (3) A

completely national plan; that is, "We'll levy the taxes and conduct the whole enterprise."

The subjects covered may be classified into four categories: (a) Federal subsidies to States which adopt gratuitous pension systems for the needy aged, dependent mothers, and the needy blind; (b) Subsidies for State welfare activities such as maternity and infant care, neglected children, vocational rehabilitation, and public health; (c) A Federal compulsory insurance system for old-age retirement to replace gradually the grants-in-aid system; (d) Unemployment insurance financed by a Federal-State tax-offset scheme. The Act sets up two separate and distinct Federal taxes on employers. Another tax is put on employees. For its functioning in unemployment insurance the Act requires the setting up of at least forty-nine additional and duplicating State and District systems of taxation.

Fortunately, there is no New Dealing in the two categories of Federal subsidies. Federal grants-in-aid are an established American policy and have been practiced from the first days of the Republic. Such grants have long been used for public roads, education, agriculture, etc. They follow traditional principles and are clearly constitutional. Even less of a departure is involved in the grants for maternity, vocational guidance, and public health which the Federal Government had made previously. The extension of these subsidies definitely marks a tremendous step forward. They represent the only sound part of the Social Security Act and are in the nature of relief rather than, strictly, social insurance. The old-age contributory pension program and the unemployment insurance plan definitely hew a new line in American legislation. These two "New Deal" programs are unprecedented in scope as well as method. They have been enacted against the almost solid opposition of every authoritative student of the problem, against the advice of the Cabinet Committee's principal expert as well as the advice of the representative Advisory Council.

The old-age insurance plan was enacted at the insistence of the President, contrary to the plan originally presented to Congress by the Cabinet Committee itself. Indeed, the Cabinet Committee attempted to face the problem somewhat realistically. Recognizing that old-age dependency was one of our most serious problems and that we have been most negligent in providing against it, the staff proposed, even as Bismarck did nearly fifty years ago, to harness into the fund at least a small part of the entire nation's resources. The original bill provided for equal contributions from employers and employees to reach a total of five per cent of wages in twenty years. The pension payments which begin in 1942 were to be borrowed from the accumulated funds and were to be repaid by the Federal Government after thirty or thirty-five years—thus levying a share of this burden upon the entire community. But when the President learned that under this plan the Federal Government would have to pay about a billion dollars in 1970 he ordered the Secretary of the Treasury—a member of the Cabinet Committee who apparently had approved the scheme—to oppose assumption by the Federal Government of any financial responsibility even in the future. He insisted that the plan be made self-sustaining.

As a consequence, the contributions were stepped up to a total of 6 per cent within twelve years. The pensions to be paid in 1942, instead of a loan, will be taken outright from the contributions of the younger workers and their employers. The young workers un-

der the present plan must pay contributions which would not only be sufficient to purchase annuities for themselves, but, together with their employers, must also pay for the annuities of the older generation, whether they be rich or poor, who themselves will contribute only an insignificant sum. Thus the major burden of old-age dependency from 1942 on is transferred to the backs of the young workers and their employers, to the exclusion of the well-to-do, who, since the establishment of the Elizabethan Poor Law three centuries ago, have shared in the maintenance of the aged poor. Since industry will make every effort to transfer its levy to the consumers, it means that the young employees—in their dual role of workers and consumers—will bear the major cost of the accumulated problem of old-age dependency.

The dangers which lurk behind this scheme doom it from its birth. It attempts the most ambitious program so far undertaken by any nation. With the exception of a few exempted classes such as agriculture, it covers every employer and every employee regardless of his earnings. The plan contemplates the building up of the most gigantic reserve, estimated to reach over fifty billion dollars by 1980—more than four times the value of all the gold reserves of the world's central banks and governments. The freezing of so much sorely needed purchasing power cannot but hamper recovery. The problem of investing such huge sums will prove insuperable. No one can guarantee that such fantastic governmental credits will ever be made good. It is utopian to pledge to-day the America of fifty years hence. Large reserves are always in danger of being usurped by politicians for other purposes, as experience with other funds amply testifies. Should even a partial inflation wipe out some of these funds, no one can calculate the menace it will create.

The unemployment insurance plan also disregards the advice not only of the staff's chief expert on unemployment insurance and practically all students of the problem, but also that of the majority of the Advisory Council composed of such prominent employers as Messrs. Swope and Teagle, labor leaders such as William Green and George M. Harrison, and public leaders such as Frank P. Graham, President of the University of North Carolina, Father John A. Ryan, and Helen Hall of the Henry Street Settlement. The Cabinet Committee was urged to follow either a completely national plan as used for the old-age contributory system or a Federal subsidy system whereby all the monies raised through the Federal employers' tax would be returned in block to the States if they conform to minimum uniform standards, thereby avoiding all duplicating State taxes. Miss Perkins, however, insisted that no other plan but the tax-offset method be brought out by the Committee's staff.

Unlike the compulsory retirement plan, therefore, the Federal Government does not set up any unemployment insurance plan whatsoever. Whether there will be nation-wide unemployment insurance or not will depend on the success of the tax-offset method. The Federal Government merely sets up a tax on the total payrolls of employers with eight or more workers beginning with 1 per cent in 1936 and rising to 3 per cent in 1938. The monies go into the Federal Treasury. The Federal Government then permits employers who contribute to a State unemployment-insurance system to deduct their State contributions up to 90 per cent of the Federal tax.

The chief advantage claimed for this system is that it eliminates the handicaps which confront employers

in States with unemployment insurance systems against competitors in States which have no such taxes. It aims to encourage State legislation for unemployment insurance, since employers will prefer to use their tax for direct benefits to their unemployed workers rather than send it unearmarked to Washington. Curiously enough, while seeking this result, the Act actually negates this encouragement by punishing employers every time a State law is enacted. Instead of waiving the employer's full Federal contribution, the Act remits it only up to 90 per cent. In other words, whenever a State levies a tax below or equal to the Federal tax, the employer, in addition to filing two duplicating tax reports, must at all times pay at least 10 per cent more of the Federal tax. Should any State tax exceed 3 per cent, the problem of State competition remains as unsolved as ever.

Indeed, every reason compelling Federal action in social legislation has been repudiated in the present unemployment insurance set-up. Federal action is necessary because (1) only a Federal plan can overcome the difficulties of interstate competition; (2) only the Federal Government has the capacity of raising adequate revenue on an equitable basis; (3) only Federal legislation can insure national uniformity and adequate standards; (4) only a Federal act can mitigate the problem of the migratory population. But, as pointed out above, the tax-offset scheme for unemployment insurance does not entirely overcome the problems of interstate competition. Instead of making a contribution and thus utilizing the constructive means of Federal income taxation, the Government merely adds a burdensome sales tax and actually contemplates making a profit on it. The allowances for State administration return only about half of the funds which will accrue to the Federal Treasury through retention of the 10 per cent tax. More profit will accrue to the Government because the Federal tax is payable on the wages of all employees regardless of their earnings, while most State laws usually exempt from contributions employees earning above certain sums. (The New York law, for example, excludes all salaried workers earning above $2,500 a year.) Moreover, so long as any State remains without an unemployment insurance plan, the Federal Government will be pocketing the entire payroll tax. The requirement that all State monies must be turned over to the Federal Treasury only adds to the inherent difficulties, additional costs, and administrative burdens as well as constitutional difficulties.

Instead of providing for uniformity of standards, the Federal Act not only sets up no basic requirements for proper State systems, but goes out of its way to discourage this by inviting States to establish individual reserve funds and employment guarantee plans, thereby not only complicating the administration of the system but actually frustrating any hope of establishing an adequate system of unemployment insurance throughout the United States. Instead of national uniformity the present scheme will foster a miscellany of forty-nine divergent plans which will create endless confusion, bad feeling on the part of the unemployed, and disparity among the States. Already the differences in the nine State unemployment insurance schemes almost defy comparison. The Act does not, of course, make the slightest attempt to meet the problem of the formidable interstate population which moves from State to State.

VI

The enactment of this slovenly program creates a fantastic situation.

The Act poses not only numerous constitutional difficulties, but many administrative and social and economic dangers as well. Its bungling nature was not the result of any necessity for compromise because of political expediency. Even employer groups favored a more constructive program. The Act carries the fallacious concepts of the German system to the *n*th degree. Not only is there no governmental contribution to unemployment insurance, but the Federal Government will actually profit secretly from the huge sales tax revenues, a thing it would never dare do openly. In the case of old-age insurance even Bismarck nearly fifty years ago realized that a levy placed solely upon wage-earners and consumers could not provide sufficient protection against the growing problem of old-age dependency. While Bismarck added a governmental subsidy to the German old-age insurance plan, our own plan not only makes no such provisions, but actually attempts to relieve the wealthier classes from a considerable share of their present burden. The Act mutilates those principles of social insurance which alone were responsible for the success of the English system.

It is a confession of complete ignorance of the principles of social insurance for liberals to argue that with all its faults the Act, nevertheless, "makes a beginning." A beginning toward what? Only incapacity to see the long-range interests of labor prompts William Green to gloat over the fact that the Act places the responsibility for unemployment insurance upon the employers. A tax on payrolls is not a tax upon the owners of industry but on the workers as consumers. The Act does not levy a cent on the owners of industry, as Mr. Green thinks it does. And it is palpable nonsense or worse for Miss Perkins to arouse great hopes that this Act will give protection to the working masses because "England's ability to withstand the effects of the world-wide depression . . . was due in no small part to social insurance benefits and regular payments which served to maintain necessary purchasing power." As we have seen, the English did provide for an increase in the purchasing power of the masses by refunding a considerable share of the national profits through social insurance. The American Act merely sets up a system of compulsory payments by poor Paul for impoverished Peter. The American law actually decreases the purchasing power of the masses by depriving them of immediate purchases, by relieving the well-to-do from their share of the social burden, and by making the workers pay the expenses of a vast administration. It is especially cruel and reprehensible to saddle upon the employed workers new and burdensome direct and indirect taxes in the face of continued unemployment amidst rising prices, mounting State and municipal sales taxes which fall largely upon the poor, and a steadily declining wage-scale considerably induced by the low W.P.A. wages. The sharing of poverty established under the Social Security Act does not follow the British but the German example! It is bound to lead us to similar chaos!

The Social Security Act raises other and broader issues. With the exception of the national system of contributory insurance, the Act depends entirely on the effective co-operation of State legislatures. But its enactment does not alleviate the confusion which its chimerical career had created on the movement of social insurance throughout the nation. As the bill was shifted about in Congress, State legislators became more and more confused. New old-age pension laws and amendments were delayed to the

last moment and no one knew how they should be integrated with the Federal bill. As a result, many States now find themselves unable to take advantage of the Federal subsidies. The States which adopted unemployment-insurance laws this year waited until the last, making changes in accordance with the shifting scenes in Washington. Even New York State, which courageously enacted its own fairly sound and independent system, was persuaded at the last minute to make no State appropriation for its administration. The other unemployment insurance laws are definitely tied to the Federal kite and will fall with the Federal Act should the Supreme Court declare it unconstitutional. In view of this danger, the "New Deal" social security plan promises to remain as utopian as the millennium of increased wages through the Blue Eagle. At best, the inherent and unnecessary blunders in the Act cannot but affect adversely the fate of a constructive social insurance movement in the United States. Its administrative perplexities, coupled with its economic and social fallacies, will tend to create a good deal of antagonism to the entire movement. Whereas under normal conditions a court nullification of the Act would only pave the way for a constitutional change, such a decision in the face of an aroused public antagonism might deal a death blow to the entire movement for many years, as witnessed by the N.R.A. experience.

The handling of the bill in such arbitrary fashion creates another danger affecting the very fundamentals of our government structure. No group has been more conscious of the urgent need of constitutional reform for social progress than the advocates of labor legislation who, for more than a generation, have pointed out that American progress depends upon the granting to Congress the power to legislate on economic and social issues. This conviction has been considerably shaken, however, by the irresponsible character and method of passage of a bill which, instead of bringing about Social Security, may actually secure for America nothing but continuous insecurity. Such Congressional behavior inevitably arouses grave doubts as to the wisdom of granting more power to Congress. If Congress can pass legislation of such momentous importance to every American for generations to come without the slightest understanding or study of its contents, let alone its implications, the disadvantages of State legislation fade in comparison. The "New Deal" Social Security program is not only inherently menacing; it may actually stifle the growing movement for social insurance and turn us from the road of social legislation by shattering the hopes of a distressed people. It may, moreover, shatter the long-standing dreams of improving the basis of our governmental mechanism in an orderly fashion so as to meet the Gargantuan problems of insecurity.

LION

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

A good part of the lives of dogs—I mean hunting dogs, bear and deer dogs—is whiskey. That is, the men who love them, who hunt hard the hard-hunting and tireless and courageous dogs, drink hard too. I know certainly that the best, the finest talk about dogs which I have heard took place over a bottle or two or three bottles maybe, in the libraries of town houses and the offices of plantation houses or, better still, in the camps themselves; before the burning logs on hearths when there were houses, or before the high blazing of nigger-fed wood before stretched and earth-pegged tarpaulins when there were not. So this story might just as well begin with whiskey too.

It was December; it was the coldest December I ever saw. We—I was just sixteen that year—had been in camp a week now and the men had run out of whiskey, and so Boon Hogganbeck and I went in to Memphis with a suitcase and a note from Major de Spain to get some more. That is, Major de Spain sent Boon in to get the whiskey, and he sent me along to get Boon back to camp with the whiskey in the suitcase and not in Boon. Boon was part Indian. They said half, but I don't think so. I think it was his grandmother who was the Chickasaw woman, niece of the chief who once owned the land which Major de Spain now owned and over which we hunted.

Boon was four inches over six feet, and he had the mind of a child and the heart of a horse and the ugliest face I ever saw. It looked as if somebody had found a walnut a little smaller than a basket ball and with a machinist's hammer had shaped the features of the face and then painted it, mostly red. Not Indian red: a fine bright ruddy color that whiskey might have had something to do with but probably mostly just happy and violent out-of-door life. The wrinkles in it—he must have been forty years old—must have come just from squinting into the sun or into the gloom of cane brakes where game had run, or have been baked into his face by camp fires while he tried to sleep on the cold November or December ground while waiting for daylight so he could get up and hunt again—as though time were just something he walked through as he did in air, to age him no more than air did. The eyes were like shoebuttons, without depth, without meanness or generosity or viciousness or gentleness or anything at all: just something to see with. He didn't have any profession or trade or even job: he just did whatever Major de Spain told him to do. Later, after Lion died, Major de Spain had him appointed marshal of Hoke's, the little town on the edge of Major de Spain's preserve. But that had not happened yet; Lion was not dead yet.

We got up at three o'clock this morn-

ing. Ad had breakfast ready and we ate, hearing the dogs under the kitchen, wakened too by the smell of the frying ham or maybe by Ad's feet on the floor overhead; we could hear Lion then, just once, short and peremptory, as the best hunter in any crowd has only to speak once to all the others except the ones that are fools, and there were no fools among Major de Spain's dogs. As he said, sometimes he had fools in the house because now and then he could not help himself. But that did not matter so much because he did not intend to hunt with them or depend on them to hunt.

Ad had the mules in the wagon, waiting too, and it was cold, the ground frozen and the stars hard and bright. I was not shivering, I was just shaking slow and steady and hard, the breakfast I had just eaten warm and comfortable inside me and my stomach still warm from it and the outside of me shaking slow and hard as if my stomach were floating loose inside me like the globe of a floating compass.

"They won't run this morning, anyway," I said. "No dog will have any nose to-day."

"Cep' Lion," Ad said. "He run a bear thu a thousand-acre ice house. Ketch him too. Other dogs don't matter because they don't keep up wid Lion nohow."

"Well, they ain't going to run this morning," Boon said, harsh and positive. "Major promised they wouldn't run till me and Quentin get back."

He was sitting on the jolting seat, his feet wrapped in towsacks and a quilt from his pallet in the kitchen wrapped around him and over his head so that he didn't look like anything at all. Ad laughed. "I like to know why Major need to wait on you. Hit's Lion he gonter use; I ain't never heard tell of you bringing no bear nor any yuther kind of meat into this camp."

"By God, he ain't going to put Lion or no other dog on nothing until I get back," Boon said. "Because he promised me. Whup up them mules; you want me to freeze to death?"

He and Ad were funny. It was Lion that made the difference, because Boon had a bad name among negroes. Yet Ad talked to him, when Lion was a factor (even though he was not mentioned), just as if Ad were another white man; and Boon let him do it. They were funny about Lion. Neither one of them owned him or had any hope of ever owning him and I don't believe it ever occurred to either of them to think, *I wish I owned that dog.* Because you didn't think of Lion as belonging to anyone, any more than you thought about a man belonging to anybody, not even to Major de Spain. You thought of the house and the woods as belonging to him and even the deer and the bear in them; even the deer and bear killed by other people were shot by them on Major de Spain's courtesy, given to them through his kindness and will. But not Lion. Lion was like the chiefs of Aztec and Polynesian tribes who were looked upon as being not men but both more and less than men. Because we were not men either while we were in camp: we were hunters, and Lion the best hunter of us all, and Major de Spain and Uncle Ike McCaslin next; and Lion did not talk as we talked, not because he could not but because he was the chief, the Sunbegotten, who knew the language which we spoke but was superior to using it himself; just as he lived under the house, under the kitchen, not because he was a dog, an animal, but for the same reason as the Aztec or the Polynesian whose godhead required that he live apart. Lion did not belong to Major de Spain at all but just happened to like him better than he did any of the rest of us, as a man might have.

Ad and Boon were funny about him.

You would have almost thought that Lion was a woman, a beautiful woman. I used to listen to them; they would wait until Major de Spain had settled down to the poker game or maybe was in bed, if we were going out early, and then Boon and Ad would each try to get Lion in to sleep on his pallet with him, Ad in the kitchen and Boon in the shed room. It would be funny. They would be so deadly serious about it, not arguing with each other but each one trying to work on Lion, persuade or tempt him; and he not caring which one he slept with, and not staying long with either one even when they persuaded him, because always Major de Spain would carry the lamp into Boon's shed or into the kitchen, as the case might be, and make them put Lion outdoors. "Damn it," he would say, "if he slept with either one of you for half the night he wouldn't even be able to trace a polecat tomorrow."

So we went on, under the iron stars, the wagon jolting in the iron ruts, the woods impenetrable and black on either hand. Once we heard two wildcats squalling and fighting off to the right and not far away. We came to the dummy line and Boon flagged the early log train and we rode into Hoke's in the warm caboose, while I slept behind the red stove and Boon and the conductor and brakeman talked about Lion and Old Ben as people talked about Sullivan and Kilrain or Dempsey and Tunney. Old Ben was a bear and we were going to run him to-morrow as we did once every year, every time in camp. He was known through the country as well as Lion was. I don't know why they called him Old Ben nor who named him except that it was a long time ago. He was known well for the shoats he had stolen and the corn cribs he had broken into and the dogs he had killed and the number of times he had been bayed and the lead which he carried (it was said that he had been shot at least two dozen times, with buckshot and even with rifles). Old Ben had lost three toes from his nigh hind foot in a steel trap, and every man in the country knew his track, even discounting the size, and so he should have been called Two-Toe. That is, that's what they had been calling two-toed bears in this country for a hundred years. Maybe it was because Old Ben was an extra bear—the head bear, Uncle Ike McCaslin called him—and everyone knew that he deserved a better name.

We were in Hoke's by sun-up, Boon and me, getting out of the warm caboose in our hunting clothes, our muddy boots, and stained khaki. Boon hadn't shaved since we came into camp, but that was all right because Hoke's was just a sawmill and a few stores, and most of the men in it wore muddy boots and khaki too. Then the accommodation came; Boon bought three packages of molasses-covered popcorn and a bottle of soda pop from the news butch and I went to sleep to the sound of his chewing. But in Memphis we did not look all right. The tall buildings and the hard pavements and the street cars made our boots and khaki look a little rougher and muddier and made Boon's whiskers look worse and his face more and more as if he should never have brought it out of the woods at all or at least out of reach of Major de Spain or somebody who knew it and could say, "Don't be afraid. He's all right; he won't hurt you"—Boon walking through the station, on the tile floor, his face moving where he was still working the popcorn out of his teeth with his tongue, his legs spraddled a little and a little stiff in the hips as if he were walking on buttered glass, and that blue stubble on his face and chin like used steel wool or like ravelings from screen wire.

We went straight and had the suitcase filled and Boon bought a bottle for himself, to take home after we broke camp, he said. But by the time we reached Hoke's again at sundown, it was all gone. He drank the first time in the washroom at the station. A man in uniform came in to tell Boon he couldn't drink there and took one look at Boon's face and didn't say anything. The next time he drank from his water glass, filling it under the edge of the counter where we were eating dinner and the waitress did tell him he could not. In the meantime he had been telling the waitress and all the other customers about Lion and Old Ben. Then he got on to the subject of the zoo some way, and his plan was to hurry back to camp, get Lion and return to the zoo where, he said, the bears were fed lady fingers and ice cream and where we would match Lion against them all, tigers and elephants included. But I got him and the suitcase aboard the train, so we were all right then, with Boon drinking right in the aisle and telling the other passengers about Lion and Old Ben; the men he buttonholed no more dared to act as if they did not want to listen than the man in the washroom had dared to tell Boon he couldn't drink there. We were back in Hoke's at sundown and I waked him and got him and the suitcase off and persuaded him to eat supper.

When we got on the caboose of the evening log train which went back into the woods, the sun was going down red and it already seemed warmer. I was the one who went to sleep again now, sitting behind the stove again while Boon and the brakeman and the conductor talked about Lion and Old Ben and the drive to-morrow; they knew what Boon was talking about. Once I waked; it was dark now and the brakeman was leaning out the window. "It's overcast," he said. "It will thaw to-night and to-morrow scent will lie to a dog's nose. Maybe Lion will get him to-morrow."

It would have to be Lion or somebody. It would not be Boon. He never could shoot. He never had killed anything bigger than a squirrel that anybody knew of, except that nigger that time. That was several years ago. They said he was a bad nigger, but I don't know. All I know is, there was some trouble and the nigger told Boon he'd better have a pistol next time he came to town and Boon borrowed a pistol from Major de Spain and sure enough that afternoon he met the nigger and the nigger outs with a dollar-and-a-half mail order pistol and he would have burned Boon up with it only it never went off. It just snapped five times and the nigger kept coming, and Boon shot four times and broke a plate-glass window and shot in the leg a nigger woman who happened to be passing before he managed to hit the nigger in the face at six feet with the last shot. He never could shoot. The first day in camp, the first drive we made, the buck ran right over him; we measured later and the buck's tracks and the five exploded shells were not fifty feet apart. We heard Boon's old pump gun go *whow whow whow whow whow* and then we heard him; they could have heard him clean up to Hoke's: "God damn, here he comes! Head him! Head him!"

The next morning we had company, people from Hoke's and from Jefferson too, who came every year for the day when Major de Spain drove Old Ben. It was gray and warmer; we ate breakfast by lamplight, with Boon frying the eggs and still talking, looking wilder and more unpredictable and more uncurried in the face than ever, and Ad sitting on his box beside the stove, pushing the heavy solid greasy cartridges into Major de Spain's carbine.

And we could hear the dogs too now, in the yard where Ad had already coupled them in pairs and tied them to the fence—the snarling bursts of almost hysterical uproar; we could hear them all except Lion.

There was no sound from him, there never was; I remember how after breakfast we went out and into the damp, gray, faint light and there he stood, apart from the other dogs and not tied, just standing there and looking huge as a calf looks, or an elephant or buffalo calf, huge despite its actual size. He was part Walker, but most of him was mastiff; he was the color of a blue sorrel horse, though perhaps it was his topaz-colored eyes that made him look so dark. I remember how he stood there—big-footed, with his strong grave head and a chest almost as big as mine. Beneath the skin you could feel the long, easy, quiet, strong muscles that did not flinch with either pleasure or distaste from any touch, Major de Spain's or Boon's or Ad's or any stranger's. He stood like a horse, only different from a horse because a horse promises only speed while Lion promised—with that serene and comforting quality of a promise from a man whom you trust absolutely—an immeasurable capacity not only for courage and skill and will to pursue and kill, but for endurance, the will to endure beyond any imaginable limit to which his flesh and heart might be called. I remember him in the summer when we would go in for squirrels, how when the other dogs would be all over the bottom, chasing coon and wildcat and anything that ran and left scent, Lion would not go. He would stay in camp with us, not especially following Major de Spain or Boon or Ad in particular; just lying nearby somewhere in the attitude in which they carve lions in stone, with his big head raised and his big feet quiet before him; you would go to him and speak to him or pat him and he would turn his head slowly and look at you with those topaz eyes that were as impenetrable as Boon's, as free of meanness or generosity or gentleness or viciousness but a good deal more intelligent. Then he would blink and then you would realize that he was not looking at you at all, not seeing you at all. You didn't know what he was seeing, what he was thinking. It was like when you are sitting with your feet propped against a column on the gallery and after a while you are not even aware that you are not seeing the very column your feet are propped against.

The two mules were ready too, one for Major de Spain, who was going with Boon and Ad and the dogs; and the other for Uncle Ike McCaslin, who was going to put us on the stands. Because he and Major de Spain knew Old Ben as well as they knew each other. They knew where he denned and where he used and which direction he took when dogs jumped him. That was why we had been in camp a week and hadn't run him yet; that was the way Major de Spain did. Each year he ran Old Ben just one time, unless Old Ben happened to let himself be caught out of bounds on a visit or something and the dogs started him by accident, which did happen the second day in camp. We heard them strike something and carry it down toward the river; Lion was not with them. They went out of hearing and after a while Boon came up, cussing. But hunting was over for that day and so we went back to camp. We had not heard them again, but when we reached camp the dogs were already there, crouched back under the kitchen, huddled together as far back as they could go and Boon squatting down and peering under the kitchen at them and cussing, and Uncle Ike said it was Old Ben they had struck.

Because they knew Old Ben too and the ones that didn't know him probably found out pretty quick. They were not cowards. It was just that Lion hadn't been with them to lead them in on him and bay him and hold him. Lion was with Major de Spain; they came in about an hour later with Lion on the leash and Major de Spain said it was Old Ben, that he had seen the track, still having to hold Lion on the leash because he was saving Old Ben for to-day. I remember him sitting on the mule in the gray light with his rifle across the saddle, and Boon with his old gun slung over his shoulder by a piece of cotton rope and still cussing while he and Ad struggled to hold the dogs while they untied them, and only Lion and Major de Spain calm and Major de Spain looking around at us and saying, "No deer this morning, boys. This is Old Ben's race."

He meant there must be no shooting, no noise that might turn Old Ben because he wanted everybody to have a fair chance. Uncle Ike explained that to me when he put me on my stand, after we watched Major de Spain ride away, with Lion heeled and pacing along beside the mule and Ad and Boon in front, stooped over and half running in a surging uproar of dogs as if they were running in surf.

"Stay here until you kill a bear or hear a horn, or until you haven't heard a dog in an hour," Uncle Ike said. "If Lion bays him, me or Major or Boon will blow everybody in. If you don't hear anything after a while, go back to camp. If you get lost, stand right still and holler and listen. Some of the boys will hear you."

"I've got my compass," I said.

"All right. Stay right still now. He may cross the bayou right here; I have known him to do it. Don't move around. If he comes over you, give him time to get close. Then hold right on his neck." Then he rode away, into the gray gloom.

It was full daylight now; that is, it was full daylight up above the trees, because it would never be very light down here that day. I had never been in this part of the bottom before, because Major de Spain had not let us hunt here lest we disturb Old Ben before the right day. I stood there under a gum tree beside the bayou, where the black, still water ran out of the cane and across a little clearing and into the cane again. I had been on stand before where you might see a bear and I had seen bear signs. But this was different; I was just sixteen then; I kept on thinking about those dogs huddled back there under the kitchen that day and I could smell the solitude, the loneliness, something breathing out of this place which human beings had merely passed through without altering it, where no axe or plow had left a scar, which looked exactly as it had when the first Indian crept into it and looked around, arrow poised and ready. I thought about how just twenty miles away was Jefferson, the houses where people were getting ready to wake up in comfort and security, the stores and offices where during the day they would meet to buy and sell and talk, and I could hardly believe it; I thought *It's just twenty miles away. What's the matter with you?* but then the other side of me, the other thing in me would say, *Yes, and you are just a puny assortment of bones and meat that cannot get one mile from where you stand without that compass to help you and could not spend one night where you are and live without fire to keep you warm and perhaps that gun to protect yourself.*

I had forgotten that I had a gun. I had completely forgotten it. I was telling myself that black bears are not dangerous, they won't hurt a man unless they are cornered, when all of a

sudden I thought, with a kind of amazed surprise, *Besides, I have a gun. Why, I have a gun!* I had clean forgotten it. I hadn't even loaded it; I broke it quickly, fumbling in my coat for shells. I was not scared any more now; I was just suffering one of those mindless and superstitious illusions which people get—I do anyway. I believed that by getting scared and failing to load my gun, I was going to fail the others and let Old Ben through. I had conferred supernatural powers on him now. I had a picture of him lurking back in the cane, watching his chance and waiting for one of us who barred his way to make a mistake, and I had made it; I believed, knew, that he would charge out of the cane and pass me before I could get loaded. I thought I should never pick up the two shells, and then I had a terrible impulse to read the size of the shot printed on the wadding to be sure, even though I knew I had only buckshot. But I didn't; I got the gun loaded and snapped it shut, already swinging toward the spot of cane where I had hypnotized myself to believe he would emerge. I think that if a bird had moved in it I should have fired.

But I never saw him. I just heard the dogs. Suddenly I knew that I had been hearing them for a second or two before I realized what it was. That must have been when they jumped him because I heard Lion, just once. His voice was not deep especially, it was just strong and full; he bayed just once somewhere in the gray light maybe a mile away, and that was all, as if he had said, "All right, Old Man. Let's go." It was the other dogs making the racket. But I never saw any of them. At the closest time they were a half mile away and they didn't pass near any stand because I heard no shots. I just stood there, crouched, holding my breath, with the safety off even though father had taught me never to take it off until I saw what I was going to shoot at; and I heard the dogs pass me and go on. Then the sound died away. I didn't move; I waited. I was thinking, maybe he will turn and come back. But I knew that he would not. He must have known where all of us were standing; he probably picked the one gap where he could have got through unseen. Because he had lived too long now, been run too many times. I stood there, still holding my gun forward, though I did slip the safety back on. I don't know how long it was; then I whirled. But it was only father. "You didn't see him?" father said.

"No, sir. But it was Old Ben, wasn't it?"

"Yes. So Uncle Ike says. He's gone across the river. He won't come back to-day. So we might as well go back to camp."

We went back to camp. Major de Spain was already there, sitting on the mule with Boon's gun in the rope sling over his shoulder now (he told how Boon had stopped just long enough to throw the gun at him and say, "Here, take the damn thing. I can't hit him with it nohow"). They had the other team in the wagon, and some of them were just loading the boat into the wagon when we came up, and Major de Spain told us how Old Ben and the dogs had crossed the river, and that Ad and Boon had swum it too, and that Uncle Ike was waiting at the river while he came back for the boat.

"He killed Kate this side of the river without even stopping," Major de Spain said. "Come on, boys. Lion wasn't five hundred yards behind him. He will bay him soon and then we will get him."

So we all went back to the river. But the boat was just a duck boat, so it wouldn't hold any more than Major de Spain and Uncle Ike. Theophilus McCaslin, Uncle Ike's grandson, said he knew about a log drift across the

river about three miles down, so he and some of the others went to look for it. I wanted to go too, but father said I'd better come on back to camp so the rest of us came back to camp, with the mules and the wagon and the dead dog.

It began to rain before we got back; it rained slowly and steadily all afternoon, and we ate dinner and then Theophilus and the others came in and said they had got across the river but they couldn't hear anything and so they came back. The men played cards some but not much because every now and then somebody would go to the window and look out across the field to where the woods began, the black trees standing in the rain like a picture in ink beginning to dissolve. "He must have carried them clean out of the country," somebody said.

It was still raining at dark. But we didn't eat supper yet; we waited, and now there was somebody watching the woods all the time, and just before dark Theophilus McCaslin began to blow a horn every five minutes to guide them in. Yet when they did come, nobody saw them at all; we were all inside at the fire; we just heard the noise at the back door and then in the hall; we were still sitting down when Boon walked into the room. He was carrying something big wrapped in his hunting coat, but we didn't even look to see what it was because we were looking at Boon. He was wet and muddy and there was blood all over him, streaked by the rain. But that wasn't it. It was his face, his head. There was a bloody furrow (you could see the five claw-marks) wide as my hand starting up in his hair and running down the side of his head and right on down his arm to the wrist; there was a bloody blob hanging on the side of his head that I didn't know until the next day was his left ear, and his right breeches' leg had been ripped off and the leg under it looking like raw beef and the blood from it staining his boot darker than the rain. But that wasn't it either. Because then we saw that what he was carrying in the coat was Lion. He stood there in the door, looking at us, and he began to cry. I never had seen a man cry before. He stood there in the lamplight, looking big as all outdoors and bloody as a hog, with that tough unshaven face of his crinkled up and more like a dried walnut than ever, and the tears streaming down it fast as rain.

"Good God, Boon!" father said. We got up then; we all kind of surged toward him and somebody tried to touch the coat; I hadn't even seen Major de Spain standing behind him until then.

"Get to hell away!" Boon hollered to the one who touched the coat. "His guts are all out of him." Then he hollered, "Saddle me a mule! Hurry!" and turned, with all of us following now, and crossed the hall into the shed where he slept and laid Lion on his pallet. "Damn it to hell, get me a mule!" he hollered.

"A mule?" somebody said.

"Yes!" Boon hollered. "I'm going to Hoke's and get a doctor!"

"No, you're not," Major de Spain said. "You need a doctor yourself. One of the other boys will go."

"The hell I ain't!" Boon hollered. He looked wild, bloody and wild as he glared round at us, then he ran out, the torn bloody clothes flapping behind him, still hollering, "Help me catch a mule!"

"Go and help them," father said, pushing me toward the door. There were three of us. We were almost too late to help any; we had to run to keep up with him. Maybe he was still crying, or maybe he was in too much of a hurry to cry now. We kept on trying to find out what happened but Boon couldn't even seem to hear the questions; he was talking to himself,

saddling the mule fast, cussing and panting.

"I tried to get him back, make him stay out," he said. "I tried to. And them others wouldn't help him, wouldn't go in." And he did try. Ad said (Ad was there; he saw it all) that when Boon ran in, Lion was already on the ground and that Boon caught him by the hind leg and flung him twenty feet away, but that Lion hit the ground already running and that he beat Boon back to Old Ben.

Then Boon got into the saddle without even touching the stirrups and was gone; we could hear the mule already loping. Then we went back to the house, where Major de Spain was sitting on the pallet with Lion's head in his lap, soaking a rag in a pan of water and squeezing it into Lion's mouth. Lion was still wrapped in the coat and under a blanket, to keep the air away from his entrails. But I don't think he was suffering now. He just lay there with his head on Major de Spain's knee and his eyes open a little and looking yellower than ever in the lamplight; once I saw his tongue come out and touch Major de Spain's hand. Then about midnight (Major de Spain had sent the wagon back to the river before he followed Boon into the house) Uncle Ike and Ad came in with Old Ben; and Ad stood in the door too, as Boon had done, with the tears running down his face too, and Uncle Ike told about it, what Ad had told him: about how Lion had bayed Old Ben against a down tree top and the other dogs would not go in, and how Old Ben caught Lion and had him on the ground, and Boon ran in with the hunting knife and jerked Lion back, but he would not stay out; and how this time Boon jumped straddle of Old Ben's back and got the knife into him, under the shoulder; Ad said that Boon picked Old Ben clean up from behind, his arm round Old Ben's neck and Old Ben striking backward at Boon's head and arm while Boon worked the knife blade round until he touched the life.

Boon got back just before daylight with the doctor, and the doctor told about that too: how Boon busted past the doctor's wife when she opened the door and how the first thing the doctor knew was when Boon waked him up dragging him out of the bed like a sack of meal. He thought Boon was crazy, especially when he saw him, the blood and all. Boon wouldn't even wait long enough to have himself attended to; he didn't even want to wait long enough for the doctor to put on his clothes. He wouldn't let the doctor do anything for him now until he had fixed Lion; he just stood there in his blood and his torn clothes and with his wild face, saying, "Save him, Doc. By God, you had better save him!"

They couldn't give Lion chloroform; they didn't dare. They had to put his entrails back and sew him up without it. But I still don't think he felt it, suffered. He just lay there on Boon's pallet, with his eyes half open and Major de Spain holding his head, until the doctor was through. And not even Boon said, "Will he live?" We just sat there and talked quietly until the light came and we went out to look at Old Ben with his eyes open too and his lips snarled back and the neat slit just in front of the shoulder where Boon had finally found his life, and the mutilated hind foot and the little hard lumps under his skin which were the old bullets, the old victories. Then Ad said breakfast was ready. We ate, and I remember how that was the first time we could not hear any dogs under the kitchen, though I asked Ad and he said that they were there. It was as though Old Ben, even dead and harmless out there in the yard, was a more potent force than they were alive without Lion to lead them in, and they knew it.

The rain had stopped before midnight and about noon a thin sun came out and we moved Lion out onto the porch, in the sun. It was Boon's idea. "Damn it," he said, "he never did like to stay in the house. You know that. At least let's take him out where he can see the woods." So Boon loosened the floor boards under the pallet so that we could pick up the pallet without changing Lion's position, and we carried him out to the porch and we sat there now. The people at Hoke's had heard that we had got Old Ben and about Lion; there must have been a hundred men came in during the afternoon to look at Old Ben and then come and look at Lion, to sit and talk quietly about Lion, the races he had made and the bears he had brought to bay, and now and then Lion would open his eyes (Boon had laid him so he could look at the woods without moving) not as if he was listening to what they were saying but as if he was looking at the woods for a moment before closing his eyes again, remembering the woods again or seeing that they were still there. Maybe he was, because he waited until dark before he died. We broke camp that night; we went out in the wagon, in the dark. Boon was quite drunk by then. He was singing, loud.

This is how Lion's death affected the two people who loved him most—if you could have called Boon's feeling for him, for anything, love. And I suppose you could, since they say you always love that which causes you suffering. Or maybe Boon did not consider being clawed by a bear suffering.

Major de Spain never went back again. But we did; he made us welcome to go; it seemed to please him when we went. Father and the others who had been there that time would talk about it, about how maybe if they could just persuade him to go back once . . . But he would not; he was almost sharp when he refused. I remember the day in the next summer when I went to his office to ask permission to go in and hunt squirrels. "Help yourself," he said. "Ad will be glad to have some company. Do you want to take anybody with you?"

"No, sir," I said. "I thought if maybe Boon . . ."

"Yes," he said. "I'll wire him to meet you there." Boon was the marshal at Hoke's now; Major de Spain called his secretary and sent Boon the wire right away. We didn't need to wait for an answer; Boon would be there; he had been doing what Major de Spain told him to for twenty years now at least. So I thanked him and then I stood there and after a minute I got up my nerve and said it:

"Maybe if you would come . . ."

But he stopped me. I don't know how he did it because he didn't say anything at once. He just seemed to turn to his desk and the papers on it without moving; and I stood there looking down at a little plumpish gray-headed man in expensive, unobtrusive clothes and an old-fashioned immaculate boiled shirt, whom I was used to seeing in muddy khaki, unshaven, sitting the mule with the carbine across the saddle, and Lion standing beside him as a thoroughbred horse stands and motionless as a statue, with his strong grave head and his fine chest; the two of them somehow queerly alike, as two people get who have been closely associated for many years in doing something which both of them love and respect. He didn't look at me again.

"No. I will be too busy. But if you have luck, you might bring me a few squirrels when you come back."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I will." So I reached Hoke's early and caught the morning log train into the woods and they put me off at our crossing. It was the same, yet different, because they

were summer woods now, in full leaf, not like that iron dawn when Boon and I had flagged the train to go in to Memphis. And it was hot too. Ad was there with the wagon to meet me; we shook hands. "Mr. Boon here yet?" I said.

"Yes, suh. He got in last night. He in de woods fo daylight. Gone up to de Gum Tree."

I knew where that was. It was a single big gum just outside the woods, in an old clearing. If you crept up to it quietly just after daylight this time of year, sometimes you would catch a dozen squirrels in it, trapped there because they could not jump to another tree and dared not descend. So I told Ad to take my duffel on to the house; I would hunt up through the woods and meet Boon. I didn't say I was going by the holly knoll, but he must have known that I was, because the point where he put me down was on a direct line with the knoll and the Gum Tree. "Watch out for snakes," he said. "Dey's crawling now."

"I will," I said. He went on and I entered the woods. They were changed, different. Of course it was just the summer; next fall they would be again as I remembered them. Then I knew that that was wrong; that they would never again be as I remembered them, as any of us remembered them, and I, a boy, who had owned no Lion, knew now why Major de Spain knew that he would never return and was too wise to try to. I went on. Soon the earth began to lift under my feet and then I saw the hollies, the four pale trunks marking the four corners and inside them the wooden cross with Old Ben's dried mutilated paw nailed to it. There was no trace of grave any more; the spring flood water had seen to that. But that was all right because it was not Lion who was there; not Lion. Maybe it was nice for him now, nice for him and Old Ben both now—the long challenge and the long chase, the one with no heart to be driven and outraged, the other with no flesh to be mauled and bled. It was hot and the mosquitoes were too bad to stand still in, besides it was too late to hunt any more this morning; I would go on and pick up Boon and go back to camp. I knew these woods and presently I knew that I could not be very far from the Gum Tree.

Then I began to hear a curious sound. It sounded like a blacksmith shop—someone hammering fast on metal. It grew louder as I approached. Then I saw the clearing, the sun; the hammering, the furious hammering on metal, was quite loud now, and the trees broke and I saw the Gum Tree and then I saw Boon. It was the same Boon; he had not changed; the same Boon who had almost missed that nigger and had missed that buck; who could not shoot even when his old worn-out gun held together. He was sitting under the tree, hammering at something in his lap, and then I saw that the tree was apparently alive with frightened squirrels. I watched them rush from limb to limb, trying to escape, and rush, dart, down the trunk and then turn and dart back up again. Then I saw what Boon was hammering at. It was a section of his gun; drawing nearer, I saw the rest of it scattered in a dozen pieces about him on the ground where he sat, hunched over, hammering furiously at the part on his lap, his walnut face wild and urgent and streaming with sweat. He was living, as always, in the moment; nothing on earth—not Lion, not anything in the past—mattered to him except his helpless fury with his broken gun. He didn't stop; he didn't even look up to see who I was; he just shouted at me in a hoarse desperate voice.

"Get out of here!" he said. "Don't touch them! They're mine!"

EDITORS AND ESSAYS

A NOTE ON MAGAZINES LIKE HARPER'S

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

In the laments heard now and again for the times that are gone and the things that are no more runs one note of wistful longing that merits some attention. What has happened to the old American monthly magazines, those that "could be found in every gentleman's library"? They are changed, and the change, one gathers, is for the worse. They are no longer "literary." They are absorbed in the now and what of things; they are factual and, above all, they are controversial. In the baldest terms, they are journalistic. And among the most unfortunate results is the passing of the old-fashioned essay, precious heritage of Addison and Steele and Lamb and the Golden Age in English literature.

The accusation is just. The traditional monthly magazines have indeed changed. Their continuity from the last generation to this is one of name only or, at most, of name and intellectual standard, since they are still what may be loosely termed "high-brow." Otherwise they would be unrecognizable to a man who had been hibernating at the North Pole for thirty years. It is necessary only to look at them—but first let us cast off all pretense that we are discussing abstract entities in astronomical space. The publications in question are easily identified, even when unnamed by their critics. They include, to put it bluntly, the one in which this article appears. Look, then, at Harper's, *Scribner's,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* the old *Century* before it was merged out of existence. Where are the ambling, discursive essays; the solid expository treatises, with exordium, argument, conclusion; the genteel, restrained fiction peopled only by the respectable or dealing only with the respectable aspects of others; the travel notes, quaint or minutely descriptive, portraying the presentable side of distant places and races; reminiscences of the right people or of those long enough dead to be sanitated? In their stead, to quote the strictures of Katharine Fullerton Gerould, severest and most trenchant of the critics, these magazines give us "Hitler and the gold standard and hogs in Kansas, and Manchukuo tariffs." She speaks of "the old-line magazines" as "forsaking their literary habit" and "becoming homes of journalism."

It is all true. The accusation is just. What I wish to question is whether the dereliction on the part of the old-line magazines is to be condemned.

My reasons for doubt are two. First: for better or worse, the times have changed, and with them the institutions in which they were expressed. Second: they were not so good, either the times or the institutions, including "the old-line magazines." I take these two points in order.

It is a truism that the world has

undergone a profound and revolutionary transformation since 1900, and it ought to be a truism that all thought, values, and forms of expression, even the arts, must reflect the altered physical, social, and spiritual setting in which they find themselves. So too with what are known as interests. Why not, then, periodical publications as well? If, as is generally conceded, literature, "pure literature," responds to the spirit of its own age, can monthly magazines do otherwise? Could they exist if they tried to do otherwise?

The world of 1900 was, or appeared to be, a fixity; at least its orbit appeared to be fixed. The traditional values were unquestioned. The major issues of group life were clearly formulated. Common problems were limited in number, easily recognized, and not too pressing; there was general agreement on definition of terms. Attitudes were lightly taken and could be lightly worn. One was a liberal or one was a conservative, and there was no great difficulty in deciding where one's allegiance lay, for the question did not touch anything of vital consequence. The legend of the two future English statesmen who, on leaving Oxford, tossed a coin to decide which party they would join may be apocryphal, but socially it was valid. Determining one's allegiance was not much more than a choosing up of sides: a matter of deciding, for an Englishman, in which houses to have tea when Parliament was in session; and, for an American, in which torchlight procession to march before election. The forms of political, economic, and social life had been set with what seemed finality, on all visible evidence. We know now that by 1900 they were already being shattered, but that was not detectable then. There were indeed some who grasped enough of the meaning of the new forces released by the industrial revolution to feel premonitions of the effect on the human order. But their voices were faint in the exultant clamor of triumph over nature. The course of life was set, and there could be no deviation. There were the eternal verities, and we could hold by them. Our general comment on life, whether in literature or journalism, could very well be placid. And it was.

The world of 1935 is a flux. The civilization of the last hundred years, perhaps of the last four hundred years, appears to have gone into solution. Nothing can be certain for more than the day thereof, and if there are verities at all, no two men agree on what they are. The social order is being unmade and re-made under our eyes amid fierce but confused contention over what form it shall take and who shall have the right to determine its form. Wars are threatened on every side. Men lack the means of subsistence. The economic system rests on shifting sands. Governments are in disrepute. All the hard-won guaranties of individual rights are denied or insecure, and, paradoxically, at the same time authority is flouted, whether religious or political or parental.

This being the world in which the old-line magazines have now to be published, what shall they do? Refrain from being controversial? But what can they find round them about which they can be uncontroversial? (Not even old-line magazines, in fact.) If to be controversial means giving light on all the implications of their world and time and being aware that thinking men hold strong convictions on matters that vitally affect their welfare, then not to be controversial is to be piffling or narcotized. Incidentally, it also means inviting their own extinction; for that small part of the population which constitutes their public is in no mood for the pallid. Are they journalistic? But the stuff of journalism now, even daily journal-

ism, is the material of the history books of a hundred years hence. It is also the determinant of happiness or suffering, life or death, for the mass of individuals now living.

"Hitler and hogs in Kansas, and Manchukuo tariffs," we are told, are just subjects for factual treatment, for journalistic reporting. But Hitler may signify the end of Europe, not only political Europe but the Europe that evolved a civilization which produced Leonardo and Galileo and Bacon and Shakespeare and Beethoven. Shall we ignore him then or relegate him to publications on "foreign affairs"? It is crassly obvious that the rise of Hitler exerts influences over a wider range than diplomacy and politics. "Hogs in Kansas" make dull and pedestrian reading, but on the price they bring may depend the continued existence of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and the Metropolitan Museum of Art and, say, HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is crassly obvious too that the solvency of agriculture has repercussions over more than the agrarian regions. On it, indeed, depends the solvency of the metropolis and the maintenance of urban culture. "Manchukuo tariffs" are dull and remote and outwardly of transitory interest, outwardly of no concern to those who care for the arts, for ideas, and for the enduring in man's achievement. But Manchukuo tariffs may determine whether the children of the next generation in America will live out the fullness of their lives or die prematurely on Asiatic battlefields. They state in the concrete that which may be decisive in molding the destiny of the American republic. One need not be professionally concerned with Far Eastern affairs to sense the historical movement that is carrying America almost irresistibly across the Pacific into Asia. An editor who remained indifferent to the portents of American action in the Far East in the past few years would be both blind and stupid. Says Mrs. Gerould, and she may be right in saying that she speaks for many more: "A monthly is, strictly speaking, no place for journalism." I should answer that if these are the subjects with which journalism deals then journalism can claim a rightful place in our serious monthly magazines, in doctoral theses or volumes on the philosophy of history. For without it no man can understand the scheme of his time or his place in it. I should go farther and say that the monthly magazine is a more appropriate place for this kind of journalism than the daily newspaper.

The word journalism can be too loosely used and become too easy a term of reproach. The difference between journalism—in the reproachful sense—and serious writing is not a matter of content, but of treatment of content. When you have the purveying of fact as fact you have journalism. When facts are selected with reference to their relevance to broader ideas and are ordered in relation to those ideas, you have not journalism but serious writing, whether the subject be Nazi Germany, crop control, communism in China, modern painting, or the decaying art of conversation, and whether the product be called an essay, a treatise, or an article. To-day the ideas that touch our crucial concerns are those evoked or borne out by facts and subjects that also are journalistically treated. As it is difficult for an editor to turn his attention away from those subjects, since he knows that they are giving the immediate future its mold, so it is unreasonable to expect writers of any substance to occupy themselves with diverting little conceits "On witticisms with wine and walnuts." I should myself find it more satisfying to write pleasant little pieces on the twittering voracity of the goldfinches on my sunflowers in the country, or the

impertinence of the phœbe nesting in the woodshed, and I find both more agreeable to think about than cotton sharecroppers, the unemployment which demoralizes the neighboring village, or the combination of Greek tragedy and *opéra bouffe* which is now being enacted in Africa. But I have not the patience to think about them or write about them in the light, tranquil vein which is appropriate to them when I see the first tensions of convulsion in the Far East and watch the remorseless fatality with which my country is being drawn into it; or when the newspaper headlines tell me that a year from now Europe may be a smoldering ruin; or when without dramatization I must ask myself whether five years hence I shall have assurance of food and shelter. What was traditionally thought of as *belles lettres* must seem at such a time a feeble, thin-blooded thing, a flight from reality and manhood. For any such person there is no element of choice; such a flight is just not possible. It would be unsuccessful if attempted, because artificial and recognizably forced.

II

This brings me to my second point. Were the good old times really so good, and are we not seeing the old-line monthly magazines through a soft haze of nostalgic longing? "If the year 1900 is readable and the year 1930 is not, there is a reason," says Mrs. Gerould. I wonder whether she has recently tried to read 1900. I wonder whether she would not find it a bit disillusioning. In fact, I think she would find herself becoming impatient and murmuring to the authors to get on with it and come to the point. For myself, I hold the 1900 product to run a little too much to the thin and inconsequential, to say nothing of its studied obliviousness of all that is not nice. The reason lies not only in the greater multitude and intensity of the impacts on us now, or in the accelerated tempo of our generation; I think our tastes also are more robust and full-bodied, perhaps more matured and developed, and, therefore, truer.

I shall say little about fiction, because every point that can be made about fiction has been over-labored. The contemporary short story may be too exclusively laid in the inner chambers. It may go in overmuch for pathological dissection. The scabrous may hold a fatal attraction for it. But of the two possible extremes this is the more honest and the healthier. The canons of good taste should be inviolable; but it was precisely in good taste that the fiction of the end of the nineteenth century was wanting, more particularly the fiction of the better magazines. It was so immoral in its pudency, so vulgarly refined. Go back to the files and take a large number of the short stories at one reading. You will too often get from them no indication that men and women ever feel the pull of the elemental passions, that their inner thoughts are ever such as cannot be spoken out in a drawing-room, that consciousness ever takes atavistic plunges into a slough below the crust of civilization. If men and women are ignoble, they are ignoble with propriety, in mentionable ways. Most of all, their lives have an otherworldly freedom from the complication of sex. In any editorial office with a long memory it will be recalled that there was habitual exclusion of stories which betrayed a cognizance of biologic processes. The result was fiction that could be read aloud to the family after vespers but that touched only the outer surface of life and only a small segment of that. Much of the fiction of the contemporary magazine may be distasteful or boring, according to temperament, with its studied dis-

robing of the soul; but it is at least genuine in intent and it rings true.

It is not in the kind and quality of their fiction that the modern magazines are held to be derelict, however, but in their responsibility for "the desuetude of the essay," in Mrs. Gerould's happy phrase. The expression is apt. The essay has indeed fallen upon desuetude, a desuetude brought on by innocuousness. The essay was not killed by the latter-day editors. It died a natural death of pernicious anæmia. It was bloodless long before it was decently laid away in oblivion. Its last gasp of vitality was given out by Matthew Arnold and Ruskin. Curiously, only after it was long dead and ghoulishly left unburied did it reach its highest vogue in America. Then we had the heyday of the "familiar" essay—"On Whistling While Eating Grapenuts," "On the Evanescence of Bath Soap," "On the Sweet Unreasonableness of Women," and so on, and so on, and so on. Every publication with pretensions to being more than a scandal sheet was overrun with familiar essays, all so heavily quaint, so culturedly correct; and always about people with habits and thoughts so unfailingly proper, so almost obscenely nice, or with little faults confessed with a simpering mock repentance. And teachers of sophomore English in their night hours nursed fantasies of whole classes of students whose daily themes were couched in the chaste, sculptured, and somewhat hollow flourishes of Walter Pater's periods. Walter Pater! Synthetic presentiment of the pedagogue's beau ideal. How refreshingly unlike Chekhov and Dostoievski.

Yes, the familiar essay is dead, or shall we say buried. And it need not be missed. Hopes for its resurrection are vain not only because men's souls are being tried by sterner times but because it lacked both the capacity for survival and the right to survive. It did too much harm to the cause of good writing. Good writing, literature, have suffered more from the vogue of the essay style than from any other single cause. The spread of "journalese" hurt only those who never could have been good writers anyway, for whom the craft meant little. The essay irremediably cramped, warped, and enervated many who otherwise might have been competent workmen with a sure craftsmanship, even if not distinguished artists. It narrowed the medium of literature and gave the art a false prettification. Unfortunately the effect was intensified by college education.

Only in day-dream life did college English teachers aspire as high as Walter Pater. In harsh, every-day reality they could aim no loftier than the old Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The estate of American writing would be higher to-day if there never had been a "Contributors' Club" in any periodical. Exercises in gracefully saying nothing became models for English classes, and young men who intended to be snappy bond salesmen were driven to perspire in the effort to be charming, and others who had a knack for writing and perhaps a zeal for the writer's craft were inculcated with the principle that gentility and archness were the prime essentials to the practice of literature. Thereafter they brought with them to the art party-manners only.

In those who should have been the patrons of literature there was reinforced the acute distaste for literature originally implanted in them by the dreadful methods of teaching the classics—the "analysis" line-by-line of "Hamlet," "Paradise Lost," and the Canterbury Tales. The enjoyment of books was denied to many of them forever. Reading, except of popular magazines and mystery stories, was a penance that had been discharged in

college. Literature was for women and male prigs, something unrelated to the world outside school and college walls. This, I suppose, was part of the process which has resulted in the feminization of culture in America. There is a certain soundness in the instincts of American men which makes them turn away from books, the graphic arts, music, and lectures, even lectures on economics and world politics, as being the exclusive province of women and of others who have no practical knowledge and not much to do. The unacquisitive and non-material arts really have undergone a kind of deflowering in American life, and the pioneer heritage is not the only cause. Be that as it may, a whole generation of presumably educated young people emerged from adolescence with the conviction that literature offered only an antithesis—popular stuff and namby-pamby stuff, with nothing in between. They chose the first, and I think it is to their credit that they did, but the choice has been bad for literature in America, and it accounts, in part at least, for the low esteem in which writers are held in America as compared with their standing in other countries.

The influence of the cult of the genteel essay on those who had a bent for writing and an interest in literature was even more baneful. The few who had rare talents brushed it off lightly or unlearned quickly when they met the impacts of experience. The much larger number, who might have been competent writers just below the first-rate, suffered grievously. Those of tougher spirit and stronger personality reacted to journalese. That was at least straightforward, crisp, virile, and occupied with things that mattered. The choice was natural and testified to their soundness too, but it was for many of them unhappy. Some were permanently malformed by the bad habits acquired in journalism or frustrated by its limitations. Others, who reacted in turn against journalism, had lost so much time that their development as writers was irrecoverably retarded. They had lost too the freshness and vigor of the best years, at least the years in which the artist's personality takes its stamp. When they had learned that literature was not only for the thin in spirit it was too late to go through an arduous apprenticeship.

There was one more baneful influence, affecting still another group, a large number consisting of the tepid as well as mediocre, young men and women destitute of ideas but capable of learning the forms of the conventional essay style. They drifted into the writing profession, since they had mastered certain of the externals of the craft, but they were doomed to hang to the outer edges. For they had nothing to say, though they had learned to say it correctly and pleasantly. Not until later did they make the painful discovery that it is necessary to have something to say, and by that time it was too late to enter journalism or salesmanship or millinery. At best they could become teachers of English and get their creative satisfaction in reproducing their own negative vices. Otherwise they became recruits to the pathetic camp-followers of all the arts, frustrated, insecure, and carrying with them a sense of failure. I suppose that in no other country in the world is there so large a number of unsuccessful writers and would-be writers as in America. Nowhere else do so many men and women try to make a profession of writing without any of the qualifications. It has often been observed that although the general average of writing for the whole population in America is higher than elsewhere—since in other countries the great majority never try to express

themselves in the written word—here there is more mediocre writing than elsewhere. In other countries the mediocre are crushed out or relegated early to less exacting spheres. Here for more than a generation they were nurtured by bad education, an education infused with the adulation of prissiness as an ideal in literature.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that there is no place for the essay. Most assuredly there is, for it is an honored form. I protest only against the caricature of itself that it had become in the name of *belles lettres* and that debilitated much of our periodical press. The revolt against this debilitation constitutes the greatest change in the old monthly magazines, the change that is lamented and that I hold to be salutary. There is no reason to exclude the essay, even the familiar essay if given in small and infrequent doses. But the essay, with the exception of certain poetic forms, probably is the most difficult literary form, and unless it is brought off to perfection it is flat and futile. No literary failure can be greater than that of a poor essay or one that is just adequate.

To be mincing is not enough. To be charming is not enough. The most risky venture in the medium of letters is the attempt to be charming, for it is given to few to succeed, and indifferent success is a grotesque. Charm requires an excess rather than a deficiency of substance and vitality, however much they may be concealed in the product. A Mozart can be light and delicate and graceful, but underneath those qualities is a profusion of musical ideas, and they are developed with a technical precision and discipline that few others can attain. You have to be a Mozart to generate those ideas and command those attainments; otherwise you only tinkle. It is so in music, and it is so in literature. The essay, be it never so familiar, genial, and discursive, wandering with the mood, must have an idea of some specific gravity, and the idea must be put with originality, distinction, and finish. Finish of form alone is not enough, unless the style be that of a master, whose manner of saying anything is worth while for its own sake. Everything has been said, for example, on taking walks in the country that can be said. We may as well have done with it then unless someone can say the same things with such freshness and force as to make it arresting for its novelty. But there are few who can do so, certainly too few to occupy a large part of twelve issues of a magazine every year.

What then is the practical problem of an editor? I do not suppose there is one who does not yearn to publish essays if he can get them from an H. M. Tomlinson, a Henry Nevinson, a Bertrand Russell, a Colonel Lawrence, a C. E. Montague or, rarely, a Chesterton or Belloc, or any unknown young men and women who come near their stature. But how many are there writing to-day who have their intellectual creativeness and literary skill? Unless there is a sudden accession to their number, which can come about by miracle only, an editor can do one of two things. He can just dispense with essays as a quantitatively important part of his magazine, publishing only the occasional one that meets the standard requisite of essays, or he can publish essays for their own sake out of a mechanical devotion to a dwarfed ideal of *belles lettres*. The latter is what the contemporary editors of the old-line magazines have refused to do, and I think it highly sensible of them. They have cast off the lifeless forms of *belles lettres*. The old-line magazines, American literature, and American culture are the better therefor.

LEARNING TO FLY AT FORTY

BY HENRY M. WINANS

My fortieth birthday was imminent when I decided to learn to fly. There is nothing startling about this except the matter of age. There are hundreds of students in aviation schools throughout the country who will spend as much as three years in the study of all branches relating to flying. These students, however, are almost uniformly young men who take up this field as they might take up engineering, law, or medicine. Among them, however, are very few over thirty and, while there are individuals who have learned to fly after sixty, the average person in my generation does not take to the air. Perhaps it is because, like me, they are too close to the historical development of flying. If they remember the first flight at Kitty Hawk, and if they saw Louis Paulhan in his Farnham biplane, or Hoxey, Johnstone, and Brookins in their Wright "flying-kites" and were properly astonished to see men in the air, they also remember that these craft frequently came apart or dashed unexpectedly to the earth. They may have been stirred by the knighting of aviators during the War; but the loss of life and the well-publicized accident toll then and since keep them with their feet on the ground.

The advances made in safety are much overshadowed by the more spectacular airplane stunts, and while millions of miles are being flown safely in a routine manner, this fact is thrown into the shade by adventures into the stratosphere. All in all, the average citizen of my age possesses more information about the quantum theory than he does of the principles of flight.

It is impossible to analyze all of the factors which caused me to break away from the restraints which govern the average settled citizen of my age. Golf had begun to bore me. I could no longer keep myself in condition to play tennis. The water was too far away for sailing, and hunting or fishing seemed inadequate. Becoming airminded seems to depend upon contact with flyers and airports. My cousin is a licensed pilot, and it was probably through him that I began to watch ships arrive and leave the field. There is nothing like sitting at a busy airport and observing the routine take-off and landing of planes of all description to change one's belief that flying is a tricky and risky business. The average person who observes this long enough is likely to pass from the stage in which he would not get into one of "those things" to the wish for a little hop around the field to see what it is like, and finally to the desire to fly one himself. I am sure I went through just this stage, and it may be worth while to set down the experiences which I encountered as a relative oldster venturing forth into the new medium.

Before taking instruction a student must obtain a permit from the aviation branch of the Department of Commerce. The granting of this per-

mit depends upon passing an examination by a physician appointed by the Department. While this examination is thorough, it does not include whirling and co-ordination tests required by the army. In addition to the examination directed toward the general physical condition, there is one measure of the visual faculty which is very important. This is the determination of the individual's depth-perception.

Depth-perception is the faculty which enables a person to judge the relative position and speed of moving objects. Many accidents occur upon the highway because a driver lacks the ability to judge the position of his car in relation to other cars moving at different speeds. The driver who attempts to pass the car ahead of him and who fails to estimate its speed and that of an approaching car so that he has sufficient time to pass, is probably deficient in this faculty. Such a deficiency is fatal in the air, because in landing a plane the pilot must judge the forward speed, the rate at which the plane is approaching the ground, and must appreciate the exact time at which the plane will be in a position to stop flying and ready to run along the ground.

The test for depth-perception is by means of two upright pegs of wood. These are in an illuminated box and connected with two strings. If an applicant can stand approximately twenty feet away and adjust these wooden uprights which slide back and forth in a groove until they are exactly opposite each other this part of his visual ability is normal.

Having passed my examination, I made arrangements for instruction and appeared at the airport early one July morning. My instructor was lounging negligently in front of the hangar while a mechanic warmed up the engine. As I got into the cockpit it seemed to me that there was a certain lack of formality about this first flight. I did not expect a brass band exactly or a few last words, but certainly I was the only person who seemed to think this flight of any importance.

I took my seat in the cockpit and they adjusted a safety belt. In an open ship the purpose of this belt is of course partly to prevent the pilot from falling out should the plane get on its back. Its chief use, however, is to prevent a sudden bump or an abnormal position on the ground from throwing him against the instruments or putting him in such a position that he cannot use the controls properly. I was faced by an array of dials, each one of which conveys important information about the condition of the engine or of the nature of one's flight. Even the simplest instrument board tells the temperature of the motor, the rate at which it is turning over, the speed through the air, and the altitude above sea-level. In order to know the altitude above the ground over which the flight is made a correction is made for the altitude of this section above sea-level.

I received brief instruction in regard to the use of the controls and was warned not to touch them until I received the signal. The motor roared, we dashed down the runway, the earth fell away beneath us, and I was ready to learn. Theoretically, a description of flight training would seem to begin with the take-off from the ground, but actually one begins instruction first of all in the air well away from the ground, and sufficiently high to enable the instructor to right any wrong the student may do. We climbed to two thousand feet and through my earphones came the command to take the ship and see if I could keep it level. From that point on it never seemed to be my instructor who gave me instructions because I saw only the back of his head; and so far as expression and

gestures were concerned, he might as well have been a part of the ship. The earphones, however, became my oracle and, in the course of time, practically my inner conscience. A slight mistake and the earphones were sure to whisper to me "you slipped on that one" or "you're climbing your turns" or "don't give it so much rudder."

Everyone who has read about flying knows that the stick or wheel when moved or turned from side to side lowers the wing on the side toward which it is moved. Pushing the stick forward lowers the nose and pulling it back raises it. But no one has any idea, however, until he tries it how gentle and almost imperceptible these movements must be. When I was told to see if I could keep it level I thought something was required of me, not knowing, as I learned later, that a good airplane remains remarkably level in flight. I, therefore, made what I thought was a gentle movement of the stick to one side. The result was astonishing! The wing dropped in an alarming way and I found myself looking at the earth directly out the side of the cockpit and felt a rush of air over that side—which I later learned to interpret as a "slip"—which meant that the ship was now dropping down on one wing because I had not set the rudder for a turn. I immediately raised the wing by pushing the stick to the other side but overdid this, with the result that the opposite wing dropped. After several attempts, during which I wabbled as a bicyclist does learning to ride, I finally returned the ship to even keel and was thereafter much more cautious in my movements.

In the meantime my preoccupation with wings up and wings down distracted my attention entirely from the position of the nose on the horizon. It was now pointed down and the engine was roaring loudly. When I pulled back on the stick the nose rose too high and we began to lose speed. I discovered quickly that as an elementary principle of flight one must watch the airplane from side to side and end to end and that any gross movement of the stick disturbed the equilibrium promptly and alarmingly. The situation is exactly as if one were perched on a pole with a seat free to move in all directions. The controls of an airplane are so arranged that one makes the same instinctive movements to maintain equilibrium that would be required on such a perch. The period of over-control and floundering passes rapidly, however, and by the end of thirty minutes I was able to keep the craft relatively level laterally and longitudinally. My first lesson ended at this point. As we glided into the airport I was astonished to find that we had been gone only this short period of time. My concentration had been so intense that I felt we must have been up two or three hours.

II

As soon as I was able to fly in a relatively level and stable position I began on a much more difficult problem—learning to make turns. An airplane moves through the air and keeps its elevation by virtue of speed. The direction cannot be changed by simple use of the rudder, as in a boat in the water. Using the rudder alone in the air changes the position of the ship, but the direction of motion remains the same, which is equivalent to an automobile skidding on wet pavement with the side toward the direction of movement instead of the front. It is equally serious to skid in the air because flying speed is lost and the plane may stall and go into a spin.

In order to turn in the air it is necessary to drop the wing on the side toward the turn. This is called a "bank." At the same time the rudder

is pushed gently, and if properly done, the craft makes a graceful turn as a car does on a properly banked highway. Just as on the ground, the degree of bank determines the shortness of the turn, and one may have the plane practically in a vertical position and make a relatively short turn. The difficulty, however, for the student is to learn exactly how much bank to apply with the stick and how much rudder to give in a turn. Too much bank with too little rudder makes him slip toward the ground on the side which is down. Too much rudder with too little bank makes him skid toward the outside of the turn and lose speed. Either one of these improper maneuvers soon causes him discomfort, and by virtue of this discomfort he learns in the course of time to co-ordinate his feet on the rudder with his hand on the stick. At the same time the turn is being made it is necessary to be sure that the ship is neither descending nor ascending, and this involves another third-dimensional control.

I practiced first gentle turns and then more steep ones until I was thoroughly tired of it. A student learns in the beginning to keep the ship level, and for some time this is his chief concern. In fact, my cure for all troubles for several hours in the air, no matter what happened, was to get the ship back to level flight and start over from there. Therefore, after a few seconds I became tired of a turn and wished to return to level flight in order to think things over. This was more apparent when I practiced steep banks, and I rarely completed a turn of three hundred sixty degrees without wishing at some point in the circle to return to level flight. At no time before I soloed did I learn to make perfect turns. It requires hours of practice and experience to do so.

By the end of one or two hours, however, I could turn approximately well, at least without danger. After learning to do the same thing without power, that is, in a glide during which the ship must keep its lift by virtue of the speed attained by descent, I began a still more trying bit of instruction. This was learning to recognize and to control the ship when it was stalled. When an airplane stalls it is not stopped in motion nor is the motor necessarily stopped either, as one would think of it in an automobile. The term simply means that enough flying speed has been lost to alter the ability of the controls to direct flight. One may cause a ship to stall by climbing too steeply, holding the nose too high when gliding without power, or by skidding.

I had learned how the airplane feels in flying normally. It was a much more unpleasant sensation to learn how it felt when not flying at all. Yet this was an absolutely necessary part of my training. To begin with, the instructor pulled the nose up in a very steep climb. It took but an instant for my desire for level flight to get into action. We hung, it seemed to me, suspended in the air for minutes. The nose then dropped, although the stick was well back, and kept dropping until it was below the horizon. The note of the motor changed to a roar and we gradually climbed back to normal position. My earphones told me to do the same thing. With a certain degree of timidity I pulled up to a steep climb. I soon discovered that we were not keeping a straight line but were falling off on one wing. Movement of the stick to the opposite side was of no help—still we continued to fall. It occurred to me to try the rudder, and I discovered, as the instructor had hoped I should, that the rudder is the chief means of control when the ship is stalled. After a few

trials I could hold it reasonably steady, and we then tried something worse which is "stalling without power."

Under this condition the loss of flying speed is much more abrupt and the result is more severe. When stalled without power most craft maintain their position for a given time and then drop off on one side or the other or else the nose whips down suddenly into a steep dive. The cardinal principle in piloting an airplane is to maintain flying speed or to regain it if it be lost. In the case of stalling without power, the only way to regain flying speed is to put the ship into a dive. This requires that the stick be pushed forward—a movement of the controls that is contrary to one's instinct. The student would prefer to keep the stick back in order to hold the nose up. This merely results in increasing the stall. Undoubtedly a number of flyers have got into a spin and failed to come out because instinct was stronger than reason. I knew by this time that when a stall occurred it was necessary to apply rudder opposite to the direction of fall and bring the stick forward. As the ship dropped off toward the left I strongly wished to bring still more stick back toward me, and even tried for a moment to do so. At the same time I inadvertently pushed the wrong rudder. We tottered on the verge of a spin until I was able to tilt the wings forward into a dive. It seemed to me for a moment that we were going to fall over the nose and through the propeller but very shortly I had the reassuring feeling of the return of the controls. The nose once more rose toward the horizon. My instructor opened the throttle and we were again in that desirable state of level flight.

I have never been able to comprehend the feeling of my instructor during these maneuvers. He was a past-master of psychology as applied to flying. Although I did not know it at the time, he was able to control the rudder with his feet and the stick with his knees. He usually sat with his hands in view on the edge of the cockpit, and when I was most upset he appeared to be taking the greatest of interest in things happening on the ground.

This casual attitude was reassuring in the air but occasionally irritating on the ground. There were many times when I wished to discuss the blunders I had made or, perhaps, receive approbation for a thing well done. Very little was said in either direction, and we progressed from point to point as impassively as the demonstration of a geometrical theorem. If my instructor, however, was uncommunicative, there were others about the airport who were not. One of the brightest sides of aviation for the private flyer is in the long hours which may be spent in "hangar flying."

Everyone from the manager of the airport down to the mechanic's helper is more than willing to relate his own ideas and experiences; but what is more gratifying is the willingness to listen to and apparently to believe your own. There is a special kinship between all of those connected with flying. It constitutes a true fraternity. An absence from the airport is quickly noted and commented upon. A return is followed by some minutes of conversation bringing one up to date in regard to the various happenings. News of individuals and ships travels rapidly from airport to airport, and one is soon informed regarding the doings of friends in distant parts of the country. I know with a fair degree of intimacy the qualifications, habits, and idiosyncrasies of pilots I have never seen but whom I would recognize promptly at any time from the vivid descriptions I have heard. This world

of the airport is unsuspected until initiation in learning to fly.

III

All of my instruction up to this point had been a mere preliminary to the real, serious work. As soon as a student has learned to keep the ship level, to make turns with or without power, and to glide properly, he is put to the real unpleasant and tiresome business of taking off, circling the field, and landing. He will be obliged to do this innumerable times before he will make either satisfactory take-offs or landings. I never fail to get a thrill in the take-off. After a careful look round to see that no other planes are near and that the way is clear before, the throttle is opened wide, the engine roars, the ground goes by with increasing speed, and the plane, which was clumsy and heavy before, now becomes light and, toward the end of the run, must be held on the ground until the proper moment arrives—then suddenly one is free in the air, and the ground is dropping away rapidly. Although the take-off of an airplane is relatively simple, at this point students have trouble keeping a straight course on the runway. Many factors are at work. When the throttle is opened and the motor turns over at its full speed a torque is set up which tends to turn the ship out of the wind. This must be combated by the rudder. So long as the ship is moving slowly it requires large movements, but with each gain in speed the movements become smaller and smaller until at last it requires merely a slight pressure to alter the course. This judgment of how much control to use with the feet was very difficult for me to acquire. The rudder control of an airplane is different from most directional controls in other modes of locomotion. In an automobile, on bicycle or bobsled, movements of the hands or feet produce a turn opposite to the side moved. To go to the left, the right hand pushes the wheel in that direction or the right foot is brought forward. In an airplane the use of the right foot on the rudder turns the nose to the right. However logical this may be, it was contrary to my previous experiences. For some time, therefore, I invariably pushed the wrong foot, with the result that the plane was apt to make an alarming swoop to the right or left.

The one time that my instructor showed concern was not in the air but on the ground. We were taking off parallel with the ramp where several airplanes were standing in front of hangars. When we had gained almost flying speed my "wrong foot complex" developed and shortly we were headed toward the parked ships. It was a situation in which I knew just enough to realize that I was incapable of doing anything. A sudden attempt to turn away would have thrown us on a wing and then over on the nose. We did not have sufficient speed to fly over the obstacles and an application of brakes would have thrown us promptly on our back. My instructor came to life, pulled back the throttle, and continued to approach the ships until I was certain he would hit them. As the speed diminished he started a gentle curve, and when we were almost upon them suddenly applied full opposite rudder. We swung around abruptly, almost doing a ground loop, but he had gaged the rate of speed so accurately that we were finally headed away in the opposite direction with only a few feet to spare. I spent the next hour of instruction at the lower end of the field dashing back and forth with the tail up but bound to the ground by lack of sufficient speed to take off. This did not enhance my feelings as a bold aviator but it did

cure my trouble. Even yet, however, under any stress it is necessary for me to be very careful to push with the proper foot. I understand that there are good pilots who have never been able to use the present rudder arrangement but have had their controls crossed to take care of this confusion.

The process of learning to land is begun at this time. Without doubt this is the most difficult phase of flying. A mere ten-hour pilot may learn to spin and loop an airplane with very little instruction, but it requires hours of practice to land it smoothly and properly. In theory the landing should be simple. The power is cut off and a glide begun toward the field. As the ground is approached the nose is gradually brought up until the ship is flying parallel with the ground. It must then be kept close to it but still in flight until the flying speed is lost and the plane reaches and rolls along the earth. This can never be learned, however, by reading about it.

In order to accomplish this simple procedure the student must know exactly how high he is above the ground as he levels off and must then be able to judge how rapidly the ground is approaching and how rapidly he is losing flying speed. He must lose his flying speed at the exact moment when the plane touches the ground. If flying speed is lost too high the ship will drop and a severe bounce develop which may throw it on its back, or if the leveling off has been still higher, a stall may result and the wing or nose drop uncontrollably. On the other hand, if level flight occurs too close to the ground the ship may strike in an improper position while traveling too fast. It may be thrown back into the air high enough to stall, with the consequences mentioned. It is at this particular point that depth-perception is so important, and it is for this especial reason that the Department of Commerce will not allow one to pilot an airplane who lacks this quality.

There is little pleasure and a great deal of hard work in circling the field repeatedly for landing. Many times during this period I resolved that I did not care to learn to fly, but at about this time I would make a good landing and regain hope. My instructor was wise enough to intersperse plain flying at intervals in this grind. We would fly aimlessly for a time and then he would cut the motor. It was understood that this was a signal for me to pick out a field and approach for a landing. Besides being a game, this is an invaluable part of the training. Although motor failure is now rare, when it does occur the first problem of the pilot is to pick a suitable landing field and maneuver until a safe landing can be made. The conditions are never the same, and the wits are considerably sharpened by being obliged to find and enter a field from any position.

I was also being given instruction in how to recognize landmarks from the air. One's own neighborhood and the most familiar objects become almost unrecognizable from one or two thousand feet. The whole process of recognition and perception must be changed. The pilot must learn to distinguish between interurban tracks, railroad tracks, paved roads and dirt roads, plowed fields, rough and smooth fields from the air. An experienced flyer can tell to a remarkable degree exactly what type of land and objects are beneath him. He can also tell the direction of the wind from the appearance of trees, fields, and water. All of these things are vitally important in case he has to make a forced landing.

IV

The time was approaching when I should normally expect to solo. I

could now land three times out of five without anything but a slight bump or swerve. Before soloing one should learn to recover from a spin. As a matter of fact I did not learn this before I soloed, but I did learn how to prevent a spin and how to recover from the beginning of one. Later before taking my test for a license it was necessary to be able to spin in either direction with a satisfactory recovery. The need to control the ship in a spin, or more properly to prevent spinning, arises particularly because in an emergency, when attention is distracted by the ground, the nose may be raised too high and perhaps at the same time the rudder pushed too far in an attempt to turn. A large percentage of fatal accidents have been due to exactly this error. It is much more necessary to know how to prevent a spin than to correct it after it occurs. Even the most hardened person will get a considerable sensation from his first spin. It is totally unlike any other experience he has ever had.

A tail-spin is an end result of stalling. When control is lost and the ship drops off on one side or the other, if the stick is kept back and rudder is pushed to either side, the nose drops almost to vertical position and the ship rotates rapidly around its axis. As the spin is entered everything becomes remarkably quiet. The ship actually shudders, the nose shears down toward the ground, the pilot sees the ground whirling beneath him, and feels himself compressed into the seat. This of course is the centrifugal effect of whirling. The sudden drop is apt to take the breath and, when followed by the whirling, a state of confusion may develop. It is no wonder that many pilots have spun into the ground simply because of their inability to become oriented and to make the proper movements. I knew what was required of me in a spin and even rehearsed it on the ground but it was nearly impossible to bring myself to push the stick well forward and to push rudder opposite to the direction of the spin. My arm seemed heavy and my feet leaden as in a bad dream. My movements reminded me of a slow-motion picture. With it all, however, it was finally accomplished. The whirling and diving immediately stopped and I was back in a precipitous glide from which it was easy to regain normal flight. In the meantime I had lost three or four hundred feet of altitude. It can be seen how dangerous this would be close to the ground and how thoroughly one must learn to recognize the symptoms of its approach. After the first spin most of the disagreeable effects upon the pilot are usually lost and there is even pleasure in the maneuver.

I had looked forward to soloing as one of the great events of my life and had speculated upon the fright I should experience when I found myself in the air alone. As a matter of fact it proved to be disappointing in this respect. One day, after three or four good landings in succession, I found myself alone and ready to take off. The ship bounded into the air more promptly than usual because of less weight and I was passing over the hangars almost before I realized that this was my first flight alone. The field was very attractive to me and I was careful to stay close enough to come in at any time should my motor fail. Disposing of this worry and making sure that the way was clear, my next concern was in regard to the kind of a landing I should make. As I glided in I rehearsed all of the things I should do; but as a matter of fact a landing cannot be analyzed or rehearsed mentally any more than a good drive in golf or a perfect serve in tennis. By the time one learns to do it it has become sufficiently a matter

of reflexes that conscious actions enter into it very little. I was practically in the middle of my speculating when I found I had made one of my best landings. The first solo flight was over creditably and successfully but I was by no means through with instruction. I was now free to fly by myself and practice various things, but for some time it was necessary to have further help and instruction.

Before I could take my examination for a license it was necessary to have fifty solo hours. Many times during this period I was impressed with the difference between reality and my previous idea of flying. There is little that is birdlike in an airplane. The graceful turns seen from the ground mean merely a change of position to the pilot. The maneuver known as "wing-over" when seen from the earth shows the ship in a smooth climbing turn which at the top reverses itself in a vertical bank followed by a swooping dive in the opposite direction. The pilot who executes this is aware chiefly that he has changed the position of the ship to a climb and that he turns it and starts down in a dive. He feels very little that is swooping and smooth and would get much more sensation in a roller coaster. Except when taking off and landing, there is practically no sensation of speed. The ship seems to hang in the air while the earth slowly revolves beneath. Perhaps it is this lack of thrilling sensation that tempts some pilots after a time to do foolish things such as diving at objects on the ground, flying too close to the ground, or circling houses and buildings without sufficient altitude. Piloting a glider is probably quite different, but in a powered plane the sensation of flying disappoints the preconceived ideas.

I spent most of the fifty hours practicing for my examination. I made innumerable landings. I spiralled down from various heights toward a spot on the ground. I did vertical turns in both directions. Finally the day arrived. I was first given a written examination which covered the regulations of flight and aircraft. Following this the inspector made ready to test my flying ability. This test requires that the applicant spin and recover twice, once to the right and once to the left, and he must not only spin smoothly but must come out of the spin heading in the same direction in which he entered it. He must then spiral down from 2,000 feet and land within 200 feet of a designated point. The same procedure is repeated from 1,500 feet and 1,000 feet. This of course is to be sure that the pilot can land at a given point in case of motor failure. The remainder of the examination consists in doing "figures of 8" about two given points: both with gentle and steep turns, and finally, making two complete turns to the right and left in a vertical bank. The purpose is to demonstrate that the pilot can keep the ship under control and at the same time keep it in a definite relationship to a given point on the ground. I must say that I did not pass the tests magna cum laude, but evidently with sufficient ability to get the license which I now hold.

Now that I am a licensed pilot I feel inclined to examine the entire question of flight for the average individual. There are those who prophesy that the air will shortly be full of individual flyers who use this means of transportation in preference to all others. So far as present-day airplanes are concerned it can be seen at once that this is improbable. Learning to fly is not an impossibility for any average individual in good health. On the other hand it is expensive and requires time and thought and long hours of practice. At the present time, with approximately one hundred

hours in the air, I am by no means an accomplished flyer. Given a ship with which I am familiar, good weather, and reasonable landing fields, I can make cross-country trips with moderate safety. A change in any of these factors would immediately diminish safety to a dangerous level.

The Department of Commerce is attempting to develop an airplane which will be moderate in cost, possess the utmost in safety, and require less time and skill in learning to fly. Undoubtedly there will be marked progress in this direction. Already a satisfactory airplane may be bought for a cost of little above that of a good car. Owing to improvement in design, performance in speed and maneuverability can be obtained with a plane with an engine one-third as powerful as those of four or five years back. This results in cheaper operating cost and maintenance. The plane I now fly will make sixteen to twenty miles on one gallon of gasoline. So far as the cost is concerned the total charges parallel very closely those of my automobile. The matter of expense, therefore, has been brought within reach of many people. There are other factors which still stand in the way. Bad weather is still a menace to all pilots. Instrument-flying has reduced the danger of fog and storm materially, but it requires ability and training quite beyond most people to fly blind or to make a blind landing, even with the most advanced equipment. There is also the inherent fear of an unfamiliar medium which would deter many people from flying even if all of the objections were removed. It is difficult to get most flyers to admit that they have ever had any fear in the air. So far as I am able to observe, however, those who have never been afraid of flying are rare individuals indeed. I must admit that in my own case there have been many moments when I would gladly have been on the ground. Yet most of these fears were instinctive rather than actual. Oddly enough, one feels little apprehension at a time when it is most justified. This is in the few moments during the take-off and landing, yet most people develop their qualms when high above the ground and at a time when there is a maximum opportunity for recovery in case of any accident.

The Department of Commerce deserves commendation and approval for its earnest efforts to prevent accidents. It has laid down certain rules governing flight and qualifications of pilots. It goes farther and does not allow airplanes that are not airworthy to be flown by any of the licensed pilots. Should an inspector detect any defect during the course of his regular examination of airplanes he immediately forbids flight in the plane until the defect is corrected. Although this close supervision may be irksome, my experience with the men in the aviation branch of the Department of Commerce has given me a high opinion of the personnel. Without exception I have found them to be devoted to their duty and to possess an interest in the welfare of flyers.

Fatalities among private flyers have been steadily decreasing because of their efforts. An accident to-day occurs usually when some rule of the Department of Commerce has been broken. A pilot may take an unlicensed ship into the air or fly too close to the ground or otherwise commit some infraction of the rules which experience has shown to be necessary. When an accident occurs it receives wide publicity and the public in general once more determines not to fly. At the present time a well-trained pilot in a good ship is probably in less danger than he would be driving an automobile upon the highway. Could the same control be assumed over auto-

mobile travel that is exercised over flying, the disastrous results of this type of transportation might also be avoided.

Whatever the future of aviation may be, and however strong the resistance of those in my generation may be to flying, in learning to do so as an average individual somewhat beyond the age for new ventures, I have had a wonderful experience.

If flying did not prove to be the bird-like soaring that I had pictured it, there have been other and more inspiriting features. Solitude acquires a new meaning for the pilot who has brooded over the earth from several thousand feet in the calm air of early morning. Turbulence is met in the invisible ebullitions of the atmosphere in the middle of a hot day. The weather acquires a new significance. Where rain or fog was inconvenient before, it now becomes vital, and the decision must be made whether to continue, turn aside, or go back. My interest in detailed geography has increased tenfold and I know rivers, railroads, and towns as I never knew them before. There is the joy of the explorer in plotting a compass course for a distant city, not to mention the relief when the aimed-for airport appears in the distance. I have been at some pains to mention the measures that have taken much of the danger out of flying. It is still a matter which requires skill and judgment. Perhaps the true fascination lies in this pitting of one's faculties against the risk. There is merit in the necessity of developing will power and self-control. Finally, in a somewhat literal acceptance of the admonition "to live dangerously," I seem to have recaptured some of the essence of my youth.

IN DEFENSE OF LOBBYING

BY HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

No other trade in America to-day is subject to such widespread vilification as that of the lobbyist. The departed gangster is at least deemed worthy of a flamboyant funeral, and uproarious crowds cheer the acquittal of a confessed beer runner, but for the lobbyist nothing is audible but scorn and contumely. Ordinarily a Congressional investigation is a ready road to popularity; the man who has been quizzed by a Senatorial committee emerges a hero. But the pilloried lobbyist has no such consolation. Before his testimony is fairly out of his mouth, he is on the front pages of the newspapers, a hapless target for national reviling. Whenever any form of financial interest conceives that it has a right to present its views on pending legislation, and to try to convince Senators and Congressmen that they ought to give fair consideration to those views, then the hue and cry begins.

There is a natural reason for this. The financial interests have, or are supposed to have, lots of money, and some of them have been found none too scrupulous in its employment, particularly in connection with State and municipal affairs. There have been ugly revelations in connection with expenditures for propaganda. A well-filled "war-chest" inevitably evokes the horrid specter of bribery, and even though in recent times there have been no proved Congressional instances of such corruption, the public is prone to believe that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Above all, a single egregious blunder, such as the fraudulent York telegrams (although no lobbyist deserving of the title would be stupid enough to countenance such practices) casts its black shadow over every effort to affect by whatever means the legislative process.

The very term "lobbying" is in itself suggestive of sinister methods. It paints a grim picture of a furtive individual lurking in the byways of the Capitol, buttonholing a Senator here, a Congressman there, whispering secrets into quivering ears, a stealthy, malevolent perverter of truth. And in recent years this hideous figment of the imagination has grown to gigantic proportions. Not content with his pernicious activities beneath the dome of the Capitol, the lobbyist must needs reach out into every city and hamlet, and there stir up tornadoes of propaganda that writhe their way back to Washington in the form of myriads of letters and telegrams.

All very horrible, no doubt, but far from the whole story. Go to any committee hearing on an important bill. Who is that man in the witness chair, answering innumerable questions, generally of a technical nature, and, as he finally withdraws, receiving the cordial thanks of the committee chairman? He, strange to say, is a lobbyist. He is paid to represent a group or an industry for the express purpose of affecting the course of legislation. It is quite

possible that he will ultimately urge those whose interests he represents to communicate with their Senators and Congressmen regarding the pending bill. The members of the committee know all this, and yet it is clear that they look upon him, not as Public Enemy Number One, but as a serviceable and trustworthy ally.

The plain fact is that lobbying, properly conducted, is not only a perfectly legitimate exercise of a Constitutional right, but a direct benefit both to Congress and to the country at large. Most important bills involve the consideration of complex problems, which can be solved only on the basis of long practical experience and careful research. The lobbyist places at the disposal of Congress the collective experience of those whom he represents. That in so doing he is unbiased he would be the last to claim. Of course he is biased, but so are all the other witnesses, including, be it noted, such representatives of the government itself as may testify. The whole business of Federal law-making is, in this respect, remarkably like the functioning of the courts. An attorney is not expected to be nonpartisan, and the judge does not condemn him because he brings out the strongest points in favor of his client. Rather, the ends of justice are considered as best served when both sides are fully and ably represented, when all the evidence is clearly set forth, and when judge and jury have the benefit of whatever technical guidance the issues in the case may require.

The analysis and discussion of a proposed law, if it is to amount to anything more than superficial guesswork, normally requires weeks or months of intensive preparation. It cannot be done adequately by untrained persons, or even by experts who can devote to it only their spare time. Many a capable executive makes a lamentable witness before a Congressional committee because he neither speaks nor understands the special language of legislation; many an eloquent lawyer falls down when searching questions reveal his limited familiarity with practical details. The experienced lobbyist, on the other hand, intimately acquainted with his subject through long association with the people he represents, and fully cognizant of the special complexities of legislative procedure, including the peculiarly difficult technic of phraseology, frequently can and does render invaluable assistance in the shaping of proposed laws.

Proof of this is spread all over the pages of the published records of legislative hearings. Obviously there is nothing secretive or surreptitious about a type of lobbying that is thus publicly recorded, and yet lobbying within the ordinary definition of the term it certainly is. It is an effort to affect the course of pending legislation; it is openly conducted in the interests of some particular group, and not infrequently it costs a good deal of money. And yet the records show both its value to the public and the almost invariable cordiality with which it is welcomed by committee members.

During the past eight years I have appeared many times on behalf of one industry before committees of both Houses. I have yet to experience anything other than the utmost consideration, and I have never left the witness stand without the friendly thanks of the chairman, and frequently of other members of the committee. Even when the questioning was incisive, as it frequently was, the purpose remained perfectly clear: the committee collectively was trying to elicit whatever information might help it in drafting a satisfactory bill. I never pretended to be anything but what I

was—the legislative representative of a single industry; but whenever legislation affecting that industry was under consideration, I always found that Senators and Congressmen were eager to understand its point of view and the reasons therefor. If, in the end, I did not always succeed in convincing them, it was never for lack of ample opportunity. I am quite sure that this summary of personal experience can be duplicated by almost everyone who has practiced this form of lobbying.

II

It will, of course, be argued that this is not the type of lobbying to which anyone seriously objects, that it is a far cry to the activities which warn Senators and Congressmen of dire consequences at the polls if they do not vote in such and such a way, that shake down avalanches of telegrams and letters on their defenseless heads, and, going one step farther, in the ominous vocabulary of practical politics "put pressure" on them.

After all, however, our entire system of government is based on the principle of representation, and each legislator must consider all questions of national scope as they may affect both the general welfare and that of the locality which has empowered him to represent it. A keen and constant interest in what people think "back home" is by no means, as is so often inferred, exclusively indicative of vote-counting spinelessness. It is distinctly and properly a part of the job, inherent in the provisions of the Constitution itself. The lobbyist in Washington, from the very nature of his residence and work, is commonly without immediate State affiliations; he must study pending legislation from the national rather than from the local point of view. Is he, therefore, to assume that Senators and Congressmen will disregard their direct accountability to those whose special interests they are required to safeguard?

The people "back home," however, normally have very limited access to detailed information about legislation. It is seldom that an issue is so sharply defined that the question is simply one of voting for or against a bill in its entirety. Even those whose interests are directly involved are, as a rule, far from clear in their own minds as to the precise things that they do or do not want. And yet, with complete propriety, every Senator and Congressman is eager to know what his constituents, and particularly the better-informed among them, really think about the matters on which his vote will be recorded.

At this point the lobby inevitably broadens its scope. Consider any extended group which may be directly affected, either favorably or the reverse, by some pending item of legislation. Its lobbyist has painstakingly analyzed the bill; he knows, as well as anyone can know, what effect it is likely to have on those whom he represents. He understands what amendments will increase the benefits or mitigate the hardships. From all over the country he receives urgent calls for information and advice, in order that the members of his group—and it does not matter whether they are producers or consumers, employers or labor, lenders or borrowers—may more intelligently transmit their own views to their Senators and Congressmen.

And so the lobbyist perforce launches a service of information. If he knows his business, his reports attempt no concealment of their frankly partisan nature. They do not try to hide their origin by masquerading as impartial news. They are careful never knowingly to misstate facts, and clearly distinguish between established facts

and the inferences drawn therefrom. Above all, the wise lobbyist sees to it that his reports never contain a single line that cannot invite the widest publicity, and that is not actually, in substance at least, a matter of record. Provided such legislative service is honest within the requirements just set forth, it may be intensely partisan.

"Propaganda!" shout the hot-heads. Of course it is propaganda, and why not? How long since it has become a crime to disseminate legislative information? Is the political education of the American people to be left entirely to public agencies with an itch for self-perpetuation? The lobbyist's report is no whit more selfishly motivated than many a departmental press release or franked Congressional speech. Admit that it is not the whole truth; its openly proclaimed source is a virtual guarantee of that. Nobody is capable of telling the whole truth about any important legislative matter; otherwise there would be no debates in Congress. The legislative news service sent out by lobbyists, provided always it makes no concealment of its origin, is a definite and wholly legitimate contribution to public education, and to brand it as in any way improper is rank injustice.

Such information is sent out for the manifest and admitted purpose of influencing public opinion "back home." What are the recipients to do with it? File it, read or unread, in the wastebasket? By all means, if it does not coincide with their views. But if it provides satisfactory answers to the questions they have been asking themselves, and if they feel that they are in any way personally concerned in the matter, then it is not only their right, but actually their duty, to see that their chosen representatives are made acquainted with their opinions.

Occasionally some Congressional sleuth makes the amazing discovery that since many of the communications he receives are similar or identical in wording, they must have had a common origin. Certainly they had. How many good citizens and conscientious voters know enough about the details of any significant piece of pending legislation to frame a really helpful letter or telegram regarding it? Even the relatively well-informed and actively interested are commonly inarticulate when it comes to giving specific recommendations for action. And yet, as the numerous insertions in the Congressional Record demonstrate, Senators and Congressmen are keenly interested in such communications from their constituents as evince genuine understanding and provide logical reasons for the opinions set forth. It is, therefore, quite understandable that the lobbyist is constantly being asked to suggest the most effective wording for such letters and telegrams.

This, of course, leads into the dark side of the picture—the obvious opportunity for fraud. The evidence in the matter of the York telegrams is conclusive, and there have been other instances in which there has undoubtedly been a greater or less degree of falsification. Any mass appeal for signatures, even if it is conducted with the utmost scrupulousness—which it generally is not—always involves some element of deception, as anyone who has ever dealt with widely circulated petitions well knows. The things that otherwise sane men and women will sign, and the uses to which they will lend their names, mostly from an easy-going inability to say "No," are unbelievable. And when the request is coupled with an offer to pay for the telegram—a wholly vicious and indefensible practice—the result is an appalling distortion of the truth. Moreover, it is impossible to undertake any task of this kind without entrusting the actual work to canvassers whose ethics

may be on a level even below that of their intellects.

The answer—as the York telegrams proved—is that such tactics almost always defeat themselves, and that no lobbyist of experience, let alone integrity, sanctions them. Fraud in such matters is peculiarly easy to detect, and irretrievably damning when exposed. Most Congressmen, and their secretaries, know their home districts pretty well, and in any batch of unauthorized messages there are bound to be a few that instantly disclose their fraudulent character. A message from even a defunct Legionnaire has caused embarrassment. The lobbyist who indignantly and truthfully denies ever having had anything to do with such methods proclaims not only his honesty but still more his common sense.

Furthermore, there are relatively few legislative proposals regarding which mass communications are effective. In practice the thing generally works just the other way round. When a Senator or Congressman finds his desk littered with telegrams from people who, in the nature of the case, cannot possibly have a considered opinion, he is instantly and naturally suspicious, and his tendency is to swing sharply in the opposite direction. No one who has noted the customary fate of petitions to Congress, fortified as some of them are with thousands and hundreds of thousands of signatures (on one occasion I was confronted by documents aggregating well over two million names, most of which I believe to have been authentically signed) retains much faith in the general efficacy of mass communications, except, indeed, in those rare cases wherein the issue immediately and obviously affects vast numbers of people, and where advice can be simplified down to a flat "Yes" or "No." It is safe to say that ninety per cent, and more, of this kind of activity is engineered, not by the much-abused Washington lobbyists, but by people on the outside whose zeal atrophies their brains, and also occasionally their ethical senses. This is not because the lobbyist is purer than his fellows, but because he knows Washington and they don't.

Any form of legislative propaganda, however, undeniably opens the way for the sort of thing that has brought lobbying into such evil repute. Money can be and has been viciously used, and direct financial pressure of all sorts exerted, to color the views and actions of those who have influence either at home or with their Congressional friends. It may be impossible to buy a Senator or a Congressman, but it is sometimes quite feasible to purchase those to whom Senators and Congressmen must listen—the local political bosses who control the machinery of nomination and election. The most honest legislator who values his job—and the majority of them do—has his vulnerable spot, and if he owes his office to the support of crooks, money will talk to them, and they to him. Many of the most outrageous political scandals have been of this type, with the elected representatives of the people, and still more, the appointed incumbents of high offices, mere pawns in the unscrupulous hands of local politicians who cynically offered themselves for sale to the highest bidder.

When, recently, Mr. H. C. Hopson testified that Associated Gas & Electric had attempted to influence editorial opinion by placing or withholding advertising, he gave an excellent illustration of anti-social methods of propaganda. It may be hard sometimes for a corporation to see why it should go on spending its money to support a publication which attacks it; but any use of financial pressure for the purpose of controlling editorial expression is clearly an outrage against public decency. This sort of thing, be it ob-

served, is not lobbying or the work of lobbyists. It is something much more far-reaching and infinitely more pernicious than lobbying at its very worst —the secret use of money to buy public opinion. It is closely akin to the methods formerly charged against certain of the power interests, whereby the very children in the grade schools were supposed to learn from their teachers the iniquities of government ownership.

The seamy side of all attempts to influence legislation is, in truth, the ugly background of our entire politico-economic system, of conventions, nominations, and elections, of the whole complex relationship between wealth and public service. With most of this the legislative lobbyist has little or nothing to do. In the scandals of the Ohio ring in its palmy days, for instance, lobbying was a relatively unprofitable side-issue; there was far more to be made out of the administrative branches of government. Any State or community which permits its elections to be dominated by bosses or gangs will inevitably face corruption, and that corruption will show itself in attempts to influence legislation as in everything else in which there is a possible shake-down. But it is utterly unjust to blame lobbying for such a condition.

To what extent, and through what channels, it may be legitimate to spend money—in the long run the people's money—for the purpose of affecting public opinion is wholly problematic. It costs money, for instance, to be elected to Congress. The laws provide, not that a candidate shall spend only a specified sum, but that he shall fully and truly account for whatever he does spend—and also tell where he got it. A like rule would help to eliminate many of the evils in the employment of money for purposes of propaganda, and, incidentally, would relieve the lobbyist of much of the opprobrium now thrust upon him because of acts for which he is seldom responsible.

III

In all this matter of seeking to influence public opinion, whether legitimately or otherwise, there is nothing of the traditional activity to which lobbying owes it repulsive name. The man who appears at public hearings, generally by express invitation, as the representative of some particular group, who assists, again commonly by invitation, in the drafting of legislation or of amendments thereto, and who sends out legislative information for the guidance of his clients or for distribution to the public, has so far done nothing which would require him ever to ask whether the Capitol has any architectural features denotable as lobbies. But the lobbyist is likewise accused of conversing privately with individual Senators and Congressmen. Well, why shouldn't he? Usually he calls on them, like any other visitor, in their offices, but there are times when he does have to earn his title by seeking them in the fusty purlieus of the Senate and House chambers. It is no indictable crime —though it may well prove an error of judgment—to talk with a Congressman even amid the blended aromas of the House restaurant, or to confer with a Senator on that scenic railway that careens underground between the north wing of the Capitol and the Senate Office building.

This—this holding converse with legislators individually—is lobbying in all its pristine nakedness. It is excoriated as if it were a consorting of habitual criminals. And yet its hideous immorality is singularly hard to discover. Practically everyone who goes to see a Senator or Congressman "wants something"—a job, an introduc-

tion, a departmental favor, a card to the galleries. Why should it be perfectly proper to talk to him about anything else, but indecent to confer with him about his most important duties?

The lobbyist, indeed, is often at a peculiar disadvantage in this respect; he has a far harder time in capturing ten minutes with any legislator who doesn't want to see him than the camel had in squeezing through the Needle's Eye. He lacks the "Open, Sesame" of the voter from the home district, and if he is, or is guessed by the secretary to be, in the least unwelcome, he will cultivate the patience of Job in the outer office while the magic doors fly open to those who, on election day, may remember. And if he seeks his prey in the Capitol itself, though from the gallery his own eyes may have told him that the gentleman is safely in his seat reading the comic page of the morning paper, the attendant who condescends to bear his card into the sacred precincts of the Senate or House chamber returns with the curt advice, "Isn't there."

Most lobbyists waste very little time in seeking to make possibly undesired calls, nor is there ordinarily much occasion for it. After all, legislation is made largely in committee, not on the floor. The members of the two committees, one in each House, to which any particular bill is referred, and frequently just the members of special sub-committees of these committees, are the persons whose opinions will be guiding, and probably determining. Even in debate on the floor, the lead in almost every instance is taken by not more than half a dozen members, most of whom have already had the advantage of studying the proposal in committee. These are the people whom the lobbyist makes a point of seeing personally, and he frequently does so by express invitation.

As typical of many such conferences, I recall a hearing several years ago at which I had to testify, largely on technical matters, at a length which completely exhausted both the committee and me. Just when I thought I was through answering questions, and the chairman was about to dismiss me with evident relief, one member, who had hitherto remained absolutely silent, piped up. "I've been listening to this witness," he said, "for hours, and I've been listening to other witnesses for days, and they've all used lots of words I don't understand, and what's more I don't believe the rest of the members of this committee understand them any better than I do. Now I wish this witness would just start in now and explain what some of these words mean."

There was a bewildered pause. The request was reasonable enough, and yet to grant it meant compelling the whole committee to sit and listen to me for at least another hour. The chairman gazed at me forlornly. The other members squirmed uncomfortably in their seats. And then I caught in the chairman's eye—though he would deny this—the faintest suggestion of a wink.

"I should be delighted to do the best I can," I said, "but the committee has already been so patient and considerate that I hate to trespass further on its time"—at this point the tension began palpably to relax—"and so if the Congressman will be good enough to give me a few minutes in his office, I will try to answer any questions he may care to ask me."

Whereupon I departed with the benediction of the chair, and that afternoon I strove to answer the Congressman's questions for a solid hour. I had reckoned him as certainly among the opponents of the amendments I was advocating—so much so that in our talk I made no effort to discuss them—

but when the committee reported, there, to my astonishment and delight, was my Congressman with the majority—a small one and not on party lines—recommending the adoption of the amendments in question.

The trouble with the personal conference, as distinct from most of the other phenomena of lobbying, is that since it is not a matter of record, it gives occasion for all sorts of sinister inferences. I remember once, in the Senate waiting-room, overhearing a conversation between two women, one evidently a Washingtonian, and the other a friend from afar who was being shown the sights.

"That's Senator So-and-so," said the Washington lady in the stage whisper with which one refers to marvels at the Zoo, "and that"—indicating the man with whom the Senator was in earnest conversation—"is Mr. Blank—you know—the lobbyist for the What's-its-name."

"O-o-oh," responded the visitor in awed tones. "Is he bribing him now?"

This state of mind is lamentably common. The lobbyist is supposed to go about bearing a brief-case stuffed with currency, or at the very least to do his nefarious work by the alternate application of financial threats and promises. Now, it would be absurd to claim that such things never have happened—there have been black sheep in Congress, as everywhere—but by and large there is amazingly little evidence of it. It must be remembered that every legislator who faces re-election, as most of them periodically do, lives in the most transparent of glass houses, with opponents goggle-eyed for any chance to "get the goods on him." Even for a legislator with an itching palm the risk is too great.

Of course, Senators and Congressmen are always being told that certain actions will win—or lose—untold numbers of votes, but it is hard to see what is inherently wrong in that. After all, we live in a democracy, and the only way in which a legislator can free himself from the tyranny of the ballot is by death or not choosing to run. "Pressure" of this sort is inevitable, but most of it comes, not from the lobbyist, but from the politically-minded friend from home. As for direct bribery, most of the talk about it is utter nonsense. I am told that somebody once prepared what purported to be a current market price list of Senators and Congressmen—a document which, if it ever really existed, which I doubt, would have made good reading. Washington is a hotbed of wild rumors on every subject, and anyone who has lived there awhile learns to discount them heavily. One would think, from the absurdities that periodically gain currency, that a Congressman could not so much as dine with an old friend without thereby selling his immortal soul. Nobody with a grain of intelligence imagines that one can buy a legislative vote with a dinner. If there is ever more direct bribery than this, the secret is unbelievably well kept, and that in an environment where secrecy is almost impossible.

Back in the Hoover era, on one of Washington's hottest summer days, I encountered a certain distinguished Senator in a corridor of the Senate Office Building, and we went to lunch together. It was too hot for appetite, and our combined meal—for which, after some altercation, I paid the total sum of twenty-five cents—consisted of one order of shredded wheat and two glasses of milk. In the course of this Spartan fare, I mentioned a bill which was scheduled to come up that afternoon, and told the Senator what I thought of it, and why. Afterward, as we were walking across to the Capitol, he suddenly stopped. "What," he said solemnly, "do you suppose the

Great Engineer would think if he knew there was a United States Senator who could be bought with a shredded wheat biscuit?"

It is quite true that many of the lobbyists are on friendly terms with a considerable number of Senators and Congressmen, and that this personal relationship is sometimes assisted by a certain amount of entertaining. But, here again, why not? In every other sphere a reasonable amount of luncheon- or dinner-giving is regarded as entirely fitting, and an attorney may offer a cocktail to a judge without being in contempt of court. Accepting such an invitation occasionally does not put a legislator under the slightest obligation to vote as his host wants him to. Such entertaining as is done—and for obvious reasons it is seldom lavish or costly—is partly for the purpose of establishing friendlier personal contacts, but far more because the lunch or dinner hour is often the only time when Senators or Congressmen can get away from their tasks. Even legislators have to eat, and many a conference takes place over the luncheon table. It was at just such a luncheon—given and paid for, incidentally, by a Senator who wanted me to discuss a certain legislative matter with some of his colleagues—that I last met the late Will Rogers, whom our host had run into on his way to the dining room. Mr. Rogers knew and cared nothing about the subject of the conference, but his wit gave me the best-humored audience I ever hope to have.

Not long ago I was guilty of what now appears to be a heinous crime—I gave a cigar to a Senator, and the worst of it is that I did it in public. A hearing was just getting under way, and I happened to be the first witness. As I sat down, I noticed that the Senator sitting opposite me—a warm personal friend, but notoriously likely to disagree with everything I was there to say—was fumbling in his pockets, and then making unmistakable but unavailing pantomime in the direction of one of his colleagues. Brazenly I took a cigar from my pocket; shamelessly, in the sight of all, I handed it across the table. The official record immortalizes the sin with the one significant word "Laughter."

IV

Admittedly, however, the personal friendliness which exists in some cases between lobbyists and members of Congress, and which it is manifestly part of the lobbyist's business to maintain, opens the way to certain grave abuses. There are, unfortunately, plenty of people in Washington who seek to trade unscrupulously on alleged present or past "influential connections." Former Senators and Congressmen, lawyers or specialists who have been associated with administrative departments of the government, publicity agents, people of all kinds who claim to be somehow "on the inside," can be found among the ranks of those who undertake to render mysterious services for their prospective clients.

The trouble, of course, lies in the abuse rather than in the use of such contacts. It is exceedingly important, and indeed essential, for anyone who has dealings with any branch of the government to be fully posted as to procedure, to know whom to see and how to see him. The person who comes on business to Washington without a competent guide and adviser is likely to waste hours and days which could easily have been saved by a little timely counsel and a few entirely proper introductions. The moment, however, any person claims to have "influence" for sale then it is time for everyone concerned to look out.

This is the most flourishing of all the Washington rackets, and, like all rackets everywhere, it fattens chiefly on the gullible. Nobody knows how much money is annually wasted in fees for this sort of "service," any more than we know how much is lost in any other form of confidence game. Here, indeed, are the frayed and tattered fringes of lobbying; here are the people who have done most to bring lobbying into disrepute.

Experience of governmental methods, a wide acquaintance among Washington's official population, long and special training in the analysis and interpretation of bills, laws, and regulations, and an established reputation, all these are parts of the wholly legitimate stock-in-trade of the attorney or other representative who does work in Washington on behalf of clients elsewhere. It is likewise legitimate that these qualifications should, in some instances, command exceedingly high prices. The experienced lobbyist, whether or not he is a practicing lawyer, is a specialist, and not infrequently is paid as such. Even if he happens to have gained some of his experience in the service of the government itself, it is certainly no crime subsequently to use that experience openly for the benefit of his clients. But as for the self-advertised venders of "influence," they continue to exist only because there is apparently no end to the supply of credulous and stupid people who believe in miracles.

Many of the ablest lobbyists in Washington to-day are Republicans, whose present political influence, as former Secretary of War Hurley recently stated, is "not worth anybody's nickel." Lobbying, indeed, has always been a special prerogative of the party out of power, by reason of its much larger number of politically prominent persons who no longer have government posts. Nobody with a grain of sense supposes that a Republican ex-official collects large fees on the strength of his influence with the New Deal. Among the Democrats who are now active as lobbyists, only the least reputable—and least successful—claim to be able to exercise any "personal influence." The large majority, like their Republican colleagues, make it perfectly clear that what they have to sell is experience in a field in which long and intimate observation is peculiarly necessary.

V

Enough has been said to indicate that the large fees sometimes paid to Washington attorneys and others for guidance and assistance in legislative matters—in simple language, for lobbying—do not necessarily imply the slightest impropriety. A man who, in an important civil suit, pays his attorney fifty or a hundred thousand dollars is not therefore assumed to be seeking to corrupt the judge or bribe the jury. Whether the attorney's services are actually worth that much is for the client, and for him alone, to decide. In exactly the same way, there are Washington representatives who, without having or claiming a particle of "influence," and without a single word or act that will flinch beneath the spotlight of publicity, are sufficiently experienced and capable so that they are fully entitled to charge high prices for their services.

Nobody would contend that all the money used for the purpose of affecting the course of legislation is wisely or honestly spent. Some part of it is at times diverted into wrong channels, above all when it gets into the hands of irresponsible underlings far removed from Washington itself. Expenses for general propaganda, whether legitimate or not, are always open to challenge. But the mere size of some of

the amounts revealed whenever there is a lobby inquiry is not of itself enough to justify such an outcry. Any adequate legislative campaign costs money, even assuming, as is generally the case, that every cent of it is spent properly. A single item, such as the preparation and printing of a brief, may easily run into many thousands of dollars, and every lobby swells the receipts of the Post Office Department. The public ultimately pays the bill, of course, just as it pays the cost of the very active and efficient lobbies maintained by the various administrative departments of the government. In both cases the essential thing is full and accurate publicity as to how the money is spent; the fact that the amount involved may be large is no indication of improper use.

But what of the poor man in all this? The corporation may be able, with its customers' money, to hire expensive lobbying counsel, but how about the consumer, the man in the street, the housewife? The answer to that is that the strongest and most effective lobbies in Washington to-day are essentially "poor men's" lobbies. The American Legion campaign for the bonus bill, compared to which the efforts of the utility holding companies have been as the crackling of thorns under a pot, was certainly no plutocrats' party. To this day people recall the efficiency of the lobby which presided over the passage of the Adamson Bill. The lobby maintained by the American Federation of Labor, which is always on the job, has no support from millionaires. As for the farmers' lobby, it has been getting bills for the relief of agriculture passed in almost every session of Congress since the World War; if the farmers have not reaped the benefits thereof, it has certainly been from no lack of lobbying pertinacity. Anyone who thinks that lobbying unduly favors the rich has only to survey the laws enacted by Congress during the past five years—the period, we are told, of the lobbies' most insidious efforts.

Furthermore, the lobbies representing "the masses" have a tremendous head start. To begin with, they have the votes. When a labor representative tells a Congressman that his support of a certain bill will infallibly cost him the labor vote in his district, that Congressman pricks up his ears. When a consumers' organization advises a Senator that every woman in his state wants a certain thing done, that Senator is going to think twice before refusing to do it. There is, too, an enormous psychological advantage in championing what appears to be the cause of the people, even though the people may be in the end the chief sufferers. And nobody need imagine that the lobbies representing the consumers, labor, and the smaller producers are inefficiently staffed. True, they seldom go out and hire expensive counsel, but they more than make up for it by keeping their people on the job permanently. The intimate knowledge that some of them have of their business makes the highest-priced attorneys look like novices.

There are abuses in lobbying, of course. There are lobbying crooks who swindle their clients with fabulous tales of the wonders they can accomplish through mysterious channels. There are blunderers with distorted moral senses who fake telegrams and advocate whispering campaigns. There are subterranean workers who intimate that every legislator has his price. Above all, there are the people whose business is to squeeze money out of every phase of politics—the bosses who control elections and therewith the men they elect. Just so in every field; there are shyster lawyers, quack doctors, absconding bankers, labor racketeers, venal office-holders.

But because these elements exist, in lobbying as elsewhere, it is grossly unjust to single out for public denunciation an occupation which not only exists by legal right but which—when properly conducted, as it commonly is—is a benefit and a necessity to the American people. It is largely through the instrumentality of lobbyists that legislation is adequately studied before enactment, and it is chiefly by way of the lobbyist that detailed information regarding such legislation reaches those who are most deeply concerned with it.

There can be no serious objection to having lobbyists registered as such, with full publicity as to their relations with their clients and with the public in all matters affecting legislation—provided there is a clear realization that the badge of the lobbyist is not a Scarlet Letter of crime. When a President of the United States referred publicly to the "lobbyists who, like a swarm of locusts, infest the halls of Congress," there was more than an intimation that the people had no longer the right of petition guaranteed by the Constitution, and that our laws ought to be enacted in Star Chamber secrecy. Until that right is denied as contrary to the mechanism of dictatorship, the lobbyist has a legitimate, necessary, and honorable place in any system of government by the people.

THE DYING THEATER

BY SAMUEL BARRON

IT MAY sound presumptuous to declare that the theater is dying. Especially premature does an obituary appear at a time like this when the theater seems to be in the midst of a revivifying ferment—with groups like the Theater Union and the Group Theater rousing the old-line producers out of their comfortable sleep, and with a young playwright of the caliber of Clifford Odets rising to lift the hopes that drooped with the unexpected weakening of Eugene O'Neill. It is to the undying glory of the theater that the old lady can still awaken the unstinting loyalty and enthusiasm of her votaries. But though I admire this loyalty and enthusiasm, I regret that they are not bestowed on a more profitable cause.

I suppose a definition of terms is in order. Theater and drama are too often used synonymously, and we must clearly differentiate the two. For the purposes of this discussion then we must return to drama its basic and inclusive meaning, as a composition in prose or verse designed to be performed, intended to portray life or character. And let us define the theater as the form in which drama has been shaped by the conditions of its performance. Under this definition the term theater includes the play, the actor, the physical building and equipment, and even the audience. Now it is not my contention that drama is dying. I do maintain, however, that the drama in the form in which we know it best now—the theater—is dying, because within that form no further growth is possible. Drama is making greater demands on the theater than the theater is able to satisfy.

The theater is the meeting ground of all the arts, and though it may contain all the advantages of these various arts, it contains also the full load of limitations, which in a great measure outweigh the former. It has the disadvantage of the word, by which a mental picture must be invoked. That picture cannot be specific, for the connotations that surround the simplest living word are many. But whereas in the purely literary form the word may be closely defined, in the theater the word is fleeting, and attempts at definition become so many hurdles that eventually trip up the essentially rapid movement of the drama. And yet the main purpose of the word in the theater must be clarity, Gertrude Stein notwithstanding. Besides, the word must carry a double relationship—to the character as an individual, and to the character as representative of the theme as a whole; for the dramatist has not the novelist's advantage of editorial comment between dialogue. The theater suffers from the space limitation of painting. But whereas the painter, by the very presence of canvas, oils, and brush strokes in close proximity to the audience, disarms us with unreality (though reality may be his subject), the dramatist

must, within the limits of space, create the illusion of reality demanded of him by the three-dimensional form of the theater. I omit, of course, the expressionistic drama, which always struck me as an unsatisfactory bastard creation wherein the expressionistic setting and dialogue clashed incongruously with the decidedly realistic performer, to the total destruction of the unity so necessary to the drama. With music, the theater shares the disadvantage of requiring an interpretive middleman. But the theater's burden is the greater. With the exception of singing (the most limited form of musical interpretation), the ingenuity of man can create the mechanical instrument to satisfy the most exacting demands of the composer. But man being what he is, the dramatist must regulate his demands wholly to the limitations of the actor. Gordon Craig, in his cry for super-marionettes, recognized the serious ailment. But his cure, unfortunately, was the unscientific cure of the faith healer.

Besides these limitations, the theater has still another, the limitation of time, with its curse of retrospection. At best this is an obvious and clumsy trick. At worst it is intolerable. For the sake of clarity, characters are compelled to remember arbitrarily things they would ordinarily forget; every idiot becomes an equal of Freud or Einstein or Lenin; dialogue is created that is dead, uncalled for, and obstructive. To understand this dreadful disadvantage one must try to trim a drama down to its essence, which was precisely what Wagner tried to do when he dreamed of fusing words and music into one whole. He was faced when he wrote the libretto for "Die Götterdämmerung" with huge passages of explanatory and retrospective material which were so undramatic that they could not be set to music. This cannot be attributed to the limitations of music. Note the gamut, in purely musical terms, of Richard Strauss, that reaches from the vulgarity of "Till Eulenspiegel" to the sublimity of "Death and Transfiguration"; from the sensuality of "Don Juan" to the philosophical outpourings of "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; that fuses generous portions of each in "Don Quixote." Wagner himself went even farther, and, as Thomas Mann points out in his essay, "The Sufferings and Greatness of Richard Wagner,"* managed, by the judicious manipulation of his motifs, to express musically psychoanalytical delvings. It was in the theatrical end of the marriage with music that Wagner faced his worst difficulties. The limitations of the theater compelled him to write "Siegfried" in order to make clear to the audience the doings in the previous opera. But Wagner discovered that he had still plenty of explaining to do that held up the drama if done retrospectively. "Die Walküre" was his next move, and he ended by writing "Das Rheingold" to explain the whole business in a straight line. But only a casual glance through the libretti will convince anyone that, in spite of the growth of a single drama into a prelude and trilogy, there are still unavoidable wooden passages that simply had to be left in to make the whole intelligible. The limitation of time won the final victory.

The mass of theatrically undigestible material has increased enormously. Perhaps man has not changed in essentials from primitive times. Man's knowledge, however, has accumulated, and instead of making life more simple, has made it more complex, and the interpretation of life more involved. But the limitations of the theater, despite its mechanical adjustments, have not expanded. They

* Past Masters and Other Papers by Thomas Mann, translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter.

have indeed relatively contracted. There was a time when the dramatist was concerned wholly with the objective reactions of a character to a given situation. This did not limit a drama's universality or its eternity. If a playwright had an instinctive insight and good eyes and ears, he gave us recognizable human behavior without explaining the subjective reasons for that behavior, and we got a Shakespeare. There is nothing incredible in that. Ignorance of how it works does not preclude the recognition of a watch or its component parts. We can do even more. We can tell time. "The Merchant of Venice" is built on objective behavior, and yet each succeeding century could find, because of the accurate picture Shakespeare gives us of this behavior, its own values in the play.

It is this that made it possible for Shylock to be played originally as a burlesque character, with false nose, red wig, etc., simply because at the time the Jew was considered a comic figure. To later generations, with their notions of democracy, Shylock became a great tragic figure. True, this made the subtitle, "a comedy," rather incongruous; it made the last act, with its happy ending for Portia, Antonio, Bassanio, and the rest, anticlimactic. But the character stood up under the new interpretation, except perhaps for the courtroom scene, where Shylock's apostasy might be questioned. And now I can see the same play, without the change of a word, restaged in the Soviet Union as a criticism of the treatment meted out to national minorities by the ruling class. Under this interpretation the subtitle, "a comedy," becomes ironic. The courtroom scene need no longer be false, but can be made to depict the Marxian criticism of the motives behind the assumption of the "white man's burden," that destroys rather than encourages native culture. The last scene, instead of being anticlimactic, becomes a striking picture of ruling-class callousness. And the whole can be made to show the effects of economic pressure which distorts perspective to the point that Shylock cannot grasp the relative importance of his ducats or his daughter, and that Bassanio, one of the heroes, emerges rather the cad who thinks first of Portia's wealth, and later of her other attributes.

Now for drama of the objective type the theater was eminently suited. But after Shakespeare, playwrights were faced with the necessity of following in the wake of a giant. There were two courses open for them. They could either continue displaying the objective reactions of man, or begin to dig deep into the subjective reasons for his behavior. For the second course, man was not yet ready. He could not, in an age of witchery and religious fanaticism, learn to interpret the hidden springs from which flow human action. But the first course meant nothing but repeating what all playwrights from the beginning of the drama had said, and Shakespeare had said incomparably. Plagued with only old things to say, the theater in this extremity exerted itself to find new or better ways of saying it. And the adjustments and development it underwent were all in this direction. There was a vast change in technical equipment, in theater construction, in play writing, and in methods of performance. But the drama it projected was essentially the same.

When man's knowledge had increased to the extent that it could delve into the causes for man's behavior, or that it would permit such delving, playwrights breathed freely once more. At last they had something new to say. And, moreover, this new subject apparently had no limitations. Lives there the artistic psychologist that

could not find a new cause or new combination of causes for the simplest human act? Playwrights worshipped at the shrine of Freud and the other deliverers. Joy was unbounded, until they tried to project their new discoveries in the theater. And then suddenly they found that in spite of all the marvelous new equipment the theater, that could deal in dramatic form with the who, the how, and the where of human behavior, could not present the why. In desperation they experimented with new forms, expressionism and cubism, for instance, only to find them inadequate. The addition of new things to say contracted even more incredibly the narrow limitations of the theater. And playwrights were strangled by these limitations. They could talk about the subjective causes, they could discuss them, but they could not project them in purely theatrical terms. The rise and fall of the Theater Guild sums it up completely; for we must admit that at one time or another this organization tried every method to solve the problem.

II

I think the example of one playwright will clarify the problem. Eugene O'Neill had written several splendid one-act plays showing the objective behavior of human beings, and two superb full-length plays in "Beyond the Horizon" and "Emperor Jones," as well as other plays, ranging from "The Hairy Ape" down to "All God's Chillun Got Wings" and "Welded." "Emperor Jones" is not a drama of subjective motivation. The mental pranks of Jones as he plunges through the jungle are no more the psychological causes of his present dilemma than the hallucinations of a madman are the causes of his madness. The play is really a presentation of objective results. From the very first symbol that O'Neill uses, the "Little Formless Fears" of Scene Two, which actually announces the theme of the play proper, to the very last, we are shown theatrically the results of Jones' mental breakdown. Scenes One and Eight of the play are really the prologue and epilogue, and tell us in words the causation for the fear.

But O'Neill did try to depict subjective motivation. And he discovered promptly that it was one thing to make a character act on the stage, and quite another to project theatrically the subjective causation for such action. For the human act is direct, recognizable, susceptible to objective treatment even when the action is purely mental, as in "Emperor Jones." But the subjective causes for even the most apparent human act are manifold, intricate, complex. What appears unintelligible about human behavior is not the act proper but the motivation behind it. The over-simplification required by the limitations of the theater, therefore, makes the projection of such motivation impossible. How simplify without distorting the fine balance between the interplay of numerous causes for a single act? Especially difficult is this when the playwright must deal with characters who are themselves honestly ignorant of basic motivation. After all, the theater cannot deal with groups of characters all of them Freud, all of them the last word among authoritative psychologists. O'Neill appeared dissatisfied with merely talking about this motivation or having his characters discuss it. He wished to dramatize it, to show it theatrically. O'Neill never lacked courage. And in his mature major work he tried to find a way to make intelligible to audiences, within the simple framework of the theater, and not in Shavian prefaces, the complexities of life.

O'Neill is an accomplished experi-

menter who is never completely discouraged by failure. The easiest method occurred to him first. He used a symbol, well tried and obvious, to represent the intricate psychologic truth he wished to expound. But he discovered that besides being rigid, the mask, as used in "Great God Brown," was a clumsy, unsatisfying method. He tried again, and came up with another familiar and discarded trick. But compared to the asides of "Strange Interlude," the masks worked as smoothly as a modern, well-oiled revolving stage. These asides made his play unconscionably long, broke in with their unreality constantly to destroy the illusion of reality, and instead of clarifying, they involved and complicated what was already complex. He had actually destroyed the rapid movement of his essential drama without dramatizing what I believe to be theatrically undramatizable, the basic motivation for his drama.

Wisely, I believe, O'Neill discarded these mechanical symbols in his next major work, and in "Mourning Becomes Electra," he used human symbols. Now I consider the trilogy as a whole an unsuccessful work. But I am genuinely grateful for its existence, for in that work we have the perfect laboratory specimen. First let us see what O'Neill tried to do. In a quotation from a note in O'Neill's working diary, appearing on the jacket of the published version of the play, we have the following:

> Modern psychological drama, using one of the old legend plots of Greek tragedy for its basic theme—the Electra story. Is it possible to get modern psychological approximation of the Greek sense of fate into such a play which an intelligent audience of today, possessed of no belief in gods or moral retribution, could accept and be moved by?

Since a play means not the manuscript or printed version, but the presentation one sees framed in the proscenium arch, I assume that Mr. O'Neill meant by "is it possible" not only to get it in, as might be done in a strictly library play, but to get it in theatrically. The answer to O'Neill's question will, therefore, answer my contention that the theater is too limited for this purpose, and the failure or success of O'Neill's work will prove or disprove my contention.

Now, we have already stated that in the theater the objective behavior was portrayed. The Greek dramatists who utilized the Electra story gave as the motivation for all human behavior the pagan notion of fate. Since this premise was accepted by the audience, the playwright went ahead with his objective drama. But the modern mind is dissatisfied with so simple a premise, as O'Neill confesses. We, and he as creative artist, are interested in discovering what makes us move. But since we do not accept any motive on anyone's say-so, the creative artist must not only give us the drama of objective results, but also the drama of subjective causes, that we may be convinced of their truth. O'Neill recognized this. In order to clarify his complex points that we might understand them, in order to give his characters psychologic fullness, he was obliged to write not one play, but a trilogy. But because he wrote three plays each play had to be theatrically effective, with the result that we were overwhelmed and made unreceptive by the constant impact of cumulative objective drama. By the time the third play arrived we had had so much violence (two murders and a suicide), so many tense situations, and so much bickering between characters, that our interest waned and we could no longer be moved even by Orin Mannon's end, which was a combination of murder and suicide. Our emotions were so wholly spent that not even the visitation of another flood with its consequent annihilation of the

whole planet would have moved us. And yet if O'Neill had contracted the three plays into one, to save himself from this too much of a good thing, he would not have had the room he required, and he would have been obliged either to cut out the subjective drama or leave it unintelligible; for not even O'Neill's use of the chorus would have helped us. We should have had once again the simple Electra story, and O'Neill would not have needed to write it.

So much for the theater destroying itself with too much theatricality. Now let us see how O'Neill projected this complex subjective material into the essentially objective theater. We have already mentioned that he had discarded the mechanical symbol for the human. Now I do not know offhand whether the situation of having two characters look alike was used on the stage before Shakespeare thought of the two Dromios. But certainly it has been used since to the point that we no longer accept it. However, let us grant a serious artist the privilege of using it. He must, however, use it sparingly. But what has O'Neill done with it? Christine is in love with her fiancé, Mannon, until their marriage, when she is apparently shocked by his impatience, his lack of gentleness, his aggressive virility. Out of that shock came her daughter, Lavinia, who hates and is hated by her mother, but who loves her father. There is also a son, Orin, who physically resembles Mannon, but who is as gentle as Christine would have liked her husband to be. Orin loves his mother, and the mother loves Orin because of his resemblance to her husband before the marriage. Lavinia loves Orin because he resembles her father, and tries to win him from her mother. There comes Brant who resembles both Mannon and Orin. But he too is evidently gentle like Orin, and Christine falls in love with him. Lavinia is also attracted to him because of this resemblance, though she insists her purpose is to save her father heartache, and vengeance. Later on Orin falls in love with his sister because Lavinia suddenly begins to resemble his mother. I insist this is stretching poor Dromio a little too far, even to prove that there is an Œdipus complex. This is over-simplification to the point of childishness. Yet how else could O'Neill project this familiar psychological truth so that the audience could see? That takes care of the ocular attack.

Now the auricular. The setting of the play is New England, the time is immediately after the Civil War. Christine is shocked by the fact that her husband removed his silk gloves before showing her the marriage bed. And yet she joins, as do Lavinia and the rest of the characters, in conversation about delicate and, certainly at that time, unmentionable subjects, full of implications of the Œdipus complex and even incest, conversations that make it appear that Freud arrived a half century too late. They delve into one another's characters—and even worse, into their own personalities—with such deep understanding and self-revelation as to make modern psychologists with all their up-to-date training mere novices. But how else could O'Neill make clear to us the psychological motivation behind his drama without making his characters prescient, even to the point of destroying their reality? Imagine what would happen to a left-wing playwright who made a character in the dark ages quote Marx!

III

It is sad to relate, but our premier playwright attempted valiantly the impossible and he was strangled by the limitations the theater set upon him. Perhaps this will answer those who

pose Clifford Odets as the white hope. But what does he bring to the theater except what is to him a further consciousness of the underlying motivation behind human behavior? How can he, with this additional burden, carry on within the limited framework allotted him, where those with less complex theories have failed? I do not believe that the injection of Marxism into the theater can save the theater any more than an injection of Marxism, by the Marxists' own declarations, can save capitalism. In economics, the injection of Marxism, Marxists insist, only brings to the fore more clearly the contradictions underlying capitalism and hastens its collapse. In the theater, Marxism is simply hastening its demise by demanding from the theater more than the theater can give. Freud and Marx gave the theater new things to say, but they have not given the theater the power to say them. Where O'Neill has failed despite Freud, Odets must fail despite Marx.

As a matter of fact, in the work of Odets we can see already the effects of the cruel limitations of the theater. The difference in merit between "Waiting for Lefty" and "Till the Day I Die" does not lie, as some critics have maintained, in the fact that the author experienced the former, while the latter was foreign to him. I do not believe that it is absolutely necessary for an artist personally to experience every situation he handles. The imagination of the imaginative artist—and Odets is surely that—can and will supply the missing details. How else account for great works of art that use the past for material?

No, the defect in "Till the Day I Die" lies not with Odets, but with the medium through which he tried to project his work. "Waiting for Lefty" is forthright, honest propaganda, setting forth an economic principle by which the characters are made to move. And accepting this premise, we see projected objective dramatization of the conflict of objective forces. The strokes are broad, obvious (not in any derogatory sense), and well placed. In "Till the Day I Die" Odets tried more than propaganda. He tried to portray also the psychologic motivation behind the behavior of the characters. We have objective dramatization not only of objective behavior, but also of subjective causes. And it was simply too heavy a load for the creaking proscenium arch to carry.

To be specific: In "Waiting for Lefty" we are told that Agate Keller's brother has turned traitor to the cause of labor. We accept the information without question, since the reason for the brother's act is not our purpose, and we go on to the grand climax of that particular scene without feeling a moment's hesitation in the sweep of the drama. In "Till the Day I Die," we are not only interested in the who, the how, and the where; we also demand to know the why for everything. Odets makes us ask. We are told that Major Duhring is a traitor. There is an attempt to put forward the psychologic reasons. But it does not come off. It is too much to ask of the theater when the author has no adequate symbols, when the author has but a moment's grace. And the result is that Odets has told too much for the even sweep of his drama, and not enough to make Major Duhring believable. We find it difficult to understand why an outright opportunist such as the Major would be so unconcerned about his own ideals and yet apologetic toward the man who still hangs on to the ideals he has betrayed; so relentless toward Captain Schlegel, and yet weak enough to commit suicide instead of laying the blame for the death of his enemy on a hopeless, obstinate, hounded individual, as an op-

portunist would do, since it could so easily save his own neck, which is an opportunist's main concern. Mind you, I do not say that a Major Duhring is impossible or that Odets did not know him. It is simply that his medium did not permit Odets to let us know him. As it stands now, that scene holds up the action of the play without adding anything, and seems dragged in by the horns. And throughout the play there are similar spots, which constantly interfere with the swift movement of the drama, which make Odets' dialogue, usually expressive, racy, alive, seem wooden and dead.

The subjective and objective dramas become constantly tangled. To have developed Major Duhring and the rest of the characters fully would have meant to throw out the objective drama which "Till the Day I Die" could have been, and to make it the subjective drama it might be. And even then it would have turned out to be another "Mourning Becomes Electra," with political and economic instead of sexual implications; and I am afraid it would have suffered from similar misfortune. The theater is simply not equipped for the projection in theatrical action of subjective, psychological drama. To do so means to sacrifice the essential theatrical elements for dubious literary contents, which do not attract audiences to the theater, as Pirandello has discovered with most of his plays. Plato's Dialogues can be staged, but that does not make them theater. The truth is that imperialism in the theater, the attempt to expand its limitations, is as suicidal as it is in world affairs. Japan and O'Neill might consult to mutual advantage, and Odets might listen in.

At best the theater has never been able to do more than one thing at a time, even in objective drama, with thematic material it could gracefully handle. This has long been unconsciously recognized by the critics, who have made arbitrary divisions in the theater on this basis. The play of serious characterization they call drama. The play of physical action with a minimum of characterization is labeled melodrama. You have the comedy of manners where there is characterization, and there is farce when you have action. And not even a critic expects either characterization or action (from a plot point of view) in a musical comedy. With this in mind, the shortsightedness of the critics in condemning a play for being propaganda becomes apparent. Even if they cannot see that any playwright who has something to say and says it is manifestly writing propaganda, even if it is labeled epic, what objection can they have to propaganda plays? I am not now thinking of those critics who define every play written from the left-angle as propaganda, and those from the right as art. Such critics lack honesty and sportsmanship. I refer to the critics who object to propaganda from either side. They must realize that the playwright who deals with propaganda has no room for anything else, any more than the musical-comedy author has room for characterization. The propaganda play, from the critics' own divisions, must be admitted as a legitimate brother of drama (in the narrow sense), melodrama, farce, etc. Elmer Rice's "We the People" was as moving in its sphere as was "Street Scene" in its class. And let any critic who objects to propaganda plays match "Waiting for Lefty" for sheer dramatic intensity.

It was pathetic to read the jibes of the critics recently at the writers of the radical revue, "Parade," for being compelled to use bourgeois methods in its production despite Marxism. Joseph Wood Krutch, with more time for reflection, also snickered. Even Stanley

Burnshaw of the *New Masses* lamented the fact that a new form was not developed. But the present form is not exclusively bourgeois. Would having a chorus girl do a tap dance with her head instead of her feet change the form? Would performing a skit without scenery and putting up a set for the intermission change the form? A new economic theory cannot change or destroy the limitations of an art. It can simply give an artist new materials to work with within these limitations, if these limitations will admit those new materials.

But the argument will be advanced that we are stretching the limitations. We have revolving stages, disappearing platforms, miraculous lighting systems. We now write plays in scenes instead of acts, and produce them without formal scenery as in "Waiting for Lefty" and "Till the Day I Die"—which is really a return to the Elizabethan stage, in the nature of an escape, like the human being who, finding life impossible in this complex world, tries to return to the life of the primitive. But escape brings madness. And these new contrivances are, at best, clumsy and interfere with the action of the drama. For all this mechanical advance, the theater is still hampered by limited time and space. It is still not flexible enough to admit of the editorial notes that make the portrayal of our complexities possible. And I feel that the theater can never become more flexible. At worst, these gadgets are unsatisfactory imitations of cinematographic methods. I cannot understand or condone the stubbornness that makes us exert ourselves to attempt unsatisfactory imitations when the real thing is at hand waiting for and inviting our energies.

For in the moving picture we have the drama of the future. Drama is not dying. Our present manner of projection, the theater, the form of drama the theater has fashioned, has outlived its usefulness. In the cinema we lose all the limitations of the theater. There is flexibility of time and space. There is room for whatever is in the mind of the artist, where it can be made intelligible to the eye and ear. Even the limitation of the human actor is removed; for now he becomes Craig's super-marionette, not a rigid dummy, but human and yet made incredibly flexible by the camera lens to the point of constant and immediate re-creation to the author's purpose. "Waiting for Lefty" was gripping drama in the theater. But give me "Till the Day I Die" in the films, where all of Odets' intentions, where all the implications of subjective drama could have been developed to the full, without childish symbols, without trilogies, but with its inviting limitlessness. The film version of "Emperor Jones" might have been just such an accomplishment if the additional material at the beginning of the film had been written by an imaginative artist of the caliber of O'Neill, if the main portion had not been an almost literal transcription of the stage play with all its acceptance of the physical limitations of the theater.

But what of the theater? Must we start saving our pennies for a decent interment? Well, not exactly. It has still a purpose. But if it is to continue it must drop its pretensions. The theater may become to drama what the cartoon is to art, the newspaper to literature, the popular song to music. It must once again simplify its thematic material to its limited medium, where in a few broad strokes it will have its immediate say. There is nothing humiliating in becoming even a secondary art, in becoming topical. One of the few classic playwrights who is not suffering from asthma because of the collection of library dust is a

gentleman by the name of Aristophanes, a good many of whose plays, with a minimum of adaptation, could be done to-day with marked effect and to our advantage. Certainly the revival of "Lysistrata" is too recent to have been forgotten. And I understand that a production of "The Birds" is being planned.

But those who are not content with these limitations must accept the motion picture. If they intend to deal with life on the full canvas, if they mean to portray the manifold and intricate forces that go to make up life, then they must learn how to handle the generous medium of the screen which is alone capable of projecting such drama. It is pathetic to note what little has been done with the film. But the argument that it is the fault of the powers that be in Hollywood does not hold water. They are no worse than a good many theatrical producers. The point is that if the enervating stranglehold that church deacons, pants pressers, and bankers have on the film is ever to be broken, there must be people who know how to handle the new medium of the drama to break it.

There is no excuse for the lamentable neglect of the cinema by those who have the drama at heart if they look to the future. The new group movements, with limited funds, but with unlimited energy and enthusiasm, have injected a temporary narcotic into the theater, finding new playwrights, dotting the country with theaters to produce such plays. Similar movements must and can do the same to the film, with more permanent results. I don't mean by simply showing a patronizingly critical attitude toward the films which others make. These groups must exert themselves to create films of their own, and to spread them over the country, as their counterparts in the theater have done. Making the young and alive jump through their paces is not half as difficult really as making the old and dead flutter.



The Lion's Mouth

AS WE WERE SAYING . . .

The following quotation is from HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for May, 1896—nearly forty years ago. It was part of an article by an "Eastern Diplomatist" on "The English Crisis."*

"NOTHING in our time will more impress the future historian as an epoch-making event than this 'scramble for Africa.' Considering its mediate and immediate consequences, it will figure in the history of the world, in all probability, only as second in importance to the discovery of America. Not that it has given a like impulse to a new life, but because the commercial activity, the military organizations and resources of the Continental powers, dangerously cooped up in Europe, have found an outlet and a scope to many of them novel and reinvigorating. . . .

"Even Italy, bankrupt financially, and distracted administratively, has been playing at colonization, squandering millions which it can ill afford, and blood that might have been shed to better purpose in checking brigandage at home than in decimating the only native Christian race in Africa. For there she had not an Italian settler to protect, or a bale of Italian goods to dispose of. A whim of this kind, however, can only be regarded as the grotesque or humorous by-play to a serious drama.

"And the absorption of Africa by Europe bids fair to furnish us with most dramatic incidents; unless, indeed, it should lead to one of those tragic developments which some statesmen have discerned at its very earliest stages. In it . . . they discerned the fatal spark which is to set fire to the European Powder-magazine. They dreaded the differences which must arise out of the division of Africa."



JOINERS

BY BURGES JOHNSON

ON PLEASANT mornings a little group of dogs assembles on the street corner just to the west of us and, after the roll has been called and rituals observed, trots eastward in a leisurely but purposeful manner, gathering up our dog on the way. Perhaps not every pleasant morning; but stated meetings occur at least every Wednesday and Saturday, while adjourned conclaves or executive committees assemble with more whimsical irregularity.

I have often wondered what might be the qualifications for membership in that group. The rites they observe are no more Scottish than they are Irish or Welsh or mongrolian. Obviously there is no flaunting of a common ancestry. They are not Descendants of Somebody or Something. Yet there must be definite exclusions, since some of the neighborhood dogs do not qualify. At every meeting I note that the order of business includes the consideration of new members, rejection of applicants usually being carried by acclaim, with prompt action by hastily appointed officials.

A little way up the street there lives a small dog who does not belong. Probably he never applied, for I know

that the membership is composed of his personal friends. But he sits upon the terrace in front of his house and barks at the organization as it trots past him, bent upon its business. If, as I surmise, there is no sharp criticism implied in his bark, but merely an amused and friendly tolerance, then that little dog might well be I.

For among the shortcomings of my riper years is a lack of that widespread human urge to join something. Though I love the beat of a drum, I do not want to put on a red fez and blue sash and, in time with a hundred other fezzes and sashes, measure my own footfalls by its throbbing. My spirit warms to an inner glow whenever I tell my children some legend of the *Mayflower* or the *Ann,* of Louisburg or Yorktown or the covered wagons. But it does not warm toward an assemblage of males or females of my kind, brought together only because they are competent to pass similar legends along to their own young. I like to lunch in the company of my fellow-men—even to raise my voice with theirs in song; but not at stated intervals, under compulsion.

All of this is a humble confession, and not a boast. Joining is undoubtedly one of the primitive impulses; and the older a man gets the less he courts the suspicion that he lacks any primal urge. A sophistication which wars with nature is flaunted only by the young or the decrepit; and at this moment of writing I am neither. There may, however, be something the matter with my red or my white corpuscles which keeps them from assembling or drawing apart as they should; or some as yet unchristened gland may have dropped out at a time when I was undergoing repairs.

Certain it is that in my youth I joined everything that would admit me, from Christian Endeavor to the Schiller-Street Gang. I can still recall an Agassiz Society, a fife-and-drum corps, an electric club, at least three literary-and-debating societies, a missionary circle, and successive groups which collected stamps, camped out, broke windows, danced-and-ate, or just danced, or just ate. Or perhaps I am a proof that the human Urge-to-Join is something which can burn out. Mine, I suspect, flared up and died with Atlantic Hook, Hose, & Ladder Company No. 1. Such joining as I have done since that has been due to social compulsion rather than to inner urge.

Even among the lower animals it seems to be possible for the impulse to abate, though I am told that the lower the animal the less likely is this to occur. I recall an old beaver on a pond in Maine who had withdrawn from the local organization, and insisted upon building a private dam of his own. There are occasional wild geese which refuse to join any of the many V-shaped formations flying south because they prefer to travel alone. Now and then a crow is observed who will not unite with the local debating society but goes off somewhere to caw by himself. Very very infrequently a non-joiner has been noted among the monkeys. And then there is that little dog up our street.

A friendly psychologist tells me—and he always speaks as though he knew—that those animals which first happened to group themselves into mutual protective associations survived, and those which did not, perished; and this continued until social grouping became a fixed habit with certain species. To join became an instinct and not a matter of individual choice. So far have the Behaviorists carried these researches that I find it difficult to follow them, especially since I speak only their last year's vernacular; and so completely do they

seem to have become *en rapport* with the dumber animals that it is difficult at times for me to tell one from the other.

I think it is Von Nirgend who develops most richly the details of lower-animal social organization. Lack of space prevents me from quoting any complete sentence; and he is especially hard to follow because of his tendency to force his verbs over into the appendix of his book. But he has closely studied the widely prevalent custom among animal groups of selecting one member to stand guard while the others argue or eat; and this he holds to be the earliest development in the direction of club life. His studies have led him to conclude that this important sentinel position in the group was elective and not appointive; in fact, he is inclined to believe that this and the leadership, or presidency, still constitute the only two flock and herd offices. In a copious footnote he asserts that the sole barrier to a more elaborate club life among the lower animals has been their inability to record by-laws and the minutes of preceding meetings; and he directly traces to this primitive heritage the British contentment with an unwritten constitution.

Such research, even when thus sketchily followed, is stimulating to the lay imagination. I am bold enough to disagree with Von Nirgend when he hints that in the sentry of the animal flock we find the germ idea of the human sergeant-at-arms. Such a deduction is superficial and over-obvious. This sentry position was too important. It carried with it authority over the leader himself. These sentinels were so placed as to command a wider view of outside affairs, and their orders, even though communicated through the leader or president as a matter of form, were meekly obeyed by the entire herd. It seems obvious to me that we have here the earliest suggestion of an executive-secretaryship.

Though we higher animals are bound to join something as a matter of instinct,* our complicated social structure, and the limited number of meeting days in a month, compel us to exercise some intelligence, no matter how little, in deciding which things to join. Von Nirgend points out a fundamental distinction between the grouping habits of the lower and the higher animals. This impulse among the birds and beasts first arose from a desire for companionship and mutual protection. But human beings, in making the choice of a group, first consider those who are not in it. In other words, we must know who is excluded before we will join. The men marching up the street in fezzed ranks are not stimulated so much by an affection for their fellow-marchers as by a comfortable sense of superiority over the unfezzed multitude on the sidewalk.

This principle is clearly illustrated by the ancestral societies. No Son or Daughter of Something-or-Other ever joined the society because of a love for the contemporary membership. If such an affection played any small part in his decision it was dissipated the moment he first viewed an assemblage of his fellow-members. Loyalty to these groups is based upon a consideration of those who are excluded. The more shut out, the greater the loyalty of those in, and the more apply for admittance. An elusive memory flickers through my mind of an American society of Descendants which found itself excluding so small a number of fellow-citizens that the membership became discontented, and a second hive of Sons swarmed, with articles so drawn that more were excluded. Then things went much better.

* I am told that "instinct" is a word belonging to the vernacular of year before last, and has been replaced by a longer word meaning much the same thing.

When one notes this basic principle underlying our joining impulse it is easier to understand why the Daughters of the American Revolution have gone on record as opposed to any further revolutions of any sort. One revolution on the national record provides its daughters with hardly enough exclusiveness; but a second revolution, with the population as large as it is now, would make things very difficult for the Daughters' daughters. One could hardly draw the line anywhere.

Ancestral societies are generally fortunate in that so few of their members delve into mathematics. I know, for instance, that I must have had four grandparents and eight great-grandparents, and that the least lovable of my fellow-citizens could have had no less. I must, therefore, have had more than a thousand of them in the single generation when our first immigrants were landing; and if only I knew who they all were I should be able to join almost anything. During the period loosely described as that of the Colonial Wars I had more than seventeen hundred grandparents living and, considering the colonial census of that day, some of them must have been up to something. But it is regrettably true that our plumber, a native American whom I dislike, had just as many, and regrettably probable that he may rightfully claim some of mine.

I have heard of a society made up of the descendants of the barons who signed the great charter at Runymede. A little calculating shows that one baron of that day, who had three children, with each child having three, and so on down the generations, would to-day have 265,890,889,094,649 descendants. Allowing for wars, pestilences, and several barren barons, one might still claim a right to membership in that society without bothering to search the records.

Ancestry is, in fact, the least discriminating of all methods of exclusion. Genealogical research is a fascinating study to those who have the time for it, but honestly pursued it should make for humility. It is no respecter of persons. Genealogical volumes in any well conducted library might well be classified as satire. *Life,* in an editorial many years ago, pointed out this fundamental weakness in ancestral societies, and urged for the sake of real exclusiveness the establishment of one made up of the Descendants of the Spinster Aunts of Reigning Sovereigns.

If the universality of this human Urge-to-Join were more generally recognized there might be less artificial pressure upon the young to start societies and "movements." Although Age is forever urging Youth to curb one impulse or another, in this particular Age reverses its custom. A surprising number of clubs, societies, and organizations for the young are planned by adults, and youths are all too easily herded into them. Generally their objects are adult purposes thinly disguised.

The old-fashioned Sunday-school notably illustrates this. A child caught in its toils was encouraged to join societies, guilds, bands, circles, little brothers, little sisters, and troops without number, each of them having presidents, vice presidents, secretaries, and treasurers, by-laws, badges, and minutes of preceding meetings—and all devised by adults. Wherever youth is assembled in any numbers there you may be sure the organizing adult is getting in his work. The average university campus is honeycombed by his burrowings. "Honorary" societies, owing their vitality not to their inclusive but to their exclusive character, are so multiplied that I have known of sixty within a single university. Youth needs no encouragement in this direction, yet most

of these organizations were instigated and are encouraged by the enthusiasm of older folk, some of whom, I regret to say, are sustained as "general officers" by a share of youth's annual dues.

In every section of our country can be found earnest-minded adults who feel that America should have a "youth movement"; with the result that here and there small groups of youths are constantly being persuaded to move, with a president, three vice presidents, two secretaries, and by-laws. But the difficulty lies in keeping them going after the members discover that anybody may join. This whole business of a youth movement would be easier if only we could draw a more sharply dividing line between age and youth. But it grows steadily harder as grandmothers experiment with cosmetics and insist upon going out to dance.

There is really very little that we can do about a primal urge. But at least I can complain, or even lodge a protest with the executive committee when I see it being over encouraged or badly misdirected. The average human being joins a society because he is obeying an instinct and, except for settling the question of which to join, without the exercise of any thought. After he is a member, he never thinks of Thinking as in any way associated with club life. When it comes to the drawing up of resolutions or other intellectual effort by the group as a whole, he leaves it to the secretary. As this habit grows, association members get to thinking less and less, and their executive secretaries more and more.

After all, a good executive secretary must earn his salary. It is his business to think of all the things that his association ought to be thinking, then obtain their acquiescence by stamped and self-addressed envelope, and proceed to draw up resolutions or write to a senate committee. A truly energetic executive secretary gets to thinking that whatever he thinks is, and of a right ought to be, the majority opinion of his organization, so he acts immediately without waiting to find out. He is the sort of man who Gets Things Done; and he is well worth whatever any society will pay him.

A short time ago in a smoking car I had an interesting chat which bears upon this very point. My seat-companion proved to be a manufacturer of mousetraps, and at that time president of the American Association of Mousetrap Manufacturers. I found him a friendly and confiding soul, devoted to his family and highly conscientious in his business. It seems he had been reared from earliest infancy in the belief that if he made a better mousetrap the world would find a way to his door.

"You do not believe in a protective tariff?" I asked in surprise, after some political comment of his.

"No, indeed," he replied. "I am sure that international trade will always make a pathway—" he cleared his throat—"find channels—"

"But," said I, "here is an item to the effect that your association has demanded a high duty on foreign traps, and reciprocal arrangements on cheese."

He glanced hurriedly at my paper. "Yes, yes," he said nervously, "I—we—feel very strongly—" his eyes wandered. "We have an excellent executive secretary," he murmured. "Evans is the sort of man who gets things done."

One wonders how many letters reach Washington every day signed "Executive Secretary," and how many more composed by him and signed by somebody else. Any senator any day may find in his mail the type of letter which reads: "The National Association of Safety-Pin Manufacturers, representing more than two hundred executives and more than two thousand office clerks and skilled laborers who are intelligently loyal to the interests of

their employers, notes with alarm your attitude toward zippers—etc., etc. Signed, Executive Secretary for the Nat. Assn. of S. P. Mfrs." Yet it is quite possible that eighty per cent of the members of that association, and ninety per cent of its employees never noted with alarm or any other emotion anything the senator ever said. It is even possible that many of the members are deriving personal satisfaction from the use of zippers for one purpose or another, and would warmly endorse the senator's views.

When following this line of thought a hopeful believer in democracy must thank God all over again for the institution of the secret ballot. It is this impulse to join, more than anything else, which makes us so amenable to bosses, political leaders, and executive secretaries. The astute politician turns his party organization into a club, with a president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer, and a meeting place where billiard and bridge tournaments and corn roasts are the order of business rather than political discussion. Such a club authorizes the secretary to cast a single ballot on all political questions.

Common sense is an individual and not a collective possession, and without the secret ballot it would have small chance to assert itself. No class of our citizenship is free from that impelling desire to assemble into small excluding flocks and herds; and only the final sacred moment of solitary confinement in a canvas booth ever saves the best of us from being voted in batches. Even that does not save us very often.

As to cultural levels, I suspect that the joining impulse enjoys its greatest debauch in what we are pleased to call the upper stratum of our society. It is reasonable that this should be so, if one joins in order to exclude. For it is on such levels that the greatest value is placed upon exclusiveness. It is easier, for instance, to vote an organization of railroad presidents as though they were one man than an organization of their employees. This is heresy; but I have borrowed the idea from a railroad executive who believes that one of the emptiest threats of our every-day politics is the boast of the labor leader that he can deliver the vote *en bloc* of any intelligent labor group. After all the buncome and the ballyhoo, such men are more inclined to walk into the booth and vote according to individual preference than are their employers, who cherish an even stronger sense of clan membership. Why not? That consciousness is sustained by the fact that within their own stratum each may be paying dues to a dozen clubs and societies which constantly remind him of the clan obligation and the class point of view.

These be witch-hunting days, and many prophets are foretelling the collapse of our political structure, and the rise of naziism, bolshevism, collectivism, or other isms too dangerous to name above a whisper. Societies are being formed for the sole purpose of discovering and curtailing the activities of other societies. Why then is someone not organizing us against that imminent menace, executive-secretarianism? Doubtless the danger is more difficult to see and define because we are now in the midst of it. This is already a government of the people, for clubs, societies and associations, by executive secretaries. Even now it may be perishing from the earth.

I have an important notion, as yet only half formed, that we might do much toward balancing our national budget if we could only deflect the mighty stream of initiation fees and annual dues into the nation's treasury. There would be little economic and

no social danger attending taxation of this sort, because you cannot tax a primal urge out of existence. Citizens would be far readier to limit themselves in the matter of smoking, or of raising more pigs, than to deny themselves the joy of joining something. The stream would continue to flow in almost undiminished volume.

If this suggestion arouses indignant protest—as it undoubtedly might—I have an alternative to propose. We might profitably do away with a vast number of our present organizations if we could only harness up man's joining impulse to the idea of joining the Human Race. Undoubtedly we could "sell" this idea generally if we could somehow formalize the business. There would have to be a minimum age limit—with a junior membership, of course—and some forms of initiation ceremony, ritual, and insignia. As to the latter, many ideas suggest themselves. There should be heraldic quarterings, to include a hint of common ancestry, and devices symbolic of sin and salvation. Perhaps we could not avoid the bar sinister; for we must frankly admit that unless some such episode occurred in our record we should all still be monkeys.

If we are to make the plan attractive it will be necessary to emphasize exclusiveness; but I am sure we could agree to exclude anthropoids and possibly all surviving bushmen. I should like to add all professional organizers (call this professional jealousy, if you like), also census enumerators, statisticians, psychologists, and others whose business or avocation it is to stand on the outside looking in. Just between ourselves, I should like to add radio crooners and several individuals, including Aimee Semple McPherson. If we could once get this organization going, it might do much toward the bringing about of international peace. But we must be wary of executive secretaries—especially the sort of man who Gets Things Done.

THE ABSOLUTE IN THE MACHINE SHOP

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE Townless Highway designed for efficient automobile traffic which Mr. Benton MacKaye once envisioned, and the scientifically planned and sited cities to complement it which frivolous engineers enjoy sketching for us, will never exist while Utopia remains on the far bank. They would require, as a preliminary, a cataclysm that would destroy the present economic system and the greater part of its wealth. They would also require a nation sufficiently regimented to scrap its whole plant and begin again from scratch. Granted that development in the direction of that New Jerusalem is desirable, progress toward it can come only in part, very slowly, and as a resultant of forces which are certain to move at best tangentially to the dream. No such obstacles, however, stand in the way of that other vision of engineers, the Absolute Automobile, the motor car designed with reference to nothing but mechanical efficiency and styled in complete conformity to the principle of functionalism. Few economic forces oppose this eidolon and neither politics nor theology taboos it. And still, after thirty years of fanciful sketches and detailed blueprints that have familiarized us with its potentialities, the Absolute Automobile does not appear. Why?

By one of those linkages of emotion which makes sociology the most fascinating of the sciences, a desire for this kind of automobile has somehow got associated with the liberal faith. A good many people who yearn for the democratization of industry or the suppression of the opium traffic have come to believe that the teardrop car is a step on the way to their objectives and in fact inseparable from the good life. Such people commonly explain the non-appearance of the Absolute Automobile as one more villainy of the profit system. The manufacturers, we are invited to believe, have conspired to deprive the public of its right to cheap, efficient, and long-lived automobiles and to the beauty which such cars might have. Unhappily, no social phenomenon is so simple as that. Such a conspiracy does not exist, and the dream would probably be nearer if one did. For it would remove some of the present barriers, if only minor ones, and under the profit system the manufacturers would still be quite willing to make any kind of machine they could sell. No, the trouble with the Absolute Automobile, as with so many other attempts to rationalize society, is that it is complexly impossible. The conditions of the problem itself are one insuperable obstruction, and the habits and desires of the public are another. Finally, it seems likely

that engineers are no more rational than the rest of us when they go mystical, and that an absolute in motor cars is as phantasmal as an absolute in biochemistry or dry-fly fishing.

To begin with, it is possible to define mechanical efficiency in a product which has so many different functions as the automobile only by selecting limited ends. Even then the materials out of which an automobile is made and the purposes to which it is put impose conditions that may become contradictory. After a certain amount of improvement you reach a reciprocal equation, and further improvement in one direction must be compensated by an unfavorable result elsewhere. Thus the use of lighter materials cuts down weight and so upkeep-expense, but it also impairs stability and comfort, and this loss can only in part be made up by changes in design. Again, increased efficiency in the transmission and application of power permits the use of less powerful engines—but at a sacrifice of acceleration, flexibility, and certainty of control. Likewise from the point of view of the consumer longevity may be a very doubtful virtue. The progress of mechanical invention may be haphazard under the present conspiracy but under any system it will go on, and a long-lived car may be obsolete before it is worn out. The British practice of building for a century machinery which Americans build in the knowledge that its optimum expectation of life is ten years has proved a serious handicap to British industry. Similarly with automobiles. Compared to the cheapest car of 1935, the best-made car of 1920 is inefficient.

The attitude of the buying public is a final determinant and will remain one. It is most discouraging. The actual user of a car is a poor authority on its efficiency and commonly he is very little, if at all, interested in it. Fuel costs, for instance. The average driver has no accurate and little relative knowledge of them, and the occasional driver who is aware of them is more wishful than realistic. He has no means of accurate measurement, no formula to adjust the variables, no means of controlled experiment, and nothing to confine his guesses within a fifty per cent margin of error. Most men buy a new car on the basis of satisfactory experience with another of the same make, the advice and experience of friends, or wholly irrational grounds. The values which they consult leave efficiency quite out of account. They want, so far as they can phrase their desires, reliability first of all: a car that can be depended on to start in all weathers, get where it starts for regardless of road conditions, and operate in its day to day function with a minimum of trouble and repairs. If a car runs satisfactorily and reliably they don't much care how inefficiently it may run. After reliability, safety, comfort, and currently fashionable styling—perhaps in a different order—all come before efficiency in the scale of effective values that determine the sale of automobiles.

It is also true, as with many other products and institutions objected to on theoretical grounds, that the practical efficiency of the conventional automobile exceeds the requirements of the public. Its engine, its brakes, and its general "roadability" are superior to the demands put on them. No matter how far it may fall short of the eidolon, it is a magnificent machine. That being so, the consumer does not consider potential gains which, for the most part, he does not understand. Besides, such gains are, to an amazing degree, merely theoretical. At the customary speeds, for instance, streamlining the body will not materially improve performance—and that being so, the fact that someone

drove a car backward more efficiently than it could go forward is irrelevant. Similarly, the increased efficiency to be obtained from mounting the engine in the rear and from similar proposed improvements is so generalized as to affect the consumer not at all. Their principal bearing is on the ultimate exhaustion of the world's gasoline supply. The average driver is about as interested in that as he is in the revolution of binary stars.

Some people think he ought to be interested in it. And right here enters the mysticism to which one type of engineer, and a whole species of pseudo-engineer, are prone. It enters as a theory of mechanics, takes out papers as a theory of social aims, and marries a theory of æsthetics. Because any given problem of mechanics can be satisfactorily solved in only a limited number of ways, it is assumed that some inherent necessity of that problem dictates one ideal design of the eventual machine, and that other designs are, therefore, against God. The corollary is then drawn that this design should be forced on the consumer in society's interest. That is bad logic and a defiance of experience. Then, for no stated reason, it is assumed that beauty in a machine is a result of leaving it naked in its one ideal form. A mowing machine is beautiful because it has no lambrequins or scroll work on it and the native loveliness of a pneumatic drill is evident till someone hangs antlers on it to make it resemble something else. That is absurd, and even if it were true it would be, so far as automobiles are concerned, irrelevant. It leaves the subjective force quite out of account, which in æsthetics is fatal. A good many hearts have been sincerely grieved because the automobile of commerce still shows signs of having descended from the farm wagon—is still not styled in accord with an ideal functional form. What is that form, and why should the automobile assume it? No matter what the styling, the car as a machine for transportation is doing its job more efficiently than the unexacting human race asks it to; its æsthetic quality, then, depends on how it pleases the eye. Chairs, which are machines to facilitate sitting, may please the eye in radically differing ways, and so may automobiles—even those with a whipsocket on the cowl and a mud-scraper just outside the driver's seat. About all we can say with assurance is that a lot of people like the looks of a lot of different cars, and that this æsthetic satisfaction has been known to change and is likely to change again. One manufacturer says flatly that streamlining is purely a problem of styling, with all the neomania and neophobia that fashion implies, and he is probably right. It may be that people ought to find the design of an Absolute Automobile beautiful. But when *must* and *ought* get into æsthetics you are about ready for the police arm.

With the most charitable intentions in the world, then, the enthusiasts are lusting for a familiar reconstruction of the human race. Practically all visions of perfection imply dictatorship, ever so kindly in intent but, to be effectively kind, backed up by mustard gas. You can force the manufacturers to make the Absolute Automobile and the public to buy it by legislation or decree if you have the military on your side. For the automobile is involved with social energies: dent the equilibrium at one edge with a teardrop car and it will bulge somewhere else with street rioting and the crash of kings. There is a chance that you may emerge with a car of ideal efficiency and design, but it is absolutely certain that you will also come out with a new organization of society—and if the whipsocket and the oil-wick headlights aren't on the

automobile they will appear somewhere on Congress, the Constitution, or the Council of Soviets. Society and the human race operate on a resultant, on the minimum useful level of efficiency, with a motor in front because that's where the horse used to be and a high seat like that in the king's coach which can be pretty uncomfortable on a corduroy road and looks absurd on a modern highway. Here and there its operation rises above that minimum usefulness. The excess, like the reserve power of the engine, is velvet; the public is glad to have it, when the public thinks about it, but can't be induced to catch fire from a suggestion that the amount of velvet can be enormously increased. That potential increase, on the other hand, inspires the mystical engineer. He concludes that the public are fools and the manufacturers are villains who betray them. The next step is simple, pious, and self-sacrificing: to raise a howl for the machine guns, streamlining, the Kingdom of Heaven, and some blueprints that will guarantee efficiency and give the race the good sense it ought to have.

This suggests why, to one kind of devout mind, the most indispensable job in the world is so abhorrent—politics. Such a mind sees the politician as a manufacturer under the profit system in conspiracy to rob the public. Well, maybe he is, but that is accidental, subsidiary, and after the fact. His primary job—it is the same whether he is a Fascist, a Commissar, a Jacksonian Democrat, or a school trustee in Ward Seven, and he loses it if he doesn't do it effectively—is to maintain the operation of the most complex and important machine that exists at the minimum level of usefulness. The moment he boggles that job, the moment operation falls below that level, there is hell to pay for the rest of us. Such a level may permit a glittering embroidery of gadgets but its fundamentals are stability and flexibility, repair, remodeling, and extension—in all of which the actual users of the machine are profoundly uninterested. A politician is a man who somehow, by instinct or intelligence, by guess or by God, by a faculty for human contraries and the old Adam and plain graft, keeps the myriad variables working together at the minimum level—and so allows us to get over the road in a model which is always obsolete and has never had the efficiency or the beauty of an absolute. From a thousand drafting-rooms issue loud yells for efficiency and beauty, and an unending series of blueprints exhibiting ideal designs. But the same barriers stand in the way, the conditions of the problem, the limitations of the materials, and the attitude of the consumer. So long as the machine runs satisfactorily the buyer doesn't care how inefficient it may be and his preference in styling never consults the ideal. As for the politician, he works in the machine-shop, not the drafting-room. With the best will in the world he can take from the blueprints only an occasional spare part that fits his needs for emergency repair, looks odd in the old model that is still running, and tends to reduce the ideal form to caricature.

Which may be just as well. The history of thought displays a long series of ideal designs for society. Lined up in Time's Smithsonian, they look pretty quaint. Even the absolutes of the drafting-room, the Townless Highway to Utopia, may be functions of fashion, along with the whipsocket on the cowl.

Among the New Books

By Harry Hansen

Literary Editor of the New York World-Telegram

DURING a visit to London a few years ago I was poking round among the push-carts of Farringdon Road and turning up all sorts of discarded volumes that had no earthly reason for preservation. Old Bibles with half the pages gone; the account book of a grocer in Calais in the Eighteenth Century, dirty and almost illegible and not even good for an anecdote. But also what purported to be a hotel register, as we say in the United States, but actually was a book in which visitors to a small restaurant near the battlefield of Waterloo had entered their names about one hundred years ago. I went through it for famous names; but there were thousands of Johnsons and Smiths unrelated to greatness. It represented for me the tremendous interest England showed in everything Napoleonic in the Nineteenth Century.

To-day this interest survives in the way we welcome books about the little fellow who turned Europe upside down, and this month the American public is likely to give another exhibition of concern for Napoleonic affairs by reading *With Napoleon in Russia,* compiled from the memoirs of General Armand Augustin, Marquis de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, who was Napoleon's chief adviser in his Russian relations. The specific contribution of this volume lies in its intimate picture of Napoleon as he fled from Moscow after the great disaster. We have many stories of what happened to the soldiers who fought and died on the icy battlefields, but only glimpses of how Napoleon acted. That period, from December 5, 1812, to December 17th, has often been the subject of speculation by romancers—Manuel Komroff caught the Emperor on the run in *Coronet*—but no one has ever told what Napoleon said and thought. Caulaincourt returned with him, talked with him on countless topics, and recorded what was said. Here we have revealed Napoleon's ability to put bygones behind him and to keep his eye on to-morrow; we see his stubborn tenacity as well as his indifference. Other pages describe the catastrophe, the superb generalship of Ney, the blunders of Marat. And just as Sergeant Bourgogne describes the terrible hardships of the men, so Caulaincourt describes the head of the army. After Napoleon fell Caulaincourt was proscribed by Louis XVIII, but was restored to citizenship by the intervention of Alexander I of Russia, who must have learned to respect him during the four years that Caulaincourt passed at the Russian court. (William Morrow & Co.)

"DISCOVERY"

Admiral Richard E. Byrd's personal account of the second expedition to the Antarctic is called *Discovery* and turns out to be addressed to the scientist as well as to the lay reader. In this volume the adventures of the men, their mishaps and victories, are given less emphasis than they were in *Little America,* the story of the first voyage. Admiral Byrd is eager to justify the scientific side of the expedition and, early in the book, speaks of the activities carried on in twenty-two divisions and subdivisions of scientific research.

As the representative of the lay reader, I can vouch for the interest that this book holds, without passing on the value of the scientific data discovered. It is as a story of the patient and resolute labor of intelligent men that this book appeals to me; the theories of planetary winds, ice movements, geological and physical change; the data affecting the fall of meteors and the magnetism of the earth will be judged by the proper experts. Admiral Byrd has reached a fine balance between the story of the camp and the essential information about the Antarctic that we ought to know.

This book contains the account of Admiral Byrd's lonely vigil in the Bolling Advance Weather station, where he nearly lost his life during the four hard months of winter darkness. It seems that he was left alone because there was not time to bring sufficient supplies for three men, but this seems inexcusable, possibly intentional. Far from the Rockefeller mountains and the Edsel Ford range, out of sight of Mount Claude Swanson, Byrd lived in the dark. He doesn't make as much of his

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vigil as one has a right to expect; in fact ne is unobtrusive throughout the book, but there is plenty of evidence of his good sense and his ability to command fifty-two men marooned on a block of ice thousands of miles from home, where the thermometer often went farther south than anybody could have imagined. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"BELOMOR"

Reports of the cruel conditions found in the labor camps of Soviet Russia have often been made in books and have met with the angry denial of partisans. To do them justice, we should all read *Belomor,* a report by thirty-four Russian writers of the building of the great canal that connects the White Sea and the Baltic Sea. This work was accomplished by convict labor under the direction of the G.P.U. Pickpockets, smugglers, anti-revolutionists, kulaks, dishonest men, and political prisoners were sent into the north to labor at the canal, and, according to this book, they loved it. The G.P.U. men went among them offering them a new lease of life; they were to become guardians of the property of the people—their lives were to be "reforged." The reader may have his own interpretation of this regeneration, but he cannot avoid the enthusiasm of the authors nor fail to understand how these prisoners must have reacted when their human dignity was restored, responsibility was given them, and the past was forgotten. Maxim Gorky has written an introduction, lauding the work; Amabel Williams-Ellis speaks of the book as a new type of group composition, in which every individual writer brings his contribution but subordinates it to the whole idea. This is not highly original in expository writing, but that fact does not detract from the merits of the book. When the canal was completed, 12,484 people were freed from further subjection and 59,516 had their sentences reduced. (Smith & Haas.)

BAKER'S OFFICIAL LIFE OF WILSON

Ray Stannard Baker's official *Woodrow Wilson; Life and Letters* reached its fourth volume in 1931, describing the career of the President up to the World War. The fifth volume, carrying the subtitle *Neutrality, 1914–15,* becomes available this month and contains important disclosures bearing on Wilson's relations with Bryan, Lansing, Walter Hines Page, and Col. E. M. House. The biographer, who once more acknowledges his indebtedness to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and who has had access to the private files, traces Wilson's attempts to move the Allies to open negotiations for a peace in the

fall of 1914, shows how he sent House to Europe to bring this about secretly, describes the difference between Bryan and Wilson on the technical phases of international relations, and finally discloses how Wilson gradually became pro-Ally in his feelings as the submarine campaign struck at the humanitarian principles that he considered paramount. Mr. Baker's account puts a new construction on the secret mission of Colonel House, for he blames President Wilson for believing that the two possessed harmonious minds and ideas and indicates that the President's confidence was misplaced. While Wilson was hopeful that House would proceed quickly from London to Berlin to take advantage of a situation which Ambassador Gerard thought favorable to negotiations, House was conferring with Lord Grey in London and, in the interpretation of Baker, was being won over to the Allies' policy of delay, so that there might be a decisive victory before the War ceased. After commenting on the pro-Ally attitude of House and Page, Mr. Baker elevates Bryan to the heights, declaring that he alone had the right view, and one to which Wilson returned only too late. Unfortunately the country was against Bryan and behind Wilson in the policy toward Germany after the *Lusitania* disaster, so that friction between that country and our own increased, while the war orders of the Allies became the cornerstone of American business and thus influenced sentiment. Some of the new material includes parts of Wilson's private correspondence, with the full text of a cablegram in which he warned House against listening too long to Grey. Yet at no time does Wilson indicate any loss of confidence in House.

This history throws light on the way the United States approached war, and for this reason it is of timely importance to-day. A comparison with *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* will provide much controversial material. This volume should be read as a supplement to Walter Millis' *Road to War* (or *vice versa*). The sixth volume of this work will deal with preparedness. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)



TWO BOOKS ON STAR-GAZING



Perhaps it would be a good thing if we could get our minds off the earth and consider the stars. A great many American citizens are flocking to the Hayden Planetarium in New York City and the Adler Planetarium in Chicago and finding infinite satisfaction in contemplating the artificial heavens there displayed. Others, remote from cities where such fireworks may be seen, may find it useful to pick up two new books: *Consider the Heavens*, by Forest Ray Moulton, and *Biography of Percival Lowell*,



"CHANNEL BUOY" *by Gordon Grant*

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by his brother, A. Lawrence Lowell. The first deals, in intelligent, readable fashion, with the phenomena of the skies; the second is the life story of the man who developed the theory that there might be life on Mars.

When I was at the University of Chicago Dr. Moulton used to give lectures on astronomy, and when asked by an organization for a title he would reply, "Other Worlds Than Ours," and come down to more specific stars as the inspiration moved him. In his book, *Consider the Heavens,* he seems to have had a similar idea, for he starts describing "the awesome sky" and then takes up innumerable topics relating to stars, planets, nebulæ, theories of distance, composition and possible habitation of stars, and allied topics. This book is intended for the general reader and ought to commend itself to anyone curious about astronomy. Dr. Moulton was associated with university work for about twenty-five years; he has also had experience in corporation management. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

The *Biography of Percival Lowell* is not exciting, but it is authoritative. In describing the life of his brother, A. Lawrence Lowell, former president of Harvard, covers all the essentials of the theories concerning life on Mars. Percival Lowell made most of his observations at Flagstaff, Ariz., and although his name is associated with the discovery of many "canals" on Mars, he was also interested in other phenomena and found the orbit of a planet beyond Neptune. This planet was designated as No. X, and was not actually found until after Lowell's death. It has been named Pluto. Lowell was a brother of Amy Lowell, whose biography has just been published by S. Foster Damon. The biography of Percival is published by the Macmillan Company.



"THREE FLIGHTS UP"



A few years ago Helen Woodward told the story of her active career in writing in *Through Many Windows;* now she publishes the story of how, as a little girl, she lived in New York City and Boston, and what befell her up to the age of twelve. She calls it *Three Flights Up,* and in the course of it describes the intimate family life of Polish-German people who were making Americans of their children. Her father was a Polish cigar-maker who had an instinct for gambling on the races and enjoyed dallying with politics. At one time he was a socialist; but when Henry George campaigned for mayor in New York, he embraced the single-tax idea. But the real story is about the little girl's world: her discovery of the light and shade of life—what she enjoyed, what she feared, what she believed in—some of it found on First Avenue and a little gathered on a journey to



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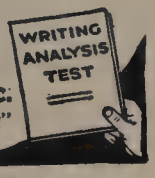


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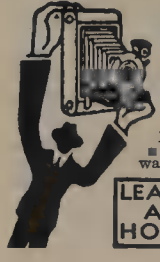
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Little Rock, Ark., in an interlude when her father tried a new venture there. The book is written with sympathy for the world of the past; the style is realistic but not bitter and affords us another glimpse of American beginnings. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES
By H. C.

Before James Hilton, who is now traveling in America, became famous because of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* and *Lost Horizon*, he had written several other novels. We have received a request from Florence G. Brown, Fulton, N. Y., for the publisher of his first novel, *Catherine Herself*. This was out of print for some time in England, but has recently been reissued by Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London, W.C. 2. The English price is 2s. 6d. Perhaps Miss Brown will be able to obtain it through the English Bookshop, 64 E. 55th St., or James F. Drake, Inc., 24 W. 40th St., New York City. . . . Another English writer interests one of our readers. John Wesley Little, Stockton, Utah, wants to know something about the books of Corrie Denison, and would like a list of books by the writer. There is but one book listed, and that, *Glimpses*, is already known to our correspondent, and the publisher of it in America is out of business. Thus we suggest that Mr. Little write to the author's English publisher, The Scholartis Press, 30 Museum St., London, W.C. 1. . . . Mrs. George V. Weimer, Kalamazoo, Mich., would like to have a few titles of books about the Balkans, other than those by Louis Adamic; the members of her club are already familiar with his work. Perhaps she will find useful: *The Incredible Balkans*, by Konrad Bercovici, a new edition issued by Loring & Mussey, 152 W. 13th St., New York, priced $1.19; *Heroes and Assassins*, by S. Christowe, Robert McBride Co., 4 W. 16th St., New York, priced $3.00; and *Peasant Europe*, by H. H. Tiltman, Ryerson Press, Queen and John Streets, Toronto 2, Canada, priced $5.00. . . . Spencer C. Stull, Frederick, Md., has asked for books on occupational therapy. We offer, *Handicrafts for the Handicapped*, by Herbert J. Hall and Mertrici M. C. Buck-Knox, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 443 4th Ave., New York, priced $2.50. And we also suggest that Mr. Stull get in touch with the Occupational Therapists, The Association, 175



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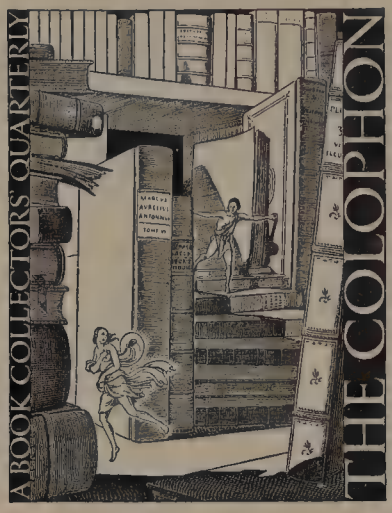
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5th Ave., New York. . . . Georgia LeCroy, Rack Hill, S. C., asks for a book called *Question Marks and Exclamation Points,* and we are unable to find it listed in any catalogue. If anyone knows of this and can give us the publisher's name we will be very grateful. . . . Louise Ford, Booneville, Miss., asks about the one volume edition of *William Wordsworth: His Life, Works and Influence,* by George McLean Harper. It is published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, 597 5th Ave., New York, at $5.00. . . . J. H. Carnes, Atlanta, Ga., asks about fiction and non-fiction reading. Here are a few of the recent high spots: *Honey in the Horn,* H. L. Davis, Harper & Bros., $2.50; *Lucy Gayheart,* Willa Cather, Alfred A. Knopf Co., $2.00; *Vein of Iron,* Ellen Glasgow, Harcourt, Brace Co., $2.50; *Time Out of Mind,* Rachel Field, The Macmillan Co., $2.50; *Of Time and the River,* Thomas Wolfe, Chas. Scribner's Sons, $3.00; and *Your Life Lies Before You,* Harry Hansen, Harcourt, Brace Co., $2.50. In non-fiction there are: *Our Times: The Twenties,* Mark Sullivan, Chas. Scribner's Sons, $5.00; *Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles,* Stefan Zweig, Viking Press, $3.50; *The Road to War,* Walter Millis, Houghton, Mifflin Co., $3.50; *Wine from These Grapes,* Edna St. Vincent Millay, Harper & Bros., $2.00; and perhaps the most talked of book of all, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* T. E. Lawrence, Doubleday, Doran Co., $5.00.

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Harpers Magazine

THE FALLACY OF CONQUEST

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE old faiths may die, but not the old phrases. Consider the polemics arising out of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. Who that has entered into that controversy, whether in condemnation or defense, whether cabinet minister or newspaper paragrapher, has not referred to Italy's need for expansion? The Italians say that their need for expansion compels them to make war for additional territory notwithstanding their treaty obligations. The British say that Italy's need for expansion is legitimate but that it does not justify the violation of treaties and the resort to war. None has said what need for expansion means or asked whether it means anything at all.

Need for expansion has been a prepotent formula in international discourse and world politics for two generations. In its name strong nations have impoverished themselves for armaments; weak nations have been crushed and primitive tribes exterminated; millions of young men have gone to their death in major wars, and the European continent is now apparently about to invite its own destruction. But what is it? Exactly what does it mean?

Does any country really need expansion? What, concretely, is its condition if it does? And when it is in that condition, what, concretely, can it do?

Granted for the moment that certain countries have a larger population than they can feed out of their own resources. This is all that pressure of population means of course. The word "overcrowded" in itself is almost meaningless in an age when men live in metropolitan centers and produce by machinery. No country organized on a machine-industry economy can be overcrowded in the literal sense. Not magnitude of population but plenitude of resources is determinant. Nor need it be granted that there is any country that cannot feed its people if

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industrialized; this is in fact subject to serious question. But let it be granted for the sake of argument. What can such a country do? Expand, is the obvious answer. How? When the formula is stripped of all its accretions of diplomatic, military, and journalistic verbiage, expansion can take only three forms: it can seize partly uninhabited lands to which to send its excess population; it can seize undeveloped territories as markets for exports; it can seize territories with stores of unexplored raw materials. For all the high talk about expansion, there are no other ways in which a country can expand. In concrete national policy and action this is all the word means.

Take outlet for population first. Here the experience of Italy is eloquent. For fifty years—or almost since national unification—Italy has strained such resources as it has had in order to win an empire, ostensibly to relieve the pressure of population. It joined in the scramble for colonies in Africa after 1880, fought wars against Abyssinia (now Ethiopia) and Tripoli, and because it could not agree with England and France on the division of the spoils in Africa, entered into the combination of alliances that brought on the World War—and then, ironically, changed sides. In 1914, when the war to which it had committed itself broke out, there were in all the colonies which it had won in Africa some eight thousand Italians. There were more than that number within a radius of a quarter of a mile of Cherry Street, New York City. There were fifty times as many in New York State. And with full confidence I make this prediction: if, on January 1, 1936, there should come about simultaneously the complete, absolute conquest of Ethiopia and the repeal of the restrictions on immigration into the United States, then by January 1, 1937, for every Italian who will have emigrated to Ethiopia five hundred will have emigrated to the United States.

Take the example of Germany. It was in order to win an empire and get a place in England's sun that Germany challenged British naval supremacy after 1900 and thus foredoomed the World War. And in 1914, at the outbreak of the war which had been brought on by the lust for colonies and in which Germany was to ruin itself, there were in all the German colonies in Africa—900,000 square miles in extent—about 22,000 Germans and in all the German colonies in other parts of the world just 2,000 more. There were more than that number of Germans between 80th and 90th Streets on Manhattan Island. There were twenty-five times that number in New York State. And I make the further prediction that if Hitler and the rejuvenated Reichswehr succeed in recovering the pre-war colonies and add another million square miles thereto, for every German who goes out to the colonies one hundred will come to the United States.

The other stock example of presumed over-population is Japan. At the cost of some 300,000 men Japan won South Manchuria from Russia in 1905—and incidentally Japan is now driving itself into another war with Soviet Russia or the United States or both in order to get possession of China. It must, say the Japanese apologists; for the population has been increasing at the rate of from 600,000 to 1,000,000 a year for a generation. But in 1930, twenty-five years after the acquisition of South Manchuria, only 200,000 Japanese had settled there—fewer than had been killed in the war to acquire it and one-third the annual increase in population. There were half as many Japanese in California alone. But ostensibly it was pressure

of population which compelled the Japanese to invade and seize all of Manchuria in 1931 at the risk of embroiling the country with Soviet Russia and the United States.

The argument for empire based on pressure of population is palpably specious. It is not worth serious consideration except for its utility as a slogan in the press and a rallying-cry to whip up the patriotic passions of the mob when necessary. It makes good propaganda for bigger armies and navies. It has a plausible ring. But it is empty. Figures demonstrate that in so far as the inhabitants of a country emigrate, whether they have to or not, they emigrate, not to their country's colonies but to other independent countries already settled, even if they have to renounce their citizenship by birth. They do so for the very good reason that nearly all of the territories that constitute colonial empires are almost uninhabitable by white men.

For practical purposes the only parts of the world open to conquest in the past hundred years, that is, those parts occupied by weak or backward peoples, have lain in Africa and Asia. Such as are not already densely populated by their own people, as are India and China, are completely unsuited to white colonization. How many Italians can survive the climate of the East African coast? The overwhelming majority of white men will not go to the territories coveted by their countries for imperial aggrandizement—unless, ironically, they go to die as soldiers to win places in which they will not and cannot live as civilians. A European nation which believes itself to be so over-populated that it cannot subsist can take all the colonies in the world and the pressure of its population will not be relieved by a trace.

Further, it should be observed that it is the countries most vocal about their over-population that make a cult of increase in population. Mussolini has for years preached multiplication to the Italian women. Thus there would in time be stalwart soldiers to make Italy a great empire again. With the humorlessness characteristic of dictators, he has even offered bounties for conspicuous feats of fecundity. Now that his appeals have achieved results—if they have—he must have colonies to make room for the increase. Where the defense of aggression on the ground of population needs is not insincere it is absurd.

II

For the seizing of territories in order that they may serve as markets for exports there is more to be said. Certainly this has been a more genuine motive in imperialistic conquest. It has also attained a greater degree of success in the past. Thus England won world supremacy in the nineteenth century—or seemed to. Whether England's supremacy was attributable to the fact that the sun never set on its empire or to the fact that it was the first country to adapt itself to machine production is arguable. The former is always taken for granted; the latter is more likely to be true. The relationship between supremacy and empire may have been one of coincidence rather than of cause and effect. If England had had no colonies it would still have been commercially, industrially, and financially the first Power in the world in the nineteenth century. Not only was it always technologically in advance of other countries, but its trading methods were superior and its earlier accumulation of capital made it inevitably the world's financial center and dictator. From England's world domination one may deduce that expansion is necessary for the quickest

and most profitable establishment of an industrialized society, but not that it pays any single nation. In either case the truth was valid only for the nineteenth century.

Suppose then that a nation now seeks to expand by seizing territory as an outlet for its manufactured products, thus enabling it to keep its people employed and fed. No hypothetical example need be set up. There is Great Britain. No empire could be more far-flung or more securely established. No nation could have more, bigger, and richer colonies. India is a British colony, with an area of two million square miles and a population of approximately 350,000,000. What market could be of more idyllic economic promise? And what nation is now capturing that market? Not England, but Japan. The Malay Peninsula is a British possession. Not England, but Japan is selling goods there now. For Great Britain the fruits of victory in 1919, after a war in which it had spent itself, were the dispossession of Germany from its colonies, especially in Africa, and the consummation of the old British dream of an all-British route from Cairo to Cape Town. The former German colonies are now British. But 99 per cent of the artificial silk imported into Tanganyika is Japanese, and for every yard of British textiles imported into Kenya, there are six yards of Japanese textiles. The foundation of Great Britain's commercial position in the nineteenth century was the textile trade, more particularly the textile trade with India. In 1933 Japan's exports of textiles to India passed Great Britain's. Despite Great Britain's prior position, despite its control of facilities of finance and distribution, despite mounting tariff walls built to shut out Japan, Japanese textiles won preference in competition with British.

Parallels may be found in other imperial possessions. Java and Sumatra are Dutch possessions. But Japan's trade with Java and Sumatra is greater than that of the Netherlands. Italy may subdue and hold Ethiopia in perpetuity, but Japan—or Germany or the United States—will get the bulk of the trade of Ethiopia.

In a word, possession of colonial territory no longer guarantees enjoyment of the economic perquisites thereof. Trade no longer follows the flag. It did fifty years ago; it does not now. In the twentieth century political sovereignty may be only a psychological luxury, a testimonial of national glory, which may be satisfying but makes no jobs and fills no bellies. Even tariffs, control of credit, and manipulation of currencies are not decisive. The Indian rupee is pegged to the pound sterling, but it is paid out to Japanese merchants. Too many other factors enter into international commercial competition now. Trade goes to the most efficient producer regardless of nationality; to the producer, that is, who can lay down goods of quality equal to others, at a lower price and on easier credit conditions. Because the resultant of all these factors, weighted principally by nearness to the market, operates in Japan's favor, Japan gets the trade of the British colonial possessions in the East, though the raj still pronounces the decrees and official ceremonies still end with "God Save the King." In other areas other industrial countries possessing the same advantages will get the trade no matter what flag flies over the colonies. There has been unwarranted exaggeration of the so-called Japanese trade menace, but in one sense its significance is historic. It symbolizes the end of the uses of imperialistic aggression as an economic weapon. There may still be ways of expansion for the acquisition of markets; seizure of colonies is not one of them.

III

Expansion in order to secure access to supplies of raw materials still has a certain validity. Monopoly of the iron, coal, oil, gold, copper, rubber, and tin of an area offers a compelling motive for national aggression, since these and similar raw materials are indispensable to industrial production. Possession of a colony does give prior rights to such natural resources and at least yields a profit from their exploitation. But that is all it gives. It does not solve the fundamental economic problem of a country. It does not provide the means of subsistence for a population which otherwise cannot be supported. Possession of a colony grants prior right but not monopoly. For practical purposes no nation can maintain a monopoly of all the resources within its control without provoking retaliation by other countries at points where it is vulnerable. Great Britain controls the rubber of Malaya, but it had to come to terms with American manufacturers. Conversely, the United States has no supply of rubber within its own borders, but the American automobile industry operates nevertheless. In fact, the United States is the principal consumer of rubber. Access to raw materials is indispensable, but it is not enough. It is of limited advantage unless accompanied by command of markets, which in turn depends upon an efficient, broad-based industrial structure. And if a country has such an industrial structure it can get the raw materials it needs by purchase. It probably does not even have to pay a premium for them, since there are few materials which are so exclusively confined to one area that their price is not fixed in the world market. Control of raw materials is of conclusive advantage only if a country can command all or nearly all the essential raw materials, whether in its own territory (as does the United States) or in its colonial possessions. If it is to have them in its colonial possessions, then it must have practically all the colonies in the world. And this is scarcely feasible in the twentieth century. Too many Powers would have to be eliminated.

All the colonies still extant or subject to conquest will do Italy and Germany little good. Japan is in a somewhat special case, since if it conquers China it conquers a continent, not a colony. But even for Japan there are important reservations. The price of conquering China and perhaps fighting other countries for the right to do so may be so much higher than Japan would have to pay for China's raw materials in the normal processes of trade that Japan will bankrupt itself. In so far as access to raw materials is necessary to an industrial economy, their purchase is not excluded. In fact, purchase is in the long run the surest means of access, if not also the cheapest. Colonial conquest is not only more expensive but not sure. The benefits will go to the industrially most efficient country in any case.

IV

What then of expansion? Suppose countries such as Italy do have a "legitimate" need to expand: what follows from that? There is a considerable vogue just now for the theory that the danger of war arises from the division of the world into countries that are sated and countries that are unsated, notably Germany, Italy, and Japan. The unsated will seek to redress the balance, it is held; hence the certainty of conflict. A neat, well-rounded theory, but it has only a superficial relation to the facts.

In the first place, even on the most casual scrutiny of the sated countries, satiation would not seem to be very

satisfying. What nation could be more replenished than Great Britain with all that is supposed to endow a people with wealth and power and prestige? And how flourishing is Great Britain just now? How secure is its empire and how stable its economic organism? And how sweet are the fruits of world dominion to its people? In the second place, suppose Germany or even Italy should succeed in supplanting England, carving out as great an empire as the British: how much better off would it be? For an empire greater than the British no nation could hope. It is not likely that any nation can ever again be what England was in 1900, not even England. Before that can come about, nationalism will more likely have passed as a form of political and economic organization. Let the unsated redress the balance or even pull all the weights into their own scale; let them take all England's colonies and more: their needs will still not be met.

The truth is that the rewards of empire are barren in the twentieth century.

From this it does not follow, of course, that they will not be pursued. In fact they are being pursued now. The struggle for empire is being resumed. The years between 1919 and 1929 were an abnormal interlude. There was no change in international motives and methods. The principal antagonists in the imperialistic struggle were only war-stricken and convalescing. The signs of the renewal of the scramble for colonies are unmistakable. Italy's challenge of the finality of the *status quo* has caused a profound unsettlement; witness Great Britain's springing to the defense in the Mediterranean. Germany's rearmament is preliminary to its re-entry into its pre-war role of contestant for empire. Powers without colonies will seek them. Others will seek to prevent them from succeeding—as, for example, the United States in obstructing Japan—and will try to entrench themselves more securely in their own colonies. Thus, as a by-product, the kindlier temper toward subject peoples manifest a few years ago will be abandoned and movements for recovery of independence will be firmly scotched. In consequence, there is every prospect of a dual struggle—between empire and empire and between each empire and its dependencies. The nationalism of the subject peoples will intensify with time rather than abate. The theory of satiety versus unsatedness is sound enough as prognosis of international tendencies. It is disputable only in its analysis of international social forces. Nations will arm themselves, form alliances against one another, contest with diplomatic intrigues, embark on aggressions and finally plunge into another Armageddon, no doubt. But it should be emphasized that *they will be doing so in order to get what they will not have when they get it.*

The argument has been confined thus far to demonstrating that the objects of expansion cannot be achieved. That is enough to invalidate most of the national "policies" that now draw Western nations into war. The point could also be made that even if the objects of expansion could be achieved, the gain would not compensate for the cost of armament, for wars against rivals, and for suppression of native uprisings. And the further point could be made that those objects are self-defeating. This point is crucial. To get the benefits that expansion envisages—markets, raw materials, profits, the trade that will keep men employed and industry solvent—it is necessary to develop the territories expanded into. What can the primitive, barefooted tribesmen of Ethiopia buy from Italy? How can they pay for what they buy if they want to do so? And where will

they get the knowledge and skill required to exploit the resources that Italy presumably covets? To do these things they must be given capital, they must be trained as engineers and machine operatives, and they must be helped to establish factories, banks, and commercial enterprises. Then only will they have the means to buy from Italy and constitute the market that Italy desires. But then they will have less need to buy from Italy. When they are so proficient that they can produce enough to pay for imports from Italy they will not have to depend on imports from Italy. They will satisfy all or a large part of their demands by their own production.

It will be as it has already begun to be in the East. When a colony has reached the stage of development in which it yields the fullest benefit to the ruling country, it has already become economically independent of the ruling country. In time it may even be a successful competitor of its ruler, as Japan became—and as China no doubt will become some day even if Japan first conquers China. This is the Achilles-heel of all modern empires and of the institution of imperialism. To attain success an empire must lay the conditions of ultimate failure. Its progress can be measured by the distance it has gone toward self-defeat. The definition of consummate success is self-elimination. Empires have reached the fullness of life only when they are about to die.

The degree of success which the older empires have already achieved may be measured by their economic plight now. An integral factor in the depression felt throughout the Western world is the loss of foreign markets in the once backward areas which have begun to industrialize and make their goods for themselves. The distinction has been drawn earlier in this article between the necessity of expansion for the quick establishment of an industrialized society and its advantage for a country already industrialized. It is an elementary fact of the social history of the past hundred years that the expansion of the first industrialized countries over the rest of the globe made possible the high material development of twentieth-century Europe and America. The new markets which were opened up and the natural resources which were made available to Western factories yielded the wealth that created the industrial structure of the West and enabled it to grow ever loftier. An analogy may be drawn between imperialism in the international economy and inflation in domestic economy. In its earlier stages inflation works. It even provides a stimulant that energizes and produces the flush of vigor. But it must be continued. When—to mix a metaphor—it has reached saturation point, there is collapse. Throughout the nineteenth century imperialistic expansion was the stimulant that sent the blood coursing through the veins of the Western economic system and gave it body and vitality and growth. So long as it could be continued the economic system was healthy. It can no longer be continued. There are no more worlds to conquer. We can only snatch at one another's possessions.

After the collapse of a domestic inflation and the liquidation and readjustment that follow, the system may be sounder than before, provided it has had resistance enough to survive. So too, after the readjustment is made in the international economy and the losses have been written off that were based on the fallacious discounting of continuous future increase, the international economy may be sounder. When colonial territories are fully developed and economically independent they will constitute better markets than they ever did as colonies. But the na-

tional readjustments required in the interim will be disastrous and may be fatal. The danger is that they will goad some nations to mad flings in desperation. There are disquieting psychotic symptoms already.

The case for national expansion, as put by Italy or any other country, for that matter, does not hold. It has no relevance in the third quarter of the twentieth century. There is no "legitimate" need for expansion, because expansion as expressed in nationalistic, militaristic policies cannot answer the need. All or nearly all nationalistic, militaristic, imperialistic policies today are, therefore, futile at best and perhaps suicidal. The sanctity with which this particular formula has been endowed is in result all the more dangerous. The only expansion which is now possible is by way of penetration into territories already settled, or displacement of nations now occupying unsettled or undeveloped territories—that is to say, by war. And even then the objects for which it is undertaken cannot be realized.

V

This is not to say, however, that there are no needs. Obviously there are, and the difference between Italy and other industrialized countries is only one of degree. The needs are exigent, desperate, and immediate. There was a time when they could be met by following the course of empire, with national governments blazing the trail and mobilizing the population to beat off intruders or hostile raiders. They can no longer. The stock weapons of tariffs, subsidies, and diplomatic démarches in support of financial and commercial representatives are blunted. If we do not wish to destroy ourselves against a wall at the end of a blind alley we shall turn from the course of empire and seek new paths. "Leveling the barriers to trade," one of the clichés of the moment, is futile counsel. No doubt the normal operation of economic law, whether for trade or for raw materials, would leave us no worse off and make what we do get less costly; no trade returns profit enough to balance the outlay in a modern war. But this is counseling men to meditate with the philosophers on the eternal verities when the roof over their heads sags and sways. They will not do it. They will rush for means of escape, *sauve qui peut*—as all contemporary evidence testifies.

Once a new basis for prosperity is found, to replace the older and now useless basis of expansion by acquisition of colonies, and a new equilibrium is reached, normal economic processes can function again. It will then be more efficient, cheaper, and safer to buy raw materials in the open market, on the same terms to all buyers, and to let trade go to him who makes the most serviceable goods at the lowest price. But first the new basis and the new equilibrium must be found. They will be found all the sooner if we disembarrass ourselves of old beliefs no longer true and old phrases now hollow. Of these the most dangerous is the belief in imperial conquest, with the glamour that has gathered round it. Empire can lead only to death and to destruction, no matter how it may be glorified by rhetoric, synthetic emotionalism, and meretricious patriotism. For a way out of the economic dilemma it is better to turn back into ourselves, re-examine our economic premises, and make the fundamental changes which are called for by the fact that the first epoch in the age of mechanization has irrevocably gone. The outlets must be found by re-organization at home—by making it possible for the disinherited at home to buy the goods we have hitherto counted on the heathen in the backward parts to pay for.



NIGHT ON THE STILLS

A STORY

BY PAUL SKELDING

Even when he first went to work as a greenhorn at the refinery, David Craig could tell that the stillmen were different—different and superior. He didn't know why it was and, for some reason, he didn't like to ask about it. You asked about pipes and valves and pumps but you didn't ask about refinery etiquette and social standings. Things like that came only with time and experience. As a matter of fact, he doubted whether the other men could have explained it if he had asked. Like himself, they understood it; that was all. They knew the stillmen were superior. They accepted and respected the fact and let it go at that. Dave tried to reason it out for himself by a process of elimination.

The stillmen were veterans, of course; they were the highest paid of the workers, and they were tower-men. These facts gave them standing in refinery circles but they weren't the reasons for the difference. Plenty of the other men were veterans too—Tom Montgomery, George Watson; plenty of them; Old John Bonnelli, one of the filter-house men and a particular friend of Dave's, had worked there over twenty years; but none of them rated with the stillmen. The matter of pay was just the established scale, and all of the main departments were run on towers. Of course the tower-men were more important. They worked on the regular eight-hour towers—seven to three, three to eleven, and eleven to seven—taking their lunch when they could and keeping their departments running night and day and seven days a week. It was only the yard gang and the office men who worked the day shift from eight to five with an hour for lunch and Sundays and holidays off; and everyone knew that they didn't count for anything.

But the stillmen were different. They called the superintendent, "Mac" instead of "Sir" or "Mr. McLaughlin," and the superintendent seemed to consult with them instead of giving them orders. They were rather grave men and acted older somehow. They were nice fellows and popular with everyone but they stayed together and a little apart. You could fool and kid with the other men but you didn't feel like fooling with the stillmen. They seemed to be busy with really important thoughts and you didn't disturb them. Even the tail-house was exclusive. There were no orders about it. The tail-house was the stillmen's domain, that was all, and everyone else kept out.

And then Dave began to understand it. That was later when he considered himself a veteran. He had graduated from the laboratory and the compounding department. He had started his tower work as clay-burner and then he had been a filter-house man and a wax-house engineer. Long

ago his overalls had been scrubbed and his lunch box battered to the state that shows long service. He could chew tobacco and spit with the best of them, pull the peak of his engineer's cap down over his eyes and peer scornfully at the new men who swore because you couldn't smoke in the refinery. But, even then, he knew he wasn't solid like the stillmen and, by that time, he had begun to see why. All the tower-men had important jobs; they weren't stuffed shirts like the office force; but no one had responsibilities like the stillmen. Other departments finished oil—picked it up where the stillmen left off—but the stillmen *made* it. They were the heart of the refinery. They took the crude oil from the Pennsylvania hillsides and distilled it into gasoline and wax distillate and cylinder stock to feed the other departments, and one slip on their part could ruin thousands of dollars' worth of oil or blow the refinery and all its works into the Ohio River. The other men's jobs depended upon the stillmen. No one said anything about it, but the other men knew it, and that is why they respected the stillmen and the stillmen knew it, and that is why they had that quiet look.

Dave had figured it out, but he didn't get the full meaning of it until he had been promoted to the stills department himself. Then he got into the tail-house and saw the names and dates written in pencil on the white painted walls.

"Them's stillmen," Howard Trimmer explained, "and the date they was killed."

There was risk in every man's job. All the older workers were more insistent about observance of the "No Smoking" signs than were the bosses themselves; but Death was the exacting boss of every stillman and the bond that held them together.

Of course Dave wasn't a stillman yet. He had had only a short apprenticeship really, and he expected that weeks more of training would be required of him before he would be considered capable of taking a tower as a full stillman. But already he considered himself capable and, what was more important, he had gained in the eyes of the men the prestige of the stills department. He was on the stills payroll; that was enough for the other men. And that is why, on the morning after the accident that got George Schultz, way was made for him to the front where Howard Trimmer was standing. This was a stillman's affair, and Dave was in that department; and so, with the same evidence of respect which he himself had felt for the stillmen, the men moved aside and let him through.

He hadn't seen the accident. It had happened about midnight the night before, and during his training period Dave was working the eight-to-five shift. In the first heavy sleep of night he hadn't even heard the fire siren. He knew nothing about it until he came to work at eight. There was a strange Sundayish hush over the refinery that morning and the yard seemed deserted except for the close knot of men who were gathered, like a congregation, near the stills. Dave moved through them when they stepped aside for him.

Number 1 Steam Still was a contorted fold of iron; quiet and futile like a liner helpless on a reef. It looked strangely unfamiliar in its familiar location. Already there were yellow stains of rust where the paint had chipped at the folds.

"It wasn't no fault of George's," Howard explained to him. His voice sounded dull and, Dave thought, a little stupid. "The vacuum valve stuck. She'd been charged with benzine, you know, steamin' off the light ends, and was down and George was

pumpin' her out. He was standin' here, right in front of her, when the vacuum valve stuck—musta stuck—and cut off her air. Anyway, that old still just crushed in like a egg and shot out that naptha like as if you was squeezin' a rubber bulb. It started to burn, acourse, jest as soon as that hot stuff hit the air, and the boiler-house fireman pulled the siren. Funny you never heard it. Wasn't a helluva fire, at that. The burnin' naptha run down the ditches some, and a coupla them tank cars with the covers off begun to burn at the top. They jest give the cars a shove and let 'em roll down the sidin' outa the way. Funny how that naptha acted. It was jumpin' round the yard burnin' in the air like witches. They got her out quick enough. Wasn't a helluva lot left in her, at that. But when that blazin' naptha sprayed out it caught poor George square—him and them two guineas that was standin' here too. All three of them run blazin', clear to the river an' jumped in. When they come out they was burned that black you couldn't tell nothin'. They walked all the way up to the office on the stumps of their feet but they was done fer. One of the guineas lived quite a while though at that."

Howard Trimmer stepped over and picked up the wrench that was lying by the stop-cock of the suction line—still lying where George Schultz had dropped it the night before. Dave looked at the disabled still, at the rivets that had sheared off and the seam that had opened when the heavy iron had caved in. It was from that seam that had come the boiling naphtha which had caught George—George and the two guineas.

When he turned with the older stillman and walked back through the crowd he knew that the men—old friends, all of them—were looking at him with curiosity and a little awe, as one looks at an actor who has stepped from his stage and is walking through the audience. The other men had set him apart from themselves. For no clear reason the responsibility for the accident seemed to Dave to rest upon his own shoulders. He felt self-conscious, serious, and a little shy. At that moment he realized that he understood the mystery of the stillmen's position among the men of the refinery.

The crowd was dispersing by this time and the plant was resuming its normal tenor. Pumps were coughing and emitting salvos of steam from the bare sides of buildings. The blare of riveters came from the new crude tank. Heat waves shivered over the black, oil-soaked acres. A song sparrow on a wire poured a tiny, tinkling trill from its swelling throat. It affected Dave strangely. He had always associated that song with the first green of spring. The bird seemed lost, battered, a little disreputable in this world of heat and steel.

With Howard he followed the cinder path past the little, brick-bordered circle where Tom, a wax-house engineer, nursed a few sickly geraniums. They crossed the black expanse of yard, over the railroad siding, under dripping steam pipes, between the hissing boilers and the droning, churning stills, past the condenser boxes steaming overhead and then, climbing iron steps that clung to the side of a small tile building, they entered the tail-house.

It was cool in the tail-house. A breeze came through the windows that lined one side and looked down upon the rows of squat run-down tanks. The coolness, the shade, the damp of the concrete floor, and the sparkling streams of distillate pouring through the glass-topped look boxes which, with the maze of pipes, covered the wall opposite the windows, gave the place

something of the atmosphere of a spring house.

Dave seated himself at the stillmen's desk and watched Howard Trimmer add, "George Schultz—August 27, 1919" to the pencil marks on the wall. He watched too while Howard, astride the greasy bench, opened his lunch box and bit off a mouthful of sandwich. Howard had been working since midnight when he had been called to take George's place. There was nothing to do for the moment—ten minutes before the hourly gravities. They were both thinking the same thing, Dave knew, but he waited for Howard to speak. At last the stillman looked up.

"It's jest like I keep tellin' you," he began, "you can't never be too sure. That old steam still was safe alongside of the fire stills, but you can't never tell. You think you got it all down till you ferget somethin' and, in this job, it jest don't do to ferget. Most always you get a chance to ferget only jest that one time."

The door opened and McLaughlin, the superintendent, came in. Recent army training made Dave stand up, but Howard kept on with his lunch.

"Apple, Mac?" he said.

McLaughlin didn't answer. He stood there looking at Dave. Then Howard too looked at Dave. Dave felt uncomfortable. At last the superintendent spoke.

"How're you getting on?" he asked.

Dave shifted a little. "Fine," he answered. Yesterday he would have said it more quickly.

"Think you could run the stills?"

"I think so—sure I could."

Again the superintendent fell to studying him as though an answer to his problem were to be found on Dave's grimy cap.

"I'm shorthanded," he explained. "George's death leaves me in a hole—a stillman short. Howard and Bill will have to work twelve hours as it is."

"I'm all set," said Dave quietly, "I think I can swing it."

"You ought to have more time." McLaughlin was thinking aloud. "But I hate to bring in a stillman from outside. He'd have to learn the lines anyway. What do you think, Howard?"

Howard had been studying Dave as doubtfully as had the superintendent himself, but now he spoke without hesitation. His smile was a mouthful of sandwich held in by yellow teeth.

"Dave's all right," he said heartily. "He's picked it up fast. He can take a turn. He won't make no mistakes."

McLaughlin continued to consult Howard. "I thought of the night shift," he suggested.

Howard nodded. "That's right. Things is quieter then."

"All right," said the superintendent, "we'll give you a chance. You'll be a stillman now. You can start to-night—eleven o'clock. Better go home now and get some sleep. I'll notify the office."

Dave went home and after a bite of lunch he went to bed, but he didn't sleep. To-morrow, after he had run the stills all night, he might be able to sleep; but to-day he lay awake. Hot sunlight framed the rectangle of the wavering blind. A fly, moving in jagged arcs, complained fretfully to the ceiling. David, lying on his back, followed its flight with unseeing eyes. He was catechizing himself desperately on the special warnings of his stills apprenticeship.

"Have your condensers cold for benzine and hot when you're runnin' heavy oil. If you plug your coils with wax and make a back pressure somethin's got to go, and it might not be the safety valve. Start your fires slow; there may be water in your charge. Wear gloves when you sample your still-bottoms and keep workin' the valve—don't let that hot stuff get away

from you or you'll have a fire. Don't, fer God's sake, give 'er steam too quick—jest crack the valve; if you shoot in water with the steam, the whole dam' plant'll take a ride. . . ." So it went on, over and over in his mind, while the fly strove against the ceiling and the sun settled behind the blind.

It was still broad daylight when he dressed, but he couldn't help it. He couldn't lie there in bed any longer. Throughout the long evening he wandered restlessly from room to room or walked about the streets. He thought night would never come. Most likely by eleven o'clock he'd be getting sleepy—just when he'd have to start his work—his first night on the stills. At 10:15 he was through waiting; he was going to start to the plant anyway. He picked up his lunch box and walked to the street car. The night was hot and dark. Heat lightning flared in the west.

At Kelly's Corner he climbed down and waited for the trolley to pass. Behind him rose steep hills; before him spread the Ohio Valley, the gray line of river in the distance; and, over all, the night pressed down—an inverted bowl overhead. The refinery was a cluster of pinpoint lights and distorted shapes that sprawled on the bank of the river. Dave crossed the tracks and followed the long dirt road. He shivered a little, though it was so warm.

At the entry he stamped his time card—it was 10:35—then he stepped into the yard. In the distortion of night the refinery was a place transformed, unfamiliar; a circumscribed area of light and security from which blind passages led into boundless spaces of shadow and mystery. The office building was deserted and completely dark except for the passageway where he had punched the time clock and where the watchman had his desk. Even the yard was desolate. There was something furtive about the occasional worker that moved on the fringes; and the diffused glow that warmed the area seemed to be of itself—independent of the tiny lights that spotted the darkness. Wisps of steam, like wraiths, floated before the lights.

Dave crossed the yard and climbed the tail-house stairs. A single lamp, swinging a little in the breeze, lighted the stillmen's desk where Bill Knox, cleaned up and ready to go home, sat waiting to be relieved. For some reason Dave whispered when he greeted him. Bill, dressed in a clean blue shirt and the edges of his hair curled back from a recently accomplished part, smiled at him.

"So you're runnin' 'em to-night, hunh? Howard told me. Think you can make out all right alone?"

"I think so."

"Sure you can. It's an easy night." He put on his steel-rimmed spectacles and bent over the stills sheet on the desk.

"Number 2's away light yet; she's runnin' naptha," he interpreted from his own report. "So's Number 3, only she's about ready to cut over. Number 4's runnin' P.D., makin' 32 neutral. Number 5's crackin' wax. Number 6 is runnin' wax. Number 7's makin' 600 stock; she's to be pumped over to the filter-house. She's about down. Charge her with dark crude when she's out. Eight's runnin' water-white. Nine's in wax; she'll want steam at midnight. Number 10's out; she's to be charged again with that light crude." A line was drawn clear through the column marked, "Number 1 Still."

Dave didn't pay much attention. He could read the report himself—even Bill Knox's writing. He was concentrating upon collecting a poise that would reassure both Bill and himself. He tried to be hard-boiled.

"Hell of a lot of pumping you've left for me," he grinned.

"Well, what the hell. Night man alus does the pumpin', don't he? About all he's got to do."

But Bill wasn't fooled. "You'll get along all right," he urged, as Dave accompanied him as far as the row of stills. "This is a easy night and things is quiet. Jest don't lose your head. See you've got your stops set right when you're pumpin' and watch your fires. Don't let that stock in 7 get away from you and mind how you let the steam in 9. You've got nothin' very tricky to-night—nothin' only that steam in 9. Don't take no chances. You know the ropes." And Bill started toward the time-clock gate.

Yes, Dave knew the ropes—or at least he had known them when he'd had a stillman working there with him. But alone? It might be better for him to start on the day shift when things would seem clearer. He had a moment of panic.

"Bill," he called, in spite of himself.

" 'Dja call me?" Bill, almost at the gate, stopped and looked back. "Want somethin'?"

"No—no, nothing," said Dave. "Go ahead."

"O.K. Good-night then." And Bill was gone.

Alone, Dave turned and faced his charges defiantly. The battery of big stills stood there—a long picket of harnessed elephants; docile enough when under control, but terrific forces of destruction if one should get out of hand and infect the others with a surge of their powers. Under them the fires flared and roared behind the brick fronts and the churning contents of their vast interiors thumped and boomed. An awfully thin layer of iron separated the fires from those explosive contents. But they were under control—just now anyway—and as he watched them Dave felt his confidence returning. He started back to the tail-house.

"Hey, Dave."

He turned and saw John Bonnelli outlined in the light of the open filter-house door. John summoned him with a commanding jerk of the head.

"You runnin' the stills to-night?" he asked when Dave had come up to him.

"Yep."

"All 'lone?"

"Sure."

"Jeesa Crise!"

"What's wrong with you, Johnny?"

"Wat's amat' a me! I ain't wanta die ayet—'ats awat. I see nuffa lasta night."

"You've got nothing to sweat about—away over here in the filter-house."

" 'At's alla right. I tink, by God, I hear sumpin leta go, I get outa here aplenty dama queek!"

"You'll have to go quick—and give me plenty of room or I'll run you down." Dave jerked the cap down over Johnny's eyes and went back to the tail-house. It was eleven o'clock—time to get to work. Start with something easy. He'd take the gravities.

From each look-box in turn he filled his sample can and, when the hydrometer, in the flask, had stopped bobbing, he read the figures under the electric bulb. He noted them down on the hourly report sheet on the desk. They were all right to run as they were—the streams of distillate—all but Number 3. It was heavy, too heavy to run longer in the naphtha tank. She was ready to cut into water-white. He went to the manifold of valves and, with his wrench, closed the one that was open—the one leading to the naphtha run-down tank. The stream of distillate from Number 3 Still quickly flooded the glass look-box but immediately returned to its normal level when Dave opened another valve—the one to the tank for water-white kerosene. The first step had been taken. Simple enough. Just cut the stream from one tank to another. There was no chance

for mistake. The valves on the manifold were clearly marked. But Dave breathed easier when it was done.

Number 7 was making stock, the chart said, and was nearly done. You didn't test that at the stream; you had to take a sample from the still-bottom. "When you test a still-bottom, *wear your gloves.*"

But Dave was in a hurry and was nervous. He grabbed the stock bucket and rushed out to the still. On the tail-house desk lay his heavy gauntlets —forgotten.

He approached Number 7 Still gingerly and held out his bucket toward the tail-pipe. The still was terrifically hot. It was hissing and booming and little drops of steaming oil gathered on its side and fell with a *pssst* to the ground. But the handle of the stop-cock was cool. It didn't remind Dave about his gloves. He held the bucket under the tail-pipe and cautiously opened the cock—just a little. A cloud of oily steam surged about his face and there was a cracking and sputtering as the scalding oil trickled into the pail. Quickly Dave shut off the cock—then opened it—then shut it—working it carefully back and forth. "Keep working the stop," he remembered. "Fer God's sake, don't let it lock open on you." He had enough in his pail and shut off the stop. And then he remembered his gloves. He nearly fainted. If something had gone wrong! If one of those hot drops had fallen on his hand and he had jerked back and let that scalding stream get away from him!

But nothing had gone wrong. The stop-cock hadn't got away from him. The stream was shut off. There was no fire. Only his knees were wrong. They were trembling violently. He swore to himself and promised to forget nothing more that night.

Sample bucket in hand, he walked to the office and switched on the light in the lab. No chemists worked at night. He'd have to test the sample himself. From his bucket he filled a flash cup and set it over a Bunsen burner. Then he hung a thermometer in the oil and waited, tiny gas torch in his hand. At every five degrees' rise of the thermometer he passed the torch over the oil. At last something happened. A blue flicker of flame jumped over the surface of the cup and went out. "Flash," said Dave aloud, and noted down the temperature. He continued the heating, passing the torch over the cup, seeing the flashes grow stronger. At last a flash caught and held and burned steadily. The test was finished. Dave blew out the flame and read the temperature. "595 Burn." The oil was done. Time to cut off the fire under the still. She'd be 600 by the time she was out. He switched off the electric lights. Let the chemists clean up the mess in the morning. He was a stillman.

Back at Number 7 Still he turned off the gas. The great flame popped and went out. Through the openings he could see white worms of glowing carbon crawl over the hot bricks.

"Hey, Johnny," he yelled through the filter-house door. "Set your lines. I've got some 600 coming over in a minute."

But first he must charge that still that was empty—Number 10—charge her with that light crude. He opened the stop on the charging line at Number 10 Still and the right stops on the suction and discharge lines in the pump-house. Then he turned on the steam and started a pump coughing. When it was running smoothly he ran to a big crude tank and, climbing to the top, pulled up the cord until the swing-line was well off the bottom. He would take no chances of pumping water from the bottom of the tank into that empty still that was still hot. Last, he opened the valve on the suc-

tion line at the tank and put his ear to the pipe. The throb-throb of the pump down the length of pipe and the gurgling within assured him that the crude was flowing to the pump all right. But was it being pumped to the right place? He thought he had set his lines right but he was taking no chances. Wildly he raced back to the still and held his ear as close as the heat would allow. There was no sound. Then came a plop—a splash—and then the regular drone of liquid pouring against iron. It was all right: the crude was flowing where it should. Dave wiped the sweat off his brow and went to take the hourly gravities in the tail-house.

It was midnight—time to turn the steam into Number 9. He dreaded that job. In the bottom of that pounding still were coils of steam pipe punched full of holes. When he opened the valve, steam would shoot from those holes into the boiling contents and, by agitating the oil, would keep the layer on the bottom from burning. But suppose steam didn't come through those holes! Suppose the damn boiler-house men gave him wet steam, as they so often did, and he shot water into that molten furnace. "Easy when you give her the steam," he had been told time after time. "Go awful easy at first. You may get water and give the whole place a ride. Jest crack the valve at first."

A piece of string was tied around the top of the perpendicular spoke of the steam valve. That piece of string was the stillmen's marker. Dave knew that the valve should be worked open, little by little, until the bit of twine stood "about five minutes after." "About five minutes after" had been definite enough when Dave had located it under the eyes of Howard Trimmer. But it was most indefinite now that he was alone, and the possibility of error seemed enormous. Well it was midnight. The oil in that still must have steam and he must turn it in.

Keeping his body as far from the still as possible, he stretched his arm to its limit. Carefully, timidly, his trembling fingers tried the hot wheel. It was tight—would not move.

"God, who shut off this valve!"

Dave knew that he must just crack it. But how could you crack a valve shut as tight as that? When it did let go the string would probably jump to "quarter past" at the first break. Dave lowered his hand to ease his straining arm and studied the valve that looked so innocent yet could work such havoc.

But looking at it did no good; it had to be turned. Once more he stretched out his arm—pressed tighter with his fingers—and then the valve let go. There were sharp pounding cracks and a smothered roar from the great belly of iron. Dave leaped away and watched the still, trembling. But the pounding had stopped and the roar had changed to a gentle hum. There was only the thumping of his heart. The valve moved easily now and he gave it a "minute" turn more. That, he thought, as the hum grew louder, would be enough for a little while. He'd ease the tension of his nerves.

"Your lines set for that stock, Johnny?" he yelled.

"Leave 'er acome." This from somewhere in the filter-house.

Once more, in the pump-house, he set new stops and started a pump going—the stock pump, this time. Then he went back to the still and opened the suction-line stop. A trail of smoke ran down the greasy pipe, marking the progress of the hot oil as it flowed on its trip through the line. Dave ran for the long gauge pole and, with it, pushed up the arm of the vacuum valve on top of the smoking still. This wasn't necessary, he knew, but the vacuum valve had stuck with George last night, and Dave was taking no

chances. The arm moved easily—the valve was free. Dave wondered if the stock was getting to the filter-house. That was Johnny's worry. Johnny was responsible for the filter-house lines being right. But maybe he'd better go see.

Inside the filter-house he was greeted by the sound of plashing and he could see the steaming oil tumbling from a pipe into an open tank. Dave felt a great surge of pride in that oil. He had made it in his stills; he had tested it and had pumped it to Johnny's tanks. There was great satisfaction in it all.

"That's beautiful stuff, Johnny," he yelled; though all he could see was dark, smoking liquid pouring into an open top tank.

Johnny only grunted. He'd seen stock pour into that pan for the past twenty years. Stock was stock to Johnny. He was busy dumping a filter.

Dave watched the oil fall and the bubbles foam to the top. It was pleasant in the familiar filter-house where he had worked so long—cheerful and safe; and there was comfort in the knowledge of Johnny's presence. He'd like to stay there longer. But he was a stillman—couldn't be soft before Johnny. He went out again into the dark.

The night was wearing away. Dave wondered why he didn't grow sleepy. He wasn't sleepy. His eyes felt wide—like open windows in his head, and his mind was alert and clear. He didn't think of the strain. Number 10 must be full by now. He'd better take a look. It was nearly full. He might as well light the fires—start it slow at first.

He went to get the torch—a pipe handle bound with a bunch of waste. He dipped the waste-swathed end in a puddle of oil and held a match to it. It caught and blazed with a smoky flame. He stuck the burning mass through the bricks and, with his free hand, turned on the gas. There was a blast under the still. Flames burst through the bricks and then raced back along the still bottom to lick up the gas in the far corners. Dave adjusted the valve until the fire wrapped the iron tank in a steady flame. Then he went to the pump-house to stop the flow of crude. Number 10 Still was charged and ready to run again. In the tail-house, Dave wrote it down on the chart.

The hours passed. Gravities were taken and noted down. Number 7 Still was emptied of its stock and was receiving its fresh charge of dark crude. The tanks, the buildings, and the tall boiler stacks loomed like stage pieces—outlined against a pearl-gray sky. Day was breaking. Dave stood in front of his stills and watched the mist rise from the river. He was waiting for the indicator on 7 to show full. He began to relax with the coming of dawn.

And, suddenly, as he stood there, a warm glow lighted the yard round him. It was as though electricity had been turned on to replace a failing twilight. It was vaguely comforting to Dave and, absently, he rested there in the glow—minutes, it seemed to him later. Then he realized and, horrified, looked up. He stood as if transfixed. The safety valve that branched, with the great vapor line, from the dome of Number 6 Still was hidden in a swirling mass of flame.

Dave's immediate impulse was to fly for his life, but his legs were paralyzed. He couldn't move. When his mind began to function again thoughts crowded one another in bewildering disorder. He must give the alarm. No, race for an extinguisher and do what he could himself. Every thought of action was stopped by the overwhelming urge to save himself. But,

over it all, was the persistent, subconscious command, "Keep your head, keep your head—you *must* keep your head." No need to arouse the refinery. He was stillman. This was his job. Why start the siren for a little thing like this? And then, for no good reason, he thought of John Bonnelli. Good old Johnny! He knew the refinery. He was only a filter-house man, but he'd been there twenty years. Dave raced for the filter-house. Then he forced himself to walk—made himself be calm, collected. Don't let Johnny know you're scared.

"Say, Johnny," he said calmly, "can you step over to the stills with me a minute? There's something I want you to look at. I've got a little fire there."

John looked at him quickly. He was reassured by Dave's quiet manner but he didn't linger. He put down the wrench he had been wielding and went with Dave to the stills. Together they looked at the blaze. Then John spoke.

"I no think that'sa nothing," he said. "Justa the safety valva leak. That happen alla time."

"That's what I thought," said Dave. "Do you think we ought to—uh—try to put it out?"

"No. Let him burn. You can'ta reach up there, only with the biga foam machine. Let him burn. She taka care of himself." Johnny went back to his filters and Dave was left with his blaze.

He felt quieter, a little reassured; but not entirely so. Johnny was a veteran refiner, a good practical man. But Dave knew the theory of the stills. He knew that dome was filled with gases that poured through the vapor line to the condenser. Those gases were highly explosive and that blazing valve was right beside that dome. But Johnny seemed sure. He'd seen that happen before. Johnny was a dependable fellow. No use giving the alarm just yet. He'd wait a while and see. He wouldn't make a fool of himself—not on his first night on the stills. Gosh! He had to shut off that pump on 7!

Quickly he ran to the pump-house and shut off the power. Then, when he had closed all stops, he raced back to his fire. It was burning quietly, innocently; flaming under the halo it cast, like a flare under a circus tent; burning quietly enough—next to that line of explosive gas. If only it would hold till Howard came. Suppose it should burn through—melt off that safety valve! Dave was fascinated by the blaze. For some reason he felt compelled to stay there and watch it. But it was time for the six o'clock gravities. When he climbed the steps to the tail-house he was trembling so that he supported himself by the rail.

Quickly and nervously he took the gravities and scribbled down the readings. He must get back to the stills—keep his eye on that fire. But when he'd poured out the last sample and was about to rush out again he saw his own face—saw it in Bill Knox's mirror that hung by the tail-house door. His face was tense and pale; his eyes wide and shadowed with fatigue. Dave stopped and grinned at himself.

"God!" he said aloud. "I've got to let down. No sense in being a damned fool about this. To hell with the old still. If she's going to blow, she'll blow. My watching won't help."

He forced himself back into the tail-house and deliberately took the last gravity reading over again. Then he thought: "Might as well wash up—freshen myself a little. Howard'll be here before long; might come out early this morning. My dirty work's all done anyway."

He filled the tin basin and scrubbed himself at the sink. Again and again he soused his head in the cold water.

To hell with the damned still. Let it wait. It'll wait for a while.

But it had waited. He'd been away a long while now. He dried his face, tossed down the dirty towel and rushed out of doors. It was broad daylight. The yard lights, still burning, looked drab and sickly, like tinsel that shows its tarnish in the morning. Smoke from the boiler-house stacks rose, straight and black, to merge with the river fog. The blaze on Number 6 burned steadily, quietly—less fearsome in the daylight. It flickered a little, as Dave watched, flickered and suddenly went *out*. It was gone, and there was the battery of stills droning quietly—a picket of great beasts securely chained.

And then Dave sat down. A great weariness overcame him. A prop, it seemed, had been removed and he folded limp on the ground. But he sat for only a moment. The gate-house door slammed and there was Trimmer coming across the yard.

"How'd you make out?"

"Fine." Dave hoped Howard didn't notice that his voice was shaky. "All right."

They climbed the tail-house steps and Dave spread out the chart.

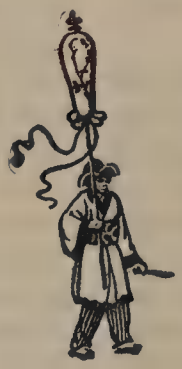
"Number 2's running wax. Number 3 is nearly down." Dave ran down the list. "Number 9 stands 500. Number 10's just started to run."

Howard nodded. "O.K., Boy, I got 'em. You go on home to bed."

Dave picked up his lunch box and started off. At the door he paused.

"Oh, by the way," he said casually, "the safety on 6 is leaking. Burned some up there last night. Guess she'll need a new gasket when she's down."

Then he turned and, with a last call on his legs, walked firmly down the tail-house stairs.



HITLER

BY JOHN GUNTHER

The union of theorist, organizer, and leader in one man is the rarest phenomenon on earth; therein lies greatness.

ADOLF HITLER

ADOLF HITLER, seemingly so irrational and self-contradictory, is a character of great complexity—not an easy nut to crack. To many he is meager and insignificant; yet he holds sixty-five million Germans, a fair share of whom adore him, in a thraldom compounded of love, fear, and nationalist ecstasy. Few men run so completely the gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous. He is a mountebank, a demagogue, a frustrated hysteric, a lucky misfit. He is also a figure of extreme veneration to millions of honest and not-even-puzzled Germans. What are the sources of his extraordinary power?

This paunchy, Charlie-Chaplin-mustached man, given to insomnia and emotionalism, who is head of the Nazi Party, commander-in-chief of the German army and navy, Leader of the German nation, creator, president, and chancellor of the Third Reich, was born in Austria in 1889. He was not a German by birth. This was a highly important fact, inflaming his early nationalism. He developed the implacable patriotism of the frontiersman, the exile. Only an Austrian could take Germanism so seriously.

His imagination is purely political. I have seen his early paintings, those which he submitted to the Vienna art academy as a boy. They are prosaic, utterly devoid of rhythm, color, feeling, or spiritual imagination. They are architect's sketches: painful and precise draftsmanship, nothing more. No wonder the Vienna professors told him to go to an architectural school and give up pure art as hopeless.

He went only to grade school, and by no stretch of generosity could he be called a person of genuine culture. He is not nearly so cultivated, so sophisticatedly interested in intellectual affairs as is, say, Mussolini. He reads almost nothing. The Treaty of Versailles was probably the most concrete single influence on his life; but it is doubtful if he ever read it in full. He dislikes intellectuals. He has never been outside Germany since his youth in Austria (if you except his war experiences in Flanders and the brief visit to Mussolini in Venice in 1934), and he speaks no foreign language except a few words of battered French.

To many who meet him Hitler seems awkward and ill-at-ease. This is because visitors, even among his subordinates, obtrude personal realities which interfere with his incessant fantasies. He has no poise. He finds it difficult to make quick decisions: capacity for quick decisions derives from inner harmony, which he lacks. He is no "strong, silent man."

Foreigners, especially interviewers from British or American newspapers, may find him cordial and even candid but they seldom have opportunity to question him, to participate in a

give-and-take discussion. Hitler rants. He is extremely emotional. He never answers questions. He talks to you as if you were a public meeting, and nothing can stop the gush of words.

Some time ago, before signing the friendship pact with Poland, he received a well-known American publicist and editor. He did ask a question: What the American would think if, for example, Mexico were Poland and Texas were cut off from the United States by a "corridor" in Mexico. The American replied, "The answer to that is that Canada is not France." Hitler had intended the question rhetorically, and he was so shocked by the little interruption that it took him some time to get in full voice again—on another point.

For a time it was said commonly that Hitler's best trait was loyalty. He would never, the joke put it, give up three things: the Jews, his friends, and Austria. Nobody would make that joke to-day, now that Captain Roehm is dead. Nor would anyone of knowledge and discernment have made it even before June 30, 1934, because the scroll of Hitler's disloyalties was written in giant words.

One after another he eliminated those who helped him to his career: Drexler, Feder, Gregor Strasser. It is true that he has been loyal to some colleagues—those who never disagreed with him, who gave him absolute obedience. This loyalty is not an unmixed virtue, considering the unsavoriness of such men as Streicher, the Jew-baiter of Nuremberg. Nothing can persuade Hitler to give Goering up, or Streicher, or Rosenberg. Unsavoriness alone is not enough to provoke his draconian ingratitude.

His physical courage is a moot point. When his men were fired on in the Munich *Putsch* of 1923, he flung himself to the street with such violence that his shoulder was broken. Nazi explanations of this are two: (1) linked arm in arm with a man on his right who was shot and killed, he was jerked unwittingly to the pavement; (2) he behaved with the reflex action of the veteran front-line soldier, *viz.*, sensibly fell flat when the bullets came.

Hitler has told an acquaintance his own story of the somewhat mysterious circumstances in which he won the Iron Cross. He was a dispatch bearer. He was carrying messages across a part of No Man's Land which was believed to be clear of enemy troops when he heard French voices. He was alone, armed only with a revolver; so with great presence of mind he shouted imaginary orders to an imaginary column of men. The Frenchmen tumbled out of a deserted dugout, seven in all, hands up. Hitler alone delivered all seven to the German lines. Recounting this story privately, he told his interlocutor that he knew full well the feat would have been impossible, had the seven men been American or English instead of French.

Like that of all fanatics, his capacity for self-belief, his ability to delude himself, is enormous. Thus he probably is perfectly "sincere" when in a preposterous interview with the *Daily Mail* he says that the Nazi revolution cost only twenty-six lives. He believes absolutely in what he says—at the moment.

But his lies have been notorious. Hitler promised the authorities of Bavaria not to make a *Putsch;* and promptly made one. He promised to tolerate the Papen government; then fought it. He promised not to change the composition of his first cabinet; then changed it. He promised to kill himself if the Munich coup failed; it failed, and he is still alive.

II

Hitler, at forty-six, is not in first-rate physical condition. He has gained

about twelve pounds in the past year, and his neck and midriff show it. His physical presence has always been indifferent; the extreme sloppiness with which he salutes is, for instance, notorious. The forearm barely moves above the elbow. He had lung trouble as a boy, and was blinded by poison gas in the War.

In August, 1935, it was suddenly revealed that the Leader had suffered a minor operation some months before to remove a polyp on his vocal cords —penalty of years of tub-thumping. The operation was successful. The next month Hitler shocked his adherents at Nuremberg by alluding, in emotional and circumlocutory terms, to the possibility of his death. "I do not know when I shall finally close my eyes," he said, "but I do know that the party will continue and will rule. Leaders will come and Leaders will die, but Germany will live. . . . The army must preserve the power given to Germany and watch over it." This speech led to rumors (quite unconfirmed) that the growth in Hitler's throat was malignant, and that he had cancer.

He takes no exercise, and his only important relaxation (though recently he began to like battleship cruises in the Baltic or North Sea) is music. He is deeply musical. Wagner is one of the cardinal influences in his life; he is obsessed by Wagner. He goes to the opera as often as he can. Sessions of the Reichstag, which take place in the Kroll Opera House, sometimes end with whole performances of Wagner operas—to the boredom of non-musical deputies!

When he is fatigued at night then his friend and court jester Hanfstaengl may be summoned to play him to sleep, sometimes with Schumann or Verdi, more often with Beethoven and Wagner, for Hitler needs music as if it were a drug. Hanfstaengl is a demoniac pianist. I have heard him thump the keys at the Kaiserhof with such resonance that the walls shook. When Hanfstaengl plays he keeps time to his own music by puffing out his cheeks and bellowing like a trumpet. The effect is amazing. You cannot but believe that a trumpeter is hidden somewhere in the room. Hanfstaengl's popularity with Hitler is, however, believed to be waning.

Hitler cares nothing for books, nothing for clothes (he seldom wears anything but an ordinary brown-shirt uniform, or a double-breasted blue serge suit, with the inevitable raincoat and slouch hat), nothing for friends, and nothing for food and drink. He neither smokes nor drinks, and he will not allow anyone to smoke near him. He is practically a vegetarian. At the banquet tendered him by Mussolini he would eat only a double portion of scrambled eggs. He drinks coffee occasionally, but not often. Once or twice a week he crosses from the Chancellery to the Kaiserhof Hotel (the G.H.Q. of the Nazi Party before he came to power), and sits there and sips —chocolate.

This has led many people to speak of Hitler's "asceticism" but asceticism is not quite the proper word. He is limited in æsthetic interests, but he is no flagellant or anchorite. There is very little of the *austere* in Hitler. He eats only vegetables—but they are prepared by an exquisitely competent chef. He lives "simply"—but his flat in Munich is the last word in courtly sumptuousness.

He works, when in Berlin, in the palace of the Reichskanzler on the Wilhelmstrasse. He seldom uses the President's palace a hundred yards away on the same street, because when Hindenburg died he wanted to eliminate as much as possible the memory of Presidential Germany. The building is new, furnished in modern glass

and metal, and Hitler helped design it. Murals of the life of Wotan adorn the walls. An improvised balcony has been built over the street, from which on public occasions the Leader may review his men. Beneath the hall—according to reports—is a comfortable bombproof cellar.

Hitler dislikes Berlin. He leaves the capital at any opportunity, preferring Munich or Berchtesgaden, a village in southern Bavaria, where he has an alpine chalet, Haus Wachenfeld. Perched on the side of a mountain, this retreat, dear to his heart, is not far from the Austrian frontier, a psychological fact of great significance. From his front porch he can almost see the homeland which repudiated him, and for which he yearns.

III

By a man's friends may ye know him. But Hitler has none. For years his most intimate associate, beyond all doubt, was Captain Ernst Roehm, chief of staff of the SA (*Sturm Abteilung*—storm troops—brown shirts), whom he executed on June 30, 1934. From one of the half dozen men in Germany indisputably most qualified to know, I have heard it that Roehm was the *only* man in Germany, the single German out of sixty-five million Germans, with whom Hitler was on *Du-fuss* (thee and thou) terms. Now that Roehm is dead there is no single German who calls Hitler "Adolf." Roehm was a notorious homosexual; but one should not deduce from this that Hitler is homosexual also.

The man who is closest to Hitler at present is his chief bodyguard, Lieutenant Brückner. The only two men who can see him at any time, without previous appointment, are Ribbentrop, his adviser in foreign affairs, and Schacht, the economics dictator. His chief permanent officials, like Dietrich, his press secretary, may see him daily, and so may Hess, the deputy leader of the party; but even Hess is not an *intimate* friend. Neither Goering nor Goebbels may see Hitler without previous appointment.

He is almost oblivious of ordinary personal contacts. A colleague of mine traveled with him in the same airplane, day after day, for two months during the 1932 electoral campaigns. Hitler never talked to a soul, not even to his secretaries, in the long hours in the air; never stirred, never smiled. My friend remembers most vividly that in order to sneak a cigarette when the plane stopped he had to run out of sight of the entourage. He says that he saw Hitler five or six hours a day during this trip, but that he is perfectly sure Hitler, meeting him by chance outside the airplane, would not have known his name or face.

He dams up his emotion to the bursting point, then is apt to break out in crying fits. A torrent of feminine tears compensates for the months of uneasy struggle not to give himself away. For instance, when he spent a whole night trying to persuade a dissident leader, Otto Strasser, from leaving the party, he broke into tears three times. In the early days he often wept when other methods to carry a point failed.

Hitler does not enjoy too great exposure of this weakness, and he tends to keep all subordinates at a distance. They worship him, but they do not know him well. They may see him every day, year in year out; but they would never dare to be familiar. Hanfstaengl told me once that in all the years of their association he had never called Hitler anything except "Herr Hitler" (or "Herr Reichskanzler" after the Leader reached power); and that Hitler had never called him by first name or his diminutive (Putzi), but always "Hanfstaengl" or "Dr.

Hanfstaengl." There is an inhumanity about the inner circle of the Nazi party that is scarcely credible.

An old-time party member to-day would address Hitler as *"Mein Führer";* others as "Herr Reichskanzler." When greeted with the Nazi salute and the words "Heil Hitler," Hitler himself replies with "Heil Hitler." Speechmaking, the Leader addresses his followers as "My" German people. In posters for the plebiscites he asks, "Dost thou, German man, and thou, German woman . . . etc." It is as if he feels closer to the German people in bulk than to any individual German, and this is indeed true. The German *people* are the chief emotional reality of his life.

Let us now examine Hitler's relation to the imperatives which dominate the lives of most men.

He is totally uninterested in women from any personal sexual point of view. He thinks of them as housewives and mothers or potential mothers, to provide sons for the battlefield —other people's sons.

"The life of our people must be freed from the asphyxiating perfume of modern eroticism," he says in *Mein Kampf,* his autobiography. His personal life embodies this precept to the fullest. He is not a woman-hater, but he avoids and evades women. His manners are those of the wary chevalier, given to hand-kissing—and nothing else. Many women are attracted to him sexually, but they have had to give up the chase. Frau Goebbels formerly had evening parties to which she asked pretty and distinguished women to meet him, but she was never able to arrange a match. The rumor was heard for a time that the coy Leader was engaged to the granddaughter of Richard Wagner. It was nonsense. It is quite possible that Hitler has never had anything to do with a woman in his life.

Nor, as is so widely believed, is he homosexual. Several German journalists spent much time and energy, when such an investigation was possible, checking every lodging that Hitler in Munich days had slept in; they interviewed beer hall proprietors, coffee house waiters, landladies, porters. No evidence was discovered that Hitler had been intimate with anybody of any sex at any time. His sexual energies, at the beginning of his career, were obviously sublimated into oratory.

Hitler has no use for money personally and, therefore, very little interest in it except for political purposes. He has virtually no financial sophistication; his lack of knowledge of even the practical details of finance, as of economics, is profound.

Nowadays what would he need money for? The state furnishes him with servants, residences, motor cars. One of his last personal purchases was a new raincoat for the visit to Mussolini in June, 1934. Incidentally, members of his staff got into trouble over this because on their advice he carried only civilian clothes; when he stepped from his airplane and saw Mussolini and all the Italians in uniform, he was ashamed of his mufti nakedness, and even suspected his advisers of purposely embarrassing him.

Hitler takes no salary from the state; rather he donates it to a fund which supports workmen who have suffered from labor accidents; but his private fortune could be considerable if he chose to save. He announced late in 1935 that he—alone among statesmen —had no bank account or stocks or shares. Previous to this it had been thought that he was part-owner of Franz Eher & Co., Munich, the publishers of the chief Nazi organs, *Völkischer Beobachter, Angriff,* etc., one of the biggest publishing houses in Europe. Its director, Max Amman, was

Hitler's top-sergeant in the War, and later for many years his business manager.

If Hitler has no personal fortune, he must have turned all his earnings from his autobiography, *Mein Kampf*, to the party. This book is almost obligatory reading for Germans and, at a high price (RM 7.20 or about $2.88), it has sold 1,930,000 copies since its publication in 1925. If his royalty is 15 per cent, a moderate estimate, Hitler's total proceeds from this source at the end of 1935 should have been about $800,000.

Nothing is more difficult in Europe than to discover the facts of the private fortunes of leading men. This is forbidden ground to questioners in all countries. Does any dictator, Hitler or Mussolini or Stalin, carry cash in his pocket or make actual purchases in cash? It is unlikely.

IV

He was born and brought up a Roman Catholic. But he lost faith early and he attends no religious services of any kind. His Catholicism means nothing to him; he is impervious even to the solace of confession. On being formed, his government almost immediately began a fierce religious war against Catholics, Protestants, and Jews alike.

Why? Perhaps the reason was not religion fundamentally, but politics. To Hitler the overwhelming first business of the Nazi revolution was the "unification," the *Gleichschaltung* (co-ordination) of Germany. He had one driving passion, the removal from the Reich of any competition, of whatever kind. Catholicism like Judaism, was a profoundly international (thus non-German) organism. Therefore—out with it.

The basis of much of the madness of Hitlerism was his incredibly severe and drastic desire to purge Germany of non-German elements, to create a one hundred per cent Germany for one hundred per cent Germans only. He disliked bankers and department stores—as Dorothy Thompson pointed out—because they represented non-German, international, financial and commercial forces. He detested socialists and communists because they were affiliated with world groups aiming to internationalize labor. He loathed, above all, pacifists, because pacifists opposed war and were internationalist in basic views.

Catholicism he considered a particularly dangerous competitive force because it demands two allegiances of a man, and double allegiance was something Hitler could not countenance. Thus the campaign against the "black moles," as Nazis call priests. Thus the attacks on the Munich cardinal, Faulhauber; the anti-Catholic polemics of Rosenberg and Goebbels; the outrages of August, 1935.

Protestantism was—theoretically—a simple matter for Hitler to deal with because the Lutheran Church presumably was German and nationalist. Hitler thought that by the simple installation of an army chaplain, a ferocious Nazi named Mueller, as Reichsbishop, he could "co-ordinate" the Evangelical Church in Germany, and turn it to his service. The idea of a united Protestant church appealed to his neat architect's mind. He was wrong. The church question has been an itching pot of trouble ever since.

It was quite natural, following the confused failure to Nazify Protestantism, that some of Hitler's followers should have turned to Paganism. The Norse myths are a first-class nationalist substitute. Carried to its logical extreme, Naziism in fact demands the creation of a new and nationalist religion.

Heiden has quoted Hitler's remark,

"We do not want any other God than Germany itself." This is a vital point. *Germany* is Hitler's religion.

Vividly in *Mein Kampf* Hitler tells the story of his first encounter with a Jew. He was a boy of seventeen, alone in Vienna, and he had never seen a Jew in his life. The Jew, a visitor from Poland or the Ukraine in native costume, outraged the tender susceptibilities of the youthful Hitler.

"Can this creature be a Jew?" he asked himself. Then bursting on him, came a second question: "Can he possibly be a *German?*"

This early experience had a profound influence on him, forming the emotional base of his perfervid antisemitism. He was provincially mortified that any such creature could be one with himself, a sharer in Teuton nationality. Later he "rationalized" his fury on economic and political grounds. Jews, he said, took jobs away from "Germans"; Jews controlled the press of Berlin, the theater, the arts; there were too many Jewish lawyers, doctors, professors; the Jews were a "pestilence, worse than the Black Death."

No one can properly conceive the basic depth and breadth of Hitler's antisemitism who has not carefully read *Mein Kampf*. This book was written ten years ago. He changed it as edition followed edition, in minor particulars, and refuses to allow its publication — unexpurgated — abroad. Recently he sued a French publisher who tried to bring out an unabridged translation. In all editions the implacability of his anti-Jewish prejudice remains.

Any number of incidents outside the book may be mentioned. For instance, in the winter of 1934–35 he went four times to see a play called "Tovarish," recounting sympathetically the plight of aristocratic Russian emigrés and sneering at the Bolsheviks. Before he first attended it, it is said, his secretaries telegraphed to Paris to ascertain if the author, Jacques Deval, was Aryan as far back as his grandparents. It would have been unthinkable for Hitler to have witnessed a play by even a partly Jewish author.

Long before he became chancellor, Hitler would not allow himself to speak to a Jew even on the telephone. A publicist as well known as Walter Lippmann, a statesman as eminent as Lord Reading, would not be received at the Brown House. An interesting point arises. Has Hitler since his youth actually ever been in the company of a Jew, ever once talked to one? Probably not.

V

Now we may proceed to summarize what might be called Hitler's positive qualities.

First of all, consider his single-mindedness, his intent fixity of purpose. His tactics may change; his strategy may change; his *aim,* never. His aim is to create a strong national Germany, with himself atop it. No opportunistic device, no zigzag in polemics, is too great for him; but the aim, the goal, never varies.

Associated with his single-mindedness is the quality of stamina. All dictators have stamina; all need it. Despite Hitler's lack of vigorous gesture and essential flabbiness, his physical endurance is considerable. I know interviewers who have talked to him on the eve of an election, after he had made several speeches a day, all over Germany, week on end; they found him fresh and even calm. "When I have a mission to fulfil, I shall have the strength for it," he said.

Like all dictators, he has a considerable capacity for hard work, for industry, though he is not the sloghorse

for punishment that, for instance, Stalin is. He is not a good executive; his desk is usually high with documents requiring his decision which he neglects. He hates to make up his mind. His orders are often vague and contradictory. Yet he gets an immense amount of work done. "Industry" in a dictator or head of a state means, as a rule, ability to read and listen. The major part of the work of Hitler or Mussolini is perusal of reports and attention to the advice of experts and subordinates. During half their working time they are receiving information. Therefore it is necessary for a dictator (a) to choose men intelligently (many of Hitler's best men he inherited from the old civil service); and (b) to instil faith in himself in them. Hitler has succeeded in this double task amply. And when his men fail him he murders them.

Hitler's political sense is highly developed and acute. His calculations are shrewd and penetrating to the smallest detail. For instance, his two major decisions on foreign policy—Germany's departure from the League of Nations and the introduction of conscription—were deliberately announced on Saturday afternoon to ease the shock to opinion abroad. When he has something unpleasant to explain, the events of June 30th for instance, he usually speaks well after eight p.m., so that foreign newspapers can carry only a hurried and perhaps garbled account of his words.

He made good practical use of his antisemitism. The Jewish terror was, indeed, an excellent campaign maneuver. The Nazis surged into power in March, 1933, with an immense and unrealizable series of electoral pledges. They promised to end unemployment, rescind the Versailles Treaty, regain the Polish corridor, assimilate Austria, abolish department stores, socialize industry, eliminate interest on capital, give the people land. These aims were more easily talked about than achieved. One thing the Nazis could do. One pledge they could redeem—beat the Jews.

Hitler bases most decisions on intuition. Twice, on supreme occasions, it served him well. In the spring of 1932 his most powerful supporters, chiefly Roehm, pressed him to make a *Putsch*. Hitler refused, *feeling* absolute surety that he could come to power legally. Again, in the autumn of 1932, after the Nazis had lost heavily in the November elections, a strong section of the party, led by Gregor Strasser, urged him to admit defeat and enter a coalition government on disadvantageous terms. Hitler, with consumate perspicacity, refused. And within three months he had reached power such as the maddest of his followers had never dreamed of.

Another source of Hitler's power is the impersonality I have already mentioned. His vanity is extreme, but in an odd way it is not personal. He has no peacockery. Mussolini must have given autographs and photographs to at least several thousand admirers since 1922. Those which Hitler has bestowed on friends may be counted on the fingers of two hands. His vanity is the more effective because it expresses itself in non-personal terms. He is the vessel, the instrument, of the will of the German people; or so he pretends. Thus his famous statement, after the June 30th murders, that for twenty-four hours he had been the supreme court of Germany.

Hitler is a man of passion, of instinct, not of reason. His "intellect" is that of a chameleon who knows when to change his color, of a crab who knows when to dive into the sand; his "logic" that of a panther who is hungry, and thus seeks food.

His brain is small and vulgar,

limited, narrow, suspicious, but behind it is the lamp of passion, and this passion has such quality that it is immediately discernible and recognizable, like a diamond in the sand. The range of his interests is so slight that any sort of stimulus provokes the identical reflex: music, religion, economics mean nothing to him except exercise in nationalism.

Anthony Eden, when he visited Berlin in the spring of 1935 and talked with Hitler seven hours, was quoted as saying that he showed "complete mastery" of foreign affairs. This is, of course, nonsense. Hitler does not know one-tenth as much about foreign affairs as, say, H. R. Knickerbocker, or Vernon Bartlett, or Frank H. Simonds, or H. F. Armstrong, or Mr. Eden himself. What Eden meant was that Hitler showed unflagging mastery of *his own view* of foreign affairs.

VI

Then there is oratory. This is probably the chief external explanation of Hitler's rise. He talked himself to power. The strange thing is that Hitler is a bad speaker. He screeches; his mannerisms are awkward; his voice breaks at every peroration; he never knows when to stop. Goebbels is a far more subtle and accomplished orator. Yet Hitler, whose magnetism across the table is almost nil, can arouse an audience, especially a big audience, to frenzy.

He knows of course all the tricks. At one period he was accustomed to mention at great length the things that "we Germans" (*wir*) had or did not have or wanted to do or could not do. The word "*wir*" drove into the audience with the rhythmic savagery of a pneumatic drill. Then Hitler would pause dramatically. That, he would say, was the whole trouble. In Germany the word "*wir*" had no meaning; the country was disunited; there was no "we."

Recently Hitler told a French interviewer about an early oratorical trick and triumph, fifteen years ago in a communist stronghold in Bavaria. He was savagely heckled. "At any moment they might have thrown me out of the window, especially when they produced a blind War invalid who began to speak against all the things that are sacred to me. Fortunately I had also been blind as a result of the War. So I said to these people, 'I know what this man feels. I was even more bewildered than he at one moment—but *I* have recovered my sight!' "

Hitler's first followers were converts in the literal sense of the term. They hit the sawdust trail. Hitler might have been Aimee Semple McPherson or Billy Sunday. Men listened to him once and were his for life—for instance, Goebbels, Brückner, Goering, Hess.

VII

Hitler never flinched from the use of terror, and terror played a powerful role in the creation of the Nazi state. From the beginning he encouraged terror. The only purely joyous passage in *Mein Kampf* is the description of his first big mass meeting, in which the newly organized SA pummelled hecklers bloody. The function of the SA was rough-house: first, rough-house with the aim of preserving "order" at public meetings; second, rough-house on the streets, to frighten, terrorize, and murder communists.

He gave jobs, big jobs, to confessed and admitted terrorists and murderers, like Killinger and Heines. When a communist was murdered at Potempa, in Silesia, in circumstances of peculiarly revolting brutality, Hitler announced publicly his spiritual unity with the murderers. When, in August, 1932,

he thought that Hindenburg might appoint him chancellor, he asked for a three-day period during which the SA could run wild on the streets, and thus avenge themselves upon their enemies. And we cannot forget the 30th June, 1934.

Hitler's one contribution to political theory was the *Führer Prinzip* (Leader Principle). This means, briefly, authority from the top down, obedience from the bottom up, the reversal of the democratic theory of government. It was, as Heiden points out, a remarkably successful invention, since almost anybody could join the movement, no matter with what various aims, and yet feel spiritual cohesion through the personality of the leader. The Nazi movement gave wonderful play to diverse instincts and desires.

Then again, Germans love to be ruled. "The most blissful state a German can experience is that of being bossed," a friend of mine put it in Berlin. And Edgar Ansel Mowrer has recorded the shouts of Nazi youngsters on the streets, "We spit at freedom." A German feels undressed unless he is in uniform. The *Führer Prinzip* not only exploited this feeling by transforming the passive character of German docility, German obedience, into an active virtue; it gave expression also to the bipolar nature of obedience, namely that most men—even Germans—associate with a desire to be governed a hidden will to govern. The *Führer Prinzip* created hundreds, thousands, of sub-*Führers*, little leaders, down to the lowest storm-troop leader. It combined dignified submission with opportunity for leadership.

Mein Kampf, for all its impersonality, reveals over and over again Hitler's faith in "the man." After race and nation, personality is his main preoccupation. It is easy to see that the *Führer Prinzip* is simply a rationalization of his own ambition; the theory is announced on the implicit understanding that the "man" is Hitler himself. "A majority," he says, "can never be a substitute for the Man."

VIII

Lieutenant Brückner, Hitler's chief bodyguard, has two assistants, with the picturesque names of Schraub and Schreck. Schraub takes care of all the details of Hitler's travel, arranges the motor cars and airplanes. (Hitler, like Colonel Lindbergh, practically never takes a train.) Another member of this company, whose name is unknown, and who has fancifully been called the highest-paid man in Germany—according to the London *Daily Telegraph*—is Hitler's double, a man who resembles him so startlingly that he can substitute for him, if necessary, on public occasions.

Extreme precautions are, naturally, taken to guard Hitler against assassination. Brückner, Schraub, and Schreck are supposed to be bound by a suicide pact; if, despite their vigilance, something should happen to the *Führer*, they will kill themselves. Recently a British politician lunched *chez* Hitler at the Chancellery. Nervous, he bumped a large vase off a pedestal. Instantly from behind each curtain an SS man, armed, leaped into the room.

When Hitler rides out in Berlin, he travels in a Mercedes-Benz as big as a locomotive. Brückner usually sits beside him. Schraub and Schreck follow in another car. SS men with rifles may stand on the running boards. If the occasion is ceremonial and large crowds are present, the route is lined with SS men (black shirts) alternately facing inward and outward.

Brückner is of great importance politically because he serves to block Hitler off from normal contacts. The complaint frequently is heard that Hitler is badly informed on even vital

matters because Brückner so isolates him from wide acquaintance; even advisers with the best intentions may have little chance of seeing him.

Not long ago Hitler broke his new rule against social affairs by visiting informally a diplomat and his wife who had been useful to him in earlier days. The diplomat talked to Hitler frankly and told him some honest truths. Hitler was upset. Then, it was said, Brückner descended on the diplomat, warning him under no circumstances to dare talk frankly to Hitler again.

There was no authentic evidence of any attempt on Hitler's life up to the end of 1935. Rumors, however, deal in two. On June 17, 1934, a fortnight before the June 30th clean-up, shots are supposed to have been fired at Hitler's car as he was returning from the burial in German soil of Goering's first wife. In the autumn of 1934 an SS bodyguard is alleged to have been shot in the finger in the Hotel Kaiserhof, by a bullet meant for Hitler.

Insurance rates on Hitler's life are quoted in London. A man with important business in Germany, which might be ruined by the terror and revolution which would very likely follow Hitler's assassination, paid $52.50 per month for each $1,000 of insurance against Hitler's death.

IX

Essentially, Hitlerism is the process of "unifying" Germany. Yet the Nazis have struck at Protestants, Catholics, Jews; they have mortally affronted the working classes; they cannot put into serious action any program of economic amelioration without offending the industrialists; they have alienated, by brutality and terror, the republicans, democrats, socialists, communists.

Hitler by the end of 1935 had held two plebiscites. One asked vindication of his departure from the League, and he received a 92.3 per cent vote of confidence. The other sought acceptance of his combination of chancellorship and presidency after the death of Hindenburg; the affirmative vote was 38,362,760 out of 43,529,710 ballots cast. Of course neither was a fair vote in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the term.

The last reasonably fair German election, on March 5, 1933—even though it took place under the shadow of the Reichstag fire—gave Hitler 37 per cent. I believe in an election today he would better this considerably. Even so, the total Marxist (communist-*cum*-socialist) vote in 1933 was 11,845,000. This number has probably receded, but just the same there is still an immense opposition submerged in Germany. What has happened to these millions of hidden voters?

They are terrified. They are hounded by the police and by spies. They vote "Yes" in plebiscites because they are frightened for their skins. Some few of them have sought cover actually by joining the SA. Most simply swallow their opinions, their feelings, their inward decency—and wait. They are waiting for their Day. But are they an active political force? No.

The reason is that revolution is a profoundly difficult matter in a police state like Germany, Russia, or Fascist Italy. It is almost an axiom these days that no revolution can succeed until the equipment in arms and ammunition of the revolutionaries is equal or superior to that of the government. And this margin of superiority is transcendently difficult to achieve.

The Nazis, to their own disadvantage, discovered the *essential* necessity of arms in the Austrian civil war of July, 1935. They neglected to arm their Austrian adherents, out of carelessness or over-confidence; they assumed that once the signal for the re-

volt was given, the Austrian army and police would mutiny and turn over their arms to the Nazis; this did not happen. The army and police of Dr. Dollfuss remained, by and large, loyal. Therefore we had the spectacle of thousands upon thousands of potentially revolutionary Nazis inhibited from any decisive or direct action simply because they did not possess arms. This lesson is cardinal. You cannot fight a machine gun by saying "Boo" to it.

If the people riot Hitler can simply shoot them down. He has the Reichswehr (regular army) to do this, not merely the SA and SS. The Reichswehr (the ranks are mostly peasant boys) might not shoot at a rising in the agrarian districts; but the farmers are the most tractable people in Hitler's Reich. An urban population would get short shrift. But, one may say, no man, not even Hitler, could shoot down tens of thousands of unarmed or roughly armed rebels. The answer to this is that it is not necessary to shoot down tens of thousands. A few hundreds will be enough.

What is more likely to happen than open rebellion is the slow pressure upward of mass discontent, grumbling, and passive resistance, sabotage caused by growing privation, until the *morale* of the government cracks, and the government, panicky, does foolish things. Discontent may corrosively simmer to the top, disorganizing the headship of state, causing new rivalries between sub-leaders, creating fissures between, say, Goebbels on the left and Schacht on the right, so deep and so unbridgeable that Hitler is powerless to compose the conflict.

The government might then attempt a classic but dangerous diversion—war.

If Hitler should die to-morrow his most likely successor would be Goering, bitterly as he is disliked and feared by many members of the party. The Leader might himself prefer Hess, his deputy, as successor, but in the rough-and-tumble that would almost certainly follow his death Hess would have small chance against such a doughty character as Goering. The general is the logical choice. It is a terrible possibility.

Goering has force, color, ambition; he is a figure of great popular appeal. The quality and quantity of his uniforms are highly attractive to Germans; his marriage may produce a dynasty. What is more important, the army likes him because he stands for the same thing it stands for: a strong Germany. Moreover, in the SS and remnants of SA, Goering has a considerable armed force behind him. Finally, he has the guts to grab the job if grabbing is necessary.

Goebbels would be impossible as successor to Hitler; he is the cleverest of the lot, but everybody hates him. Frick is important, but too colorless; Hess too unambitious; Ley and Darré out of the running as "radicals"; Schacht is of the greatest importance in economics and finance, but impossible as a popular leader. In fact, the only alternative to Goering would seem to be a straight-out Reichswehr ministry formed by an army *coup d'état*, such as the one Schleicher might have headed, or a dark horse.

Rumors, however, to the effect that Goering is *now* actively intriguing against Hitler are mostly nonsense. There are many virtues that Goering lacks, but loyalty is not among them—at least not yet. Besides, Hitler could eliminate Goering to-day almost as easily as he eliminated Roehm. Hitler is all-powerful. Real rivals do not exist. Goering, Goebbels, and all the rest of them, as H. R. Knickerbocker once said it, are no more than moons to Hitler's sun. They shine—but only when the sun shines on them.

MEMOIRS OF AN EARLY AMERICAN

PART II. THE NOTORIOUS MRS. REYNOLDS, THE SPANISH PICAROON, ETC.

BY PETER A. GROTJAN

IN THE spring and summer of 1800 two particular friends of mine, Mr. Edward Addichs and Frederick Brauer, rented some rooms at a farmhouse on the Schuylkill River near the Falls with a family by the name of Culp. I often visited them and spent Sundays with them. It appeared that a lady of very retired habits also had rooms there and a permanent residence for the summer. I was introduced to her one evening and proposed a walk on the banks of the river. She went by the name of Mrs. Clement, was remarkably handsome, and particularly interesting in consequence of a shade of melancholy visible in her countenance. She was well bred and well informed, and although of rather a romantic turn of mind, she was free from affectation or pretensions.

The acquaintance of this charming person was a great acquisition to our social circle. But notwithstanding the great propriety of her conduct, there was a mystery attached to her situation and lonely seclusion calculated to awaken the curiosity of persons of our age. Mr. Addichs had learned that her history was somehow connected with that of Aaron Burr and General Hamilton, but further than that it did not extend. Having recently read a pamphlet published by General Hamilton in justification of some bitter political controversy between him and Aaron Burr, in which the former exposed the character of a Mr. Reynolds and his wife, but especially traducing the character and reputation of the surviving widow of Mr. Reynolds in the most glaring manner, the idea struck me that this lady might be Mrs. Reynolds.

Without communicating my impressions to anyone, I had many opportunities during our conversation to allude to various parts of her history, as if speaking of another person. I frequently perceived her astonishment and surprise, and found she gave me credit for more knowledge of her affairs than I actually possessed. My uniformly friendly and delicate conduct toward her had won her regard for me, and one evening when we were alone she broke into a flood of tears and begged my friendship and confidence. She said she felt herself irresistibly impelled to make me acquainted with her sad history, and if my advice could not better her condition, my sympathy could assuage her sorrows.

She informed me that her maiden name was Maria Lewis, that she had been born in New York, and was married when very young to a Mr. Reynolds. This person was an active

politician of the Federal Party, and as such the friend and co-adjutor of Hamilton, deeply initiated in all the intricacies of political maneuvering and as such employed by General Hamilton in the execution of various plans. In the meantime Hamilton became deeply enamored with the charms of the beautiful Maria, and succeeded in seducing her affections from her husband. The various political maneuvers did not remain unobserved by the sagacious Aaron Burr, who sought the acquaintance of Mr. Reynolds, whom he by some means convinced of his political errors. The consequence was a disagreement between him and Hamilton which ended in breaking up their connections, and throwing the weight of Reynolds' secret knowledge into the scale of Aaron Burr. Hamilton and Burr, both men of powerful intellect, both crafty and ambitious, had been for years political opponents and this circumstance greatly widened the breach, and increased their personal dislike.

However, Mr. Reynolds soon afterward died and left his widow with one small child, Susan. In due time she consoled herself for the loss of her husband by marrying a gentleman by the name of Clement. Of this person she said little, except that he got into great pecuniary difficulties and left her and the child without protection. From that moment Mr. Burr befriended her.

Some political scheme of General Hamilton's having been foiled by the tactics of Aaron Burr and several animadversions having appeared in the public prints against this general, he published in pamphlet form a refutation wherein he exposed his intrigue with Maria Reynolds in colors the most glaring. Depicting the character of Reynolds as base and unprincipled, Hamilton accused him of having been privy to his intimacy with Maria. This pamphlet created considerable sensation and was a death blow to the reputation and prospects of the unfortunate Maria. Dragged so ungenerously before the public by her seducer, pointed at as a vile prostitute, her situation was lamentable in the highest degree. Shame and remorse nearly annihilated her and but for the assistance of Aaron Burr, she would have fallen an early victim to despair. At this period of her story she was so overcome that she could not proceed for many minutes.

Under these dreadful circumstances Mr. Burr provided a home for the child in Boston under her mother's maiden name of Lewis, and advised Mrs. Clement to retire for a while to some other place in deepest seclusion. She had devoted her leisure to writing a pamphlet in answer to that of Hamilton, in which she had given a faithful history of the arts and wiles employed by him for her ruin. This pamphlet she had put in the hands of Mr. William Duane, editor of the *Philadelphia Aurora,* for publication, and it was her desire that I should peruse this paper. I made several efforts to that effect, but could not obtain it, Mr. Duane stating that in the event of certain political movements it should be published, but before that time he did not wish to communicate the contents to anybody. It was never published. I offered to make the precarious pecuniary circumstances of Mrs. Reynolds known to Mr. Burr, and she accepted this offer gratefully. This commenced my correspondence with that celebrated person. Whatever may have been the failings of Aaron Burr, I have always found him to be a man of the highest intellectual character and of a generous disposition toward those who suffered.

II

Aaron Burr shortly afterward visited Philadelphia and sent me an invitation

to see him at the Indian Queen in Fourth Street. I found him a lively and agreeable man in conversation. He informed me that the daughter of Maria, then about fourteen years of age, was very anxious to see her mother, but that under the present circumstances it could not be with propriety effected unless she could be respectably introduced into society without revealing her parental history. I was fully impressed with the existence of these difficulties, but still felt desirous to gratify her innocent and natural wishes if it could be done with propriety and safety to the persons immediately interested.

Mr. Burr suggested the following plan which was subsequently successfully executed. He stated that on his return to New York he would address to me a letter under the signature of Mr. Brown, member of the House of Representatives, informing me that his niece, Miss Susan Lewis, wished to pay a visit to Philadelphia during his stay in Congress at Washington and that he wished to gratify her, provided board for her in a respectable private family could be obtained and that I would consent to be her guardian and protector during her stay. On the receipt of this letter, I went to Mrs. Vanderpool, in whose family I was intimate and who possessed a charming daughter of fifteen, and communicated to her the request of my friend, Mr. Brown of New York. After a few objections on the score that she had never entertained boarders, she consented to receive Susan in her family and treat her as a daughter until the return of her uncle.

A short time previous to this event, Maria Clement had consented to superintend the household affairs of a celebrated old French doctor by the name of Matthews, and her situation was, therefore, much more respectable and comfortable.

Matters being all arranged and settled by correspondence, I met Susan Lewis on her arrival and could not help admiring her youthful beauty and polished manners. I soon introduced her into the family of Mrs. Vanderpool, from where she was in a short time made acquainted with all my friends and became the admired favorite of everybody. Her modest and easy conduct won for her that personal respect to which her supposed relationship entitled her. Thus matters proceeded on to the satisfaction and delight of all, Susan having unrestrained opportunities to visit her mother, without creating the slightest suspicion of any relationship between them; until a circumstance occurred, as unforeseen as it was unexpected, which placed me in a difficult and unpleasant situation and came near deranging all our contrivancies.

It is not surprising that a young lady so beautiful and interesting should find admirers and conquer hearts and this was the case with Susan; but her youth had made me suppose that a proposal of marriage was out of question. In this, however, I found myself mistaken. She had among other young men become acquainted with a gentleman by the name of McCoy, both handsome and agreeable, who became so deeply enamored that he made a declaration of love and a proposal of marriage. Deeply embarrassed as she felt in consequence of her mysterious situation, she had, nevertheless, had the prudence to refer to me as her temporary guardian, and before he could see me on the subject, asked me to meet her and her mother at Dr. Matthews'. Greatly distressed, I told them there was but one course to be taken, namely, that I, under promise of secrecy should make Mr. McCoy acquainted with as much of the history of her mother as I should deem proper. This I did, and although he desisted from further pur-

suit of his courtship, he honorably kept the secret inviolate.

It was now near the end of the session of Congress, and according to a previous agreement, I received a letter from Mr. Brown, asking me to send his niece under proper protection to New York. My arrangements were made accordingly and I appointed my clerk, Mr. Niess, as her protector to New York, of which office he was not a little proud. So ended this curious adventure, unsuspected and undiscovered by any.

I have frequently reflected on the part I acted in this drama and have asked myself whether the duplicity I displayed on this occasion was honorable or excusable, and I have always come to the conclusion that it was the fault of organized society which sometimes makes deception necessary for the protection of innocent persons, who would otherwise become victims to the prejudices of society.

Susan Lewis went back to Boston, corresponded with me as a sister would with an elder brother, and was shortly afterward married to Mr. Wright.

It is with sincere grief that I call to my mind the direful end of this once lovely and beautiful creature, who under all circumstances, looked on me to the last as her sincere friend and affectionate brother. She was divorced from Mr. Wright and married to a Scotch merchant of New York, a Mr. Phillips. After his death vanity led her on to utter ruin step by step. She was married once again to a young man of irreproachable character, but her conduct was such that after a year he refused to live with her. I was asked by her mother and herself to heal this breach, and had an interview with her husband for that end, but to no purpose. From that time forward she added to her misery the vice of intemperance, and some time afterward died in poverty.

I have often pondered on the probable causes of her downfall and am strongly of the opinion that the desultory manner of her early education, the knowledge in her youth of the shame of her mother, and the secrecy and deceptions she was forced to practice in early life had given a wrong direction to a mind naturally virtuous, innocent, and amiable.

Her mother married Dr. Matthews and soon afterwards experienced a great change in her mind. She joined the Methodist Church and became serious, sedate, and religious without hypocrisy. For her own sake and as the wife of a highly respected physician, she enjoyed a well-deserved rank in society and the love and good will of all who were acquainted with her.

III

In December of the year 1802 I found myself with a large surplus of goods on hand, many of them suitable for a more southern market, and so I chartered a schooner, loaded her with about $12,000 of suitable goods and dispatched her coastwise. I then took the stage to Alexandria.

During this period of time Congress was in session and, as my business called me weekly to Georgetown, I spent a considerable part of my time with Aaron Burr, then Vice President of the United States. Through his friendship I made the acquaintance of Thomas Jefferson. In this great, good, and wise patriot I realized all the expectations I had formed from the veneration in which he was held by the entire Democratic party, from the merits of his works and writings, from the sublime and sacred spirit which pervades his unequalled Declaration of Independence, and from the bitter enmity and venom which the British Tories and American Federalists poured on his devoted head. He was at that time

almost sixty years of age, above middle size but of spare figure. There was much benevolence and dignity in his looks and conduct, and the simplicity of his dress and manners were truly republican. It appeared to me that every action of his life and every object of his pursuits had a tendency to benefit his fellow-men, to elevate and enlighten their minds and, in short, to disseminate such principles as would fit the Nation for the high purpose of self-government. And yet this is the man on whom the Federal Party showered their unmitigated abuse, calling him a Jacobin, a Visionary, and an Atheist. They accused him of being in love with a negro woman and, under the euphonious title of "Black Sall," a lampoon in verse to that effect was published, the composition of which was attributed to John Quincy Adams.

I spent three months in Alexandria not only profitably but also extremely agreeably. I frequently saw my old friend Albert Gallatin and made the acquaintance of Gouverneur Morris, a Senator who, although belonging to the Federal side of the question, was a man of elevated mind and splendid talents. I listened to him one day with great delight when in one of his powerful speeches in the Senate he spoke on the necessity of acquiring possession of Louisiana by "some means, by any means, by all means." This great territory was shortly afterward negotiated for by Thomas Jefferson and put in the possession of the United States for fifteen million dollars.

Aaron Burr, who professed for me much personal friendship, kept an establishment in Washington suitable to his rank and, as I resided in Alexandria, if I failed to visit Washington in the course of three or four days, I was certain to receive a note from him requesting me to come and see him. Being a man of the greatest conversational powers, he entertained me with the most interesting parts of his life—particularly with those events of the French Revolution and that of St. Domingo, in which he had the opportunity to be of service to sufferers, especially ladies who were the objects of distress. He showed me a splendid oil painting of a very beautiful French lady of rank whose family were guillotined under Robespierre and for whom he had procured an asylum with his daughter, Mrs. Allston.

As I ceased to have any personal intercourse with Mr. Burr in after years, I will briefly state the end of his eventful career.

I think I have already alluded to his subsequent quarrel with Alexander Hamilton which ended in the death of the latter. Burr perpetrated a plan to invade Louisiana and take possession of New Orleans. In this scheme he involved the fortunes of many persons, particularly a Mr. Blennerhassett (whose real name was Carr), a rich Irishman who resided on an island on the Ohio River in great splendor and happiness. Among others he involved Dr. Louis Bolman, a German merchant of Philadelphia, and a friend of mine, Mr. Jordan, a merchant of Louisville. This scheme totally failed. The President and Government at Washington received information through General Wilkinson, who was himself suspected of having been engaged in the treason. Aaron Burr, Blennerhassett, Bolman, Jordan, and others were arrested and bills of high treason brought against them. Burr was tried before Chief Justice Marshall in Richmond, Virginia, but nothing was legally proved against him. Although he was not proved guilty of treason, he and all concerned with him were utterly ruined in fortune and reputation. Burr afterward went to Europe and finally won a lawsuit involving a capital of sixty thousand dollars. This en-

abled him to spend the evening of his life in peaceful and even splendid retirement. He died in New York in 1836 at the advanced age of eighty years. Peace be to his ashes! Like most great men, the traits of his character were prominent in good as well as in highly censurable deeds.

During my sojourn south I met Jerome, youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte. I met him accidentally one morning at Peale's Museum where he had been taken by Commodore Barney of Baltimore, who was his constant companion. Being personally acquainted with the latter, he introduced me to young Bonaparte. He was of middle stature, and I judged him to be about twenty-two or three years of age. His face was rather more feminine than manly in its beauty. His mouth was handsome and his chin strongly marked and rounded, his person possessing grace without dignity. His manners were gay and his movements quick. A machine had lately been invented for taking profiles called the Physiognotrace, which had excited much attention and was now exhibited in the museum. Jerome had a number of his profiles taken, and presented me with a copy, which I preserved.

In the year 1802 I saw him several times in Baltimore, his permanent place of residence in this country, where he was courted and feasted by all the Patrician families of that place. Various schemes for matrimonial alliances were formed by the beauties of the monumental city, and among the most prominent rivals were the daughter of Luther Martin, an eminent Counsellor-at-law, and Miss Patterson, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. When in Baltimore I used to put up at the Fountain Inn, which was immediately opposite Luther Martin's house, and had the opportunity to observe the little arts of Miss Martin to attract the attention of Bonaparte. He used to take morning drives between ten and eleven o'clock in Commodore Barney's phaeton. From my window I observed Miss Martin for several days in succession make her appearance in full dress at the front door of her house about ten o'clock, occasionally taking a short turn up and down the pavement. Barney's phaeton would come in sight at the corner, Bonaparte, seeing Miss Martin, would naturally alight (having become acquainted with her at all fashionable parties), pay his respects to her, inquire after her health, and promenade with her for fifteen or twenty minutes. But it all would not do. Miss Patterson was the successful candidate, and they were married.

Not long after this marriage, when on a visit to Baltimore, I was invited on St. Patrick's Day to a ball at the Assembly Room, where for the last time I saw Mr. and Mrs. Bonaparte. The fashion in regard to female fashionable dress at that period differed widely from the present modest and becoming attire. The hair of the head was artificially curled all around, and the neck and breast exposed to an incredible degree. I can safely aver that the garments of Mrs. Bonaparte and others from the waist upward would hardly have been sufficient to furnish material for a pair of gloves, omitting the Brussels lace which covered the lower part of the breast. The party was very fashionable but agreeable and unrestrained. Mrs. Bonaparte retired shortly after twelve o'clock but Jerome and the rest of the company danced until three. This was the last I ever saw of them. They shortly afterward embarked for Europe. Napoleon repudiated the alliance, Jerome became King of Westphalia and married a Princess. The former Miss Patterson went to England, and some years later, as I understand, became the spouse of some British Lord.

IV

I now return to the thread of my own history. Troubles of a serious nature had now begun to thicken around me, and I experienced in a very short space of time a series of heavy and unexpected losses amounting to more than $30,000 from the failure of several of my debtors. In order to pay off my creditors I wound up my business and retired in some measure from gay society. During the course of the winter I became acquainted with Captain Grafton from Salem, Massachusetts, who made a proposition to me to enter with him in the Santiago de Cuba trade. He owned a schooner of 200 tons called *The Nancy*, and we loaded up this boat and left Philadelphia early in the spring of 1805. For a period of about two years I led a most interesting and adventurous life in the trade of the West Indies, but I will relate only one of my many adventures there, an adventure which might have had a very different ending.

A state of war existed in 1805–1806 between Great Britain and Spain, and intercourse between the islands of the West Indies was cut off. The British Government, however, winked at an illicit traffic which was still carried on between Cuba and Jamaica because it was profitable, but suffered all the risk to fall on the traders. Adventurers residing at Santiago, Havana, and other Cuban ports would load a small schooner with profitable articles for the Kingston market and ostensibly clear their vessel for some Danish island, and would enter Kingston in distress and be permitted to sell their cargo. On their return they were always prepared with false papers in order to pass Morro Castle. These adventurers were subject to another set of adventurers who made up the crew of the Spanish picaroons—licensed armed boats, whose piratical crews guarded the coast against these illicit traders, and would rob and plunder the vessels unmercifully. In order to look after some unfinished business in Cuba, I and a friend of mine, Captain Hathaway, set sail from Kingston on a small schooner which had touched at Kingston and of whose business we knew nothing. While I was preparing my trunk for this voyage I recollected I had lent the second volume of Ossian's *Poems* to Dr. Brown, a British officer. I obtained the volume from him that day and packed it in my trunk without examination.

About 40 miles off of Santiago our captain made out an armed boat that was undoubtedly following us, and which he informed me was a picaroon. I asked him whether he would resist or submit, but on this subject he was dubious. On examining his armament, however, we found but three muskets and not sufficient powder to charge them more than a dozen times. There seemed nothing to do but submit. The hour of our trial was now fast approaching, and when the boat came within a half a mile of us, they fired their first gun as a signal for us to heave to. Our captain, still faintly hoping that a sudden breeze might enable him to escape, disobeyed the signal, but soon another shot was fired directly at us, and the captain hauled in the sails. The commander then hailed us through his speaking trumpet and ordered the captain and two hands to lower the boat and come on board with his papers. We could plainly see that on the arrival of our captain and two men they were immediately put in irons and kept prisoners in the stern of the armed boat. Our boat was then without loss of time manned (boarded?) by six men and an officer, all armed to the teeth, who simultaneously jumped on board with drawn swords in their hands, a carbine on their backs, 2 large pistols

at their belts, and a double-edged knife which they carried in a sheath in a pantaloon pocket on the right thigh. The hatches of the hold with all the steerage passengers were bolted and the cabin locked, but Captain Hathaway and myself, although closely watched, were not molested. Shortly after this the commander himself, tall and rawboned, his complexion swarthy, his countenance fierce and stern, and his habiliments coarse and soiled, came on board and orders were given for a personal search, ostensibly to discover the genuine ship's papers. The proceeding of this search was as follows: Two officers (or rather ruffians) took possession of the cabin, and the passengers were called down singly.

I was the third or fourth. One of the men stepped toward me but I stretched out my arm and requested him to stand back for a moment. I then asked him to state the purpose for which I was being searched. He answered it was to ascertain where I had secreted about me the genuine papers of the vessel. I responded it would give me great pleasure to convince him I had not. Suiting the action to the words, I pulled off all my clothes until I stood in my pantaloons and shirt. I then took out my watch and my money in my hands, held these objects up to their view and said in a decided tone, "You are now convinced I have not papers of any kind about me, these articles are my personal property with which I do not intend to part without violence." They whispered together a few moments and then the spokesman said he was satisfied. I subsequently learned from the other passengers that all their personal property had been taken from them under pretense of its being returned at Santiago. No concealed papers relative to the vessel being found, orders were issued after dinner to have the passengers' trunks and baggage brought up on deck, which was accordingly done, and I witnessed the examination of several trunks and bundles and found that all written papers were abstracted and indiscriminately dumped into a two-bushel bag.

I now thought that my trials were ended and that I could look on with indifference to the end of the proceeding. Fate, however, ordained it otherwise. My large trunk was now brought forward and cheerfully opened by me. Several papers and bills of no real consequence to me were opened and then deposited in the bag. Next came my traveling library. The books were taken out one by one, opened, held by the cover, and shaken. Among the first books thus handled was the second volume of Ossian's *Poems* which I had gotten back from the British officer just before my departure. When this book was shaken a sheet of foolscap paper folded in four dropped from it, which I instantly recognized as a minute description of the harbor of Baracoa with my opinion written upon it that this harbor might easily be taken by a couple of British frigates. The dire consequences which would follow a discovery that I was the author of this writing, and had given it to a captain in the British Navy, rushed upon me like lightning, and never in my life did I make a greater effort to recover my feelings than on this occasion. The Captain eagerly snatched it up and held it before the prizemaster, asking him what were the contents of the paper. He could not read English and, therefore, could not tell. Another officer and several of the passengers were appealed to for the same purpose, but luckily for me could not read English—if they could read at all. The Captain then asked me what the paper was. I carelessly answered him that it was a paper of no consequence. Unable to get further information, he refolded it and put it in the sack.

I followed this action with my keenest glance, as I wished to ascertain if possible the distance from the bottom of the bag where this paper was dropped. Although I had escaped instant detection for apparently plotting against the safety of the Island of Cuba with the enemies of Spain, still this very paper would find its way to a Spanish court at a place where my handwriting was known. My anxiety continued to be great, and I plotted in silence several schemes to recover the paper or have it destroyed.

I had by this time become friendly with the prizemaster and I determined to try what I could do with him. About 9 o'clock in the evening I found him on deck, and after some conversation on indifferent subjects entered upon my troubles at Kingston, observing that I had made many payments, therefore had a claim against the underwriters in Philadelphia. I then lamented that six or seven of the vouchers had been thrown in the bag and that unless I received them back, payment would be refused me. I then carelessly observed I would willingly give a small compensation to have these vouchers returned to me. After some reflection he said he would have no objection to letting me look for my vouchers provided I would not take too long a time. We accordingly went alone into the cabin where the bag was stored and I commenced my examination. By his permission I removed the bulk of papers until as I thought I was near the place where my paper had been dropped in. During this search my anxiety was so great that my mouth was parched and my tongue was dry, but it was indispensable that I should appear cool and collected. At length I came to the right paper. I knew it by the feeling of its shape before I saw it, and after glancing at it to make sure I was not mistaken, I pocketed it without further observation. Not to create any suspicion, I took out several other small papers, and then pronounced myself satisfied.

I then went to the side of the ship and stooped down in the chains and unobserved by anyone, tore the paper in small pieces and dropped them overboard. I felt now relieved as from an incubus or a nightmare.

The next morning we arrived at Santiago, Cuba, where I put myself under the protection of the American Consul. My papers were duly examined by the court and declared to be my private concern. So ended one of my most extraordinary adventures.

V

Shortly after I embarked for Philadelphia and arrived safely there on the 23d of April, 1807. I recollect the date as it was the last day of the yearly Quaker meeting, and the streets were thronged, as I then thought, with the greatest number of beautiful women I had ever seen. This probably was owing to my long absence and the scarcity of white people, particularly women, I had been in the habit of contemplating.

Dr. Matthews' house again became the center of my daily visits, and as he had a large circle of friends, I made several agreeable acquaintances. Through their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Lausatt, I became acquainted with the young lady who subsequently became my wife, Miss Sarah Fenimore. The person of this interesting young lady was of middle size, just tall enough to be graceful, of a very fair complexion, and her frame femininely handsome. Her personal advantages, however great, were left in the shade by the qualities of her mind. The sweetness of her temperament was innate and unaffected, and set off by the advantages of education, extensive reading, and an astonishing memory.

Our friendship for one another originated not from design but from similarity of sentiments, from love of literature, historic, didactic, and poetic. Our ideas moreover agreed in Religion and Politics. What wonder then that we were irresistibly drawn toward one another, and the purest friendship grew into the most lasting love. It was not long before I solicited this young lady to permit me to lead her as my wife to her own home. To this she consented, and our wedding took place on the 24th of October, 1809.

A few years after my marriage I started a paper for merchants. I will quote from F. Shallus' Tables of Remarkable Events:

"The first publication in the United States devoted wholly to mercantile information was commenced by a merchant, Mr. Peter A. Grotjan, May 1st, 1812 under the title of the *Philadelphia Public Sales Report.* This plan has been attended with so much success and so generally approved as to induce similar publications in New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Charleston."

My time was now completely occupied, and the little leisure I had left I devoted to the society of my wife and to my growing family. When my third son was born in December, 1823, your mother and I decided to give him the name of that great and admired patriot Thomas Jefferson. Your mother, realizing that Thomas Jefferson was nearing the end of his long and useful life, decided to write to him asking him to send the boy a letter of advice that he could keep the rest of his life, and on January 12, 1824, the following letter arrived:

"Monticello, January 10th, '24

"Your letter, Madam, of the 1st instant has been received informing me I have a namesake in your family, to whom you wish me to address a line of exhortation to a virtuous and patriotic life. I have done it in the inclosed letter. I am duly sensible of the indulgence with which you have kindly viewed the part I have acted in life. The times in which my lot was cast called on every citizen for every effort of his body and mind, and if in the parts assigned me I have been able to render any service I am thankful for having been made the instrument of it.

"I learn with pleasure you have the blessing of a promising family, and sincerely pray and trust that it may continue a blessing through life, and I tender to yourself and family my best wishes and respects.

"Th. Jefferson.

"Th. Jefferson to Th. Jefferson Grotjan

"Your affectionate mother requests that I would address to you, as a namesake, something which might have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run. Few words are necessary, with good disposition on your part. Adore God, reverence and cherish your parents, love your neighbor as yourself and your country more than life. Be just, be true, murmur not at the ways of Providence and the life into which you have entered will be the passage to one of eternal and ineffable bliss, and if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell."

As my son grew older he shared my admiration for the great statesman, and this letter became his most treasured possession.

VI

In 1834 that great warrior General Jackson, then President Jackson, was invited by the Democrats of Philadelphia to visit that city. I had battled in the cause of this great statesman since 1822 and had been among the very first to bring his name forward for the presidency. I was therefore ap-

pointed a member of the committee of reception. A public procession took place, which for splendor and enthusiasm exceeded every former event of a similar kind.

In this procession the old hero appeared on a noble horse simply and chastely dressed and wore a broad-rimmed gray hat, which during the whole immense length of the procession he held in his hand, waving it constantly to the thousands of ladies who greeted him on the route, as a mark of respect for their courtesy and enthusiasm. That day he gained the hearts of thousands who had opposed him; but the hearts of the ladies he took by storm. If this was the case with the majority of the people, the conduct of the authorities of the city, namely the mayor and common council, was far different. This body of officers being genuine Federalists of the John Adams School, were not guilty of one act of public respect to the hero and sage. They neither appointed a committee to receive the President nor invited him to be addressed by them at Independence Hall, which on all former and subsequent occasions was customary as a mark of respect to eminent men. But the deep hatred of some of these functionaries did not stop there. On the day of the procession, when we passed the house of John Swift, the mayor of the city, we found him standing at the window and alongside of him, his invited guest, the bloody Indian Chief, Black Hawk, who had for years past indiscriminately murdered the men, women, and children of our border settlements.

The evening before the departure of General Jackson, I took the opportunity of introducing my son, Thomas Jefferson, then about eleven years of age, on which occasion he presented to General Jackson the letter of advice received at his birth from that great and wise patriarch of Democracy, with the request that General Jackson add a few sentiments of his own to that invaluable letter. This was in the audience room of the Indian Queen Hotel. General Jackson soon retired and in about fifteen minutes sent the original letter back on which he had written his own sentiments and signature.

Andrew Jackson's letter:

"Altho requested by Mr. Grotjan yet I can add nothing to the admirable advice given to his son by that virtuous patriot and enlightened statesman, Thomas Jefferson, which he sent this young man. The principles which he sent to the youth contain the purest morality and inculcate the noblest sentiments. I can only recommend rigid adherence to them. They will carry him through life safely and respectably and what is far better they will carry him through death triumphantly, and we may humbly trust they will secure to all who in principle and practice adopt them that crown of immortality which is described in the Holy Scriptures."

I cannot do better, my dear children, than to end these memoirs, by recommending to you as the guide for the lives that lie before you, the advice of these two noble patriots, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, who devoted themselves wholeheartedly to Democratic principles and the welfare of their countrymen and who have been a guiding and stimulating influence in my own life. Farewell.

TEACHERS' OATHS

BY CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

BILLS requiring teachers in schools, colleges, and universities to swear "an oath" to the Constitution are sweeping over the country like a plague. Arizona, Georgia, Massachusetts, New York, and Vermont are among the many States which have passed such laws. At the same time a boisterous national convention of the American Legion is working up enthusiasm for bigger and better oaths. It is curious that of all people the teachers are being singled out for suspicion and calumny. I say singled out, because the suggestion that every citizen be required to swear such an oath was brushed aside in several legislatures.

What crime have the teachers committed? And if they have committed no crime, what excuse is being offered for such deliberate insults to one of the most numerous and well-educated professions in the country? Is this a brazen machiavellian move on the part of people who do not dare explain their real motives for casting suspicion upon the public spirit of the educators of the country? Has the President's employment of professors in working out his program of reforms, has the organization of Franklin D. Roosevelt's brain trust, so-called, generated a desire on the part of big business to blackmail the educational institutions as "hotbeds of radicalism"? When you cannot argue, denounce—is an ancient maxim of intrigue and propaganda. It is the bane of our time that all thought and education appear to the cynic in the light of propaganda; schools and universities appear as centers of propaganda. To the teacher's plea that he is trying to teach the truth, they reply with Pilatus' shrug of the shoulder: "What is the truth?" To them Christianity appears "a major promotional achievement." But why should an oath to the Constitution, often in quite innocuous terms, appeal to such propaganda strategists? Were they hoping that some of the teachers, stung by the humiliating aspect of the proceeding, would refuse the oath and could then be denounced as "reds"? Or were they stupid enough to think that by eliminating from the faculties the (few) members who are by conviction socialists or pacifists they would raise the moral and intellectual authority of the others who out of conviction maintained more conservative doctrines? Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first strike blind.

It is depressing to realize that the oath has always cropped up as a political device when the political order was crumbling. In the period of religious dissensions the oath of allegiance made its appearance in England as an instrument of intolerance and, a little later, of royal oppression. James Stuart, the tiresome pedant on the throne, sought refuge in an oath required of all ministers and the like (most teaching then being religious). At that time the imperial pretensions of the "reformed" papacy, the right of the Pope claimed by the Jesuits to absolve the subjects of

an heretical king from their allegiance, made the king desirous of testing the loyalty of his more influential subjects. Yet not many years later his son's head rolled into the sand.

Following that, Oliver Cromwell in his desperate efforts to find a legitimate basis for his dictatorial regime, demanded an oath preceding the election of parliament in 1653 that no one participating in the election would allow the constitution "as settled in one person and parliament" to be disturbed. But Cromwell died and the oath was forgotten. The rupture which the oath was supposed to heal did not disappear until toleration and a liberal, truly constitutional government had taught people how Catholic and Protestant, how parliamentarian and authoritarian, how Whig and Tory could live peaceably together, with no one requiring the other to swear oaths which were either unnecessary or ineffectual.

And where have oaths appeared in our own day? In Fascist Italy and in Nazi Germany. In both of these countries the dictators have promulgated requirements according to which the teachers and professors have to swear an oath of allegiance to the Duce, the Leader. But what, one may ask, was the object of demanding such a declaration from men who every day were obliged to mold their words and their teachings to the Fascist creed? The purpose was to humiliate or to destroy them. There were plenty of men who were known to the students as non-Fascists, non-Nazis. If they could be forced into swearing their allegiance to the official creed, they were morally discredited, they were shown to be trimmers. What is more, the man of integrity and of faith is the really dangerous enemy. He would not consent. He would protest. Gaetano Salvemini, now teaching at Harvard, is such a man. He knew the game of Mussolini and he left.

To Fascism, to National Socialism, these maneuvers come naturally. You cannot accuse them of inconsistency. Truth? That which is beneficial to the Nazi government is true. Education and scholarship are means of propaganda. So is religion. If they do not promote the nationalist cult they are worthless. Scholars must become advocates of a national pretension; it is their task to marshal the facts which will support the truths the government finds desirable. For this view, Alfred Rosenberg, author of the Nazi bible *The Myth of the Twentieth Century,* has coined the engaging phrase "organic truth." By this he means the "truth which is inborn in the soul of a race, which lives and dies with this people, and which eliminates the idea of a general truth relevant for all mankind." Goebbels and the propagandists of Fascism have expounded similar views. Without the poetic trimmings, they amount to saying, "Truth is what we declare to be true."

II

It is perfectly obvious that such a view is absolutely contrary not only to the words but to the spirit of the American Constitution. It was no accident that the traditional English doctrine of allegiance found no acceptance in the United States. It was no accident that the Constitution expressly granted freedom of speech to every citizen. Can it be reasonable to guarantee such freedom to any uninformed, illiterate demagogue, and to deny it to educated men and women who have something to say, whose very profession is to talk, to teach, to instruct? Shall we now descend to the level where self-appointed guardians of the Constitution violate its letter and spirit by the hypocritical demand for "oaths"? The Constitution of the United States is such a flexible thing, so well provided

with means for interpretation and change that the demand for such oaths can hardly have any other purpose than the surreptitious slandering of the Constitution. The Constitution is no Mussolini; it is neither arbitrary nor stubborn. It responds to the changing needs of the time. There may be croaking and squeaking at times, but the not inconsiderable number of amendments testifies to the gradual adjustments.

What is worst in these oath-bills, however, is the open violation of a clear-cut principle of the Constitution itself. All this legislation is discriminatory. It is class legislation. It attempts to make of the teaching profession a pariah class. Now the Constitution expressly forbids such legislation. Under the Fourteenth Amendment, States were forbidden to pass laws abridging the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, and to deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. Teachers should not, therefore, be discriminated against by legislation which creates a presumption that their freedom of speech is abridged.

To guard against this objection, the Massachusetts law contains a section according to which "nothing herein contained shall be construed to interfere in any way with the basic principles of the Constitution which assures every citizen freedom of thought and speech and the right to advocate changes and improvements in both the state and federal constitutions." Why then the oath? In withdrawing his plan of refusing to swear the oath Professor Mather of Harvard rightly emphasized the importance of this section. One might go farther and say it is a splendid thing to get this explicit clause on behalf of freedom of speech and thought into the statute book. But will the promoters of this legislation heed the provisions of this section? Will they honor and obey the basic principles of the Constitution to which this amendment referred? Indications are that they will not. This section was inserted into the law after its foes discovered that the lobbies pushing for this legislation were too strong. The provision is a joker; it was opposed by the promoters of the "oath bill." By this opposition they revealed themselves as opposed to these principles of the Constitution; they placed themselves in the unenviable position of hypocrites.

What purpose would remain for such an oath? Is it not ridiculous that the teachers should be required to swear an oath to do what any law-abiding citizen is obliged to do anyway? Ah, but the communists . . . Surely, if there should be any communists among the teachers they are the last to be deterred by any oaths. Did the Jesuits ever hesitate to swear an oath where the welfare of the Catholic Church was in question? The communists in their struggle for World Revolution have had to do much harder things than to "declare" something they did not mean. Surely one must be rather naïve to hope that such fry can be caught in the wide nets of the oath! They are only given an easy argument with which to arouse people. Well then, what is the purpose?

It is an axiom of politics that one can never hope to understand the objective of a political act unless he knows the forces which produce it. Who, to be specific, has been pushing this particular legislation? A full answer cannot be given to this important preliminary question until a full inquiry by a senatorial investigating committee armed with the power to subpœna witnesses has shed light upon some questions which are at present obscure. All we can now know is who

actually turned up at the various statehouses to advocate these laws and to "put them over." Roughly speaking, there are two major forces: the Hearst Press and the patrioteering societies, notably the American Legion. It is the same group which has been trying to get "sedition" laws through the American Congress.

The writer had the sorry fortune not long ago to encounter a well-meaning and prejudiced gentleman from the Navy Department who informed him in the most solemn manner that "the navy is being flooded with communist propaganda." Therefore, he argued, a sedition law must be passed which would make the possession of certain writings, like those of Karl Marx, a criminal offense. From the way he talked, one had to conclude that a revolt analogous to what happened in Germany in 1918 was imminent. My curiosity being aroused, I naturally asked what this literature was about, what was being said therein. The gentleman hemmed and hawed. Being taken aback, I inquired how much of the literature he had seen. He was, to his shame, I must admit, obliged to grant that he had seen none of it. Curiously enough, that night on my return from Washington I stumbled upon one of my former students, a nice conservative lad with rich Brookline parents, who told me of the fun he was having in his training for a reserve naval officer. I then asked him whether he was not bothered quite a little since the men were being aroused by communist propaganda. He was flabbergasted. He had never seen a single item of such propaganda.

How can reasonable and sensible men get into such a state of frenzy? Karl Marx wrote almost a hundred years ago, his formulæ are outworn and based upon a state of industrial development long gone by; much wit has been spent to prove his political premises arbitrary and narrow; the Soviet Union has proceeded to demonstrate the truth of these objections in practice. But the underlying aspiration toward social justice remains. The Fascists are obliged to render it lip-service. So are the Nazis. If they do not secure it the people will turn away from them. But is this aspiration toward social justice an ideal which an American has to derive from Karl Marx? To ask the question is to deny it.

Thomas Jefferson sought it in terms of an agricultural community. So did Andrew Jackson. Abraham Lincoln's whole being radiated this faith in social justice. Remember what he said about liberty, even then abused by those seeking to justify privilege: "The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd as his liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the same act, as the destroyer of liberty, especially if the sheep was a black one. Plainly the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of the word liberty; and precisely the same difference prevails to-day among us human creatures . . ." (Address at Sanitary Fair, Baltimore, April 18, 1864.) After Lincoln, Cleveland; after Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. All these men have struggled for social justice. Their sayings are as eloquent as anything which Karl Marx ever wrote. But even if they were not, even if the thought and speech of American political leaders were not filled with the idea of social justice, there would yet be the writings of American thinkers and men of letters, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mark Twain, John Dewey, and many others.

III

". . . if there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively

calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate." (Justice Holmes, dissenting opinion, United States *v.* Schwimmer, 279, U.S. 644, 653.) These memorable words were uttered by the venerable Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States for fifty years, surely had a deeper appreciation of the spirit of the American Constitution than such violent partisans of reaction as are those who have exerted themselves to inculcate into the people of the United States the intolerant nationalism and the violent class-consciousness which torment Europe. What these advocates of the oath bills really are aiming at can be seen from statements which appeared in the press after Professor Mather had announced that he would be unable to take the oath because he considered the legislation unconstitutional. It was at once asserted that this distinguished natural scientist was "a tool of Soviet Russia." The charge is so utterly absurd that it unintentionally brings to light one of the true objectives of the demagogues who enacted this legislation: to find grounds on which to accuse educational institutions of being "red."

How can an educational institution hope to function as the fount of idealism and as the guardian of moral and intellectual leadership if the discussion of issues violently agitating the public cannot be touched upon? As James M. McLaughlin, a leading interpreter of American constitutional law, expressed it in commenting upon Professor Mather's stand: "Bull-dozing school boards will probably use the oath as an excuse for ousting teachers that attempt any discussion of fundamental problems to-day which may help to fit their pupils for intelligent citizenship." The redness of McLaughlin can be gleaned from his description of the NRA as the greatest conspiracy against the Constitution in the history of the United States. And yet he has put his finger precisely upon the second objective of the promoters of this legislation. Besides black-mailing educators as reds (and surely Mather has good grounds for a libel suit against the charge that he is acting as a tool of Soviet Russia), the objective is to intimidate forward-looking teachers in the public schools.

This would, of course, be impossible if the general public had a keen appreciation of the true meaning of the American Constitution. But such is unfortunately not the case. If professional patrioteers could be brought before a bar of examiners to test their knowledge of constitutional principles, and if their hypocrisy in advocating oaths of allegiance to a constitution of which they often do not even know the literal text could be exhibited to the public laughter which such clownish conduct deserves, we should hear no more of oaths to the Constitution by teachers. We should perhaps instead get legislation demanding that each lobbyist fully satisfy the legislature of his understanding of the American Federal, as well as his State, constitution. In Massachusetts the height of absurdity was reached when it was learned that the school teachers who wished to inform themselves of what was in the State constitution to which they were to swear the oath could not be furnished copies of this document by either the State's Attorney, the school authorities, or—the American Legion. They were all so eager to have people swear that they forgot all about the constitution.

The situation is, in other words, so farcical that one could dismiss it with a shrug of the shoulder or say, as many teachers have, that he swore allegiance to his conception of the Constitution.

But that does not meet the real issues of the situation, which are three. As I have shown, we are confronted by an attack upon the Constitution, by an attempt to create a fundamental rupture in the American people, and by a gross interference with the true purposes of education. For this intimidation of school teachers is built upon the fascist doctrine that education is essentially propaganda, a doctrine which is alien to the United States. While we may readily admit that much education has a certain element in common with propaganda in that it molds the attitudes and beliefs of those who are being educated, true education is primarily interested in developing the person who is being educated, to make him a more cultured, more well-rounded man or woman. Propaganda, on the other hand, looks upon the men and women of the nation as tools for some alien purpose; it looks upon them as a mass of voters, just as advertising looks upon them as a mass of buyers. There may be a good deal of education in advertising and propaganda; but the education is only incidental to the real objective: to sell more tooth paste, or to get more votes for a bigger-navy program. This contrast between true education and propaganda shows why a teacher must teach what he believes to be true. Moral and intellectual integrity are more important than anything else. A teacher who is convinced that Karl Marx was right and tries to explain why he thinks so is better than a teacher who talks contrary to his convictions. If Karl Marx was wrong—and I have no doubt he was—the good sense of his pupils will by and by discern the limitations of their teacher's analysis, they will compare it with other teachers' different ideas and interpretations and will come to a reasoned conclusion. The final product of such education will be youth which has examined and understood Karl Marx and Adolf Hitler, knows why they were wrong, and will not indulge in frenzied excitement at the mention of these names. They will be trained for intelligent citizenship.

IV

Aside from the oath to the Constitution, many of the present laws provide that a teacher must also swear that he will faithfully discharge the duties of his position. After what we have said it should be amply clear that such a statement implies an ardent attachment to the idea of genuine education as distinguished from all propaganda. It is this consideration which makes these oaths revolting to many thoughtful teachers in the country. It is not the content of the oaths; many of them are innocuous enough. It is the principle implied in any such oath that teaching is a form of propaganda. I believe that from this standpoint it must be clear why the often heard remark "Such an oath is required of all public officials, so why not of teachers?" flows from a false view of the teaching function. To teach is to affirm, but to affirm what is true and good. One cannot and ought not to teach what he believes to be wrong and bad. But do not the teachers administer a sacred trust in instructing the young? Most certainly they do; so do the ministers, and the fathers and mothers of children throughout the land. Were all the citizens to swear an oath when reaching maturity, the matter would be innocuous. But it is not so. The teachers are singled out and are thus made to subscribe to the doctrine, utterly opposed to the tradition of real education, that to teach is to indoctrinate, to propagandize, to manipulate.

This aspect of the matter is at present aggravated by the unhappy tendency among certain politicians to make the Constitution a partisan issue. I

for one hope and pray that these efforts will never succeed. The Constitution belongs to all the people. No party has a right to monopolize its interpretation. Attempts to do so must raise the gravest apprehensions.

Let Abraham Lincoln, the savior of the Union and the Constitution in time of direst need, speak to us once more. "This country," he said, "with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." (First Inaugural, March 4, 1861.) A startling thought. You may not agree with it; I, being born and brought up in Germany, was thunderstruck when first I read it; but there it is. Shall we penalize a teacher because he familiarizes his students with Abraham Lincoln's ideas on their constitutional right, because he admits that he agrees with Abraham Lincoln? Are we justified in calling such a teacher un-American?

These are questions which the thoughtful reader will answer for himself. I doubt whether he will feel that the advocacy of teachers' oaths is in keeping with American educational ideas, is in keeping with a real faith in the Constitution of these United States.

HERETICS

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

WAYFARERS they, who, stumbling, yet must roam
Between the hedges of this world, who go
From bolted door to bolted door, and know
The bitterness of them that have no home.
None give them but an apple from a bough,
Or linen for the cracks in hands and feet;
Their road leads through the towns; some market street
May hold a thing one dares not talk of now.
Stumbling they go, each proud, impoverished one;
Their cloaks catch on the thorns; when sleep they must,
There is not any place to make a bed.
What will befall when wayfaring is done?
When these are but forgotten and unnamed dust,
A happier folk will follow where they led.

ADVENTURES IN DIET

Part III

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Scurvy has been the great enemy of explorers. When Magellan sailed around the world four hundred years ago many of his crew died from it and most of the others were at times so weakened that they could barely handle the ships. When Scott's party of four went to the South Pole twenty-three years ago their strength was sapped by scurvy; they were unable to maintain their travel schedule and died. Nor has scurvy been the nemesis of explorers only. Twenty years ago the British Army in the Near East was seriously handicapped, and last October an American doctor reported a hundred Ethiopian soldiers per day dying of scurvy. The disease worked havoc during the Alaska and Yukon gold rushes following 1896. Scores of miners died and hundreds suffered.

Medical profession and laity equally believed for more than a hundred years that they knew exactly how to prevent and cure the disease, yet the method always failed on severe test.

The premise from which the doctors started was that vegetables, particularly fruits, prevent and cure scurvy. Since diet consists of animals and plants, the statement came to take the form that scurvy is caused by meat and cured by vegetables. Finally the doctors standardized on lime juice as the best of preventatives and cures. They named it a sure cure, a specific. Lawmakers followed the doctors. It is on the statute books of many countries that on long voyages the crews are to be supplied with lime juice and induced or compelled to take it.

Obtained from officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and from sourdoughs, I have in my diaries and notes many a case of suffering and death caused by scurvy in the Alaska and Yukon gold rushes. The miner generally began to sicken toward the end of winter. He had been living on beans and bacon, on biscuits, rice, oatmeal, sugar, dried fruits and dried vegetables. When he recognized his trouble as scurvy he made such efforts as were possible to get the things which he believed would cure him. Apparently the miners had the strongest faith in raw potatoes. These had to be brought from afar, and there are heroic tales of men who struggled through the wilderness to succor a comrade with a few pounds of them. There were similar beliefs in the virtues of onions and some other vegetables. Curiously, there was either no belief in those vegetables which were obtainable, or else there was a belief that they should be treated in a way which, we now understand, destroys their value. For instance, a man might have been cured, or at least helped, with a salad of leaves or the green bark of trees. What the miners did with the pine needles and willow bark was to cook them for hours and

drink the tea. If they had fresh meat they boiled it to shreds and drank the broth. Death frequently occurred in two to four months from the recognized onset of the disease.

Ignoring the decimation of armies, and the burden of this disease in many walks of civil life through past ages, we turn to the explorers, the class most widely publicized as suffering from and dying of scurvy.

It is usual to rank James Cook of a hundred and fifty years ago with the foremost explorers of all time. Part of his fame may be attributed to his having discovered how to prevent and cure scurvy. Medical books name him as pioneer in the field, saying that we owe to him the conquest of a dread disease. For he demonstrated that with vegetables (again, particularly fruits) scurvy could be prevented on the longest voyages. By statement or inference these books assert that from this developed the knowledge according to which we extract and bottle the juice of the lime, stock ships with it, prevent and cure scurvy.

As above intimated, however, the good physicians, with their faith in lime juice as a specific, overlooked its constant failure upon severe test.

How stoutly the faith was kept is shown by the British polar expedition of Sir George Nares. When he returned to England in 1876 after a year and a half, he reported much illness from scurvy, some deaths, and a partial failure of his program as a result. In his view fresh meat could have saved his men. But the doctors, as we shall see when we consider how they later advised Scott, soon forgot whatever impression was made by Nares. They seem to have squared themselves with the old doctrines by a series of assumptions: that the lime juice on the Nares expedition might have been deficient in acid content; that some of the victims did not take as much of it as needed; and that perhaps it was too much to expect of even the marvelous juice to cope with all the things which tended to bring on scurvy—absence of sunlight, bad ventilation, lack of amusement and exercise, insufficient cleanliness.

Particularly because the Nares medical court of inquiry had closed on a note of cleanliness and "modern sanitation," you would think the medical world might have felt a severe jolt when they read how Nansen and Johansen had wintered in the Franz Josef Islands (now Nansen Land) in 1895–96. They had lived in a hut of stones and walrus leather. The ventilation was bad, to conserve fuel; the fire smoked, so that the air was additionally bad; there was not a ray of daylight for months; during this time they practically hibernated, seldom going outdoors at all and taking as little exercise as appears humanly possible. Yet their health was perfect all winter and they came out of their hibernation in as good physical condition as any men ever did out of any kind of Arctic wintering. Their food had been the lean and the fat of walrus.

Tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of scientists in medicine and the related branches must have seen this account, for Nansen's books were best-sellers in practically every language and newspapers were full of the story. Yet the effect was negligible. The doctors and dietitians still continued to pontificate on meat producing scurvy and on the contributory bad effects of what they called insufficience of ventilation, cleanliness, sunlight, and exercise. They still prescribed lime juice and put their whole dependence on it and other vegetable products.

Excuses for lime juice have persisted to our day. It was, for instance, demonstrated with triumph recently that the meaning of "lime" had

changed during the last hundred years, explaining the claim that it worked better in the eighteenth than in the nineteenth century—then the juice was made from lemons called limes; now it is made from limes called limes.

The antiscorbutic value of lemons may be far greater than that of limes per ounce, but that does not go to the root of the matter. For proof of this consider how Nansen's experience was re-enforced and interpreted by four expeditions during two decades, two of them commanded by Robert Falcon Scott, one by Ernest Henry Shackleton, one by me.

II

Scott, in 1900, sought the most orthodox scientific counsel when outfitting his first expedition. He followed advice by carrying lime juice and by picking up quantities of fruits and other vegetable things as he passed New Zealand on his way to the Antarctic. He saw to it that the diet was "wholesome," that the men took exercise, that they bathed and had plenty of fresh air. Yet scurvy broke out and the subsequently famous Shackleton was crippled by it on a journey. They were pulling their own sledges at the time, so they must have had enough exercise. There was plenty of light with the sun beating on them, and there was plenty of fresh air. To believers in the catchwords and slogans of their day, to believers in the virtues of lime juice, the onset of the scurvy was a baffling mystery.

That it was Shackleton's scurvy which most interfered with the success of the first Scott expedition was particularly unfortunate, if you think of the jealousies it aroused, the enmities it caused. Scurvy, as diseases go, is really one of the cleanest and least obnoxious; but in English the name of it is a term of opprobrium—"a scurvy fellow," "a scurvy trick." Shackleton may have smarted as much under that word-association as he did under the charge that his weakness had been Scott's main handicap. The passion to clear his name, in every sense, drove him to the organization of an expedition which many in Britain considered unethical—a subordinate, with indecent haste and insistence, crowding forward to eclipse his commander.

The crucial element in the first Shackleton expedition, to the students of scurvy, is the fact that Shackleton was an Elizabethan throwback in the time of Edward VII. He was a Hawkins or a Drake, a buccaneer in spirit and method. He talked louder and more than is good form in modern England. He approached near to brag and swagger. He caused frictions, aroused and fanned jealousies, and won the breathless admiration of youngsters who would have followed Dampier and Frobisher with equal enthusiasm in their piracies and in their explorations.

The organization, and the rest of the first Shackleton expedition, went with a hurrah. They were as careless as Scott had been careful; they did not have Scott's type of backing, scientific or financial. They arrived helter-skelter on the shores of the Antarctic Continent, pitched camp, and discovered that they did not have nearly enough food for the winter, nor had they taken such painstaking care as Scott to provide themselves with fruits and other antiscorbutics in New Zealand. Compared with Scott's, their routine was slipshod as to cleanliness, exercise, and several of the ordinary hygienic prescriptions.

What signifies is that Scott's men, with unlimited quantities of jams and marmalades, cereals and fruits, grains, curries, and potted meats, had been little inclined to add seals and penguins to their dietary. With Shackleton it was neither wisdom nor the

acceptance of good advice but dire necessity which drove to such use of penguin and seal that Dr. Alister Forbes Mackay, physician from Edinburgh, who was a member of that Shackleton expedition and later physician of my ship the *Karluk,* told me he estimated half the food during their stay in the Antarctic was fresh meat.

In spite of the lack of care (indeed, as we now see it, because of that lack), Shackleton had better average health than Scott. There was never a sign of scurvy; every man retained his full strength; and they accomplished that spring what most authorities still consider the greatest physical achievement ever made in the southern polar regions. With men dragging the sledges a considerable part of the way, they got to latitude 88° 23′ S., practically within sight of the Pole.

Scott began his second venture as he had begun the first, by asking the medical profession of Britain for protection from scurvy and by receiving from them once more the good old advice about lime juice, fruits, and the rest. In winter quarters he again placed reliance on that advice and on constant medical supervision, on a planned and carefully varied diet, on numerous scientific tests to determine the condition of the men, on exercise, fresh air, sanitation in all its standard forms. The men lived on the foods of the United Kingdom, supplemented by the fruit and garden produce of New Zealand. Because they had so much which they were used to, they ate little of what they had never learned to like, the penguins and seals.

Once more they started their sledge travel after a winter of sanitation. The results had previously been disappointing; now they were tragic. While scurvy did not prevent them from reaching the South Pole, it began to weaken them on the return and progressed so rapidly that the growing weakness prevented them, if only by ten miles, from being able to get back to the final provision depot.

Those who have ignored the scurvy have sometimes claimed that if Scott had reached the depot he would have been able to reach the base camp eventually. This becomes more than doubtful when you realize that the progressive decrease of vigor, both mental and bodily, was not going to be helped by even the largest meals, if those meals were of food lacking anti-scorbutic value.

The story of Scott and his companions, especially through the last few weeks, is among the noblest in any language; through it they became national heroes and world heroes. But in the speech of their countrymen (though not in many another European tongue), scurvy sounds unclean. It appeared necessary to Scott's surviving comrades, and to those in Britain who knew the truth, to take care that the tabooed word should not sully a glorious deed.

To suppress the association of a disease with the beauty and heroism of Scott's death may have been worth while at the time; but it can scarcely be deplored by anyone—and must be praised by scientists—that Commander Edward R. G. R. Evans, now Admiral, Scott's second-in-command, after a time gave out the scurvy information, including the statement that he himself had been ill.

It is irrational, at least now that emotions have calmed, to blame Scott. No one was to blame, for they all acted according to the light of their day. If anybody was to blame it was primarily those who gave medical advice to the expedition before it sailed; secondarily, it was the chief medical officer, rather than the commanding officer, of the expedition.

It seems strange, now, that a comparison of the Scott and Shackleton

experiences did not fully enlighten the doctors on the true inwardness of scurvy; but of course part of the explanation is that the Scott medical information was suppressed. Therefore, it remained for my own expeditions to demonstrate, so far as polar expeditions are concerned, and for the Russell Sage experiments to call to the attention of the medical profession, the most practical and only simple way of curing scurvy. For no matter how good the juice of limes (or lemons), it is difficult to carry, it deteriorates, and you may lose it, as by a shipwreck. The thing to do is to find your anti-scorbutics where you are, pick them up as you go.

On my third expedition it happened, as circumstantially related in a book called *The Friendly Arctic*, that three men came down with scurvy through disobeying the instructions of the commander and living without his knowledge for two or three months chiefly on European foods when they were supposed to be living chiefly on meat.

It seems to take from one to three months for even a bad diet to produce recognizable scurvy, but thereafter developments are rapid through the next few weeks. In the case of my men it was about three weeks (as they later thought) after they noticed the trouble, and about ten days after they complained of it to me, when one of them was so weak we had to carry him on a sledge, while the other was barely able to stagger along, holding on behind. By then every joint pained, their gums were as soft as "American" cheese, their teeth so loose that they came out with almost the gentlest of pulls.

We were 60 or 80 miles from land on drifting sea ice when the trouble started, and we hastened ashore to get a stable camp for the invalids. It would have been no fun, with sick men on your hands, if the site of your camp started disintegrating under pressure and tumbling about.

We reached an island (about 900 miles north of the Arctic Circle) the coast of which was known although the interior had never been explored. We traveled a few miles inland, established a camp, hunted caribou (there were two of us well, out of four) and began the all-meat cure. Fuel was pretty scarce, so we cooked only one meal a day; besides, I thought raw food might work better. We cooked the breakfast in a lot of water. The patients finished the boiled meat while it was hot and kept the broth to drink during the rest of the day. For their other meals they ate slightly frozen raw meat, with normal digestion and good appetite. We divided up the caribou in ordinary Eskimo style, so the dogs got organs and entrails, hams, shoulders, and tenderloin, while the invalids and we hunters got heads, briskets, ribs, pelvis, and the marrow from the bones.

On this diet all pain disappeared from every joint within four days and the gloom was replaced by optimism. Inside of a week both men said that they had no realization of being ill as long as they lay still in bed. In two weeks they were able to begin traveling, at first riding on the sledges and walking alternately. At the end of a month they felt as if they had never been ill. No signs of the scurvy remained except that the gums, which had receded from the teeth, only partly regained their position.

By comparing notes later with Dr. Alfred Hess, the leading New York authority on scurvy, I found that when I was getting these results with a diet from which all vegetable elements were absent, he was getting the same results in the same length of time through a diet where the main reliance was upon grated raw vegetables and fruits and upon fresh fruit juices.

There is no doubt, as the quantitative studies have shown, that the percentage of Vitamin C, the scurvy-preventing factor, is higher in certain vegetable elements than in any meats. But it is equally true that the human body needs only such a tiny bit of Vitamin C that if you have some fresh meat in your diet every day, and don't overcook it, there will be enough C from that source alone to prevent scurvy. If you live exclusively on meat you get from it enough vitamins not only to prevent scurvy but, as said in a previous article, to prevent all other deficiency diseases.

Closing the subject of vitamins in relation to long expeditions, we had better emphasize that there has recently been such progress in the extraction, concentration, and storage of Vitamin C that it is now possible to carry with you enough to last several years and of such quality that it will not deteriorate to the point of uselessness. But why carry coals to Newcastle? If you are in the tropics, pick a fruit or eat a green; if you are at sea, throw a line outboard and catch a fish; if you are in the Antarctic, use seals and penguins; if in the Arctic, hunt polar bears and seals, caribou and the rest of the numerous game. True enough, if you make a journey inland into the Antarctic Continent or toward the center of Greenland, where there is no game because the land is permanently snow-covered, you have to carry food with you. In that case you might as well take lemon juice. It is one of the most portable sources and they know now how to make and pack it so that its qualities as well as quantities will last you.

III

A bulletin conspicuous in the subways co-operated some time ago with the New York Commissioner of Health by displaying this notice:

"FOR SOUND TEETH
BALANCED DIET with
VEGETABLES : FRUIT : MILK
BRUSH TEETH
VISIT DENTIST REGULARLY
—Shirley W. Wynne, M.D.,
Commissioner of Health"

During the same time the ether was full and the magazine pages were crowded with advertising which told you that mouth chemistry is altered by a paste, a powder, or a gargle so as to prevent decay, that a clean tooth never decays, that a special kind of toothbrush reaches all the crevices, that a particular brand of fruit, milk, or bread is rich in elements for tooth health. There were toothbrush drills in the schools. Mothers throughout the land were scolding, coaxing, and bribing to get children to use the preparations, eat the foods, and follow the rules that insured perfect oral hygiene.

Meantime there appeared a statement from Dr. Adelbert Fernald, Curator of the Museum of the Dental School, Harvard University, that he had been collecting mouth casts of living Americans, from the most northerly Eskimos south to Yucatan. The best teeth and the healthiest mouths were found among people who never drank milk since they had ceased to be suckling babes and who never in their lives tasted any of the other things recommended for sound teeth by the New York Commissioner of Health. These people, Eskimos, never use tooth paste, tooth powder, tooth brushes, mouth wash, or gargle. They never take any pains to cleanse their teeth or mouths. They do not visit their dentist twice a year or even once in a lifetime. Their food is exclusively meat. Meat, be it noted, was not mentioned in the advertisement issued by Dr. Wynne.

Teeth superior on the average to those of the presidents of our largest tooth-paste companies are found in the world to-day, and have existed during

past ages, among people who violate every precept of current dentifrice advertising. Not all of them have lived exclusively on meat; but so far as an extensive correspondence with authorities has yet been able to show me, a complete absence of tooth decay from entire communities has never existed in the past, and does not exist now, except among people in whose diet meat is either exclusive or heavily predominant.

Our Bellevue experiments threw a light on tooth decay, but the key to the situation lies more in the broad science of anthropology. I now give, by sample and by summary, things personally known to me from anthropological field work:

My first anthropological commission was from the Peabody Museum of Harvard University when they sent John W. Hastings and me to Iceland in 1905. We found in one place a medieval graveyard that was being cut away by the sea. Skulls were rolling about in the water at high tide; at low tide we gathered them and picked up scattered teeth here and there. As wind and water shifted the sands we found more and more teeth until there was a handful. Later we got permission to excavate the cemetery, and eventually we brought with us to Harvard a miscellaneous lot of bones which included 80 skulls and, as said, a great many loose teeth.

The collection has been studied by dentists and physical anthropologists without the discovery of a single cavity in even one tooth.

The skulls in the Hastings-Stefansson collection represent persons of ordinary Icelandic blood. There were no aborigines in that island when the Irish discovered it some time before 700 A.D. When the Norsemen got there in 860 they found no people except the Irish. It is now variously estimated that in origin the Icelanders are from 10 per cent to 30 per cent Irish, 40 per cent to 60 per cent Norwegian, the remainder, perhaps 10 per cent, from Scotland, England, Sweden, and Denmark.

None of the peoples whose blood went into the Icelandic stock are racially immune to tooth decay, nor are the modern Icelanders. Then why were the Icelanders of the Middle Ages immune?

An analysis of the various factors makes it pretty clear that their food protected the teeth of the medieval Icelanders. The chief elements were fish, mutton, milk, and milk products. There was a certain amount of beef and there may have been a little horse flesh, particularly in the earliest period of the graveyard. Cereals were little imported and might be used for beer rather than porridge. Bread was negligible and so were all other elements from the vegetable kingdom, native or imported.

My mother, who was born on the north coast of Iceland, remembered from the middle of the nineteenth century a period when bread still was as rare as caviar is in New York to-day—she tasted bread only three or four times a year and then only small pieces when she went with her mother visiting. So far as bread existed at her own house, it was used as a treat for visiting children. The diet was still substantially that of the Middle Ages, though the use of porridge was increasing. She did not remember hearing of toothache in her early youth but did remember accounts of it as a painful rarity about the time when she left for America in 1876. Soon after arrival in the United States (Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota) and in Canada (Nova Scotia, Manitoba) the Icelandic colonists became thoroughly familiar with the ravages of caries. They probably had teeth as bad as those of the average American long before 1900.

There is then at least one case of a north-European people whose immunity from caries (to judge from the Hastings-Stefansson collection and common report) approached 100 per cent for a thousand years, down to approximately the time of the American Civil War. The diet was mainly from the animal kingdom. Now that it has become, both in America and Iceland, approximately the same as the average for the United States or Europe, Icelandic teeth show a high percentage of decay.

I began to learn about another formerly toothacheless people when I joined the Mackenzie River Eskimos in 1906. Some of them had been eating European foods in considerable amount since 1889, and toothache and tooth decay were appearing, but only in the mouths of those who affected the new foods secured from the Yankee whalers. The Mackenzie people agreed that toothache and cavities had been unknown in the childhood of those then approaching middle age, while there were many of all ages still untouched, the ones who kept mainly or wholly to the Eskimo diet. Here, and in many other places, this is somewhere between 98 per cent and 100 per cent from animal sources. There are districts, like parts of Labrador and of western and southwestern Alaska, where even before the coming of Europeans there was considerable use of native vegetables. Probably, however, the vegetable element nowhere furnished as much as 5 per cent of the average yearly caloric intake of the primitive Eskimos, even in southwestern Alaska.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Curator of Anthropology in the National Museum, Washington, writes me that he knows of no case of tooth decay among Eskimos of the present or past who were uninfluenced by European habits. Dr. S. G. Ritchie, of Dalhousie University, wrote after studying the skeletal collection gathered by Mr. Diamond Jenness on my third expedition: "In all the teeth examined there is not the slightest trace of caries."

I brought about 100 skulls of Eskimos, who had died before Europeans came in, to the American Museum of Natural History, New York. These have been examined by many students, but no sign of tooth decay has yet been discovered.

Dr. M. A. Pleasure examined at the American Museum of Natural History 283 skulls said to be Eskimo of pre-European date. He found a small cavity in one tooth; but when the records were checked it turned out that the collector, Rev. J. W. Chapman of the Episcopal Board of Missions, who now lives in New York City, had sent that skull to the Museum as one of an Athabasca Indian, not of an Eskimo.

The slate is, therefore, clean to date. Not a sign of tooth decay has yet been discovered among that one of all peoples which most completely avoids the foods, the precepts, and the practices favored for dental health by the New York Commissioner of Health, the average dentist, the toothbrush drill-masters of the schools, and the dentifrice publicists.

IV

When addressing conventions and societies of medical men, I usually state the oral hygiene case somewhat as above, though in more detail. If there is rebuttal from the floor, it invariably takes the form of contending that the tooth health of primitive people is due to their chewing a lot, and to their eating coarse food. The advantage of that argument to the dentist, whose best efforts have failed to save your teeth, is obvious. It gives him an excuse. He can from the doctrine make a case that not all your care, even when supported by his skill

and science, can preserve teeth in a generation of soft foods that give no exercise to the teeth and no friction to the gums.

But it is deplorably hard to square anthropology with this comfortable excuse of the dentist. Among the best teeth of a mixed-diet world are those of a few South Sea Islanders who as yet largely keep to their native diets. Similar or better tooth condition is described, for instance, from the Hawaiian Islands by the earliest visitors. But can you think of a case less fortunate for the chewing-and-coarse-food advocates? The animal food of these people was chiefly fish, and fish is soft to the teeth, whether boiled or raw. Among the chief vegetable elements was poi, a kind of soup or paste. Then they used sweet potatoes.

It would be difficult to find a New Yorker or Parisian who does not chew more, and use coarser food, than the South Sea Islanders did on the native diets which gave them in at least some cases 97 per cent freedom from caries, a record no block on Park Avenue can approach.

Nor do Eskimos chew much, as compared with us. So far as their meat is raw it can be chewed like a raw oyster —slips down similarly. When perfectly fresh meat is cooked, two main causes determine toughness: the age of the beast and the manner of cooking. The chief food animal of inland Eskimos is the caribou. A young caribou is as fleet as a heifer; an old one is as slow as a cow. Therefore the wolves get the clumsy old which drop behind when the band flees, and the Eskimos seldom have a chance to secure an animal that is more than three or four. Such young caribou are not tough, no matter how cooked.

I do not know a corresponding logical demonstration for seals, but I can testify from helping to eat thousands that their meat is never tough—at least not in comparison with the beefsteaks you sometimes get in New York chophouses.

Then there are Eskimos who live practically exclusively on fish. As said, you can't chew them when they are raw; there is not much chewing when they are eaten boiled. The only condition under which fish become tough, or rather hard, is when they are dried. Some Eskimos use dried fish; others do not.

There is for separated districts a wide difference in the amount of Eskimo chewing, but no one has reported that the health of the teeth is better among the heavier chewers. How could it be when as yet no caries has been found either among the lightest or heaviest masticators?

It is used as a second line of defense by the mastication advocates that even if Eskimos perhaps don't chew their food so very much they do chew skins a great deal. Their chewing of leather is far less than you might believe from what has been said by a particular kind of writer and pictured in certain movies. In any case, skin chewing is mainly by the women, and it is not easy to bring under the conditions of modern scientific thought the idea that the wife's chewing preserves her husband's teeth.

Once at a talk to a medical group I encountered a further argument. Is it not true that Eskimo men use the teeth a great deal in their crafts? Do they not bite wood, ivory, or metal to hold, pull out, twist, and so on? The best I could think of was to agree that Eskimos pull nails with their teeth, and to follow by suggesting that it is more likely they bite nails because they have good teeth than that they have good teeth because they bite nails.

There are several reasons why the teeth of many Eskimos wear down rapidly. They usually meet edge to edge, where ours frequently overlap,

and that tends to cause wear. Some Eskimos wind-dry fish or meat, sand gets in, and to an extent makes them like sandpaper. Both sexes, but especially men, use their teeth for biting on hard materials. Both sexes, but especially the women, use their teeth for softening skins. A wearing toward the pulp may, therefore, take place in early middle life. What then happens is stated by Dr. Ritchie (whom we have already quoted) with relation to the Coronation Gulf Eskimos:

"Coincident with this extreme wear of the teeth the dental pulps have taken on their original function with conspicuous success. Sufficient new dentine of fine quality has been formed to obliterate the pulp chambers and in some cases even the root canals of the teeth. This new growth of tissue is found in every case where access to the pulp chambers has been threatened. There has therefore been no destruction of the pulps through infection and consequently alveolar abscesses are apparently unknown."

Total absence of caries from those who live wholly on meat is then definite. Cessation of decay when you transfer from a mixed to a meat diet happens usually, perhaps always. The rest of the picture is not so clear.

Caries has been found in the teeth of mummies in Egypt, Peru, and in our own Southwest. These ancient peoples were mixed-diet eaters, depending in considerable part on cereals. Their teeth were better than ours, though not so good as those of the Eskimos. If you want a dental law, you can approximate it by saying that the most primitive people usually have the best teeth. You can add that in some cases a highly vegetarian people, while not attaining the 100 per cent perfection of meat eaters, do, nevertheless, have very good teeth as compared with ours.

It is contended by the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association Health Research Project that the shift from good to execrable teeth among the mixed-diet Polynesians there has been due to a change from the native taro and yams to cereals. I have seen no comment of theirs upon the (I should think) great increase of sugar consumption that has been synchronic with the deterioration of Hawaiian teeth.

On the view that diet is the greatest factor in saving teeth, the anthropologists have been getting support from experiments conducted by institutions and by scattered students. Some dentists are here contributing nobly to a research, and to a campaign of education, that seems bound to deplete their income. My probing has not revealed thus far corresponding unselfishness among the dentifrice manufacturers.

A serious mouth disease, next after caries, is pyorrhœa. He who runs cannot read the marks so readily on human skeletons; but it seems at least probable that the medieval Icelanders, the Eskimos, and others who have left teeth free from cavities, were also free from, or at least not severely afflicted by, pyorrhœa. Similarly, the modern investigators have found Eskimos who are still living on their native foods to have an unusually good average condition of general oral health, therewith absence of pyorrhœa.

One of the things we noticed in the general well-being of our New York year on meat and similar years in the Arctic was the absence of headaches. I used to have them frequently before going north and have them occasionally whenever I am on a mixed diet. The whys and wherefores are not clear, and what we say on this point is more tentative than any other part of this statement.

It was noticed in the X-ray pictures during our New York meat year that we had far less gas in the intestinal

tract when on meat than when on a mixed diet—practically no gas. The work of Dr. John C. Torrey showed that neither did digestion and elimination produce those offensive smells which are found in vegetarianism and on a mixed diet. But whether the freedom from a certain kind of intestinal food decomposition was what led to the freedom from headache is no more than a working hypothesis.

The prevention of headache by abstaining from vegetables has been recorded in books. An outstanding case is that of Francis Parkman, the historian, who suffered with headaches all his life except, as he states, during one period when he was living with an Indian tribe chiefly or exclusively on meat. This testimony, though by an eminent man widely read, and though a fair sample of the testimony of meat eaters, commanded little attention from the physicians. It should be said in their defense, however, that Parkman himself does not proclaim the experience as a triumphant discovery. He rather puts it the other way about, that in spite of being compelled to live on meat, he was free from the headaches that plagued him the rest of his days.

Professor Raymond Pearl, nearly twenty years ago, while he was at the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, proved that chickens know more than professors about what is good for chickens to eat. Now several experiments appear in a good way to establish that children, if given complete freedom to choose among foods undisguised by sauces and artificial flavors, will select better for their own health and strength than the mother or the child specialist. One of the things frequently noticed about these children is that they eat large quantities of a single item which they happen to like. Our living for years on a single item which we liked was from that point of view no more than carrying forward a childhood tendency.

V

More than twenty-five years have passed since the completion of my first twelve months on meat and more than six years since the completion in New York of my sixth full meat year. All the rest of my life I have been a heavy meat eater, and I am now fifty-six. That should be long enough to bring out the effects. Dr. Clarence W. Lieb will report in the *American Journal of Gastroenterology* that I still run well above my age average on those points where meat has been supposed to cause deterioration. The same is the verdict of my own feelings. Rheumatism, for instance, has yet to give me its first twinge.

The broadest conclusion to be drawn from our comfort, enjoyment, and long-range well-being on meat is that the human body is a sounder and more competent job than we usually give it credit for. Apparently you can be healthy on meat without vegetables, on vegetables without meat, or on a mixed diet.

Two stories summarize one of the most interesting sides of the case, the dental. In 1903 I heard the Dean of the dental school of the University of Pennsylvania say in a lecture that he thought dentists to that year had done more harm than good, but would thereafter be doing more good than harm. In 1928, when I told this to Dr. Percy Howe, Director of the Forsyth Dental Infirmary for Children, he said he thought the good Dean had been premature by at least twenty years. As I understand Dr. Howe, much good was done in particular cases by dentists long ago, but it is only within the past ten years or so that the average for good has overbalanced the harm by any very heavy proportion.

While meat eaters seem to average well in health, we must in our conclusion draw a caution from the most complete modern example of them, the Eskimos of Coronation Gulf. Mr. Diamond Jenness, now chief anthropologist for the Canadian Government at Ottawa, concluded from his experience in the Gulf, when he was anthropologist on my third expedition, that the two chief causes of death were accidents and old age. This puts in a different form my saying that these survivors of the stone age were the healthiest people I have ever lived among. I would say the community, from infancy to old age, may have had on the average the health of an equal number of men about twenty, say college students.

The danger is that you may reason from this good health to a great longevity. But meat eaters do not appear to live long. So far as we can tell, the Eskimos, before the white men upset their physiological as well as their economic balance, lived on the average at least ten years less than we. Now their lives average still shorter; but that is partly from communicated diseases.

It has been said in a previous article that I found the exclusive meat diet in New York to be stimulating—I felt energetic and optimistic both winter and summer. Perhaps it may be considered that meat is, over all, a stimulating diet, in the sense that metabolic processes are speeded up. You are then living at a faster rate, which means you would grow up rapidly and get old soon. This is perhaps confirmed by that early maturing of Eskimo women which I have heretofore supposed to be mainly due to their almost complete protection from chill —they live in warm dwellings and dress warmly so that the body is seldom under stress to maintain by physiological processes a temperature balance. It may be that meat as a speeder-up of metabolism explains in part both that Eskimo women are sometimes grandmothers before the age of twenty-three, and that they usually seem as old at sixty as our women do at eighty.

So you could live on meat if you wanted to; but there is no driving reason why you should. Moreover, vegetables are fundamentally economical. You can get several times more food value from an acre of corn than from the pigs that ate the corn.

The thing to do then, probably, is to go on as you have been doing, but adding to your mental equipment, if it be a novelty, the idea that several at least of the disadvantages of a meat diet are compensated for by advantages.

IS THE GOVERNMENT GOING BROKE?

BY GUY GREER

VERY soon now the President will deliver to Congress his message on the budget. Thus he will let the country know about his plans and his recommendations for the national housekeeping; and he is obliged to make his pronouncements on this vexed subject just at the moment when his political opponents are warming up for their campaign to prevent his re-election.

What a wholesome thing it would be if amid the alarums of this campaign we could get hold of the elementary facts about the main issues of the struggle and hang on to them through the din of battle! Especially as concerns the budget—the Government's business of getting and spending money—what a lot of confusion might be avoided if we could listen calmly to the fulminations of the partisan orators and judge what they say in the light of a real understanding of what they are talking about. For it is already manifest that the budget is to be the paramount issue of the 1936 campaign.

This is true because the common sense of the leaders of the Republican party makes them see that their best bet to win the coming election, since they appear to be unable to agree among themselves on any positive and comprehensive program to offer in place of the program of the Democrats, is to hammer and keep on hammering on that particular phase of the Democrats' performance which appears to be most easily frightening to the average man or woman—namely, the spending of large amounts of money and the piling up of great totals of debt.

The fact that the problems of heavy spending and going into debt are altogether different in the case of an individual and in the case of a government need trouble the Republican orators but little; for they can proceed with a pretty fair assurance that the average man or woman will not delve deeply enough into the matter to perceive the weakness of the analogy. Nearly everybody knows what a terrible thing it is to spend beyond his income and to end up with a mortgage on the home and an unbearable burden of debt; and this well-nigh universal knowledge puts the Democrats at a formidable disadvantage, since the explanation which might make the dire warnings of their opponents less terrifying is of necessity somewhat complicated. But it is an explanation which they will have to undertake none the less; and in all probability they will be impelled to resort to a degree of over-simplification, if not of evasion, which will leave the true issues about as confused as ever. In short, both sides of the controversy are likely to be presented in a fashion which will cause heat rather than light, unless from the outset we can get and keep a secure hold on the elementary facts of the situation.

This article is an attempt to state and to examine realistically those elementary facts. I cannot promise the reader a complete statement, because some of the facts can be set forth only

in terms of their general character and importance rather than in terms of their magnitude; but a fairly comprehensive outline can, nevertheless, be presented of the position and prospects of the Government in the matter of getting and spending money and running into debt; and in this manner the situation can be examined in something like total perspective, so that we need not fail to see the forest on account of the trees.

II

Let us recall briefly the main events of the past six years or so, which have made the budget a matter of national concern. It is hardly necessary to say that with the end of the year 1929 we entered into an economic depression. Some of us may need to be reminded, however, that this sort of thing had happened to us before. We had suffered and survived depressions in the past, some of them deeper and longer than most people could imagine this one was going to be. But this time, by something very much like common consent, we seemed to realize that we could not afford to do as we had done in the past: we dared not allow the depression to run its course and cure itself. No doubt there were a few loyal adherents of laissez-faire, and an occasional rugged individualist in the industrial and financial world without any urgent need of aid for his own business, who favored a policy of letting nature take its course. But the overwhelming sentiment of the country was such as to demand some sort of vigorous action on the part of the Government.

The measures actually taken became progressively more far-reaching as the economic ills of the country became more acute, and it was more clearly realized that no power other than that of the Federal Government could cope with the situation. At first reliance was apparently placed in something resembling incantation and prayer. President Hoover and various high priests of business and finance solemnly assured the anxious citizenry that the economic situation was fundamentally sound, that prosperity was just round the corner. Capital and Labor were importuned, the one not to lower wages and the other not to indulge in strikes. But to "prime the pump" of business activity, President Hoover called for a moderate increase of expenditures on the part of the Government for public works.

First among the measures which called for Government money on a really large scale was the attempt on the part of the Federal Farm Board to use the methods of Wall Street "high finance" to maintain the price of certain agricultural commodities. This agency undertook to peg the market for wheat and other products of the country's farms, by trading in the commodity exchanges. It practically threw away about half a billion dollars, only to find prices sinking lower and lower.

Next came the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, in the winter of 1931–32, which was and still is an agency of the Government for making loans to financial institutions and to such large borrowers as railroads and other great business and industrial concerns, to rescue them from threatened bankruptcy.

Then, after more than two years of a policy of restoring prosperity from the top down, ending in the collapse of the banking system, came the New Deal. It represented, among other things, a distinct shift of emphasis from the importance of succoring big business and finance to the importance of relieving the distress of men and women and children.

That part of the New Deal program which has most profoundly affected the budgetary and debt position of the

Government was directed primarily to measures for dealing with the immediate emergency, as distinguished from the more far-reaching measures of readjustment and reform which were initiated about the same time. What has been done since the spring of 1933 is a matter of history so recent that we need not stop here to recall more than the names and the purposes of the principal governmental agencies established in connection with relief and recovery.

Among the first were the Home Owners' Loan Corporation and the Farm Credit Administration, created for the purpose of making long-term loans to home owners and farmers whose mortgages were about to be foreclosed. Another was the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, set up for the purpose of correcting the unbearable disadvantage of the farmers of the country in relation to the rest of the population, which was caused by the disparity between agricultural and industrial prices.

To facilitate permanent recovery from the depression, as well as to provide employment for labor, legislation was also passed in the spring of 1933 for the creation of the Public Works Administration.

Then came the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, for dispensing such direct and indirect relief to the unemployed as was necessitated by the fact that private charity, as well as the State and municipal governments, had proved unable to meet the situation.

Finally, in the summer of 1935, Congress made an appropriation of nearly five billion dollars, to be used at the discretion of the President, primarily for providing employment to able-bodied persons on Federal relief and for continuing such direct relief as should be necessary until the Works program was in full operation. Direction of these great expenditures was vested by the President chiefly in the Public Works Administration and in a newly created agency called the Works Progress Administration, which was largely a continuation of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Substantial sums, however, were also allotted to a newly created agency known as the Resettlement Administration, for the double purpose of reclaiming and preserving great areas of land devastated by storm and flood and of providing new homes and the possibility of making a living for large groups of the rural population which appeared to be permanently stranded and without the means of supporting themselves.

III

Such have been the principal measures taken since the onset of the depression, to mitigate its effects and in some degree to correct the conditions which caused it Other attempts to get at the causes, some of them of far-reaching importance, have been made; but they belong to a discussion of the political and economic philosophy of the New Deal rather than to a discussion of the Government's financial affairs. The measures taken to meet the existing emergency, and those still being taken, have cost and will continue to cost, for nobody knows exactly how long, a very large amount of money. Let us try to get some kind of an idea of how much.

With the fiscal year 1930–31 the Government began to incur deficits, both because of falling revenues from taxation and on account of greatly increased expenditures. In other words, it began to increase the very considerable debt it already owed as a result of the last great national emergency—the World War—in order to pay for its abandonment of laissez-faire as the national economic philosophy. The deficits for the three years ending June

30, 1933, exclusive of debt retirements, amounted altogether to nearly six billion dollars. These might be called, for convenience, the Hoover deficits. For the three years ending June 30, 1936, the further shortages—the Roosevelt deficits—will have reached the sum of about nine and a quarter billion dollars. Thus the total of the deficits accumulated under both Administrations will have been brought up to more than fifteen billion dollars; and there is every reason to believe that the excess of expenditures over revenues will have to be continued for at least one or two years longer, although perhaps in diminishing amounts.

On June 30, 1930—before the depression began to take its toll—the public debt of the Federal Government amounted to about sixteen billion dollars. By June 30, 1936, it will amount to approximately thirty and three-quarter billion dollars, or about fourteen and three-quarter billions more than when the depression began. It will not have been increased by the full amount of the accumulated deficits (which, as we have seen, will total over fifteen billions), chiefly for the reason that substantial re-payments will have been made on various loans extended by the Government. A rough figure for the actual cost of the depression to the Federal Government up to June 30, 1936, therefore, is fourteen and three-quarter billion dollars. But it is generally expected that the public debt will reach a total of at least thirty-two or thirty-three billion dollars before the extra outlays necessitated by the emergency can be so far reduced that revenues will be equal to expenditures, thus bringing the cost of the depression to the Federal Government up to sixteen or seventeen billion dollars. (This, of course, should not be confused with the cost of the depression to the country as a whole, which in terms of loss of production of wealth has already amounted to more than two hundred billion dollars.)

But the foregoing figures do not convey an altogether accurate picture of the debt situation. Included in the totals are certain very large items representing loans made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other governmental agencies, which will be repaid at least in substantial part. Loans of the RFC now outstanding amount to about one and a half billion dollars, and in addition large sums are owed to the PWA. Moreover, there is an item of over two billion dollars in a special account in the Treasury, representing profit from changing the gold content of the dollar, which might be used to reduce the public debt.

On the other hand, the Government has guaranteed the bonds of the HOLC and the FCA, amounting to about four billion dollars, which are not included in the debt total. These bonds, to be sure, are secured by mortgages on homes and farms saved from foreclosure, and a large proportion of such mortgages will no doubt be paid. Moreover, these mortgages bear interest at rates from 50 to 66 per cent higher than the bonds, which run for very long terms; so that even though there should be heavy losses, the "spread" of interest may be expected to absorb a substantial part of them. Any net losses incurred, however, will have to be borne eventually by the Government, so that possibly the public debt may be increased thereby. The same is true, moreover, with respect to the debentures issued in exchange for mortgages insured by the Federal Housing Administration, although in this case it is not to be expected that any net losses will occur.

It is probably safe to assume that the losses on the HOLC and the FCA bonds will not amount to as much as will be collected on the RFC loans and the loans of other governmental agen-

cies. Consequently the figures for the public debt, so far, are likely to convey a picture of the situation considerably darker than it is in reality. This is all the more true if the big item of the gold profit be taken into account.

But surely the increase is serious enough to call for some hard thinking. Certain questions fairly shout for answers.

Can the country stand any such burden of debt as appears likely to result from the Government's continued spending program without grave danger to the national credit and the menace of uncontrolled currency inflation?

Can we feel any sort of assurance that, as a result of the Government's expenditures or otherwise, we are approaching a time when the budget can be balanced and we can begin to build up surpluses with which to pay off the debt?

Are we deriving benefits from our relief expenditures commensurate with the amounts by which they exceed what would be necessary merely to provide minimum subsistence allowances for the unemployed?

IV

These are questions which are not susceptible to yes or no answers. About the best we can do is to examine them from as many angles as possible, and then make up our minds—probably on the basis of our emotions and our prejudices. Perhaps we had best begin with an attempt to clarify the difference between the debts of a government and those of an individual or a corporation.

Internal debts of a government may be likened to the contractual obligations of an old-fashioned family to its separate members, where the family must continue to live and produce and consume as a unit. Certain members, for one reason or another, are able to make loans to the family as a whole, and these loans must be paid back out of the production of the family as a whole. But in theory at least it makes no difference how large are the debts, since the wealth and standard of living of the family will depend upon what all its members can produce, regardless of which particular members have a right to the greater share. The real welfare of the family—or of the nation—can be measured only in terms of goods and services produced and consumed or used, rather than in terms of money.

So long as nothing is owed to other families or nations, internal debts should not be a serious matter. If they have been incurred solely for the purpose of permitting the employment of otherwise idle persons in the production of useful goods and services, and especially in the creation of permanent wealth for future use, then it is proper to say that the sums involved should be looked upon merely as offsetting items on a balance sheet which shows a corresponding increase in assets. Above all, when the debts do not represent the loan of any real money but only a series of bookkeeping transactions (the creation of deposit money by the setting up of deposits in banks to pay for bonds), it would appear that the family or the nation would be foolish not to let the debt total rise to practically any figure at all so long as the process is necessary to keep everybody at work producing useful goods and services.

Reasoning along these lines, it would be easy enough to prove that the internal debts of a family—or of a nation—are of no importance whatever. But alas! the reasoning is much too simple. We know as a matter of fact that a family under such conditions would be likely sooner or later to get into a row that would destroy it utterly. Its vari-

ous members would probably end by cutting one another's throats. And by the same token, a nation would finally get its financial affairs into such a mess that its entire organization for the production and distribution of goods and services would fall into confusion.

Internal debts within reasonable limits, especially where they are created by means of bank credit primarily for the purpose of providing employment to people who would otherwise be idle, are not only permissible but positively desirable for a nation. They play, in fact, a role similar to that of the surplus account of a corporation. Where the interest rates are very low, and the amounts required to pay off the indebtedness over a period of years are small, the burden of expense involved (interest and sinking fund payments on the bonds) may properly be considered as merely the cost of maintaining a necessarily elaborate monetary system which supplies purchasing power when and where needed.

But serious trouble ensues when the amount of debt gets too large and taxes have to be collected in such amounts that the people begin to refuse to pay them. Moreover, the procedure is also dangerous because of the temptations it provides for political parties when in power to court public favor by refraining from levying the necessary taxes. It is so much easier, so long as bonds can be readily sold, to go on increasing the public debt rather than to cut expenditures and enforce the collection of high taxes, that some kind of effective check must be relied upon to compel the party in power to limit the amount of indebtedness it causes the Government to incur.

Such a check in a country like ours is provided by the judgment of the banks and the people who are called upon to buy bonds. If the process of increasing the public debt goes on indefinitely, the time comes eventually when the price of bonds goes down, and finally it becomes impossible to sell them. At this point one of two things happens. Either the budget has to be balanced, by increasing taxes or decreasing expenditures or both together, or else the Government is forced to resort to currency inflation or to something which amounts to the same thing. "The same thing" occurs when the Government controls the banking system and in effect compels the banks to go on buying its bonds indefinitely.

Inflation has occurred since the World War in certain European countries when governments have sold their obligations directly to central banks under their control. In this country such direct sales are forbidden by law. But the Federal Reserve banks may buy very large amounts of bonds in the open market. In effect, therefore, they probably could, if they wished, buy bonds to such an extent that the price would be kept high, and consequently the Government could go on selling almost indefinitely. In other words, in so far as the Government can control the open-market operations of the Federal Reserve banks it can go on piling up the total of its debt.

Such a state of affairs might appear at first thought to be truly alarming; and indeed it is not a matter to be dismissed lightly. But after all we might as well face the fact that any government on earth, if it can neither sell its bonds nor raise taxes enough to balance its budget, will resort to inflation in one form or another.

Our own government has not yet come to such a pass, or anywhere near it. The only really serious danger confronting us lies in the behavior of the American people. If they should indulge in a senseless panic, such as apparently certain politicians are trying their best to drive them into, the outcome might well be disastrous.

V

Let us now return to our three questions, examining the last one first: Is the work-relief policy extravagant? To arrive at even a tentative answer we ought to begin with some kind of an estimate of how much more it is actually costing the Government to pursue its present policy of work relief than would be the cost of paying out in the form of a dole just barely enough money to maintain the unemployed and their families and to prevent them from starting riots and revolutions. (I take it for granted that no American Administration would permit outright starvation.)

Unfortunately, any figure we might agree upon is bound to be only a guess. Let us assume though that we can disregard the danger of riot and revolution; let us base our estimate solely on what it would cost to provide food, clothing, and shelter for approximately the number of persons who have been receiving relief in one form or another during the past year. This number might normally be expected to decrease as improved business conditions result in putting more and more of the unemployed to work. But although some families will go off relief, for a considerable period, other families are likely to be forced onto the rolls as savings are used up by those of the unemployed who have not yet been obliged to seek relief. Perhaps, therefore, it would be wise to expect that for the next year the number to be cared for, in the absence of the work-relief program (which is expected to employ directly three and a half million persons and to result in the employment of an additional three and a half millions by private industry), would be about as large as it has been during the past year. Suppose for the sake of a crude estimate that it is twenty million persons, and that we allow the very modest sum of a hundred dollars a year per person for food, clothing, and shelter, as the contribution of the Federal Government. The cost would be two billion dollars.

Now the estimate of expenditures for recovery and relief of all kinds during the present fiscal year, including the public works program and the far-reaching activities of the Resettlement Administration, has been placed at about four billion dollars. The budgetary deficit is estimated at considerably less than this, partly because of increasing revenues from taxation and partly because of decreased actual expenditures. But to be on the safe side, let us assume that work relief is costing the Government the full four billion dollars a year, as against the two billions which the dole might cost. We may make a rough guess then that we are paying two billion dollars a year in order to keep several million people doing work of some kind rather than let them remain idle.

What are we getting, as a nation, for this tidy sum of money? Is it enough to justify the added burden of debt that will result?

It might as well be admitted at the outset that we don't know exactly what we are getting, even in a purely material sense. In so far as the PWA, the WPA, and the Resettlement Administration are doing things of permanent value without excessive cost, it is proper to consider that the expenditures involved represent a net gain to our material wealth. Indeed, the values involved might properly be counted twice, since they represent not only themselves but a saving of national resources, in the form of potential labor power, which otherwise would be wasted. Our towns and cities, as well as the Federal Government and great areas of our agricultural and forest domains, are obtaining valuable additions to their public-serv-

ice equipment in the form of sewers, water works, flood control and erosion dams, power plants, schools, roads and bridges, and the like, which will save large sums in taxes later on.

Nevertheless, we do not know for sure how much is being added to our material wealth through the work-relief expenditures. It must be very considerable, perhaps enough to account for well over half of the total which is being spent. If it is only half, then of course the other half, amounting to two billion dollars, comes to just the sum we have roughly guessed to be necessary for a dole. In other words, if we are getting two billion dollars' worth of permanent wealth for the two billions more that work relief costs than the dole would cost, then everything obtained by means of this extra two billions is clear gain. Properly speaking, it costs nothing.

But the greatest benefit to be derived from work relief as opposed to the dole is a benefit that cannot be measured in terms of money, but in terms of preserving the self-respect of millions of people. No doubt a great deal of the work devised in haste, primarily for the purpose of providing employment to avoid idleness, will add little or nothing to our permanent material wealth. Though a new concrete road, for instance, or a new sewer system adds to our material wealth, a leaf-raking job probably does not; nor does a piece of academic research conducted by unemployed scholars, valuable as it may be for non-material purposes. Some of the work done perhaps is completely worthless from every point of view. But in so far as men and women are given something to do which they themselves can see is worth doing, and for which they are paid, the benefits to the nation—if we are thinking in terms longer than from day to day or from year to year—are bound to be very large indeed.

We have heard much of "boondoggling" in recent months. One great newspaper in New York appears to have derived endless amusement for itself and for some of its readers from seeking out and gleefully printing accounts of what it considers the absurd occupations at which unemployed persons have been put to work. For a long time it has published a daily story calculated to heap ridicule on those who are directing the work-relief program. No doubt this newspaper thinks it is doing a public service, and perhaps it is, in so far as it is inculcating zeal for the discouragement of waste and spurring on the directors of relief to make greater efforts to find jobs of more obvious utility; but we may properly ask if it has considered the possibility that even the most utterly silly occupation it has been able to discover might not be less absurd than idleness on the dole.

VI

But even if what we are receiving for the extra cost of work relief over the dole is of incalculable value, the question remains, Can we afford it? To decide whether we can or not, we must attempt to decide whether the country can stand the burden of debt which appears likely to result.

The question may be confidently answered in the affirmative if we make two important assumptions. We can stand the debt without any real difficulty at all, even though it should accumulate to figures far larger than those mentioned above, if we can be sure that within a reasonable period, say two or three years, the budget will be balanced and the level of our economic activity and national income will begin to approach what our resources and our productive capacity make readily possible. Our debt burden, notwithstanding the huge figures

in which it is or may be expressed, will still be relatively small when compared with our national income. All this of course merely serves to show that the first and second of the questions stated a while ago resolve themselves in fact into but one question.

Let us suppose, for the sake of an extremely pessimistic analysis, that our public debt finally reaches fifty billion dollars before we begin to reduce it; that the interest rate is three per cent per annum, and that we shall then begin to retire it by means of a progressively increasing sinking fund starting at one per cent per annum. On this supposition the total annual payments would amount to two billion dollars, and if these were continued, the debt would be entirely wiped out in about forty-seven years. Now two billion dollars a year is indeed a sizeable sum of money; but after all, it is only slightly more than two per cent of our national income in 1928 and 1929; and we know very well that even in those seemingly prosperous years we were not using our resources and our productive equipment to anything like full capacity.

Comparisons of our debt burden with the burdens of Great Britain or France, showing how much better off we are than those debt-ridden countries, are a poor argument in defense of an unbalanced budget. Surely we do not wish to get ourselves into the predicament they are in. It is perhaps excusable, however, to take a certain amount of comfort from the fact that even with a fifty-billion-dollar debt—which is much larger than now seems likely to accumulate—we should still have to contribute a much smaller proportion of our national income to interest and debt retirement than either Great Britain or France. When we bear in mind that in normal times the per capita income of those countries is hardly more than half as large as ours—remembering how much more difficult it is to pay out in taxes a given percentage of a small income than it is to pay the same percentage of a larger income—it becomes clear that the hardships the British and French people must endure on account of their public debts are far greater than those we are likely to have to suffer.

With careful financial administration, coupled with a courageous policy of taxation, there is not much doubt that we can take care of any amount of debt we are likely to incur. We can reduce it eventually to moderate proportions, and then with good luck we can keep it down in future. As a matter of fact, we should be foolish to plan to reduce it by uniform annual amounts. We ought to pay it off very rapidly in periods of exceptional prosperity, letting it ride, or even increasing it a little, in periods of depression.

But the question immediately arises: What about another depression as serious as the one from which we now appear to be emerging before we have had time to make any substantial reduction? There simply isn't any reassuring answer. If we are not able to improve the organization and the functioning of our economic system so as to avoid depressions of that kind there is no hope for us anyway.

Whether we are approaching a state of affairs wherein the budget can be balanced and we can begin to build up a surplus with which to pay off the public debt, is a question which cannot of course be positively answered. The fact appears to be that, whatever the cause, the level of our economic activity and of our national income is rising. No doubt the expenditures of the Government are in some degree the cause of the improving situation. But there is evidence for the first time since the depression began of a substantial revival of the construction industry, quite apart from the construction be-

ing done by the Government. This means of course a corresponding revival throughout what are known as the durable goods industries. If it continues for two or three years at a rate comparable with the irregular but on the whole steady improvement of the past twelve months or so, there is no doubt that the budget can be balanced and there is every probability that it will be balanced. Expenditures can be substantially decreased, even though all the unemployed are not absorbed by private industry; and the present rate structure of taxes, however much it may need a complete overhauling in the interest of efficiency and fairness, will be quite certain to produce revenue enough to meet the reduced expenditures.

If and when this happens, the time will have come to set about reducing the public debt. It will be a time of danger fully as great as exists now. There will be an urgent demand on the part of those people who have been receiving financial assistance from the Government to continue such assistance indefinitely. There will be a clamor on the part of business and industry to reduce taxes. No matter what political party happens to be in power, the demand and the clamor will place a severe strain on the courage of the President and the Congress. About the only assurance we can have that the situation will be met with the requisite degree of firmness lies in the common sense of the electorate. What we *should* demand is an energetic move on the part of the Federal Government, first to revise its own taxation system from top to bottom, and then to encourage—and compel if possible—a corresponding revision on the part of all the State and local governmental units. What we *must* demand, if the dangers inherent in a growing public debt are to be avoided, is a general level of taxation at least as high as the level we have now.

The question at the head of this article, is the Government going broke? is in reality somewhat absurd, if we can view the situation calmly and in normal perspective. With a moderate amount of vigilance and determination on the part of all of us when recovery from the depression comes, we shall need to bewail our big debt only once a year when the time comes to file our income tax returns. The only serious danger we need fear is that with the return of prosperity we shall fail to finish the job which we have begun. Such a failure would indeed cause the Government not only to go broke but to disintegrate and give place to something we can think of as but little better than chaos.

I'M ON RELIEF

BY A COLLEGE GRADUATE

"HAVE you any bank accounts?" It is the relief case-worker speaking. And you had better be pretty sure about that bank balance, because your name will be listed, with others, to local and nearby banks *asking that question.*

You must not think this scene takes place in a poor tenement or that the questionee is an illiterate laborer. He is a graduate of a front-rank Eastern college. Is that a new thought to you?

Have you, in considering relief, vaguely pictured masses of the unwashed? Doubtless most people have. And that accounts for the hostile attitude of the "classes." If you knew that some of your neighbors, even friends, were on relief, you would at last understand that the upper 20 per cent of reliefers, at least, were at the last ditch before they applied. (My own opinion is that nearly all of the upper 80 per cent were at the last ditch before they applied, and that some 99 per cent were at the last ditch before they got "on." For only established last-ditch people are accepted.)

Friends of yours, and others like you, on the rolls for New York City alone include 927 actors and actresses, 72 advertising men, 18 architects, 512 artists, 47 auditors, 28 bank executives, 27 stock brokers, 103 chemists, 93 contractors, 1,875 comptrollers, 135 decorators, 57 dentists, 114 designers, 28 dietitians, 174 draftsmen, 20 editors, 74 engineers, 99 lawyers, 22 librarians, 27 merchants, 28 meteorologists, 82 ministers, 1,568 musicians, 37 paymasters, 32 purchasing agents, 30 reporters, 40 research workers, 5,453 salesmen, 45 sculptors, 69 secretaries, 47 statisticians, 862 teachers, 206 translators and 95 writers—some 13,000 high-class "white collar" executives and professional people; clerks are not included here. In short, "reliefers" are not a class apart, as some magazine writers would have you believe. They are a cross-section of the population.

So you tell about your bank balance. Mine was 26 cents; in a bank where I had formerly had two checking accounts, a savings account, a borrowing account good for $500 without pledge, and a box for the youngster's college building-and-loan papers, etc. After that you tell about your employment, how you have got along since jobs stopped, the names and addresses of all relatives, your church, clubs, rent paid, disabilities—oh, yes, and insurance. Most people you know about carry that in thousands. Hordes of people you don't know about carry it in hundreds. Your insurance—your last asset of course—will be reduced to hundreds before you can receive relief; a funeral fund, to be quite candid.

Now I had had, a year before, no more expectation of going on relief than you, sitting there now reading this, have that you will go "on." Nearly everyone now "on" exhausted all income possibilities so far as his resourcefulness went before applying. My own case may be typical.

In 1929 I held a good executive job, owned a home well away from New York where I worked, and had a few thousands in the background. The job went. Office jobs, I knew, were not to be had. Formerly, however, I had done some selling. After a long search, I got a job as a salesman on three-months' trial. And then in February, 1930, all the salesmen in my department were dropped, when cancellations of their hard-won orders began pouring in after customers had digested their 1929 balance sheets.

With business in such a mind, getting another income seemed hopeless; but I got it within a month or so. Five months later the proprietor of this concern closed his doors—not just because *my* activities went awry, but because he got cancellations of standing orders on which the business depended.

Followed some eighteen months of odd jobs and borrowing. Then I practically forced myself on still another company, and stuck at that for a solid year; till the bank closing saw the dismissal of all the newer salesmen. That job paid only $15 a week; but those five-cent hot dog stands on Broadway served for lunch, and taxes and interest could go unpaid if absolutely necessary. They did. They are still unpaid, and I am handing the house over to the mortgagee next month.

What to do in that panic period of spring, 1933? Absolutely no cash was attached to any job I looked up then. You could go out selling "on commission." I still had money to buy monthly railroad tickets to New York, so I tried selling some articles I was familiar with. Sales can be made, *to somebody,* I verily believe, on Judgment Day, but not to Seventh-Day Adventists on their hilltop. And 99¾ per cent of those I called on seemed to be of that faith. I made sales, but on totting up I was in the red because of traveling and city expenses.

How we lived through that year, I hardly knew. The cash balance sailed out. I'd draw fifty dollars, put it in a bureau drawer, and think, "Get a job sure before that's gone"; then see it dwindle to ten; then draw again.

The building and loan fund went; then all we could borrow on our insurance; then a relative advanced subsistence money. Any valuables, saleable, were sold. The Sub-Treasury in New York politely rejected my offer of gold beads; but an obliging dealer on a downtown street gave me eight dollars for one string. How big that eight dollars looked! But we were a pretty hard-pressed household when CWA came along in the fall.

By good fortune I got a clerk's job on CWA. It was a good winter for an inside job, if you remember; 20° below up our way frequently. We weren't allowed to get too soft by sticking in the office all the time; many a day, with aching bare fingers, we stood by a bit of bonfire which the pick-and-shovel men had built on a vacant lot, and took down answers from them to interminable questionnaires. Do you know how they "dug" in the coldest of that weather? They drove wedges into the iron earth. No wonder it took time to open a new street!

But spring came. CWA ended. I had received $18 a week, but back bills and necessary outlays had swallowed it up. When we stopped work and I got my last two weeks' pay, that was all I had. A few days I spent in passionate search of cash jobs. Then, since the relative was wholly unable to carry us farther, I went to see the Commissioner of Relief. He was a friend of mine. He merely said a case-worker would call.

And there she sat, a mighty nice person; we got one of the really trained ones. She was understanding, considerate, friendly. She knew how reluctant we were, how genuinely re-

pugnant the whole thing was to us. I had applied, yes. But in much the same spirit in which you make an appointment with the dentist or pick out a cemetery lot. We still had ten dollars, we told her; I'd get a job.

This wise lady presented the idea that if I would go to FERA headquarters in the City Hall there would be plenty of unpaid clerical work for me, and this volunteer work would place me in line for a job when the Government projects got under way. Naturally I gladly agreed to go. It then developed that I should not be accepted for such work there unless I were on relief. Finally we accepted 84 cents a week in the form of a daily quart of milk. And I went down to City Hall again.

There I found that I was a "case" and that I had a number. You will get to know your case-number well; it appears on all papers pertaining to you. It appears on the file folder in which is placed the story you told the worker; now translated into a "case history." It will appear on every check you receive, every food order! Food orders are grisly things. We had to face them. However, first I found plenty of real work in the relief office. I was glad to find it.

II

A "budget" is a theoretical list of the family's needs, in health—no pretense is made of handing over this bulk budget in toto. Food, milk, and gas (electricity is no longer supplied) are recurrent items, without request. But you must demand rent (and prove your need of it) each month. You must request clothing and prove your need; you must request even the twenty-five cent voucher for a bottle of iodine or a saucepan—and, of course, any medical services.

One of my first jobs at the FERA office was posting my own weekly budget on the file card carrying my number. Here it is:

Food	$5.20	
Milk	.84	
Rent	3.46	
Gas, El.	1.00	
Clothing	1.50	(now reduced to 75¢)
Insurance	.55	
Miscellaneous	.25	
	$12.80	
Coal (winter)	1.90	
	$14.70	

We got only the milk at first; then the utility company became pressing, and our ten dollars had vanished, so we had to accept "gas and electric," and—after indignantly declining it—a food card as well. The food ticket is an instrument that puts your soul in limbo while leaving your body among the free. I can still hardly believe we ever accepted the degrading thing. But I know we did. Once you've accepted the hospitality of the nation the steps downward seem to be greased. I wonder at what point of his descent it appears natural to a man to pick up cigar stumps from the gutter. However, the food ticket was the lowest rung for me. It is long over. So I can talk about it.

The food voucher is a colored sheet in duplicate, about 8 inches wide by 10 long. Two columns of printing appear on it, or rather two columns of headings such as Meats, Cereals, Fats, Vegetables, Canned Goods, Misc. Under each heading was a space in which was listed the particular meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., allowed that week covered by the food voucher. But you could not spend your $5.20 on chicken and steak. You must apportion that sum of $5.20 (which appeared at the top of the ticket with your name and your wife's name) in a specified manner among the various

categories; not over 15 per cent for meat.

It is quite a trick to make out a list to fit the requirements. The first evening we got the thing, after we were alone, my wife and I sat down to puzzle it out. We had a separate price list, as did the dealers. If fresh tomatoes were not listed you could not have them that week, even though they were plentiful and cheaper than canned. Most of the reliefers did not have a price list (they could consult one, but few did); so it was not unusual for an officious and superior clerk to shout across the width of some big chain store to the man on relief who had asked for a certain item, "You can't have that." We were spared that humiliation.

But with the "answers" in our hands the problems weren't easy. The prices were too optimistic. We didn't believe we could get sliced bacon for 22¢ a pound, or strip bacon for 17¢; beef at 13¢ and pork chops at 18¢ seemed even farther from the reality of butcher's prices as we knew them. We put down two pounds of bacon.

We didn't get it. Bacon was 30¢. "Why not take a pound and a half, then, at 30?" you ask. Because the dealer would not sell you—at risk of losing his privilege of filling food-ticket orders—anything at one penny more per unit than the price list allowed. We always put at the bottom of the written list (which we worked out and left at the grocer's when nobody was there) "Fill out with bananas."

We always got bananas, in spite of our best arithmetic.

It was a big jag of food, to employ New Englandese. Some twenty cans, perhaps; milk, vegetables, corned beef, salmon, coffee, apple butter, cocoa, molasses, corn syrup, etc. It looked an awful lot. Reminded you of camping. Typical prices were 10¢ for a can of tomatoes, 6¢ for gelatine, 10¢ for a pound of cocoa, 60¢ for a *quart* of olive oil; we never did get olive oil.

You may wonder what we did for clothing, household linen, upkeep of house and furniture, and the many etceteras of life. Well, the man's clothes, except underwear, shirts and socks, had to last; that was all. The others' clothes were made—and gifts. Hopeless furniture we put up in the attic; cushions had their covers turned; rugs were home-washed (very decent pre-1885 Orientals they are) and mended; you, of course, did your own washing, cooking, and ironing, as well as clothes-making and general repair. Your wife, I mean.

Shelter we had, as taxes and interest were mercifully held off, and the worst we had descend on us was a tax lien. But patience wanes at last. We must pay rent out of our modest PWA salary.

III

Reliefers don't of course live by themselves and form a compact group with relief as their only topic, any more than retired Federal judges or other Federal beneficiaries live by themselves. Your friends are the same you had before. You can't play golf any more or bridge, but you can still give them a cup of tea. Down the line, naturally more of the men are on relief than in my particular social group. So—especially as they are less self-conscious about relief—they may naturally discuss relief matters much as they would discuss any work, pay, bosses. They do not live in specified parts of town, but usually just where they were living when they went "on."

I believe I can generalize fairly about reliefers of all strata and all types, because my FERA job was to compile records of other "cases." I not only know what it feels like to be "on"—some writers who discuss the extrava-

gances of the government outlays do not--but also what a tremendously complicated business relief is, who went on, why, where they live, what they did for their subsistence money or vouchers, how much they got, whether they will work.

They are the most exactly documented individuals in America, except perhaps criminals. They do not yet have to submit to Bertillon measurements, though some writers apparently think no indignity improper for them. But when you apply they take your height, weight, physical defects, etc. And your name is posted off that very day to State Welfare headquarters to be checked with the standard pauper file to see if you are applying twice for charity. That was the old idea of this notice, and it has indecently survived, along with a number of other relics of pauperism, to cast an unnecessary blight upon the lives of men for whom the nation had no work.

You don't get on relief without a microscopic investigation of all possible resources; people who innocently concluded they might as well shelve their timidity and get some of this "free money" had a rude awakening. I was "intake clerk" for a time, and a lady got quite indignant when I asked her if she had cashed in or borrowed on her insurance when she applied for help on a doctor's bill. She really thought that because she was slightly hard pressed at the moment—her husband being ill—she could walk in and get ten or twenty dollars. I told her we were no Dorcas society.

My town and state do not, of course, boast the diversity of talent possessed by New York. Nevertheless, you would have been surprised to see the men who gladly accepted $12 a week on the Federal Housing project. It happened that I was one of the enumerators in one of the wealthy towns of the county where a large group of us was required. There I found men, patiently and cheerfully ringing doorbells all day long and asking at each house the same list of questions, who had most obviously been "somebodies." Do you remember that middle-aged man who called at your house last summer and asked how old it was, what plumbing and heating you had, how many rooms, how many in family, how far the worker traveled to his job and by what conveyance, etc.?

When the $12-a-week enumerators on this project were all assembled at State headquarters, I found among them an even larger representation of men-above-average: two sea captains, one with unlimited license; a schoolmaster; store managers and owners; real estate, insurance, and advertising men. And the surprising thing was that many were comparatively young and of the "go-getter" type.

Please don't misunderstand me. The bulk of men on relief were not from Commonwealth or Park Avenue. Over 50 per cent of the men heads of families were native-born white, but the bulk of all reliefers were naturally laborers, with a heavy proportion of eighth-grade or less education. I merely indicate that you may not know whose toes you are treading on when you thoughtlessly lump all reliefers as people "you couldn't possibly know," and class them with pre-depression paupers. Before Roosevelt's time, when State and town gave them subsistence for "leaf-raking," they may have been close to paupers. I am speaking of Federal Emergency Relief only.

IV

"Do the reliefers really feel bad about being on relief?" you ask.

And the answer is, "Wouldn't you feel bad if your people had pulled their weight in the boat for some three hundred years and suddenly a world

collapse sent you into the scuppers, helpless to do your part until the world economy righted itself?"

"But you are probably an exception," you say.

Not at all an exception in my own community at any rate. We were a commuting town to some extent; some hundreds of us going every day to New York or to large intervening towns to work. That, of course, meant that we were mostly people above the level of the general clerk class and that we had a larger percentage of white-collar workers than more remote places of similar size. When I became a case-worker's assistant I found on the rolls several middle-aged engineers of considerable achievement, chemists, advertising men, draftsmen, surveyors, artists, executives, and former business proprietors (one of thirty-thousand dollar income class).

It surprised me at first, for the tendency is to feel alone in misfortune. I didn't get really far into the confidence of these people in regard to their feeling about relief; but I should say the technical group was most stoical and possessed of the *c'est la guerre* spirit. As to the degree of mental suffering among white-collar people as a class, that probably depends; introverts have a hard time.

Nobody that I know of in any social class was anything but regretful about being on relief.

"Why," you say, "we thought they got up their unions and made their complaints and their demands with utmost assurance, that they were utterly callous."

No, they didn't. Only a few of them. In New York City you hear of a white-collar association, but not elsewhere to any extent. New York is the hotbed of Communism. Clerical relief unions there were largely led by Reds. Their followers would be chiefly the lower-class clerks, unthinking and easily led. Here in our State the only relief "unions" were laborers' groups, and the leaders were mostly well-meaning men who felt that if the government intended to grant a sort of Unemployment Insurance Dividend under the name of relief the amount should be at least subsistence level. They really had a sound idea—that they were where they were through a throw of the dice, men of less capacity than themselves still working, firms apparently less substantial than their own left with the breath of life while theirs went down—so why not accept this thing for what it was: unemployment insurance, which anyone might need, to preserve the nation's man power, to avert revolution?

The rest of us, who took what was given us for our work without complaint, did feel that relief was what Hopkins called it, "unemployment assurance"; but our philosophy was not as strong as our sense of shame despite our belief that we were, chiefly, the victims of Fortune's outrageous slings and arrows.

As to why men went on relief, I have told you my story. That of individual recipients I don't know beyond those whose case histories I came in contact with. But this I do know—the official State record shows that some fifty per cent of the heads of families on relief had been unemployed *three years or more*. Anybody sinks after a while. Even you would have if God hadn't preserved, without apparent rhyme or reason, your job or your income. And that record of length-of-unemployment, by the way, is a complete answer to the statement in a recent magazine article on relief that putting relief men to work on WPA instead of unemployed men who had stayed off relief was a "kind of moral inequity." For obviously the men on the rolls had been forced there by the length of their unemployment, while the other unem-

ployed must still be living on as yet unexhausted resources, possibly being only weeks or a few months unemployed.

The bulk of men on relief here, as elsewhere, are laborers. There are, I suppose, a few chronic idlers and drifters among them; in the large cities there would be thousands of them—but they would be a small percentage anywhere. Aliens and colored people? Of course. Who let the aliens in? The Government. At whose instance? At the urgency of those who headed large enterprises and wanted cheap labor. If these large employers have now, as members of the big-income group, to face paying a considerable part of the subsistence cost of the aliens they used and tossed aside, what more just? The colored people are mainly citizens, but likewise are the pawns of big business or big agriculture.

V

What do these people do for what they get, and how much do they get? The average here is about the same as that the nation over—something less than $30 per month per case family. That does not include Government issues of food and clothing, or local issues of clothing, coal, gas, and medical aid. For all cash received the man on relief is expected to work. I, myself, have worked out, at 50 cents an hour (laborer's rate hereabouts) all I have had and more. In my case it has been useful work. In our community I should say over 90 per cent of the work done was useful.

Employment on FERA is of two kinds, "project," or "working off relief." The latter means that a man will dig, figure, measure property, etc., twelve hours a week for the $6 he receives (family of three). My recent job "working off relief" was assistant to the local Administrator, setting up card systems and interviewing applicants for relief and CCC, a job more demanding than many of those at State headquarters for which straight salaries were being paid; but for my five full days a week I got $6 (gas at about 30¢ a week was my only gratis item).

At the same time a few white-collar "projects" were running. One was measuring house lots in town for the tax office—of purely local benefit but 70 per cent paid by Washington. This was for white-collar men of clerical class. The pay was $12. Another was surveying, again largely of local value. This paid $18 and $15 for surveyors and rodmen. There was a $15 mapping project. But two-thirds of those on relief were just "working off." The new WPA puts every "employable" on project but divorces him entirely from relief; the highest pay will be about $22 a week for professional men; craftsmen about $20, and laborers $13. The WPA is heartily welcomed by all but the laborer with very large family—he will get less than on FERA, and is the least sensitive as to whether he is on relief or a free man.

I say "the least sensitive" because I fully believe that all on relief—whether they are highly intelligent men whose philosophy of the situation tells them that no fault and, therefore, no stigma, attaches, or foreigners of very little grasp—all feel to some extent that they are "different." It is quite unnecessary to take all the measures that are now taken to make us feel different, such as article after article pointing to that strange, noxious, potentially dangerous animal, the reliefer, who has his strange, shadowy, "apart" existence, and spends his family income of six dollars a week on junk. Also meetings of "taxpayers and those on relief." Of all nonsense . . .

I, a man on relief, am a taxpayer. Property in which reliefers live is not

exempted from taxes. Those living in houses they "own" pay directly; renters pay indirect taxes. Regarding the latter class, it may be noted that New York City landlords are now printing on their rent bills "— per cent of this bill is for taxes." As to those of us still living in owned homes, there is hardly any question that our property pays taxes. My mortgagee will pay all arrears plus 8 per cent penalty when he takes over my place shortly. What they are really getting at in this "taxpayers and reliefers" is a suggestion that those in the town not on relief are supporting those on relief—that we are "on the town." Nothing could be farther from the case. The *nation* is going badly into debt for us—for its sins—but the *municipality* is prospering by the expenditure so far. It has had to contribute only about ten per cent of the cost of local relief—and most of the work done has been the town's standard engineering activities—streets, sewers, sidewalks, water mains. It has got much more than it has had to pay for.

I stress this point because where the money comes from makes all the difference in the world to our claim, in defense of our self-respect, that FERA is *unemployment insurance sponsored by the nation.* The muddy thinking of our fellow-townspeople that we are local charity cases is perhaps our greatest cross. When FERA ends and the real weight of the "unemployables" falls on them, with little or no Federal money, they will know the difference. These unemployable cases are already known of course; and the curious thing is that only five per cent of such cases had public help before the depression.

Of course the answer may be partly that desertion of the breadwinner created unemployable cases in some instances, but in only a few. Nor, as the cynical will say, does it prove that people quit helping themselves and held out their hands. In good times, it is true, there were more odd jobs for semi-effective people, but the real answer is that they *never did have enough.* If you have ever known well the "other half," you know that their children's cheeks did not look like the cheeks of your children; that they were stalked by disease and plain hunger. They didn't want help. No people was less charity-minded than ours. Then the depression offered a half-respectable method of getting medicine and food. For the great light it has thrown on conditions in "prosperous" times, the depression is to be thanked. People who would have hidden away, gone unknown even to our sharp-eyed Social Service (because their pitiful earnings kept them alive and they avoided medical care) are now known. They have been introduced to the doctor, so to speak; they will be doctor-conscious in future. Of course our national health curve will trend upward; is doing so already.

In my FERA job, I saw much that was pitiful, some that was "grabby," and perhaps some 5 per cent shirking of work. I saw a man come in with an undertaker's bill; there was no precedent for what to do with it. I saw another man, a young husband, when there were no projects and his family was on the bare subsistence stipend, ask for shoes for his children and offer "to do any kind of work for them," and not get them. Another case where the mother wanted more milk for her children (there is a milk allowance now only for very small children), and unable to get it, gladly accepted cod-liver oil. That shows both philosophy and a gaining of useful knowledge.

Somewhere in an account of FERA in the Midwest I read that a relief recipient demanded a second quart of milk for his family—and got it by striking the case-worker. He would have got jail here in the East. Nearly all the articles abusing FERA I have hap-

pened on seem to have been about the Midwest, small farming communities. That isn't typical relief country. The teeming, industrial East and the big Midwest cities represent the seat of relief. If there are tiny communities out in that fabulous Midwest where the reliefers run relief, that are "better off under relief than ever before"—how pitiful!

When we talk about people being "grabby" we must remember that State authorities admitted that family "budgets" as drawn up for reliefers were too low. It was practically impossible for a reliefer to get anything like too much by most persistent importuning, unless he were a chiseler; that is, did not properly belong on relief at all. And our highest State authority after investigation said cheating on relief was no more prevalent than in business life. This official deplored the common tendency to criticize and complain of everything connected with relief. His studies showed that people had *fought off receiving help for two and three years of unemployment*, that they were neither better nor worse than the employed; that they were of average industry and honesty; that they were not spoiled by overfeeding—unless you call the allowance of 3 cents a meal for a child of five excessive, for a man 10 cents, and a woman 7 cents; that they had often been inadequately sheltered and clothed.

"But they won't take odd jobs or housework," you say.

Why, I know a former credit man who accepted window washing, and there were never enough odd jobs in our town for the demand—if you except those household jobs where a weekly wage of $3 and one evening off were proffered by the predatory housewife. And in New York City, those poor devils not on relief who lived in tin-and-board shacks on vacant lots were offered a chance to earn "a few nickels" by hours of work for business men of the neighborhood.

"But they ought to take what they can get," you say. Privately they could work for three cents a day if they chose; but jobs offering Oriental scale of pay were not even submitted to the reliefer in our State by the relief employment offices, their acceptance being considered harmful to you, as an employed man or woman. To accept such pay would have undermined a decent wage rate.

VI

Those who are on relief and in close contact otherwise with public matters realize that what has happened to the country is a bloodless revolution. For mossback conservatives to lean back on the reins is pitifully hopeless. The question by 1940 will not be "Shall we have a conservative or a liberal President?" It will be "Shall we have a conservative-liberal or a radical-liberal?"

Roosevelt is a conservative-liberal. If your income is over $50,000 or you shortly inherit an estate exceeding $40,000, you will not agree with that, for the new taxes will reach you. But you will know it by 1940. And in time you will come to approve the idea of everybody having enough to eat. Steam yachts may not be passed round; but bread will be to those who can't earn it; and the opportunity to earn it will be passed round to those able to work.

Will FERA people vote for Roosevelt *en masse?* I think not. Whoever became President in 1932 would have had to provide something of the sort—or guns would have grown in the streets; and many of the unthinking reliefers (the bulk) may well feel that their hardships were not sufficiently alleviated.

Will relief be permanent? State-and-town care of unemployables will certainly be widened; whether this burden will be too much for such local units and require some Federal co-operation is to be seen. But the bulk of the 3,500,000 employables will be privately re-employed within the next two years I believe, judging by business forecasts. And the 5,000,000 non-relief unemployed along with them. The deliberate relief leeches will not be many.

Has Federal Relief paid? Well, it was cheaper—in money, to those who still had any—than another French Revolution. Socially it has certainly done an immense amount of educational work which will result in more intelligent living on the part of the "other half." And anyway it had to be. For what are we a federation, if in a time of national, even world wide, economic calamity, the rich state is not to help the poor? That is what the Federal disbursement amounts to.

And now, since the States, and especially the communities, have benefited by relief work, what of that "fantastic Federal deficit" represented in the 70 per cent of relief funds given outright by Washington? Who is wise enough to say now? With general employment, a heavy Federal sales tax would be less burdensome than many of the State sales taxes are now. Income taxes will probably bear the chief burden, possibly reaching down into the pockets of small earners for a few dollars, and reaching up toward England's standard of taxing the big-income group. But we do not have to pay off that bulk of billions this year or next or the year after. We merely have to be certain of the interest to be paid to bondholders and reasonable amortization of an elastic nature, cutting our debt heavily in boom years and proportionately to national income in other years. And boom years—believe it or not—are forecast for the early future, by anti-administration economists!

One final word. Don't do anything to turn reliefers into a solid, class-conscious group. Just treat them like people.

THE HOME PLACE: CHRISTMAS MORNING

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

For once Ralph woke before Phyllis, so that when she opened her eyes the room was already warmed and there was a yellow pattern of light on the rafters from the little oil heater they dressed by. Ralph was standing by the heater, dressed, rubbing his hands slowly up and down his legs to get the warmth through his cold clothes and into him. His lean face, with only the upward light on it, was older and sad and kind, like his father's.

Phyllis stirred, moved a little toward the bed edge, and he heard her at once and came to her. He bent over her and said, "Hello, Baby, how are you?"

"Fine," Phyllis said. "Merry Christmas, Love."

Ralph pressed his lips against the back of her limp hand. "You did too much last night, Baby. You should have let the other girls trim the tree. You mustn't *do* so much. You ought to let the other girls do things like that."

Phyllis slid a little closer to him. "You spoil me," she said. "Anyway, Edna had enough to do. She was working on the dinner, doing all that could be done the night before, and Willa wouldn't have a notion of how to trim a tree. I'm not sure Edna would either. And I *liked* it."

"Well, how *are* you?" Ralph asked again.

"You *know* how I am."

"How?"

"Happy," Phyllis whispered.

They had learned in the month they had been sleeping in the attic room to speak their waking thoughts in whispers, so as not to waken their little daughter. Betty would be sleeping very lightly on Christmas morning.

"And how's the boy?" Ralph asked.

"All right. Only . . . I wish he was coming to-day. I wish he could be born on Christmas day."

"Nope," Ralph said, his lips against her hand. "We have our babies in the spring, along with the rest of the farm. That's better."

"What kind of a day is it?"

"Pretty sharp," Ralph said; "pretty cold. I been up a good half hour, and this place is barely getting warmed up now. Did you know I'd been up that long, Baby?"

"I didn't know," Phyllis said. "I was dreaming. I dreamed . . . why, it's gone! I've lost all but the very edge of my dream and it was such a clear one too."

"What's the edge?"

"Oh, I was home, I was little, about Betty's age, and at home. And Father was coming home from the bank and I ran to meet him. There was something especially happy about it. I've forgotten just what it was, though I'm sure it wasn't Christmas. It was a promise, I think."

Ralph laid his head against her and

she knew, without his saying anything, that she had hurt him a little, that to himself he was remembering that she had had an adoring father who had brought her up in a handsome house and given her everything a little girl could wish. He was remembering that he, her husband, had failed on his farm, and brought her, broke, to his people, to a farmhouse much too small for the four families it housed.

"Poor Father," Phyllis said. "They're good to him, but he'll be lonely. I wrote him a long letter. I thought I'd not tell him until later—until nearly time for the baby to come. But I did. I wanted to give him something, if only a secret. Besides I'm happy and he'll see that in my letter." She wanted to remind Ralph that her father had failed too, along with the rest; that he now lived with relations and had nothing to do but stand at his window and fiddle with his watch chain or walk down Main Street past an empty bank building.

"Betty's waking," Ralph said, and went to the child where she lay in her box-on-two-chairs bed. "Hi, Pet," he said.

The child put up wavering, sleepy arms. "Hi, Daddy," she said. "Is it Christmas?"

"You're darn tooting it's Christmas!" His arms went tight about the tiny body.

"Mother," she cried, "it's Christmas!" She struggled to get free from her father's arms. "Let me down. Let me go, Daddy! It's Christmas."

"Here," Ralph said, and gave her a gentle spank to quiet her. "You want to wake up those three hyenas? You want to wake Edna's boys up? Come on; Daddy'll go down with you. Be a good joke on 'em. You'll see the tree first."

"Are you sure the fire's going good?" Phyllis asked. "Are you sure it's warm down there, Ralph?"

"Sure, Dad's been up an hour. Edna and Mama are up too. I bet Old Granma's up. She wakes before anybody. She don't want to miss anything." He chuckled, thinking of his old grandmother and her ways, and Phyllis felt that vexation she always felt at his fondness for the old woman.

Little Betty was dancing about. Suddenly she streaked past her father, her nightgown fluttering, and Ralph was after her, crying, "Hey, Pet, where are you *going?*" Phyllis heard squeals of laughter and fatherly kisses and knew that he had caught her at the top of the stairs and that their wish to see the tree before Edna's boys woke was defeated by their own foolishness. She nestled deeper into the warmth of the feather-bed. Ralph and his mother and father would see to things for Betty, make her Christmas morning right. She knew she ought to get up, ought to go down and help, but she had tired herself the night before trimming the tree. She had worked all day making candy too. And it had been hard working in the kitchen with Edna. All her efforts—and she was a good enough cook—a better cook than Edna, actually, were made to look childish and foolish. Edna was getting ready for the Christmas dinner, and she made Phyllis feel in the way. Mama Young could work with Edna without friction. In the work of the house there was a kind of understanding between Edna and Mama Young, an agreeable, sensible understanding.

Phyllis, thinking of Edna and her life of hard work and no thanks, wondered how *she* would live her life at all if Ralph felt toward her as Tom felt toward Edna. And how would she endure it if Ralph treated her as Harvey treated Willa? She remembered a night in their own home, on their own farm, where everything had been right for her and Ralph. They

were at the table, she and Ralph and the hired girl and the two hired men, and she had said something that evidently, to the men, had a quite different meaning from her intention. One of the men had snorted his laughter, then choked. She had looked to Ralph and found him shaking with laughter too, silent laughter. She jumped up from the table and ran into her room. Ralph followed her and said, his arms about her, "But what you said was so *funny,* Baby. See? It was nothing, nothing at all. It just struck us funny the way you said it. Just dumb men, that's all. You forget it." "But Olga," (Phyllis wept) "*she* laughed too." "Well, *she* understood. You're *different,* Phyllis. You've been raised in a glass house. I used to think before I married you I'd *larn* you something, but I gave it up. You see what happens when the hind marries the pure little spoiled little princess, and no help for it." "I'm no such thing. That's simply nonsense." Phyllis had wept, already wrapped round again in the love that made it possible for her to breathe. "I'm your *wife!*" "Right you are, and a darn good one," Ralph had said. "And now you won't cry any more, will you, Baby? I've got to get out to my chores." She *had* cried more, a little, when he had gone. But she had stopped to wonder about the thing that had happened to her. She had not been able to tell him, she would have been ashamed had she had the words, that her world had slid quite out from under her because her husband had seemed to let go of his love for her for just an instant, for just long enough to laugh at her with Olga and the two hired men.

She was a spoiled girl, who lived on love, but she was a good wife too. What would she do if Ralph treated her as Tom treated Edna, as Harvey treated Willa? "I'd die," she said aloud, and stretched a little, nestled deeper into the bed, and fell asleep.

When she woke someone was rapping sharply at her door. She was astonished to see her young, new sister-in-law, Willa, standing there with her brocaded pajama jacket wrapped tightly round her shivering self. "Phyllis," Willa said in her high plaintive voice, "can I come in? Can I get in with you?"

Phyllis lifted the covers for Willa to get in beside her. She hugged the cold, shivering girl close to her.

"How'd you happen to get up so early?" Phyllis asked. "Is Harvey up? Are they all up now?"

"Ralph got us up," Willa said. "We were asleep, we were *trying* to sleep, and those brats of Edna's were howling round out there, around the tree, and Ralph came in *carrying* Old Grandma Young."

"Into *yours and Harvey's* room?"

"Yes! He said, 'Here, you, Granma wants to get in her own bed on Christmas morning. You kids get up now and let Granma have her bed.' Then *you* know, you know what she'd say. She said, she said to Harvey—Ralph holding her there, like a baby; she looked down at us and said to Harvey, 'George, who's *that?* Who *is* that woman?' About *me,* see?"

Though her back was to Phyllis and her yellow hair all that Phyllis could see of her head, she knew how Willa had tightened her lips like an old woman's in saying Grandma's speech. "Gosh, this sure is a Christmas!" she finished.

Both girls laughed a little, Willa very bitterly. With her arm about Willa's slender shoulders, Phyllis lay thinking of her husband's people. For the moment, because she had come to her to get warm, to talk a little about the Young family's babying of Old Grandma, Phyllis felt some love for Willa. That Willa was hard and

ugly-natured and would not help at all with the work, she forgot for a little. She felt sympathy for her. The Youngs did seem so all-to-themselves in their humoring of Old Grandma, in their delight at her everlasting insistence that her youngest grandson Harvey was her own son George, who had been dead many years. Ralph never failed to "get a kick" out of her notion that Willa was a heathen woman George had picked from a mission in the Klondike.

"Did you stop by the tree?" Phyllis asked. "Did you open your presents?"

"No," Willa said. "I know what mine is already. Socks! *Bed* socks. Mama Young knitted them, out of yarn from an old shawl, or something."

"They'll be nice," Phyllis said and drew her arm from round Willa.

"Oh, sure," Willa agreed. "I didn't mean *that*. I meant—I think Harvey didn't get me anything." Her voice rose, pained, angry.

"How could he?" Phyllis defended her youngest brother-in-law. "There's no money. The cream money was just for the stamps to send letters and for the stuff for the candy. Did you get *him* something?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"You wait; you wait and see!" Willa was always telling people to wait and see, as though she felt sure of reckonings when Willa would come out on top.

"Where's Edna?" Phyllis asked.

"Kitchen, I guess, getting breakfast."

"And Tom?"

"Outside, I guess." Willa half turned toward Phyllis and brushed the hair back from her forehead with her thin fingers. "Oh," she said, her voice suddenly gentle, "you know what Tom did? He got skates for his boys, all three! *Ice* skates."

"Skates! Why, *how?*"

"I don't know. They were trying them on when I went through to the kitchen. They're going down to the river to skate."

"But how?" Phyllis asked. "There wasn't any money left."

"*I* don't know," Willa said, almost whining. "You wait. You'll see . . . " her voice trailed off. She was almost asleep.

Phyllis did not like the morning smell of face powder and tobacco about Willa's neck and hair. She got up, sliding carefully round Willa, and went to stand by the stove while she dressed. She put on her red wool dress that little Betty liked so much. In the mirror over the dresser she saw that she looked rested and pretty enough. Her dark hair curled softly round her ears and her eyes were bright. She quietly made up Betty's little bed, turned the oil stove out, opened the little window, and went downstairs.

Betty ran to her, slid from her place on her grandfather's knee by the kitchen stove and ran to her, her arms full of gifts. "Look!" she screamed. "Look at my Christmas. And come look here!" Her arms were too full for her to take her mother's hand, but she danced ahead into the dining room.

"Look at my table and chairs," she cried, almost beside herself with joy. "Grandpa made them! He sawed them and hammered them and put them together and painted them and everything."

Grandpa Young followed, sheepishly, to see Phyllis's pleasure in his little granddaughter's gift. "Yes sir," he said, after whistling a little through his teeth. "Yes sir, I always thought a little girl should have a red table and chairs. My sister, my sister Dora, she had a little red table and two chairs Pa made for her. Good work too,

fancier than these here. I didn't have the right paint for them. Had to use what I had on hand. I like a brighter red for a little girl's table and chairs. This was just some on the place."

Betty dropped everything and ran to climb up on her grandfather and kiss his face and neck. While he held her tightly she threw her head back so that her hair fell like falls, and her throat was an arch, and she cried, "Granpa, I love you more than all the trees and all the houses in all the world."

Phyllis slid her fingertips over the shining table-top. She saw as in two mirrors a recession of little Young girls, for generations and generations, standing by little red tables their grandfathers had made for them. She saw her daughter's daughter too standing by her little red table.

Her mother-in-law had come into the room, still breathing hard from making up her feather-bed. "What is it, Phyllis?" she asked. "Don't you feel good?"

"I feel fine," Phyllis said. "I feel a little lightheaded but I feel fine. I feel I came into the kingdom to have little Young girls standing by little red tables, world without end amen!"

Her mother-in-law put a warm, strong-under-soft arm about her and said, "I know how you feel. You need your coffee. You overdid yesterday. Have you looked at your presents? Well, come have your breakfast first. You look kind of wobbly to me."

"I feel fine," Phyllis said again and allowed herself to be led into the kitchen.

The menfolk had come in from the stables and were just sitting down to breakfast. "Merry Christmas," her brothers-in-law greeted her, and Harvey, who was less shy than Tom, got up from his place and came round to her and kissed her soundly on the mouth. She put up her hand and patted his firm lean cheek. The Young men looked on approvingly, wishing in their hearts, Phyllis knew, that Harvey, the youngest and tallest, had such a wife as Ralph's.

"How do you want your egg?" Edna spoke from over by the stove. Phyllis, in the warmth of greetings from the menfolk, had forgotten Tom's wife.

"It's Christmas. We get our eggs to order this morning," Ralph explained.

"That's nice," Phyllis said. "But I'm late, Edna. Let me fix my own breakfast."

"Just as you like," Edna said tiredly and brought her own well-loaded plate and sat down by her husband. Tom frowned. Phyllis could see he was vexed and ashamed that Edna had not gone ahead and fixed Phyllis's eggs after she'd said she would. Edna ate and did not lift her eyes.

"I'll fix your eggs, Baby," Ralph said, "and I know how you want them." He reached for his sister-in-law's apron string, gave it a yank, and pulled the apron from Edna's heavy hips. "Merry Christmas, Edna!" he said loudly. "Gosh all Friday, it's Christmas!"

Edna gave her snorting laugh, and her mouth quivered at the corners a little when the laugh was done. She suffered at the unfamiliar red that came to her face.

"Oh, why doesn't he *love* her?" Phyllis thought in anger. "Why doesn't Tom *love* Edna? How can she bear it, how can she stand Christmas or any other day, without him loving her? How can he half love Willa instead—little, skinny and mean as she is—when Edna is here, strong and kind and willing under her harshness. Why doesn't he go to her and be sweet to her and see what happens? Maybe she'd bloom, like a—like a *cabbage!*" She began to laugh to herself.

"What's the joke, Baby?" Ralph asked. "Here's your coffee and your

poached eggs'll be along in a minute."

"We're going skating," Tom said. "The little boys are down at the river already. Hope they don't break their necks."

"Yeh," Harvey said. "Where do you suppose Dad found those old skates? 'Member the Christmas we got them, Tom? You and Ralph taught me between you—and let me drop now and then, doggone you, for the fun of it. It was a morning like this, wasn't it? Cold, snow under foot, a little, but the ice was clean."

Tom smiled. "A-uh," he said. "We sure made Mama mad. We took Harve—he couldn't 'a been but around six—down to the river and we skated him up and down all day, about. Brought him home with such a leg ache he bawled all night. Had croup too, didn't you, Harve?"

"Don't remember a thing about it but the skating," Harvey said.

"And here's your eggs, Duchess!" Ralph said, carrying the plate high on spread fingers.

"Papa found them in the cellar or in the old tool chest, or somewhere," Tom went on; "sharpened 'em up and fitted 'em to the kids' shoes last night. When they got up there was the skates on their shoes."

Edna smiled a little. Grandpa had done something for *her* boys, something that was almost as much work as making a little table and two chairs for Betty, his favorite.

"How'd you like to come down to the river with us, Baby?" Ralph asked his wife. "We'll build a good fire. I'd take along a blanket for you to wrap round you. You'd not get cold. You could sit and watch."

"Why, I can *skate,*" Phyllis said. "I'm a good skater. And my skates are in my trunk. I brought them along."

"Swell!" Harvey said. "We'll all skate."

"I can skate too," Edna said, but no one heard her in the general pleasure over Phyllis's being able to skate, over her having thought to bring her skates along.

Old Grandma Young had come into the kitchen and was making her trembling way toward the breakfast table.

"Hello, Granma!" Ralph yelled at her deafness. "Merry Christmas! Want another breakfast?"

The old woman put out her hands to him, to be led. "Another?" she said and drew a long face. "Why, you smartie, I've not had my first yet. *Is* it Christmas Day? I guess it is. It must be something like that. I woke up in my own bed. Yes, I did. I been shoved around from pillar to post in this house. Pa left me to my boy Arch. He said, his last words: 'Arch, you look after your mother,' and I thought he would. He has, I guess, best he can. But here in my old age, where do I sleep? I got a good bed of my own, but can I sleep in it? No. No, I might be an old shoe. I can sleep in the kitchen corner, me and the cat. Some *woman* sleeps in my bed, some young woman. She sleeps in there with one of you boys, and I'm going to speak to your father about it."

Ralph laughed and patted his old grandmother's knee. "Aw, Granma," he yelled, "you're foxy but you can't fool me. You'd like us to think you're fuddled, but you're not. You're clear as a bell. You know just what you're saying. You're *all right.*"

"Why, I am not," the old woman said, laughed a little, and looked round on them all. "A *course* I'm all right, though it's enough to mix up anybody to get moved from their own bed, like I been. But I *was* in my own bed *this* morning. I woke up in it. I was dreaming. I was dreaming about my boy George." She turned to Phyllis and touched her wrist with the handle of her spoon. "You know, I lost my

boy," she confided, "my youngest son. I had a fine boy, grown up, just grown to manhood, twenty-two he was, and he said, 'Ma, I'm going to Alaska, where the gold is'; and you know, nothing could hold him, not his Pa, or not me. He was set on going. I said to his Pa, '*Talk* to him, Pa; see if you can't swing him to stay home.' But no, nothing could swing him to stay. He said, when I wouldn't let up beggin' him to stay, 'We'll say no more about it, Ma,' and then—he went. If his father said, 'We'll say no more about it,' I always knew where I stood about anything, but not with my boys. He went away up there and . . . say, where's that *woman?* Did he send her back?"

"What woman, Granma?" Ralph asked.

The old woman creased the edges of the oilcloth table cover. "I can't say," she said, deeply confused. "There was a woman George brought home here. It was a mistake, I guess."

Harvey sighed deeply. "Where is Willa?" he asked.

"Oh, she's up in my room, sleeping," Phyllis said. "Do you think she'd like to go skating with us?"

"No, let her sleep," Harvey said.

Mama Young came into the kitchen with her hand on little Betty's shoulder. "Well, I hope I've got this girl away from that tree long enough to eat her breakfast," she said. "I got her dressed and dished up breakfast for her when Edna's boys had theirs, but she was so excited I think she hardly ate a bite . . . why, Granma *Young,* what're you *doing,* eating another breakfast?"

"Why, Mamie, what's wrong with you? This is my first breakfast. I woke in my bed, my own bed and—"

"No, you didn't, Grandma," Mama Young said kindly enough; "you *woke* in the kitchen, and I washed you and got you dressed and gave you your breakfast and then Ralph came down and carried you in and put you into your own bed in your room."

"Well, it's *time!*" Old Grandma said and began to cry a little. "I shouldn't ever 'a been yanked outa it."

"Now, Ma," Grandpa Young said, "you don't need to talk that way. You try and think back, and you'll remember it was *your* idea. When things went bad and the young folks came home, they had to have a room, and you said, 'Here, they can have *mine.* I'd just as soon sleep in the kitchen.'"

"Well, what if I *did!*" Old Grandma wept. "What of it! You've no business to hold me to it just because I made that offer. I'm an old woman. I've lived a hard life and I've never held back or shirked. Last words your Pa said was, 'Arch, you look after your mother,' and now, here I have to sleep in the kitchen. I may go any day, any night, likely, and am I to be taken sleepin' in the *kitchen!*"

Mama Young patted Old Grandma on the shoulder. "You come in and see the tree, Granma," she said, "and you tell little Betty here about Christmas when you were a girl in Indiana."

The old lady brought her hands down on the table. "We *made* Christmas," she cried, "and you don't know the meaning of it. There was something *to* it. We begun around Thanksgiving, for I had a German grandmother, as well as my Irish one, and not a cookie would we children get to see. Everything was hid away. You'd look at a door, a closet door, and you'd no more 'a opened it than anything. Everything was secret. You'd think you'd be struck dead if you put your hand on the knob."

"And didn't you ever peek, Granma, not *once?*" Ralph asked.

The old woman nodded. "Acourse I did," she said. "Silas and I peeked. He was my cousin, and he wore his hair still in long curls. We peeked into the kitchen and saw the cookies

spread all over the table, stars and pipes, and flowers and birds, with seed and red sugar on them. The cookie cutters were there too, the old German ones."

"And did you get struck by lightning?"

"Not then. It was winter, and if you don't think they have winter in Indiana you're wrong. They do. It can get bitter cold. And the Christmas tree! We had all those trimmings from Germany that were my grandma's, my Ma's ma. Silver angels at the top, over candlesticks, and when the candles were lighted, the angels begun to move round and round, from the heat of the candle flames, and going round, they touched three little bells and made chime-music, sweet as anything."

Betty slid from her chair and came to her great-grandmother's side. "And did they *sing?*" she breathed. "Did they sing Glory to God in the Highest?"

"Where *are* those things—the cookie cutters and the tree trimmings?" Grandpa Young asked. "Who'd they go to, Ma?"

"Why, I don't know, Son. But they didn't come to me and your Pa. I guess they went to some of my Aunt Kate's folks. Law me! I guess, of souls living, I'm the only one to recall and tell of it. A boy like Silas, with such curls, such a hardy boy. They killed him in the War, I guess. Yes, that's what happened to him. In Sixty-three, that was. But we stood there in the kitchen door, so bold, and holding hands, the door wide open, and looked, but we neither of us touched a cookie. It didn't come into our minds."

"Well, if we're going skating hadn't we better get going?" Tom asked. "Get your skates, Phyllis; they'll probably need a little honing."

"Why, what are you *saying!*" Old Grandma cried. "Mamie, isn't this the girl who's going to have a child? Well, she's *not* to go skating. 'Twould be a piece of foolhardiness. You stay home, my dear."

"Will you get up and give me a chance at the table?" Edna asked loudly. "I got a big dinner to get, and I can't do a thing with you all in the kitchen."

"Yes, Edna's right," Mama Young said. "I don't know when I've known you to linger at the table so. I guess you're having a good time. Arch, isn't it good to have them all here together? And all so well and strong. We've got *that.* There's no sickness in the house this year."

"Yes," Old Grandma said, "it's cause we've had such a good cold winter and the frost cleared the air of sickness. A good freeze, and that blizzard. Didn't we have a blizzard, Son?"

"Why, we had blizzard *on* blizzard, Granma," Ralph said.

"Shoo! Get out, all of you," Mama Young said, "and don't come back till two. We'll have dinner around two o'clock. Phyllis'll stay here and help. Grandma's right. She shouldn't be skating. Might be all right and it might not."

"Do you want to go along, Pet, or do you want to stay by the tree?" Ralph asked Betty.

His daughter stood twisting her clasped hands. The decision was hard for her. "The tree," she cried at last. "I'll *stay by the tree.*"

When he had put on his sheepskin and cap Ralph kissed his child and wife and followed his brothers out into the cold of the morning. Phyllis stood by the window and watched them go, the three of them running, their skates over their shoulders.

"Fine men, those Young boys!" she said to her mother-in-law, and they laughed proudly together.

"Come into the dining room before we start clearing up the dishes," Mama

Young said, "and you come too, Edna. Phyllis hasn't seen her presents yet."

"Thanks. I got things to do," Edna said. Little Betty skipped ahead to open the door and to dance around the tree and take down her mother's presents for her.

"Why, how'd I get so *many?*" Phyllis asked when they were piled in her lap.

"Because you're prettiest!" Betty said, and was suddenly embarrassed and buried her face in her grandmother's apron and twisted her little backside and giggled.

"The bedsocks I made all the same stitch for each you girls," Mama Young said. "I wanted so to get new yarn and have 'em each a different color, but that was out of the question, acourse, so I got out that old shawl that Jenny, my best friend when I was a young woman, Jenny, knit for me. The place the moths had been in it was just in the one corner, and the rest was still perfectly good. I'd have picked red for you if I could have picked. It's a warmer color."

"I like the blue," Phyllis said, and leaned to kiss the older woman.

Mama Young was a little embarrassed when Phyllis unwrapped Harvey's present to her. "That ragged old *book!*" she said. "I don't know what possessed him to think it was fit for a present. It's just a reader, isn't it, a first or second reader? And you know, it really belongs to the schools! See, it has it in here: School District Number 7. I suppose there's some little story or verse-poem in it or something he remembers and thought you'd like. I do regret I've had so little time for reading, Phyllis. If there's another life that's anything like this one, I hope I get a chance to read in it. You know, sometimes I get kinda panicky when I think how near run my life is, likely, and all I've left undone. I always meant to read a lot of books. I had a real liking for reading when I was a girl, but it was frowned on in our house for girls. It was really a shameful thing to sit down and read a book so long as there was a thing you could lift your hand to. I thought when I had my own house—but no—Granma Young was with us and she'd not have liked it a bit, and there was always mending or sewing or something when I'd get a chance to sit down. Oh dear! Open Ralph's present, why don't you?"

"Why, a mirror!" Phyllis cried.

"Yes, a hand mirror. Ralph was going to make it himself when he found that nice hardwood board from an old bedstead that was mine when I was first married and that square of looking-glass; but Arch thought he'd like to do it, and Ralph knows his father is far and away a better hand with tools than he is. Isn't the carving nice? Ralph found a picture of the way he'd like it, and Arch did the carving for him. Isn't that as natural a rose as you ever saw?"

"It's lovely," Phyllis said, and threw back her head, looking in the mirror and smoothing her hair with her palm. Her cheeks were redder than usual and her eyes bright.

"Now mine, mine, mine!" Betty demanded.

The paper on Betty's present to her mother was badly wrinkled and the ribbon twisted. It was plain the package had been tied and untied many times.

"A tray!" Phyllis said. She had seen the tray many times and had promised over and over to forget it absolutely and be surprised on Christmas morning. "Why, it's the prettiest tray I've ever seen."

"For pins," Betty cried and reached up and took a pin from her grandmother's bosom and dropped it into the tray with a flourish. "We made them in school."

"Thank you, darling," Phyllis said; "it's lovely."

"Lovely, lovely, lovely," Betty sang and began to hop around the tree on one foot.

"We'd better get out to the kitchen," Mama Young said; "we mustn't let Edna do it all alone."

"Oh, the dinner, the dinner!" Betty sang. "We *still* have the dinner!"

"And in the evening the apples and nuts and candy," Mama Young said, "don't forget that. Your mother made the candy. You must write all the receipts out for me, Phyllis. That's something I never learned, to make candy. Plain taffy's all my boys ever got but they used to like that. You must write them all out."

"Yes," Phyllis said, "before I go away. Do you suppose we'll ever go away? Think you'll have your house cluttered with us forever, Mama Young? You've made us such a welcome. We forget, really, how much you do, how much you put yourself out for us."

The red washed over Mama Young's face and her eyes brimmed. "Why, Phyllis, you fuss me so," she said. "Don't talk that way. I don't put myself out. They're my boys and you girls are their wives. And I'm mighty thankful I've been spared till now. Last winter, you know, I had the quinsy, and I did think, myself, I was going, and I hung on so. I couldn't help but feel I'd be needed yet by more than Arch and Old Granma. And if things stay bad like they are I may be needed even worse. I want to be here when your baby comes. And—you're a *daughter* to me, Phyllis."

They looked into each other's eyes, and Phyllis saw all the hurt Mama Young had known and would never know less because two of her sons had married badly.

"You're *right* for Ralph," Mama Young said, the tears running over. "That's something to stay us, Arch and me, that you and Ralph are together and have Betty and this one that's coming."

Betty had been playing the other side the tree. Now she came to her mother and asked, "Who's coming? Is somebody coming for Christmas?"

"I'll go out and help Edna," Mama Young said; "there's a lot to do."

"I'll come in a minute," Phyllis said, and sat down on one of the little red chairs at Betty's Christmas table.

"Ah, I'll pour you some tea, Mrs. Lady," Betty said stylishly, and spread her skirts round her, lifted her shoulders and pursed her mouth. "It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is, Mrs. M'Honey," Phyllis said in a lady voice, "but I think it's going to snow, don't you?"

"I declare, it *is* snowing," Betty said, "and it's as fine as sugar."

"Snowflakes may be like sugar
Or like sand,
Snowflakes may be like pieces of wool,
Like feathers,
Like breath,
Or like stars in the hand,"

Phyllis quoted.

Betty looked at her mother over the edge of her little cup and said in her everyday voice, "Mother, do you suppose Mama Young would mind if I named my doll Jesus?"

"I don't know, dear," Phyllis said. "She *made* the doll for you, so perhaps you'd better ask her. I think she wouldn't care. In Mexico they name their real babies Jesus."

"*Do* they? Just their Christmas babies or babies any time?"

"Their anytime babies."

"And are they *good* people?"

"Yes, of course."

"I thought Mexicans were some of the bad people."

"Oh, no, they're good. All people are good."

"Why, *Mama!* They aren't really. There *are* bad people!"

"Yes, of course, but they aren't any special kind."

"They're all mixed up, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Willa gave me the dishes, Mother. She gave me this whole tea-set."

"She did? That's nice."

"But *Mother*—" Betty leaned across the table, narrowed her eyes, put her hand on her mother's wrist, and said, "*where did she get the money?*"

"Oh, darling, don't say that, don't talk like that. It's Christmas, and everyone's been grand to you. Grandpa made you the table and chairs, and Mama Young made you a doll, and I made you your new dress. You must just be happy on Christmas and not think about money."

"I *know*," Betty said, "but where *did* she get it, Mama? Do you think they cost a dollar?"

"I don't know, Love," Phyllis said. "I expect someone sent it to her in a letter. You must thank her, first thing, when she gets up."

"Let's go out and help with the dinner," Betty said like a grown person. She got up and stretched herself and smoothed the hair back from her face in a gesture like her mother's.

The kitchen was full of good smells. There was a mingling of mince and sage, of burning cobs, of new bread.

"Now come look, Betty," Mama Young said; "come look at the goose all stuffed and ready. See, she's all sewed up! Open the oven door for Grandma. Careful, careful, Sweet. Don't burn yourself."

"You can go down and fetch up the jelly and jam and pickles, if you want," Edna said to Phyllis.

"I'll go too and help fetch," Betty said, and ran to the cellar door.

"Take a pan, take a bake pan, to carry the stuff in," Mama Young said.

On the dark stairs, her hand in her mother's, Betty whispered over and over, "Fetch, fetch, fetch."

"What are you saying, dear?" Phyllis asked.

"I *think* I'm saying 'fetch,'" Betty said, "but I'm not sure. If you say a word a lot of times it gets bigger and bigger or it gets littler and littler and then it goes *out*. Doesn't it for you, Mother? You don't know if it's the word you started with, pretty soon. It sounds awful funny. Is 'fetch' really *fetch*, Mother?"

"Yes," Phyllis said; "we're going to fetch the jams and pickles and jelly. And let's find some piccalilli. There's a word for you."

Betty, at the foot of the cellar stairs, threw herself backward onto some sacks of potatoes and lay there, her arms spread wide, her eyes tight shut, saying piccalilli over and over.

"Get up," Phyllis said. "It's cold down here. Let's get the stuff, Betty."

Betty got up, and stretched to see the labels on the jam jars. "Well, it's a kind of *warm* cold, don't you think, Mother? It smells warm down here, don't you think?"

"I think you're going to take a nap after dinner," Phyllis said.

Betty turned and looked up at her mother with the quickly adjusted hurt look little girls give grown-ups when they find themselves alone in their childhood again after, for a moment, having shared it. "Yes, let's fetch the jams and stuff," she said brightly.

When they had filled the pan they went upstairs. Mama Young opened the door for them. "Well, would you look at *that!*" she said, raising her hands high for Betty's pleasure. "Did you pick and choose all those, Sweet?"

Betty had had enough of grown folks' ways. She nodded gravely and went into the dining room, to her table and dishes, and her doll.

"My, girls, we oughtn't to complain of anything," Mama Young said, "with a cellar full like this. It makes me a little ashamed, yes, it really does,

though goodness knows Edna and I worked hard enough putting the stuff up. I wish we could share it. Last year and other years, I sent good big boxes of jam and fruit and stuff to all Arch's nephews and to others; but this year, we just hadn't the mailing postage for it. They'll understand. The boxes to the church was all we did this year. Would you like to peel the potatoes now, Phyllis?"

"I'll peel them," Edna said, "and Phyllis can go set the table. We'll eat in the dining room to-day, won't we, and use the big cloth?"

"Yes, yes, of course," Mama Young said, "and you can fetch the tablecloth and napkins from the chest in my room, Phyllis. Edna did them up so nice. You're a wonderful ironer, Edna."

Edna sniffed her pleasure in the praise. "My mother was a good ironer," she said. Then, "We're going over there for New Year's day. We're going over to my brothers'."

"Your brothers?" Phyllis said.

"Why yes, I got folks," Edna said shortly. "I got five brothers, three of them still to home, batching. I want to go over and bake them up some stuff. All right if I take some can stuff?"

"Of course, of course," Mama Young said, "and take some chickens too, Edna. Bake them up some chickens before you go, why don't you? You'll take your boys along?"

"I guess so. My brothers like to have 'em. They like to tussle with 'em and take 'em hunting. There's no school till Monday after. They'd as well go along."

Phyllis went into Mama Young's room to get the big tablecloth and napkins. They were beautifully ironed and wrapped in blue tissue paper. How nice to think of Edna and her boys being away for even one day, for New Year's day! For a day or two she would not have to see Edna's lumpy shoulders and hear her voice—and the boys would be away. Little Betty would be free from their rough teasing. Maybe she would stay several days if she meant to do a lot of baking for her bachelor brothers. Maybe there, among her own people, was the place Edna bloomed. Maybe there she was really at home. Maybe it was terribly hard for Edna to live in the Young house and be the least loved of all.

Mama and Grandpa Young's room was a little like Phyllis's own with its bright quilts and braided rugs. The bed looked especially good. Phyllis wanted to get into it and go to sleep. She was tired, and the day barely under way.

When she came out to the dining room with the tablecloth she found that Mama and Grandpa Young had already widened the table, had put in the leaves. Old Grandma was excited by having her say about the day and about the meal. The cloth, careful as they were in laying it, was not quite "right with the world" and had to be lifted and laid again. Betty squealed with delight to see it billow when it was lifted.

"I'll bring holly from my trunk," Phyllis said and went into Old Grandma's room that had been hers and Ralph's and little Betty's room when they first came to the Young homeplace, to get the paper holly from a box in the trunk till.

Mama Young came in while she was still hunting for it. "Well, never mind it, Phyllis," she said. "Never mind if you can't find it. The food is pretty, alone, and the goose and cranberries and pickles and all make it kind of decorated. Anyway, the men and boys will be so hungry with all this skating they'll not notice much. They'll just want to *eat*." Mama Young laughed and looked away to the snowy windows.

"Why are you laughing?" Phyllis asked.

"Oh, I guess I'd be ashamed to say. Your looking for the holly for the table and me telling you not to mind brought something to my mind, that's all. It made me think of when I was first married."

"What?"

"Oh, just *that*. The hours and hours and yards of work I did to have my clothes pretty."

"And wasn't Grandpa pleased with them?"

Mama Young creased her apron in neat tucks. "Oh, I guess so," she said, "when he got around to it. Come on. I ought to be in the kitchen. The men'll be hungry."

"Hungry or no hungry," Phyllis said, "here's the holly, and they'll get that too, along with their meal, and they'd better like it."

"My, it sure looks nice," Grandpa Young said to his wife. "You set an awful good table, Mamie, you always have, in lean times and plenty. I don't know how you've managed, but you have."

"Well, I guess you weren't starved when you were a boy!" Old Granma Young bristled.

"I went down toward the river, walked part way down, this morning," Grandpa said, "and you know, Mamie, it was a funny thing. Those three boys of Tom's put me in mind of our three the Christmas I got their skates for 'em. And yet, there's *our* three too, grown and all well and hearty, skatin' along with 'em. Though, acourse, Tom's boys are closer together in size than our three were."

"Did you know, Phyllis," Mama Young said, "I guess I never told you, but we lost two little boys, between Tom and Ralph. I'll show you baby Archie's picture sometime. The other we didn't have taken, and how I wish we had! Oh dear."

"Well, that's the way it is," Old Grandma said. "I remember the boys you lost, Mamie. Just this last instant I recall one of them clear. Little fellow lyin' on my lap. I remember holding him just after you'd bathed him and you'd gone to fetch his gown, and so slippery on my knee. I could hardly hold him. I remember I said to you, 'Mamie, you'll never raise this child. He's too fair.' Well, that's the way it is. You lost two. I had nine, isn't that right, Son? I had nine, and I've lived to see them all laid away but Arch here. One I didn't see laid away. My youngest, George. And I can't lay him away in my mind, either. The door opens and I catch my breath. I think I'll look up and see him there. He went away to the Klondike. Aren't all my children gone but you, Arch? You and Mamie."

"Yes, Ma," Grandpa Young said. "Jim was the last, and Mamie here's my wife. She's not your child, Ma."

"Well, no matter. She's been long in the house. She's a good girl but a little contrary." The old woman looked wonderingly at Phyllis, making in her throat those troubled sounds she always made when her mind clouded again after a clear moment. "And who are you, child?" she asked. "I seem to remember you. Did you have a baby? You look young to be a mother. Why, you look like a young girl and your hand is so soft. Aren't you the one who has a little baby?"

"Not until spring, Grandma," Phyllis said, and stroked with her free hand the old hands that held hers.

"Well, then we've no business to talk like we been. We've no business to talk of death and hard times and trouble in front of you. This is one to be cherished, son. You tell whichever one of the boys' she is, Arch. She's not hardy."

Arch leaned toward his mother and put his hand on her shoulder. "It's

Christmas Day, Ma!" he yelled. "Today is Christmas!"

"Oh, yes, so they said," Old Grandma said. "I woke in my own bed. And are there bells? In Indiana there were always bells. We'd hear them of a morning. They had seven churches in that town and one would have served. Clear out in the country like we were, clear out to my Pa's place, we could hear the bells, clear out to the mill. Open the windows, Arch! Let's hear them. Silas and I we'd lean out the window. He was a fine boy. Cheeks like apples. Open the windows, Son."

"That's a good idea. It's warm in here," Mama Young said. "Let's open the window, Phyllis. You look sick, child. Are you all right?"

"How far along is she?" Old Grandma asked. "Two and a half months, I always said, is the hard time to get by. If you're going to miscarry you're most like to miscarry at two and a half months. I carried every one of my nine full time, myself. But I remember my Aunt Kate used to say—"

"It's stuck a little, with the frost, I guess," Mama Young said, working with the window. Phyllis helped her. When the window went up, Old Grandma from over by the stove breathed in as deeply as she could of the snowy air. "Good, good," she said.

Willa had come from upstairs and was standing, still in her pajama jacket, still with her hair uncombed, looking at the tree.

"Did you get a good sleep?" Phyllis asked. "Did you get your sleep out?"

"Yes," Willa said. Her eyes were very wide, very disappointed. "I sent away," she said in a high complaining voice, "I sent away and borrowed money and got Harvey a present, and he hasn't opened it. It's still here on the tree. I got him a present and Betty some dishes."

"She loves the dishes," Phyllis said. "She's played with them a lot this morning. Harvey didn't see your present, I guess. He'll find it when they come in. They're down on the river skating."

"He can go to hell," Willa said and went, sobbing, into her room.

"Oh dear," Mama Young said, "what's to be done? I try, but I don't know what to do for the girl. Should I go to her?"

"Leave her be," Old Grandma said. "You leave her be, Mamie. She's a stranger. That's all she is. George should have let the missionaries keep her. George meant well, I'm sure, but it was a mistake. George had the kindest heart in the family, but he was so headstrong. Bullheaded really."

"Come to the window," Phyllis said. "Come see them, Grandma Young. The men are coming. Come see, Betty. Daddy's coming, and all of them."

Mama Young came and little Betty, but Old Grandma, if she heard, preferred to stay by the stove.

"One, two, three, four, five, six!" Betty counted.

"How black they look in the snow!" Phyllis said. It was snowing so hard they could not see the fences. The three tall figures and the three small ones stood out sharply in the moving whiteness.

"You mustn't catch cold," Mama Young said to Phyllis. She drew her apron up round the girl's shoulders. "I think you've been a little feverish the whole morning. There's fever in your face. And your hair's full of snow."

"Well, are the bells ringing?" Old Grandma croaked. "If they're not, how'd you like to put down that window? You're chilling me to the bone. You seem to forget, Mamie, I'm an old woman."

Mama Young drew Phyllis away and

put down the window. "Now what'll we *do* with 'em, all over the hour until dinner's on the table?" she asked. "They'll take the place. Edna'll be so cross."

"Send 'em out to cut wood," Old Grandma said. "That's what my Pa used to say; but *there,* acourse we had the wood, in Indiana, and here we haven't. I can't get used to burning these cobs, no, not all the time I've lived in this country. A cob fire's a puny thing."

Little Betty came and leaned against her great-grandmother's side. She stood on tiptoe and put her mouth against the old woman's ear. "*Did* they, Grandma Young?" she whispered. "Did those angels sing Glory to God?"

"Why, acourse!" Old Grandma said. "Don't anybody read this child the Bible? Why yes, of course! The glory of the Lord shone round about them. That's what they sang, and Peace on Earth."

"Shall we go help Edna?" Phyllis asked Betty, and reached for her hand.

Ralph met them in the doorway, caught up his girl and swung her high and then rubbed his cold cheek against her neck. "Well, Pet," he said, "you having a good Christmas? Holy mackerel! All those presents *yours?* What are you going to call your doll?"

"Marjorie, I guess," Betty said.

"And how are you, Baby? Wish you'd gone along. How are you?"

"I'm fine," Phyllis said. "Only I feel a little giddy. I've felt a little giddy all morning."

"Well, you look all right. You look swell. Where'd you get that dress? I never saw this one before, did I?"

"Not very likely. I've only *had* it since before we were married."

"You don't say! Well—I guess you never wore it then."

A whining cry came from the kitchen, and Phyllis drew away from Ralph and looked at him searchingly, her lips tight-set. "Those boys are teasing Betty again," she said.

"Well, now, keep your shirt on, Honey. Don't get excited. They won't kill her. I'll go out there and see to them. It's Christmas, you know." There was tenderness under his mocking tone.

She leaned to him and he bent to kiss her mouth. "Merry Christmas, Baby," he said.

Beyond the safeness and strength of his touch Phyllis felt the whole house and the difference that was on it because of the day.

"Christmas *is* something," she said. "And thank you for the mirror. It's lovely."

Edna came by them with a heavy dish in her hand. She set the dish down on the table and stepped over by the tree and for an instant leaned above Betty's little table and looked down into the gift-mirror that was lying there. Then she moved heavily to the kitchen. In the instant of the door-swing Phyllis heard her mother-in-law singing clearly, above the sound of a cream-whip in a bowl: "All the bells on earth shall ring on Christmas Day in the morning."

BIOLOGY AND HUMAN PROGRESS

BY RAYMOND PEARL

In the great symphony of life there appear to be three, and only three, main basic biological themes, out of which come all the pleasant and harsh, simple and complex counter-melodies, harmonies, and dissonances of the business of living. These main basic themes are: The urge to individual personal survival here and now; the urge to reproduction; and variability, in its dual aspects, leading respectively to differences between individual organisms and differences in the same individual at different times in its life. And since we cannot imagine life or living things without taking into account the rest of the universe in which they exist, we must add the environment that conditions and in some degree determines all phenomena vital to our material for discussion. This corresponds roughly to the fiddles, flutes, horns, and other impedimenta not musical *per se* but without which a symphony would never reach the ears.

The urge to survival may fairly be regarded as the most fundamental attribute of living things. In its essence it is rather completely and uncompromisingly selfish. To the best of its ability, the individual organism so conducts its affairs as to continue living just as long as possible, regardless of what other organisms may do or think about it. When extinction threatens, every resource is brought to bear to fend it off. One is reminded of that speech of Brotteaux in *Les Dieux ont Soif*, perhaps the greatest novel Anatole France ever wrote. It is (I quote from Allinson's translation): "What I am doing now, the merit of which you exaggerate—is not done for any love of you; for indeed, albeit you are a lovable man . . . I know you too little to love you. Nor yet do I act so for love of humanity; for I am not so simple as to think . . . that humanity has rights. . . . I do it out of that selfishness which inspires mankind to perform all their deeds of generosity and self-sacrifice, by making them recognize themselves in all who are unfortunate, by disposing them to commiserate their own calamities in the calamities of others and by inciting them to offer help to a mortal resembling themselves in nature and destiny, so that they think they are succouring themselves in succouring him."

It may safely be said that whenever man curbs his primal urge to personal survival he does it for secondary reasons superimposed upon his natural, protoplasmic will-to-live. These reasons fall into two broad categories, of which the first amounts really to a more enlightened self-interest—that is to say a belief that for the present and until times get much worse it will be likely to conduce more effectively to individual survival to play along with and help one's neighbors in the crowd. The second category includes collectively social attitudes and behavior, that are, in essence, purposeful adaptations to the business of living together in a physically limited universe. In

most human beings these secondary social adaptations of behavior, such as kindness, forbearance, and general decency of conduct toward one's fellowmen, are still somewhat incomplete and imperfect, as clearly appears in times of stress or danger. And the extent to which the highest forms of human altruistic social adaptations have real and enduring survival values has yet to be measured. It can be argued with some plausibility that the reason they give the appearance of having some survival value, or at least of not being positively harmful, is because they became even comparatively widespread only during that recent portion of human history in which living has been relatively easy for nearly all mankind. In a world where getting a living was easy, altruistic social relations were correspondingly easy. Instances and localities of a real struggle for existence between individual men (other than during large-caliber wars or in the processes incident to the assumption of the "white man's burden") have been rare since the beginning of the nineteenth century. And few have ever seriously alleged that war is an altruistic enterprise; nor is it at all uncertain that the pleasures of "civilizing" backward peoples are, like those of condescension, singularly one-sided.

The urge to reproduce has as its more important consequences population growth, with its part in the struggle for existence and natural selection, and heredity with its concomitants, development and growth. For heredity is most clearly to be apprehended as an aspect of reproduction. Living things do not merely reproduce; they reproduce themselves. This makes it clear that, viewed philosophically, the urge to reproduction is part of the primal urge to survival. Naturally this self-reproductive process tends toward social as well as biological stability.

Genes are almost incredibly stable and resistant to alteration in the natural and usual circumstances of life. For something over fifteen years there has been going on in my laboratory a continuous experiment designed to test this point in a simple and direct way. This experiment has now included over 300 successive generations —perhaps the longest bit of controlled breeding ever carried out, with the results in each successive generation carefully observed and precisely recorded. Allowing 30 years as a round figure for the average duration of a human generation, the time equivalent in human reproduction of this experiment would be 9,000 years—considerably longer than the total span of man's even dimly recorded history. The objective of this experiment with the fruit fly *Drosophila* has been to see whether a simple Mendelian ratio involving but one character would or could be altered in the passage of time by such natural forces as selection, different systems of breeding (such, for example, as that called "grading up" by livestock breeders), and wide alterations of the environment nearly up to the limits of the organism's ability to go on living at all.

The net result of the experiment has been to show that the gene involved has preserved its initial characteristics unaltered. So also has the cellular mechanism for the shuffling and sorting of the genes in each generation. The demonstration of the inherent stability of the genic mechanism of heredity given by this experiment is extremely impressive. Analogous phenomena of organic stability are observed in nature. There are considerable numbers of firmly established instances of organisms living to-day that are specifically identical with their progenitors in earlier geological eras.

In human biology the conservative and stable element of true biological

heredity is supplemented and reinforced by what has been variously called "social heredity," or tradition, or the mores of the group to which the individual and his stirp belong. This is of course not inheritance at all in a proper biological sense. It is rather an environmental matter at bottom. A born Englishman transported to America as a child may, and in fact usually does, come as a man to think and act like an American. But to make him do this if he lives his whole life in England among the people of his kind would be virtually impossible. And it is a matter of statistical fact that vastly more human beings live out their lives not far from where they were born and among their kind of people than migrate or are transplanted into realms of other traditions and mores. The 1931 census of India showed that of the three hundred and fifty million five hundred thousand odd people listed by birthplace fewer than one million were living in places other than those in which they were born. In consequence of this stay-at-homeness of most human beings, "social inheritance" or tradition plays an enormous but usually underestimated part in determining their individual and collective behavior. Its effects have not infrequently been confused with those of true biological heredity. Masses of data have been collected to show that near relatives, particularly fathers and sons, frequently follow the same professions or callings. It is often quite erroneously concluded that such facts prove a biological inheritance of talent or ability, either in general, or for a particular calling, or both. Such data are inherently incapable of proving any such conclusion. The observations can be much more simply and satisfactorily accounted for in the main by the operation of the purely environmental factors of familial contact from childhood, training, easy opportunity of entrance, and the social pressure of tradition; in short by "social" not biological inheritance.

The power of self-started and self-controlled adaptability, which organisms possess and non-living machines do not, is a part of the general phenomenon of organic variability fraught with far-reaching social consequences. Organisms incessantly change and alter themselves to meet the fleeting changes in their circumstances. No living organism ever stays put. When it does it is dead, and in dying has passed into a wholly different category of matter.

The process goes even deeper than change and adaptability in behavior. The very material substance itself that makes up the living organism is constantly changing. What then does "personal identity" connote? What we are pleased to call the same identical man at the age of seventy years is composed of extremely little, if any, of the same material substance that was in him when he was twenty years old. Probably there is not a single molecule at seventy that was there at twenty. In the intervening years the only thing about him that has survived is his *pattern*, a sort of transcendental or spiritual wraith through which has flowed a steady stream of matter and energy. There is a profound truth embodied in Cuvier's old comparison of a living organism to a whirlpool. It is the pattern that is the essence of the business. It alone endures. And it is constantly altering and adapting itself to changing circumstances. Especially is this true and important of the psychological panel of the total pattern of the human organism.

The effective environment of any particular living organism is determined by the pattern of that organism just as truly as the pattern of the organism is, in part at least, determined by the environment. For a particular

man and for a group of similar men, but not for any mouse, the relative honesty of his banker and the urbanity of his dean are highly important elements in the effective environment. And what makes them so is not the bankishness of the banker or the deanishness of the dean, but the pattern of the particular man of whom we are speaking—a pattern not shared by the mouse. In short, the relation between organism and environment is everywhere and always mutually reciprocal, and as man is the most complicated and manifoldly diverse in his capabilities of all organisms, so also is his effective environment the most complicated.

More extensively and more effectively than any other organism he makes his own environment. He is constantly altering it in the hope of making it better. But such is the interplay of the contradictory biological elements in his nature that he dislikes and resists any alteration of his environment by anyone else than himself or the group of people similar to himself to which he belongs. The social and political consequences of these opposing attitudes are far-reaching and encompass within their range the greater part of our communal troubles in this imperfect world.

The full implications of the reciprocally determinative influences of organism and environment have not been generally adequately valued in the last century's development of biological thought. This is partly an obvious consequence of the trend given to biological philosophy by Darwin, Galton, Weismann, and Mendel, with their emphasis upon the entailed or endowed element in the whole biological picture. In human biology particularly the role played by heredity has come to take on many of the aspects of religious dogma. Indeed, it has been urged that eugenics should be overtly espoused and developed as a religion. And all this in a world where consciously planned and directed alterations of environmental conditions have had far-reaching and profound biological effects upon whole populations, not alone in the field of public health but in many others.

In truth science, perhaps in common with all other modes of human thought, has a seemingly ineradicable tendency to crystallize its temporarily successful philosophies into dogma and, having accomplished the crystallization, to proceed to the scourging of whatever skeptics and heretics may appear. Public-health workers sometimes display a religious attitude toward their achievements as intense as the crusading zeal of the eugenists for their dogmas. Only a few hardy souls throughout history and at the present time seem able to realize for longer than brief periods that new knowledge is engendered more often than in any other way out of skepticism by hard work, and that religious attitudes and modes of thought enlisted for however noble a purpose not only have nothing whatsoever to do with science, but are the most effective of all hindrances to getting new knowledge.

II

Let us now turn to the examination of some of the more conspicuous and far-reaching social consequences of the basic biological principles we have briefly reviewed. The three most obvious and important ones are that:

1. Man is enjoying better health and individually surviving longer than ever before, likes it, and intends to go farther along the same road.

2. He is vaguely conscious of being more crowded than ever before, and finds the various consequences of this crowding increasingly unpleasant, but chiefly because it threatens that en-

hanced survival which is his first and deepest biological concern.

3. Therefore, he is groping about to find ways to alleviate the progressive overcrowding and preserve the health and survival gains he has made; trying a great variety of experiments, some of which are sensible, others highly dubious, and a few completely idiotic.

For the sake of clarity these three statements need some expansion. The urge to survival is the ultimate biological motivating factor that has transferred the maintenance and improvement of health from an individual to a social concern. The gains in this field have been enormous. How enormous perhaps only a statistician can appreciate. This is not the place to go into the question of how they have been achieved. But the interesting thing about the case, broadly viewed, is that, without the abatement by a single bit of the basic individual selfishness in which the biological urge for survival is rooted, it has been perceived that it can be most effectively served so far as health is concerned by making a social matter of a great part of it. Assuring a pure water supply and innocuously disposing of the waste matters of living are things that the individual simply cannot do well. Society can. And the social progression of the urge to survival in the field of health is by no means at an end yet. In two directions we may confidently look forward to great further changes and advances in the rather immediate future. In the first place, whether we or the physicians like it or not, it seems clear that the maintenance and improvement of individual health is going to become more and more a social matter. The basic reasons are twofold, partly because of the continued normal evolutionary further growth of the same ideas and considerations that have brought us to where we are now regarding public health; partly because of economic and political considerations. The number of persons who at the present time get inadequate medical care because they cannot individually afford to pay for adequate (and lacking it endanger other peoples' health) is so large that as a group they are already in a position politically to demand and get necessary medical service, and may reasonably be counted upon shortly to do so. In the second place it seems reasonable to suppose that advances in medical science are going to continue. The past seventy-five years—an excessively small fraction of mankind's earthly history—have witnessed more progress in knowledge of disease and its effective treatment and prevention than was made in all the time that went before. And, objectively viewed, the rate of advance in medical discovery seems plainly to be accelerating rather than slowing.

Turning now to the consideration of the social consequences of the urge to reproduce, it is immediately to be noted that the growing consciousness of overcrowding—too many people in the world for comfort—is not the resultant of such simple matters as lack of space in which to build dwellings or to move about, or of inability to produce food enough to satisfy the collective hunger. It is true that the total number of living human beings on the globe at this moment has passed the two billion mark. But the gross land area of the globe is about thirty-five billion acres, so that on an equal parcelling each individual man, woman, and child would have over seventeen acres. If the total population of the earth were to be forcibly put upon the smallest of the continents —Australia—there would still be, on an equal division, well over an acre for each individual. Similarly relative to food, whatever trouble there is relates to distribution rather than to production. Such famines as now occur hap-

pen not because there is not enough food produced to feed everyone, but because the complex economic mechanism of getting it to the hungry works imperfectly.

The social consequences of population growth present a much more subtle and complicated problem than mere space or food. The suggestion just made that the total land area of the globe might be equally divided per head of population is an obviously fantastic one, with only sterile arithmetic meaning. Not all the land is equally useful for sustaining human life either directly or indirectly. Some of it is of no use whatever. And this brings us to the crux of the population problem, which is that each unit of the population must somehow or other *get its living*. All other forms of life except man get their living by one or the other or a combination of two direct ways. These are either by preying upon other living things, plant or animal, or by directly converting inorganic materials into living substance. Man to-day gets his living by indirect processes conveniently labelled economic. In the main he is employed in doing things which he can trade with somebody else for the requisites for living. The population of the world has now become so large, and the discoveries and applications of science have made the producing of the things that can be traded so much easier than it used to be, that great numbers of people all over the world find themselves unable to get a living by this process that was formerly so relatively simple. The rapid development of the industrial type of civilization in the nineteenth century made the gloomy prophecies of Malthus at its beginning look silly. The population grew at a tremendous pace when he thought its growth would be checked by want and misery. And people, by and large, were having a grand time while their number was increasing, because they were experiencing the enormous improvements in the physical comforts of living that came with the advance and applications of science. But these very factors, plus the enhanced survival rate coincident with the development of public health, caused the ugly specter of unemployment to rear itself higher and higher until it has now become the most serious problem that humanity faces.

At this point it is to be noted that in modern civilization, as a normal consequence of the relation of individual man's biology to his age, approximately 50 per cent of all human beings have to earn the livings not only of themselves but also the major part of that of the other 50 per cent. Man develops slowly. Children are incapable of earning their own livings before they are about 15 years old and have passed approximately a sixth of their total life span and between a third and a fourth of their average life duration. At the other end of life, the support of the great majority of human beings over 50 years of age must come in whole or in considerable part either from the efforts of the active workers between 15 and 50 or from what they themselves were able to save while they were in their productively efficient ages. In practically all countries the sum of the numbers of persons under 15 and of those over 50 is almost exactly equal to the number of those between 15 and 50 years of age. But over and above this burden, that may fairly be called a normal biological one, the world's workers are now called upon to support the unemployed. No small part of the unemployed are so because they are unemployable—not sufficiently fit and able in a biological sense to make an honest living in a world organized as this one is. These unfit organisms are kept alive by the rest of society for no realistically de-

monstrable reason other than that they were once born, and by being born somehow placed upon the rest of mankind what has gradually come to be regarded as a permanently binding obligation to see that they do not die. The remainder of the unemployed are so because there are too many fit, able, and employable people in the world to do the necessary world's work, the aggregate amount of which has been, is being, and will continue to be steadily reduced by discoveries and improvements in the sciences and arts.

Mankind is trying in several ways to meet this situation. The first and in the long run perhaps the most important way is by reducing its reproductive rate through the practice of birth control. It has been seriously alleged and with at least some justification, that even the admittedly imperfect technics of contraception as they are now known constitute the most important biological discovery ever made. While historians of the subject attempt to show that the practice of contraception is almost if not quite as ancient as man's recorded history, actually the birth rates of large population aggregates did not begin to be sensibly affected by it until roughly the last quarter of the nineteenth century; that is to say, since the beginning of the rapid development of the highly organized, integrated, and urbanized industrial type of civilization. At the present time the effects of contraception on the birth rate are plainly apparent over large and leading parts of the world's population, and are growing at a rather rapid rate.

The practice of birth control is a thoroughly sound, sensible, and in the long run effective method of meeting the problem consequent upon the biological urge to reproduction operating in a universe of definitely limited size. The only objection of importance that can be urged against it is that it has led to an unfavorable differential fertility. The socially and economically more fortunate classes of mankind have practiced contraception more regularly, frequently, and effectively than the less fortunate social and economic classes, with consequently reduced reproductive rates. It is contended by some that this has brought about a steady deterioration and degeneration of man as a species, and will continue to do so until all progress is stopped. After prolonged study of the matter it is my opinion that the alleged detrimental consequences of this class differential fertility upon the aggregate biological and social fitness and worth of mankind, while doubtless present in some degree, have probably been exaggerated in the reformer's zeal to make his case.

This is not the place, nor is there space, to state and document all the reasons that have led me to this view. But there are certain considerations that must be mentioned because they have been so consistently overlooked or suppressed. The first is the tacit assumption that lies at the very root of the argument. This assumption is that, generally speaking and with negligible exceptions, the more fortunate social and economic classes are in that position because they are composed of not only mentally, morally, and physically, but also genetically superior people. But it may be alleged with at least equal truth that these very persons who are regarded as mentally, morally, and physically superior are that way in no small part only because they and their forebears have been fortunate socially and economically. The vast majority, in absolute numbers, of the most superior people in the world's history have in fact been produced by mediocre or even in many cases inferior forebears; and furthermore, the admittedly most superior folk have in the main been singularly

unfortunate in their progeny, again considering absolute numbers. It is true that the evidence indicates that superior persons tend to produce on the average a somewhat higher proportion (per hundred or per thousand) of superior children than do more mediocre folk. But even this proportion is not so much higher as eugenic propaganda tends to make people ignorant of the statistical facts believe it to be. It is possibly a good idea to get genetically superior people to have larger families if you can persuade them (though experience shows that this is not easy to do). But eugenic policies that propose to curtail differentially the reproductive performance of average run-of-mine humanity had best be cautiously embarked upon.

Naturally it is to be understood that what has been said does not refer to the problem of the really biologically defective and degenerate members of society. There the eugenic position is sound and admirable in principle. The breeding of such people must be stopped, and by compulsory measures. Voluntary birth control will not help appreciably to the solution of the problem, for the persons concerned are not of a sort to make effective use of contraception. If all the contraceptive technics in the world were made fully available to them they would still go on breeding.

One final point and I shall have done with this phase of our subject. It is a curious fact that at every stage of man's history from at least the time of Plato—and indeed of Theognis of Megara a century before that—there have been those who were just as certain as are some present-day eugenists, and just as deeply grieved, that mankind was going rapidly to the dogs because the right kind of people were not breeding enough and the wrong kind of people were breeding too much. Perhaps men are nearer the dogs now than they were in the Alexandrian age; but I venture to doubt it. The evidence seems to me overwhelming that mankind is, on an average, mentally, morally, and physically much superior to-day to what it was when Socrates died.

III

So much for birth control and the eugenic objections to its alleged consequences. We turn now to the most ineffective, cruel, and altogether foolish large-scale method by which society tries periodically to ameliorate the consequences of the biological urge to reproduction, namely war. If this characterization is reasonably in accord with reality why do we go on having wars? The reason has been stated with precision by a clear thinking human biologist, C. C. Walker, in the following words:

> The natural striving after security by one people, that is to say, its natural endeavors to exist, must affect the security of other peoples. Because when a people endeavors to ensure its existence, by reason of it automatic reactions to the problems connected with food-supply, security, and social stability, its endeavors will conflict with the strivings of other peoples who are also subject to the same environmental problems. Each people is only trying to exist. When a people considers that its existence is threatened by a particular environment . . . to such an extent that no adaptation to the environment will suffice, it is forced to attempt to alter that environment. But other people may consider that any alteration of that environment affects its own existence. The result is war.

Is there any reason to suppose that this biologically natural process, with its characteristic of almost rhythmic recurrence, will ever come to an end? It seems to me there can be such a hope only in the long—very, very long—run. And the only reason I can see for even this deferred hope is the already great and rapidly increasing ease, speed, and cheapness of transportation and com-

munication between all parts of the world. The slow but steady and sure biological effect of easy getting about will inevitably be more and more interbreeding, with a gradual lessening of the racial and national differences between human beings. In the far-off end all mankind will presumably be a rather uniform lot; all looking, thinking, and acting pretty much the same way, like sheep. Just in proportion as racial and national differentials diminish so will the frequency of wars diminish. But the diminution seems likely to be at a fearfully slow rate. And a low cynic might suggest that even war, horrid and stupid as it is, would be preferable to that deadly uniformity among men toward which we are slowly but surely breeding our way.

Society here and abroad is just now experimenting with a whole series of internal readjustments that are being forcibly imposed upon temporarily dazed but always adaptable populations, in the hope that out of them will come a real and permanent solution of the problem that man's urge to reproduction has saddled upon us. All of these experiments appear to fall into a few simple categories when realistically examined. They all stem from and put into practice one or the other of two ideas, neither of which finds unqualified support in the science of biology. The first of these ideas is that it is best to let one individual in a group run the group's affairs; permanently, absolutely, and without interference, on the philosophy that averaged opinion and averaged action are as stupid, inefficient, and unreal as an average egg is innutritious. The other and opposite idea is that it is best to have the whole group run the business as a whole, allowing no individual any powers except as a merely mechanical executor of the group's will, on the philosophy that no individual is really superior to another and that, therefore, in averaged opinion and action wisdom alone resides. In their practical implementation, performance, and effects both ideas turn out to be singularly alike. Both alike scorn the intermediate idea of true democracy. And finally both attempt to solve the problem that is pestering the world by a simple procedure universally regarded as criminal when practiced by an individual. It is that the more abundant life is to be assured to a too abundant people by stealing goods from the prudent and efficient and then giving them to the imprudent and inefficient. Since there are always a great many more of the latter kind of people than of the former, this turns out temporarily to be the most effective political device ever heard of. Whether it will prove to be so permanently is less certain.

Adaptable as man is, there are, nevertheless, elements of conservative stability in his biological make-up whose roots go back to the very beginning of his evolution. And in that perfect state of society envisaged by our major prophets, where "economy of plenty" will assure, as we are told, that no one will have to work *much* for a living, and where the higher philosophy that holds "human rights above property rights" (without perhaps clearly understanding what it means by either) assures that in any event everybody shall be kept alive at public expense whether he works or not, is there not the barest possibility that there might appear a somewhat general inclination on the part of the more intelligent members of the group to opt for the philosophy rather than for the communal work (however slight in amount)? If anything like this should happen might not the economy of plenty some day find itself once again in a parlous state of unplenty? Not being myself a dependable

prophet, I venture no answer. But in any case, and regardless of details, it is difficult to convince a biologist that a social philosophy will endure for any great length of time that deliberately and complacently loads upon the always weary backs of the able and fit an evergrowing burden. If there is one thing certain in the science of biology it is that no species or variety of plant or animal has long survived that was intrinsically incapable of making its own living. There is somewhere a biological limit to altruism, even for man. A large part of the world to-day gives the impression that it is determined to find the exact *locus* of that limit as speedily as possible.

IV

Up to this point the discussion has been of the social consequences of firmly established biological principles. In what regions of biology may there be expected with some confidence developments new in principle and with important implications for human behavior, thought, and social relations? The advances in the field of genetics, which has to a considerable degree dominated biological thought during nearly a half century and will probably continue to for some time yet, will inevitably have an increasing influence on human affairs as the meaning of its advances is better understood. But this influence seems on the whole likely to be more of a negative than positive character—a matter of avoidances, taboos, and prohibitions rather than of positive contributions to human biological progress. Heredity represents the entailed side of biology—things given—about which it is extremely difficult really to do anything effective in the face of other compelling elements of human life and living, especially those elements belonging in the psychobiological realm.

It seems probable that advances likely to be made in physiology and psychobiology may profoundly alter human affairs and outlooks in the not very distant future, and particularly in the direction of the greater release and more effective control of the energies and potentialities of man (and of other living things at will). In recent years the investigations and deductions of the psychiatrists, endocrinologists, and psychobiologists have thrown a beginning glimmer of real light upon the underlying biological bases of the activities and conduct of living things, and especially of man. We are beginning to understand in some detail how conduct, normal and abnormal, moral and immoral, is the expression of "animal drives" or urges—rather than of either free will or terrestrial and heavenly precepts. It does not seem extravagant to expect that as this understanding broadens and deepens, ways may be found to bring it about that men will act somewhat more intelligently and less harmfully in politics, business, society, religion, and elsewhere generally, than they sometimes have in the past. The ever-widening and deepening flow of biological knowledge is plainly furnishing a solid scientific groundwork for a philosophy of life based on releases, in contradistinction to the philosophy of life based upon inhibitions and prohibitions that has so long held us enthralled. I am not unaware that current political philosophies in various parts of the world look backward in this regard, and insist on more prohibitions and regimentations. But nature is never in a hurry. And that odd bird the Blue Eagle was much shorter lived than even the poorest dinosaur.

This current trend of biology of which we have just been speaking has many different aspects. There are some who will recall the widespread interest and discussion stirred up many

years ago by an essay of the late William James entitled "The Energies of Men." It dealt with the release of normally untapped and unsuspected potentialities of men under certain conditions, sometimes those of shock and stress, sometimes under the impulsion of the will. Examples were given of men who, though enfeebled by poor health, performed feats of strength that would tax the finest athlete when they encountered conditions that demanded such a performance.

Another angle of the same general problem is being explored in the laboratory. We have experimented with seedlings grown under very exactly controlled conditions such that all the matter and energy for growth and living (save for water and oxygen) come from the food materials stored in the embryonic leaves of the seed planted, which themselves are an integral part of the plant. Under these experimental conditions the seedling goes through a complete life cycle of sprouting, growth, adulthood, old age, and eventual death. This life cycle corresponds quantitatively very closely to the normal life cycle of the plant in the field, except that it is greatly compressed and foreshortened in time. By appropriate aseptic surgical procedures we have removed carefully measured parts of the stored food resources of the cantaloupe seeds we have used, and then observed the relative performance of such mutilated seedlings as compared with the normal controls in respect of growth and duration of life. The net result is to demonstrate that the mutilated plants grow much larger and live many times longer as compared with the normal controls than they would be expected to in proportion to the amount of matter and energy for living available to them after the operation. The operated seedlings utilized their available food resources much more effectively than the normal plant does. It is as though an inhibitor had been removed, freeing potentialities for more adequate expression.

The possibilities suggested by these experiments seem far-reaching, though admittedly the exploration of the field has only just begun. Work in this direction on plants and lower animals may result in such an understanding of the physiology of releasing normally inhibited biological potentialities as to enable man to unleash effectively and usefully more of his own energies.

In the field of human biology the admitted and crying need is for adequate synthesis of existing knowledge. It is an obvious truism that we know more in detail about the biology of man than about that of any other organism. Anatomists, physiologists, anthropologists, psychologists, sociologists, and economists have by analytical methods piled up a body of detailed information about man that is literally colossal. But what does it all *mean* for humanity? Every thoughtful person will admit that there is a kind of moral necessity to go forward in the attempt to get a better and more comprehensive understanding of the whole nature of man. The material, mechanized civilization he has evolved may easily become a monster to destroy him unless he learns to comprehend, develop, and control his biological nature.

The bulk of scientific effort is, and always has been, directed towards analysis unaccompanied by synthesis. Scientific men have mainly left it to philosophers and literary men to be the synthesizers of their data, shirking the task themselves with a few notable exceptions, of whom perhaps the greatest was a biologist, Charles Darwin. But analysis at best only furnishes knowledge, while synthesis may lead to wisdom. And mankind sorely needs more wisdom right here and now!

SHOOT TO KILL?

A NOTE ON THE G-MEN'S METHODS

BY HOWARD McLELLAN

THE most recent applications of the police doctrine of "shoot on sight and shoot to kill" were the annihilation last September of the young New Orleans surgeon who assassinated Senator Huey P. Long and the killing a few weeks later of a New Jersey farm woman by deputy sheriffs seeking to serve upon her husband a court order citing him for contempt. They were horrifying examples of the application of a doctrine which has been translated into deadly action many times during the past few years, at a cost which has been lost sight of in the melodramatic atmosphere which surrounds the taking of human life by violent means.

There is, for instance, the case of the unlamented John Dillinger. In doing away with him the doctrine of shoot on sight and shoot to kill was translated into action by officers of the government with wide approval from the public. But of the costly aftermath no reckoning has been made.

No doubt about it, Dillinger was a bad man. Public approval was vociferously bestowed upon the government police agent who gave the signal to kill him outside the little motion-picture theater on Chicago's north side. Branded as America's Public Enemy Number One, after Alphonse Capone of the same city had forfeited his right to the title by being convicted of an income-tax evasion, Dillinger had become a symbol of diabolical evil in human form; and when news reels flashed upon the screen photographs of his bullet-pierced body audiences manifested their hate of him and their approval of his slayers by shrieks, clapping of hands, whistling, and stamping of feet—somewhat as audiences in Roman amphitheaters expressed themselves when Christians were thrown to the lions. The hero of these demonstrations, the antithesis of Public Enemy Number One, was a little, square-jawed man (and a lawyer, by the way) named Melvin H. Purvis, who was special agent-in-charge of the Chicago office of the United States Department of Justice. Mr. Purvis had not actually fired at Dillinger. His twelve or fifteen men had done the firing. Mr. Purvis had merely clenched his hand and the firing had begun. But that was enough to make him Public Hero Number One.

In giving the signal to kill Dillinger, Agent Purvis was acting under the doctrine of "shoot on sight and shoot to kill" which had been enunciated not only by many responsible high police officials but also by his superiors in the Department of Justice. His immediate chief, J. Edgar Hoover (also a lawyer), had publicly stated that the policy of his Division of Criminal Investigation was "Act first, talk afterward," and "to shoot straight and get the right man." Joseph B. Keenan, Assistant Attorney General, had publicly stated,

when the Department set out to get Dillinger, "I don't know when or where we will get him (Dillinger) but we will get him and I hope we get him under such circumstances that the government will not have to stand the expenses of a trial." When Homer S. Cummings, the Attorney General, was told of the killing of Dillinger, he said to the press, "The news of to-night is exceedingly gratifying as well as reassuring." Even such an able and long-experienced lawyer as Mr. Cummings did not pause to consider what eventually would be the cost of endorsing the shoot-on-sight doctrine.

It is true that great provocation stirred these representatives of official justice. A special agent of their department had been slain in a battle with desperadoes in the Wisconsin woods. But that killing had not been attributed to Dillinger. Mr. Hoover had publicly charged the slaying to George "Babyface" Nelson, said to have been an associate of Dillinger's. Then, it will be asked, for what crime did the Department of Justice want Dillinger? Here it is necessary to emphasize a fact brought out by only one observer, Turner Catledge, Washington correspondent for the *New York Times,* who wrote, "Not a single word of complaint has reached Washington about Department of Justice agents stretching the Constitution when they drilled a couple of holes in John Dillinger last Sunday night. . . . Nevertheless, Dillinger's only known Federal offense was the transportation in interstate commerce of a stolen automobile. For this the offender is seldom shot on the spot. When Federal bullets dropped him to Chicago pavements he (Dillinger) was not in an automobile."

You probably will remark, "Why, Dillinger had robbed banks and killed people!" He had done both; but Federal laws making it a felony to rob national or Federal Reserve banks and making it a capital crime to kill a Federal officer had been passed in May, 1934; Dillinger's crimes against national banks had been committed previously, and the law could not be retroactively applied to him. And as to the murder of the Department of Justice agent in Wisconsin, that also had been committed before the passage of the law which put it under Federal jurisdiction; and, for another thing, Mr. Hoover attributed that crime to Nelson. Thus, as a matter of strictly legal reasoning, the only crime Dillinger had committed against Federal statutes was the minor offense of transporting a stolen automobile across State lines, and, as Mr. Catledge wrote, for that the offender is seldom shot on the spot. "But," he added, "the Federals got him and they are out to get more of his ilk, dead or alive, on whatever pretexts they can invoke the majesty of the United States Government."

Let no one now be aroused to pity by the suspicion that Dillinger was unjustifiably slain; that the powerful Federal government resorted to pretext to enforce the doctrine of shoot on sight and shoot to kill. He was an out-and-out bad man. The question to be considered is not whether there was a possible violation of the due process clause of the Constitution, or a possible violation of the principle of State Rights, by agents of the Department of Justice, but rather what was gained or what was lost by shooting Dillinger on sight.

II

Dillinger's record may be divided into two periods: the period when no order to shoot him on sight had been given out, and the later period when such an order was widely in effect. The first period finds him credited with five hold-ups between September, 1924, and September, 1933. But no killings

were involved in these crimes. Moreover, these crimes were never proved against him. They were merely *credited* to him by peace officers, and there is a vast difference between crimes credited to a man by the police and crimes proved in a court of law. Frequently police officers credit a man with crime which cannot be proved in court.

In September, 1933, Dillinger was captured and held in jail in Lima, Ohio, and escaped when confederates of his killed the sheriff. Though he was the cause of this killing, Dillinger was not credited with it and others were jailed and tried for the murder. Thus in the early part of his criminal career Dillinger was not credited with killings.

During the period from October, 1933, to December 13, 1933, he was credited with five hold-ups, two of which were raids upon police stations for the sole purpose of procuring guns and ammunition. Although policemen were in the station houses when the raids were made, supposedly by Dillinger and his gang, no policemen were shot. On December 13, 1933, according to the record of crimes credited to Dillinger, he and his gang robbed a Chicago bank but shot no one.

Up to this time Dillinger had given scant attention to Chicago banks. This may have been because Chicago was the domain of crime overlords who had deadly ways of eliminating competition by outside bandits. At any rate, immediately after the Chicago bank robbery the police of that city publicly announced their determination to kill Dillinger and his allies on sight.

In view of the history of crime in Chicago, this order to shoot on sight and shoot to kill was rather unusual. So far as we know, Dillinger had not committed murder; and during all the time that Alphonse Capone was in power in Chicago and no less than one hundred and twenty-seven murders were credited to him, no such order had ever been given the police to kill Capone on sight.

On the night that the order to kill Dillinger and members of his gang on sight was published they descended upon a roadhouse near Chicago, held it up, and shot and wounded two highway policemen. A day or so later, John Hamilton, a Dillinger henchman, was cornered by the Chicago police but shot his way out of the trap and killed Police Sergeant William T. Shanley. Six days later Edward Shouse, another Dillinger aide, shot and killed an Indiana State policeman. These killings of police officers were undoubtedly the answer of Dillinger and his men to the order to shoot them on sight; for although on two previous occasions they had raided police stations and officers were present, there had been no casualties among the officers.

Then, on the night of January 15, 1934, Patrolman William P. O'Malley was talking with a friend near the First National Bank in East Chicago when he was shot and instantly killed. O'Malley was utterly unaware that the bank was being robbed, but such was the fact. The robbery and murder were again credited to Dillinger and his men. It should be quite obvious why O'Malley was shot. Although he was not aware of the robbery, he was a minion of the law, and thus to Dillinger and his aides was a man who at any moment might fire at them.

One begins to discern the cost in lives of the doctrine of shoot to kill. Two officers wounded and three killed within a few weeks after the order went out, and none of Dillinger's crew either shot or killed!

Immediately after the killing of O'Malley the shoot-to-kill cry was raised in States adjacent to Illinois.

In Cleveland, Ohio, the police rigged up a target in a basement and, as a daily routine, indulged in pistol and rifle practice. The target was a life-size photograph of Dillinger's face. Dillinger probably knew about this, for a photograph of the officers shooting at his face was widely published.

However, in distant Tucson, Arizona, no order to kill Dillinger and his men had gone forth. Yet in that small city the police rounded up Dillinger, his men, and their women, without the firing of a shot! As a matter of fact the desperadoes had left their guns behind in their hotel apartment. No order to kill them on sight had been broadcast in Arizona. Dillinger was rather chagrined about having been picked up by a bunch of hick cops.

Taken back to his home State, Indiana, Dillinger was confined in the Crown Point county jail. It is interesting to note the observations about his credited record which Dillinger made in confinement.

"Let them prove I'm guilty," he said. "Don't the law consider a guy innocent until he's proven guilty? Well, I'm innocent, but it looks like I'll get the works though. They got me charged with everything from strangling goldfish to stealing the socks off a blind man. Why, they've even got me tagged with bank jobs I couldn't have committed. Two and three bank jobs in different States at about the same hour on the same day when I couldn't have been in all the places at the same hour."

This, of course, was the sort of display of bravado usually made by criminals when captured, or at least so it was regarded; but the fact remains that almost every important robbery committed in the Middle West had been credited to Dillinger and some of them it would have been impossible for him to commit.

Dillinger was asked to elucidate his statement that it looked as if he would "get the works." He explained that he meant that the order was out to shoot and kill him.

On March 3, 1934, Dillinger made a sensational escape from Crown Point jail, taking with him as hostages, a fellow-prisoner, a deputy sheriff, and a garage attendant. Dillinger effected his escape by using a wooden pistol which he had fashioned from a washboard and had blackened with stove or shoe polish. It is said, however, that Dillinger's confederates on the outside paid twenty thousand dollars to aid him in getting away. It was this escape which led to the publication of a photograph showing Dillinger with his arm over the shoulder of the county prosecutor and the prosecutor's arm round Dillinger's shoulder, while the lady sheriff in charge of the jail looked on, smiling blandly. It is worthy of mention that when the lady sheriff found that her dangerous prisoner had fled she announced that if she ever laid eyes on him she would shoot him down.

The shoot-to-kill order still stood against Dillinger and all who had been associated with him. A few days after the break from Crown Point the Negro convict who had escaped with Dillinger was killed in Michigan, but an undersheriff also was killed—the fourth officer to lose his life since the shoot-to-kill command had been broadcast. About this time the Federal Department of Justice became interested in Dillinger. At some time during his travels he had crossed State lines in a stolen car, and that was a Federal offense. On the front pages of newspapers there were many references to the great activity of the Department's agents at target practice.

The first appearance of these agents in the Dillinger chase was in St. Paul, when they appeared at an apartment and were greeted by the deadly rattle of machine guns. They returned the

fire. Dillinger was wounded and his companion, Eugene Green, was fatally wounded, but both escaped. A few days later Dillinger appeared in a surgeon's office, leveled his gun at him, and forced the surgeon and a nurse to give him medical treatment.

In the meantime agents of the Department of Justice were being massed for the hunt. In spite of the fact that the Federal government was now after him, Dillinger appeared in his home town in Indiana and visited his father. Next Dillinger was heard of in a summer resort in northern Wisconsin, where it was reported he had gathered with his gang and a notorious Middlewest desperado, Lester M. Gillis, alias George Babyface Nelson. Federal agents surrounded his hiding-place and there was a fierce battle in which Agent W. Carter Baum and a CCC worker were killed and two civilians, a constable, and a Federal agent were wounded. The gang escaped.

There was criticism of the strategy of the Justice agents for not having taken into their confidence the local police who were familiar with the section; for failing to watch the back door of the inn, through which the desperadoes escaped; and for failing to erect a barrier against escape at a bridge (which it was said the local police might have helped them to do).

Dillinger was not credited with the killing of Agent Baum. Nelson was singled out as the man who had committed the murder. The score of dead now stood: five peace officers killed since the shoot-to-kill order, and one civilian also killed, making six dead in all. And Dillinger and his chief lieutenants were still at large.

Incensed over the slaying of one of its agents and the wounding of another, the Department of Justice threw additional men into the search and offered a substantial reward for Dillinger *dead or alive;* and Assistant Attorney General Keenan, who no doubt had ample provocation for feeling as he did about it, made the statement that he hoped Dillinger would be taken in such a way that the Government would be spared the cost of a trial.

The search for Dillinger came to an end outside the little neighborhood motion-picture theater in North Chicago on the night of July 22, 1934, when Chief Agent Purvis gave the signal to his twelve or fifteen men to drop him.

The hunt for Babyface Nelson continued. In December, 1934, the Department of Justice got a tip that Nelson was heading for a house near Barrington, Illinois. Among the agents who went after him were Samuel Cowley and Herman Hollis. Cowley and Hollis both had been present at the execution of Dillinger. Hollis, it is said, had fired the shot which dropped Dillinger. Both men were young law school graduates. They displayed no lack of courage when they went up to the house near Barrington where Nelson was believed to be hiding. But this brave act cost both agents their lives, for Nelson met their approach with gunfire. Nelson himself was wounded and his body was later found wrapped in a blanket. Cowley and Hollis had been told to give Nelson no quarter and he likewise gave them no quarter, knowing that his pursuers were out not to capture him but to kill him.

III

Dillinger and Nelson were dead—but what of the cost in lives of peace officers? It was war of course, but what shall we say of a strategy of war based upon the principle of giving three lives for one of the enemy's? No criticism of the acts of Agents Baum, Cowley, and Hollis is intended. They were acting not only under orders to

get Nelson dead or alive but also in defense of their own lives. It is the shoot-to-kill doctrine which I am questioning.

And here arises another question. Were the processes of justice aided either by the death of Nelson or the death of Dillinger? It should be borne in mind that both desperadoes were *credited* with long lists of crimes. It is said they were linked with vast underworld machines, that they were aided and abetted by crooked politicians, and that each of them possessed intimate and exact knowledge of the extensive ramifications of underworld systems responsible for the many robberies and kidnappings and much political corruption in the Middle West. Many of these crimes remain unsolved or only partially solved. As soon as Nelson and Dillinger were killed all the crimes with which they were credited were presumably cleared up and closed. Some twenty-five crimes credited to Dillinger were disposed of by his death, and many more were disposed of by Nelson's death.

It is a common practice among the police automatically to consider crimes closed when the man credited with them is killed or dies by his own hand. Thus when Legs Diamond was shot by enemies the crimes with which Diamond had been credited were automatically wiped off the slate. Only the other day a young gunman was arrested for a murder and when he was found hanged in his cell the police announced that he had been *credited* with no less than a hundred murders, though none had been proved against him.

A few years ago a former Texas Ranger ended with a machine gun the careers of two desperate Southwest characters, Clyde Barrow and his "moll," Bonnie Parker. "They were responsible for no less than nineteen murders," he announced. Those murders had not been proved against them; any associates they may have had were still at large; yet it was considered that the majority of those credited murders were cleared up and the cases closed. It is true that the Department of Justice did an excellent job of sending away a ring of conspirators who had aided Barrow and the girl in their escapes, but it had to do so without the aid of the two principals who might have been forced to divulge much more information regarding murders and robberies and underworld alliances. Likewise it is true that the Department of Justice did splendid work rounding up some of Dillinger's confederates. But it by no means uncovered all the valuable information it might have presented in court if Dillinger and Nelson, the principals in the crimes, had been brought to trial.

It would have been highly valuable, as an aid to the study of modern crime and as a guide for future police action in dealing with criminals and their rings, to have been able to force from Dillinger or Nelson statements about their careers, their methods, and the means by which they were able to hide so long. With both of them dead, the possibility of such an exploration was eliminated.

There is yet another aspect of the practice of disposing of criminals by the shoot-to-kill method. Suppose you were a criminal who had actually committed one or more of the crimes credited to a dead criminal, would you rejoice and feel emboldened to continue in crime when you found that the crimes you had committed were credited to a dead man and that his death meant that the police would drop their investigations of those crimes? To this query there is the suggestion of an answer in the fact that bank robberies in the very belt where Dillinger and Nelson operated were not halted by their deaths. As many,

if not more, crimes of robbery have been committed in that belt since then. Committed perhaps by imitators of the dead bandits? If this be so then the extermination of Dillinger and Nelson did not prove a deterrent.

IV

Now, you may ask, what should I do? It is all very well for me to sit pounding at my typewriter at a safe distance. What should I do—have officers risk their lives to capture, alive, known killers who might very likely be set free by weak-kneed juries won over by slick lawyers? To this I frankly reply that I wouldn't for the world want to be in the shoes of any peace officer, or civilian for that matter, who is after a criminal over whose head hangs an order to shoot to kill. The mortality rate is too high.

Or I might point, with considerable assurance, to the Department of Justice's fine job of disposing of the live robber and kidnapper known as Machine Gun Kelly. Not a shot was fired to take this notorious criminal whose skill with a machine gun was so great that he frequently shot his initials in barns with his gun. Kelly was taken alive, and what probably amounts to the most thorough clean-up of a big criminal gang was accomplished by the Department of Justice when it sent to prison not only Kelly and his gang but all the conspirators, some twenty in all, even those who merely had touched the ransom money. This happened in 1933 and the Government prosecutor who did the splendid job, in court, was none other than Joseph B. Keenan, the assistant Attorney General who later was to broadcast the not unfulfilled hope that Dillinger would be taken in a way that would save the Government the expense of a trial.

Kelly, who had robbed banks right and left, was wanted by Oklahoma authorities as a ringleader in the kidnapping of Charles F. Urschel, from whose relatives was extorted, under threats of death, a ransom of $250,000. In Memphis, Tennessee, the local police were advised that Kelly and his wife were living in a bungalow in that city. Police detectives and Department of Justice agents kept the house under observation all night. On a dining-room table at which Kelly sat was an automatic pistol; on the floor were several sawed-off machine guns, his favorite weapon. At six in the morning Detective Sergeant W. J. Raney slipped into the house. The bedroom door opened and there stood Kelly, a gun in his hand, ready. The detective, who had been trained to look at a quarry's hands and not at his face, made one move. He shoved his shotgun barrel into Kelly's stomach and said, "Drop that gun." And Kelly dropped it.

"I've been waiting all night for you," said Kelly, grinning.

"Well," said Raney, "here we are."

So far as I have been able to discover, no order to shoot on sight and shoot to kill hung over Kelly's head, though he was supposed to be a cop-killer; and when the trial took place Kelly and his co-conspirators were present for the jury to look at and witnesses to identify, and eventually a score of persons were sent away to expiate the crime, although many of them had played only minor roles. It is not at all singular that after this clean-up the kidnapping rate in that part of the country suffered a healthy decline.

But would it have been possible for Agent Purvis and his twelve or fifteen men to take Dillinger alive? There may be differences of opinion as to this. At any rate, Mr. Purvis's account of what happened is available for consideration.

"When Dillinger left the show (the motion-picture theater)," Mr. Purvis

told reporters, "he started south and again passed my car without noticing me. As soon as he had gotten a step past my car I thrust my right arm out of the car, dropped my hand and closed it, the prearranged signal for closing in. Instantly my men appeared from all sides. . . . As he (Dillinger) ran he drew an automatic pistol from his pocket. Several shots were fired by my men before he could fire. He dropped, mortally wounded. I had hoped to take him alive, but I was afraid that he would resist to the last."

Did Dillinger appear suddenly out of the theater and were the armed agents surprised to see him? Here is another part of Mr. Purvis's statement (the italics are mine): "It was late yesterday afternoon when I received undercover information that Dillinger would attend the movie. . . . I hurriedly made arrangements to surround the theater with picked men from among my investigators. They were armed only with pistols. *I wished no general firing that might endanger passers-by.*

"I stationed myself in my own automobile, parked two doors south of the theater. My men were stationed in doorways about the theater. *It was shortly before nine o'clock when I first noticed Dillinger.*

"As he bought a ticket . . . I knew I was not mistaken. Those *two* hours that he spent in the theater were the longest I ever spent. By the time he left the show our plans were complete . . . my men were covering the neighborhood so thoroughly that a cat couldn't have gotten through."

And presently Mr. Purvis and the Department of Justice had on their hands a dead man who could tell no tales.

Why, during those two hours while they were waiting and Dillinger was in the theater, didn't Mr. Purvis and his men close in upon Dillinger in the theater? There he was, sitting absorbed in the film upon the screen, his mind probably far from thoughts of pursuit and pursuers. Mightn't the agents have gone into the theater and, while Dillinger's back was to them, his eyes on the screen, have taken seats behind him, watched him for a moment, his arms particularly, and then seized his arms, an arm to an agent, and overpowered him without the firing of a shot—with other agents running up to lend their help in his complete subjugation? Mr. Purvis explained that he wished no "general firing that might endanger passers-by." Yet when shots were fired by his agents on the sidewalk two women passers-by were wounded; the wait of two hours did not prevent what he wished to avoid.

Here the point is sure to be raised that shooting in a theater, or the moves necessary to capture Dillinger in the theater, might have led to a panic or to the wounding of persons. On this point there is this to say, and it is based upon my own experience as a reporter observer of the police. Time and again skilled detectives have successfully closed in upon dangerous criminals while they were seated in crowded theaters, trains, lobbies, and other places of public assembly, and without firing a shot. As a matter of fact, this method has been so successful, especially if the wanted man's attention is absorbed in something, that it is commonly accepted as the best and safest way to take a desperate man. It is known in police circles as the "close-in."

Perhaps Mr. Purvis may not have thought of it in the two hours he sat there, knowing his man was inside. Anyhow, Mr. Purvis very probably was doing, in his judgment, what he thought proper, and it is not for one who was not there to say that he would have done otherwise than Mr. Purvis

did. It should also be borne in mind that Mr. Purvis from the moment he saw Dillinger enter the theater was under no compulsion to take him alive. From authorities higher than himself came the license to shoot Dillinger on sight and shoot to kill.

But it is interesting to speculate as to what would have happened to Dillinger if twelve or fifteen United States Secret Service operatives of the Treasury Department, or the same number of Post Office Inspectors, had been after him, had observed him go into the theater. Would they have taken him alive? The answer to this is that these older detective branches of the Government always prefer to catch their quarry alive and to let the courts deal with him. So it was with Guiteau who assassinated President Garfield in 1881, with Czolgosz who killed President McKinley in 1901, and with Giuseppi Zangara who shot at President Franklin D. Roosevelt and killed Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago. These armed men were captured, disarmed, tried, and executed in orderly fashion.

The Secret Service's principal job is to protect the nation's currency against counterfeiting. It moves quietly and swiftly and is the least publicized of the many Federal detective services. And in dealing with counterfeiters it pits its wits against criminals of the most desperate types, many of them outcast Sicilian criminals to whom murder is not only a fine art but a much practiced art. But there is no evidence that in dealing with them (the same is true of Post Office inspectors) the Secret Service follows a policy of shooting on sight, even when dealing with armed assassins of presidents.

To those familiar with the work of the Secret Service it is no secret that its operatives are unusually well posted on the haunts, habits, technics, and specialties of counterfeiters. They know the type of men who take up counterfeiting and all the tricks of the trade and, once assigned to a counterfeiting operation, they proceed with full knowledge of what they may expect to find. And how do they come into possession of this helpful knowledge? The answer is quite simple. They take their quarry alive, usually with his plants and all his confederates. Live counterfeiters, brought face to face with an orderly trial and stern justice, invariably make certain overtures looking toward leniency, and presently the Secret Service is in possession of all the latest data on counterfeiting as well as valuable information concerning other counterfeiters, new technics, and so forth. Dead counterfeiters could not supply this information. Shoot on sight and shoot to kill is not, therefore, a profitable doctrine for the Secret Service.

Criminals have a great respect for the Secret Service, and not because its operatives carry guns. Guns are available to the underworld as well as to the Secret Service, but it is difficult for the underworld to match a superior set of brains. There also is this pleasant fact about the Secret Service. The mortality rate among its members is low. Secret Service men are rarely shot. This is not because the operatives do not face guns in their work. Rather it is because the quarry is aware that his nemesis is after live specimens and not dead ones. Into the mind of the armed counterfeiter comes the happy thought not to reach for his gun, for he knows that the Secret Service man who confronts him is not out to shoot on sight and shoot to kill.

The Lion's Mouth

AS WE WERE SAYING . . .

From an article entitled "At Home with the Esquimaux," describing C. F. Hall's Arctic expedition of 1860–1862, published in Harper's Magazine for September, 1863, some seventy years pre-Stefansson:

"Again, Mr. Hall remarks, 'My opinion is, that the Esquimaux' practice of eating their food raw is a good one, at least for the better preservation of health. To one educated as we whites are, their custom of feasting on uncooked meats is highly repulsive; but as the twig is bent the tree's inclined; and this is as applicable to food as to anything else. When I saw the natives actually feasting on the raw flesh of the whale, I thought to myself, "Why cannot I do the same?" The answer was, "Because of my education." ' "



PAPER HATS IN THE HUDSON

BY DAVID W. BONE

Have you ever been in a ship anchored in fog in the Hudson River? . . . No, I thought not. A few years ago this would have seemed a none too sensible inquiry, one that only a comparatively small number of people could answer in the affirmative. But it is not quite so senseless now, with this amazing cruising vogue so firmly established and likely long to continue—so many are the sea legs in process of development. Any mystery that there ever was about sea matters has been fairly completely unveiled under warrant of a cruising passage ticket. The traveler, returned, has even learned to use sea terms passably; and on the other hand, the liners' seamen have been influenced by this new traffic with the land and have actually been heard to say, "O-kay!" in acknowledgment of an order.

But my query is about fog in the Hudson and is prompted by an experience of recent date, when—after nosing my ship through the Ambrose Channel—I found the fog so dense that I had to bring up in New York's Lower Bay and there come to an anchor. A famous fog! Three mean days of it; no ship moving out, but inward-bound ships creeping in from sea to swell the clangor of anchor bells in the Bay. Big fellows too, *Majestics* and *Bremens, Champlains, Empresses*, long lean tankers, "sea-train" ships, tramps, coastwise whippets, fruiters . . . oh, a very complete assembly of merchant shipping! And the din at the turn of the tide when, the fog still impenetrable, the ships began to swing this way and that. Bedlam! Roaring sirens, *B-rrrr-ah! B-rrrr-ah! B-rrrr-ah!* from ships that had perforce to get under way for a swing; bells, bells, and bells again, and the beating of copper gongs, *Rrr-oom! Rrr-oom! Rrr-oom!* as the longer ships gave warning of their length. Oh, a famous fog! Nothing like it in all my experience of transatlantic seafaring in more years than I care to consider.

But when the flood tide had exhausted its strength and the gentler yet purposeful ebb came down to set the fleet in line again, the alarming voices in the fog died down. A time came when worried masters and pilots mopped their heated brows, rang off the engines, and ordered their anchor crews below; a time of quiet, yet not completely soundless. One gained the impression in this restful change that nerves had become soothed and restored, that the breathing of the tides —after a period of high pressure—had become regular again. The ships took up an orderly routine in fog signal. The lookoutman in the *Majestic* astern of us no longer whacked furiously at his bell lanyard but struck a fairly regular *bing . . . bing . . . bing . . . bing . . . bing . . . bing-bing,* and left it at that. The *Reaper* followed with a shrill bell note, then the *Turrialba;* our turn came, and we sounded out on Van Lear Black's gift to me (that was poured in the Whitechapel Bell Foundry) a sonorous A flat. And so, throughout the circle of our bearings, ship answering ship in the night.

Daylight came. Not the glorious dawn that looks so well in cruise advertisements; just a growing of leaden light, gray and depressing. The ebb tide was still running and scraps of flotsam set down in it—empty boxes, barrels, pieces of woodwork, tin cans, baulks of timber and pier fittings that the ice in the up-river reaches had dislodged. Drifting down, they loomed large and out of proportion in the limited circle of vision—scarcely more than a hundred yards—and my eye was drawn to them as the only moving objects in the fog. Flotsam going out on the tide.

But what is this that floats into sight, coming down from right ahead, bobbling jauntily in the stream, showing colors that even the drab gray of the fog cannot wholly dim? Paper Hats! Gala Hats, as I'm awake and gazing out at them from the navigation bridge of the *Transylvania,* whereof, as the Bills of Lading have it, David William Bone is master. No doubt of it. Paper Hats drifting seaward on the ebb, of the sort that men of substance, matrons, young men and girls are inveigled into wearing at Get Together Dinners and Farewell Parties on the high seas aboard cruise liners. Rakish paper toppers that make every man over fifty look more and more like Mr. W. C. Fields, mortar-boards for the dignitaries, Scots glengarrys and high conicals for the light of spirit, bell tippets for the jesters; and for the ladies, these jaunty little chips in every rainbow color that can be set at a provocative angle a-top the most elaborate of hairdressing.

There they come, whole fleets of them, in squadrons of six or seven and at timely intervals. It is now after eight a.m., and I can guess the source from whence they set out on this last adventure. I can envisage hard-working stewards in a ship turning to for the day's work, clearing away the debris of a Gala Occasion and dumping the paper hats overboard to be investigated by the sheering seagulls. Yes. That will be their port of departure, from some liner anchored right ahead, her crew busily at work clearing up in anticipation of a quick turn around at the Piers (cruising schedules are like that, the fog rarely reaching in to the desk at which they are made up).

A glance at the *Herald-Tribune* that my pilot brought aboard with him informs me that the *Empress of Britain* is due to sail from New York on a World Cruise on the morrow. But she is not yet at her pier. I recall that we had a wireless service message from her informing all ships that she was anchored off the Craven Shoal, inward-

bound after a cruise to Nassau in the Bahamas. Still at anchor, and her world travelers will almost be stamping at the pier by now. And her Nassau people are not yet landed! No wonder the paper hats come steadily down on the ebb as the liner's stewards do their utmost to get her in trim for a new and immediate embarkation.

"Anchored off Craven Shoal in fog" was the message last night. Now the Craven Shoal is a nasty hard patch that we must skirt carefully on our way into the narrows of the river. A thought of this comes to me; and so—with another inspection through my powerful binoculars—I turn into the chart room to make a note—a note of a new Aid to Navigation. The tide runs true and the paper hats come down from right ahead where I know the great *Empress* lies at anchor clear of the shoal. I make a note that a compass course of 343° true, our heading at the moment, will be correct for passing the buoy at the right distance when we do get under way again.

Paper Hats! The kind that are so largely used in Gala Cruising. New Aids to Navigation! There is something peculiarly appropriate in the connection, in these days when cargoes are hard to win, emigration at a standstill, and business travel so sorely restricted.

No one knows better than I do how many fine ships the new institution of Gala Cruising has kept in active service at sea when, otherwise, they would be lying silent and neglected at the quays of their home ports, and the seamen-mourners would be about the streets. With this in mind, you can appreciate how keen we are in this new assignment and how anxious to establish it as permanent. And certainly we sailors have gained something more than an assurance of continued employment in this new service. We have found ourselves—all hands of us—strangely placed in the collective position of host aboard our ships, amazingly enfranchised in the relations of crew to passengers.

I am not writing of the master's position, for (if he were a wise Captain in passenger service) he was always a good host, but of those of the crew who sign under him. The rigid discipline that held the ship's officer in his quarters when he was not on active duty and forbade social contact with the passengers seems to have melted somewhat under a more genial atmosphere in cruise liners. I am not prepared to affirm that this has the approval of all shipmasters or—more important still—of the Directors. But it must be tolerated by them, else why the character of posters and travel leaflets that advertise the gaiety of shipboard? Not a one of them but has a trim brass-bound figure in the immediate foreground. Do I not know with what meticulous exactitude the poster artist must conform to the views of the passenger department, and of the passenger department's subordinance to the Directorate of any great steamship company?

And I am in a position to report on this relaxation of a hard-bound rule. I see in its operation little of indiscipline that cannot be rectified by the master's action. On the other hand, no very keen perception is required to note its beneficial working in many ways. The young officer is more confident in bearing, now that the isolation that made him somewhat a gruff fellow, brooding on his semi-monkish state, has been eased. Neatness in uniform and a less rough and ready manner of speech are other matters I have remarked—all as a direct result of the new atmosphere on shipboard. Perhaps the young brassbounder feels it to be his manifest duty to implement every promise set out in the poster artist's conception and in the program

of ship activities so persuasively advanced by the cruise-ship management. And even if (in his effort to exchange a last wave of the hand with someone on the gangway as passengers disembark) he does let the oil-fuel barge on the off-shore side whistle shrilly and imperatively for a warp, the ship is not going to sink at her moorings because of it.

My reference, I might explain here, is to the comparatively short cruise voyages that have become so popular since dull times in the regular shipping industry put many large liners into this service. There were of course ocean cruises long before that date—in general, promoted by the established tourist agencies. The rates of these were somewhat prohibitive to all but the leisured and wealthy classes, and I should imagine that paper hats would not be a substantial lading among the general stores for the voyage. But I would not argue dull times aboard because of that: for the elderly and perhaps less buoyant passenger they were—and still are—ideally planned for a restful and pleasant voyage. My purpose in making this clear is to separate the elder and perhaps more staid cruise from its younger relative—from the moderately priced cruise in which entertainment within the ship is so much a feature.

While these "popular" cruises operated from British ports are planned, in the matter of ship entertainment, to be in keeping with our alleged insular reserves, our American cousins are inclined to demand professional assistance in their merry-making at sea; and in cruises out of American ports we have perforce to sign on strange and wonderful "seamen," their last discharge being from night-clubs and cabarets on Broadway. When one considers how old seafaring is and how conservative, it is an astonishing reflection that the grandsons of Liverpool shipping magnates who advertised "COW AND PIANO CARRIED" as the sum of their concessions to luxury travel, now regard a request for a "Song and Dance" team or Contract Bridge Experts or even a soulful "crooner" or two as a commonplace indent in provision for cruise voyages in their fleet.

Pondering the matter, I am doubtful if these revels on cruise ships would have assumed their present gay character had it not been for the co-operation of the modiste. I set the date of her intervention as that of the radical change in ladies' wear—from short skirts to full-length gowns. The coming of the "cocktail jacket" established it even more firmly. I wonder if you remember the cocktail jacket, a natty little shoulder wrap that became such a smart feature of ladies' evening attire in New York toward the close of the prohibition era. Well, I hold a not too strongly substantiated theory that it and the elaborate full-length evening gown advanced the cruising vogue, that their smart wearers imposed the cabaret element in cruise entertainment on the shipowner. I would put it to you that the ladies thought they would like some place more spacious and interesting than even the most elaborate of speakeasies to be the background of their charm. An astute promoter of tourist travel divined this, engaged a ship and—there you are! But he found that he had to bring the crooners and the tap dancers to sea too.

And so by way of cocktail jackets and evening gowns (I might have mentioned beach pajamas too, equally representative of the colorful "cruise wear" so prominently displayed in the great store windows), I have worked round to my paper hats again. You will want to know how the *Empress of Britain* fared when the fog did lighten up. Oh, she got on all right. Together with the most of us, she crept

slowly up-river to her pier when a light breeze came out of the sou'west with rain to wash all down. She sailed on time at noon the next day. Quick work and hard for all hands, turning a big ship like that round in twenty-four hours, but it was done—for I heard her great voice sounding out three quick blasts as she backed out into the Hudson again.

By the time the new passengers came down to embark on their world cruise I suppose they found things completely in order and the comely *Empress* looking as though she had had at least three days in port to spruce up. The stewards would have their gloves on by then and their caps at the proper angle and, from their appearance, you just couldn't guess that they had been hard at it all night, nor could you trace any sign of recent anxieties in the faces of the ship's officers as they went about their duties. All in the day's work.

But we are getting ahead too fast. Let me show you the liner coming slowly into her berth on her return from the Nassau Cruise; and, for purposes of my own, let me place you among the bronzed argonauts crowded at the ship's rail waiting to disembark. For a week or more you have led a carefree existence with practically every need anticipated. The excitement of arrival and the immediate prospect of reunion with friends on shore has stifled any regret that the cruise is over—although there is certainly a backward and affectionate glance at the towering side of your ship as you pass down the gangway. But not yet the happy meeting with your friends on the other side of the pier barriers. Uncle Sam has to have a word with you. In the corporate persons of shrewd Customs officers, he is interested in your purchases abroad, in gifts and oddments garnered on the cruise, and it is more than likely that all the laborious packing of the night before has to be undone and your imports displayed and assessed. "Anything else to declare?" is the final question as the officer permits repacking. And you will doubtless make answer with a particularly emphatic "No" as the last lid is slammed and the key turned impatiently in the lock.

But was that quite right? Certainly you had shown him sportswear and Paris perfumes from Bermuda, that cup you won at deck sports, the fuzzy toy dog you purchased at the ship's kiosk for a souvenir—even that pair of ridiculous *maraccas* (dried gourds, musical instruments now for the playing of rhumbas, that make a noise like a purposeful small boy playing trains). These are your tangible imports, your souvenirs of the cruise. But not even the most lynx-eyed of Customs officers could guess at the wealth of impressions—undeclared intangible imports—that you bring in with you as you leave the pier, and that will remain with you long after the paper hats, drifting seaward on the ebb, have soddened and gone down.



A PARACHUTE JUMP

BY HAZELMARY LYON

WHEN I drove up to the Flying Club for my first parachute jump it was after five o'clock. Already a crowd of people had assembled on the verandah; the owner of the parachutes and the packer had arrived from London by car, and I think everyone had just begun to wonder if the parachutist would appear!

I am afraid the owner was not greatly impressed at the sight of his would-be parachutist. He had probably expected something large and im-

posing, and I must have looked very small and unimportant in my short white tennis frock. My height is only 4 ft. 11 in., and I weigh just 118 pounds. I hurried away to change into my white flying suit, which at least would make me look more the part. I padded myself with several layers of clothes underneath, and I wore rubber-soled shoes to absorb the shock in landing and to prevent slipping on the wing of the airplane. My pilot then appeared and announced that it was much too windy and that I should not even be able to climb out of the airplane because of the force of the wind. So I waited an hour; I was not in the least nervous, or even excited, only pleased—just pleased to be so near the achievement of my desire.

The time passed very quickly. I was receiving ground instructions in the use and working of parachutes. I tried one on, and was allowed to pull the rip-cord on the ground just to see what it was like. When one pulls the cord it rips away the whole of the top cover which comes away in the hand, so allowing the parachute and the long cords attaching it to one's harness to float out. The wind blows in and it opens out like an immense umbrella —larger than a good-sized room, and made of more than 100 yards of strong white silk.

Next I had to practice climbing out of the cockpit and crossing the wing to the trailing-edge to get into the right position for the jump. This I had to do several times, and was warned of the tremendous force of wind I should encounter on climbing out, and told to move carefully from strut to strut, holding with both hands all the time so as not to get blown off before I was correctly placed and timed to go. I was then dressed in the actual parachute I was to use. This was not an easy matter, for all the harness for fixing the parachute on to me was much too large. The webbing straps were adjustable, but even when taken up to the fullest extent they did not fit me as one would have wished. It was possible that I might fall out in the air. I puffed myself out as much as I could and said I really could not bear them much tighter, and that I was quite sure I should be safe.

The next thing to decide was how far over to the windward side of the aerodrome we should have to fly before I jumped out. It was calculated that I was so light that I would drift a very long way before finally coming to earth. In fact some people trying to be funny began to suggest that I would not come down at all. And someone promised to fly up with my breakfast if I had not landed in time.

Then came the final instructions as to the jump itself. I was to wait on the trailing-edge of the wing for a signal from my pilot, and then jump backward. This is said to be better than jumping forward, for one might almost be suffocated by the rush of air. After jumping I was to count three, slowly; and was not to pull the rip-cord until I had turned one complete somersault. That was the correct moment for pulling the cord. I must not let myself get into a second somersault as I might then get giddy and forget to pull the cord; and I was on no account to pull when I was on my back in the air, as the parachute—which was a backpack type—would then open underneath me, and I should fall into it and that would be the end! Also I was not to pull when I was sideways as that would start a swinging motion and I might get hurt in landing. And most important of all, I must not pull the cord as I jumped; others have done so on their first attempt, with the result that the parachute has become entangled with some part of the airplane, causing the death of the parachutist and sometimes that of the pilot as well.

And lastly I was reminded emphatically that I must pull the cord—and pull at any time rather than not at all. I promised faithfully to remember everything and to do as I was told.

By this time everyone standing round was beginning to look rather worried and anxious. I felt quite sorry for them and laughed at them to cheer them up. I was not feeling worried myself—just very keen and ready to do anything. I did vaguely wonder how I should react to falling through space; whether it would be just a blur or whether I should remain conscious and know what to do at the right moment. Anyway it would be an interesting psychological experiment; the supreme test of keeping one's head in all emergencies.

I looked round and saw that my pilot was being helped into his parachute. Cheers! That meant we were really going. I started putting on my flying helmet, and was strongly advised to pack it with a large handkerchief. Several large ones were offered to me. I chose the largest, my own being about three inches square and consisting mostly of lace. A few last words from the owner of the parachutes; a last look over from the packer; heartfelt good wishes from friends. "We will go now if you really want to," said the pilot. A most emphatic "Yes" as I scrambled into my seat. Cameras clicking, crowds waving. "Contact," that magic word of the air; the roar of the engine, throttling back. The pilot repeated the signals arranged, first for getting out on to the wing, then for jumping. I nodded, and away we went. I experienced, as always, the joy and thrill of taking off. I love the roar of the engine, the rush across the ground, and the gradual climb into the sky.

Below I could see the Clubhouse buildings, and a sea of faces. I smiled down at them for I felt very happy, and had no fear or thought of failure. I was not even bothering very much about all the instructions I had received. Now we were flying up into the face of the setting sun; now we were coming up over the aerodrome into the face of the wind, and I was watching for the sign to get out. At last it came, and I got out on to the wing, holding carefully to the struts. There was, of course, a tremendous force of wind; I was in the slipstream of the propeller, crossing the wing from the front to the trailing-edge. It was not so bad as I expected. People had tried to frighten me and put me off by telling me that I should not even be able to hold on. I held on quite easily, the pilot having pulled the machine up almost into a stall, and it was a very pleasant sensation standing out on the wing. I had a feeling of freedom and of being altogether "King of the Castle" as I stood looking down onto the ground. Now I was in the correct position to go, just waiting for the signal.

It came. I nodded, smiling at the pilot in case he should be worried about me, put my left hand on the rip-rung, and stepped off backward into two thousand feet of space. I had no feeling of fear or hesitation; in fact I was thinking much more of the pilot than of myself. He looked so anxious.

Somersaulting through space is not the awful sensation most people think. I was pleased to find myself absolutely calm and conscious. Luckily I pulled the cord at exactly the right moment, and, looking back to watch the result, I saw a long stream of white silk behind me; the cords unfolded perfectly, and the next moment my headlong fall through space was arrested by a sudden jerk. I looked up and saw that the wind had blown into the parachute, and a large white umbrella was floating serenely over my head. I laughed, but stopped suddenly for I had the impression that I was rising into the

sky. "This is all wrong," I thought, "I ought to be going down." Then I lost the impression of soaring and just seemed to be suspended motionless in the air. Then gusts of wind came and caught me and blew me hither and thither like a piece of thistledown in the breeze. Gradually things on the ground became clearer and larger and I knew that I was coming down. It was a unique sensation.

I remember thinking how pretty everything looked—blue and white and touched with gold from the setting sun. I laughed happily to myself and thought, "So far so good, but what about the landing?" I had heard so many tales of heavy landings, broken bones, concussion, and the like. One does, I know, fall like a stone for the last fifteen feet or so, and the parachute, no longer receiving an upward current of air, crumples up on the ground; but my landing was not like that.

I found myself drifting rapidly across the aerodrome and saw people running; and the car with the two men who were to come to my assistance was just underneath. I was heading straight for a group of very high trees, and I decided that I should have to make the best of a landing in the tree-tops, when I felt myself falling very rapidly just a few yards away. Remembering what I had been told, I drew up my legs and prepared to land with well-sprung knees and every muscle relaxed. Then suddenly the wind —which was still very gusty—caught the partially collapsed parachute and blew it out behind me with such force that my legs were thrown into the air and I was spun over backward. I landed on my head, did a rapid somersault, and came up unhurt the other side to find the parachute ballooning out; and I was just on the point of being carried up again, when a man jumped out of the car and threw himself onto the parachute. Then he turned to me, and, laughing, we shook hands as he congratulated me, sitting amidst the ruins of the 'chute.





The Easy Chair



MEMENTO FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

WILLIAM MILLER had checked his figures fifteen different ways, each mathematical analysis providing an independent approach to the problem. They all came to approximately the same sum, but there were a few numbers to the right of the decimal point which he could not resolve. These were the places which a table of logarithms ignores; but William Miller was, as a social analyst, a conscientious mathematician and he dutifully called attention to the disparity. It arose, he explained, in this way: he could not determine the value to assign the word "begins" in a basic equation, which read "when the seventh trump begins to sound." He could set a date for that beginning, but how long it was to remain a beginning, "whether one month, six months, or a year I cannot tell." That being so, he scientifically refused to do more than announce the fixed limits for his solution. He wrote: "I am fully convinced that sometime between March 21st, 1843, and March 21st, 1844, Christ will come, and bring all his saints with him; and that then he will reward every man as his works shall be."

The most distressful New Year's Day America has ever known was unquestionably the one which, in 1861, saw the government in the hands of fools and traitors, the structure of the nation collapsing, and in the year to come only chaos and darkness beyond which not even hope could peer. But to find the conviction of doom which, among many sensitive and intelligent people, is such a marked characteristic of our own time, the historian goes twenty years back of 1861 and comes to rest in William Miller's decade. The 1840's in America were startlingly like the 1930's. The paralysis that had followed an era of expansion refused to lift; the years limped on, and very little seemed to be improving. The machine got under way repeatedly but stalled just as often and seemed likely to disintegrate. The framework of commerce was destroyed, entire classes of enterprise were wiped out, many of the rich were pauperized, many of the poor first rioted and then starved in the streets. Few banks were solvent, bankers were reviled universally and sometimes tarred and feathered, currency reformers shouted from every forum, the abolition of the whole credit system was widely agitated. The bonds of corporations were everywhere in default—and not private securities alone, for two States repudiated their bonds and as many as seven at a time defaulted their interest. Moratoria on real estate mortgages had to be declared, and these were rapidly extended to farm and, finally, to personal property. A national bankruptcy act was passed, the failure of public works

threw more States into default, and, for a final symbol, the national government, in its attempt to distribute the proceeds of public land sales, was trying to undermine the States by making them pensioners of Washington.

Over wide areas, fear was our daily bread. There was to-day's vacillation between rebellious, evangelical excitement and stunned apathy. Maladjustment and panic produced social pathology, as they always do. To-day has no novelties worth mentioning—most of its pathology you can find without effort in the fear-bound Forties. But the deepest of all was the malady of the mind that invariably accompanies social disaster.

The Forties were, that is, a time that tried young men's souls, a time when the most sensitive and the most intelligent were sickened by the spectacle of failure, suffering, and waste. Doom was just over the hill and it conditioned their lives. It was, please understand, a literal doom they felt, a literal end they anticipated—quite as literal as any perturbed young mind fears to-day, setting down in the *Modern Monthly* such a date as 1937 for the outbreak of a proletarian revolution in America, when the seventh trump shall sound. In the Forties they differed about the pitch that trump might strike or the tune it might play, but they could not doubt that it would sound. Thousands fled the wrath to come into William Miller's fold and came at last, through deepening hysteria, to open hillsides by night under skies which any moment would be rent by lightning and disclose the terrible chariot wheels of the last day. Other thousands fled into such millenniums as those that Joseph Smith and the Prophet Matthias offered, and others gathered by the half-million on the near side of Jordan, where such a series of revivals as America has never seen again gave them what courage there might be against the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

They were the simpler souls. The seventh trump had a different menace for the intellectual. They stood on the very brink of the first great capitalist expansion in America, but they saw that the system had collapsed. Life was insecure, the machine age had degraded mankind to the level of the beasts, the profit system had been proved impotent and insupportable, the end was at hand. So, disdaining the chariots of the Apocalypse which were bringing a new heaven, they went out to make a new earth which should be a fortress against such fears as those which drove them mad. As William Miller's followers put on their ascension robes and nerved themselves for the thunderclap that would end everything, the tolerant American landscape was spotted with a hundred communist experiments that would build everything anew. By now Robert Owen's humanitarian Utopia and all its heretic secessions were dead. Owen had cried despairingly that men brought up in an irrational system of society could not change to a rational system without some preparation; his leading materialist assistants had taken refuge among the Spiritualists and some of his rationalists had found peace in the once-despised shadow of Rome. But if Owenism was dead, the soil that buried it was fecund, and the Forties harvested a rich growth.

No Utopia of to-day preached on a Pacific beach by some feeder on locusts to the tragic victims of these years is more fantastic than the community set up in the valley of the Nashua by the witless Bronson Alcott and a few zanies who came from England to help him derive Perfection from linen trousers and unbuttered bread. No plan for the abolition of poverty compounded of Edward Bellamy and Howard Scott, whitening our gutters with a million

leaflets, is more grotesque than the phantasms of Charles Fourier. These rolled westward to the Mississippi and beyond, garnering in the high-minded, the pitying, and the scared. They set the lintels of their Eden against the coming storm. Inside, all would be well—regeneration, the old Adam exorcised, and then the stars. And as the wave of Fourierism spent itself up the long beach, beyond it another one, of Étienne Cabet, gathered toward the crest.

Economy, Harmony, Fruitlands, Red Bank, Hopedale, Icaria, Ceresco—who remembers them, or eighty more of them? They were compulsive products of the hope that masks a fear, and they were unmistakably the same visions that have comforted some of us during these past few years. They postulated, as ours do to-day, a continuation of the system whose collapse they feared and fled from; even their momentary existence required the unregenerate earth to inclose and nourish their regenerated roots. They had the same ominous contempt of the weak and the impoverished: these they would take care of on to-morrow's golden shore; but the battle was for to-day, and so the children of light must be passed by a physician and at least moderately indorsed by a bank. They had the same militant regimentation that to-day's drill sergeants in the army of the Lord find indispensable: they would free the individual from the tyranny of labor and mass degeneration by clocking to a split second the hours when he must work, sleep, eat, and substitute for the corrupt pleasures of the radio the holier duty of improving himself by study. Their brief days were lengthened out just so far as, bit by bit, they came to terms with the system they were getting rid of. They began with a common vision: to make life beautiful and just. They broke upon a common first requirement: that they must, beforehand, repeal the struggle for existence, induce the strong and the privileged not to use their strength and privilege, and turn the heart of man away from greed, anger, envy, and corruption. So they fled the earth altogether, soaring into another Apocalypse which no one can distinguish from William Miller's.

As Nathaniel Hawthorne rode through an April snowstorm to Brook Farm he was distressed by the maladjusted society about him and appalled by the vicious materialism of humanity—induced by the machine age and the struggle for profits. It might be that Brook Farm would help to disinter mankind from the pile of money that had crushed its hopes. By June he had decided that mankind could be as effectively buried under the dung heap essential to the stables of a regenerated society, or in the furrow where its grain was sown. By August this thoughtful citizen of New Jerusalem customarily referred to himself as a slave, and a little later he resigned altogether from the new day. What carried Hawthorne to Brook Farm, and what carried to that and eighty other refuges such passionate men as Father Hecker, Bronson Alcott, George Ripley, Horace Greeley, Albert Brisbane, Charles A. Dana—what united them in a vision of last things was just such a conviction that doom was on the way as to-day oppresses our intellectuals.

What actually happened in the days of doom had little reference to the hopeful or the appalled, the millennial or the fearful. The Republic that came through the Forties was not the same Republic that had slid into the abyss. Powers had been shifted, interests realigned, some classes tumbled down and some extinguished, some given new energies. Life quieted to backwater stillness in some areas, and in others the most furious ebullience of our history got under way. It was

not the same and it never is: it was not the same in 1865 as it had been in 1861; it was not the same in 1935 as it had been in 1931. For society lives and so grows, changes and recedes; is always out of equilibrium, always setting toward a new point of rest that always moves away; while it lives it must reciprocate and compensate. Society, while there is heat in the sun, must always decay and disintegrate; but there is no disintegration, while the sun shines, that does not imply a compensating process of integration.

Yet if America has always been in flux, if its lifeline has the wavy contour you find the needle of a seismograph tracing during an earthquake, still there has never been a time when anyone on earth could mistake it for anything but itself. Seismic disturbances were occurring also in France and Germany, in Italy and England during the Forties; but never by any chance did America take shape from them. The nation which Hawthorne fled from and on which William Miller invoked the falling heavens retained its own form. Whatever forces perished, whatever new forces boiled up, the frame that inclosed them remained solid and was never displaced. The Americans have constantly had a new nation but they have remained the Americans—they have never been a product of French sentiments or a graft of German institutions. The American sentiments and institutions, however they have changed their phase, however they have hardened or merged into others, have remained unmistakably those of the American people and have never, by any chance, under any pressure, been or seemed to be anyone else's.

The American race is a continuity. What they do, they do in their own way, with their own idiom and accent, shaping it to the habit of their hands with a skill conditioned here and nowhere else. They have not repealed the struggle for existence nor much improved upon the human race which Almighty God bungled so disastrously. But they have dealt with both in ways that are natively and peculiarly their own. It is canny as well as comforting to remember that fact on New Year's Day. The Americans are mystifying and have proved unpredictable, but no one has ever mistaken them for the French or the English—or, notably, for the Germans or the Russians. When the *Mayflower* sailed into the sunset to look for the dawn several of its passengers expected to see the Kingdom of God established on this continent within their lifetime, and that expectation has lasted in a body of their inheritors through William Miller's time to January 1, 1936. The separatists' apocalypse will remain unfulfilled. But what the separatists found here was, ultimately, a commonwealth that was neither God's nor the Germans' nor the Russians', but organically and uniquely the Americans'. Organically and uniquely it will remain theirs. No one needs on New Year's Day any greater assurance than the assurance that the struggle for existence has taken its shape here from the American race, and has retained that shape from generation to generation while the nation fell headlong from one seeming stability to another, as social change rocketed and swirled and skidded it beyond anyone's power to comprehend and especially to predict. It has remained a way of life certainly not beautiful or just, as beauty and justice go in New Jerusalem, but accommodated absolutely to the Americans, stamped with their shape, issuing out of their conditions. That is destiny: doom is only the wincing of troubled nerves.

Among the New Books

By Harry Hansen

Literary Editor of the New York World-Telegram

As the new books of 1936 are piled high on counters that have hardly been vacated by the many books published in the fall of 1935, I find many novelists practicing what may be called the higher journalism. Even higher journalism is not an exact description—they seem to be reporting conditions with a bit of opinion, a kiss, and an embrace thrown in for good measure. Sometimes it reads as if a good reporter has lifted a story bodily from the pages of the day's newspaper, elaborated it to suit his own ends, and served it up as a novel.

This is not said in a spirit of detraction, but of appraisal. Journalism invaded biographical writing a number of years ago. And in fiction it is not exactly new. Theodore Dreiser and many of his school write a plain, unembroidered tale, handling the chief events as a reporter would tell them. Sinclair Lewis is a superb reporter of American characters and conditions; his flair for caricature and his habit of giving his people curious names makes him a sort of modern Dickens. He is always close to the American scene, more than ever so in *It Can't Happen Here*, which has made a lot of trusting citizens rub their eyes at what is going on around them.

This month's reading has led me to a number of novels in which the reporter's concise method is crowding out the writer who wants to record emotions, take time out for reflection and philosophy, and dwell on the nuances of expression. Josephine Lawrence's *If I Have Four Apples* is probably the best example of this tendency, for even the publisher says that she is doing a new kind of writing about American life—"nearer to the truth, farther from fiction"—there you have it in a phrase.

One year ago, you may recall, Miss Lawrence wrote *Years Are So Long*. That short, compact tale dealt with the impecunious condition of an elderly couple, who had failed to save for their old age and now expected to fall back upon the resources of the children. Miss Lawrence approached the problem from a new direction—should children be penalized in their growing years by bearing their parents on their backs?

Her new novel, *If I Have Four Apples*, takes up another phase of American home life. Here we see described, with the explicit objectivity of a case history, the economic situation of Rose and Penter Hoe, middle-aged Americans with three adolescent children, who are unable to live within their means. Penter is paying for his house on the instalment plan, but three pay cuts have set him behind in his obligations. Although Rose consults a budget-maker, she finds it impossible to give up her electric refrigerator and other luxuries. The three children are wasteful and too ambitious for their talents and their means.

Miss Lawrence's object is to show how this family slides from one standard of living to another. It is done by yielding to necessity. She adds a touch of romance by letting the oldest girl marry for love, although her lover has become a driver on a milk route. Essentially this is a report on a family, such as might have been made for a neighborhood relief board. The reader has many opportunities for recognizing the family next door, if not the one under his own roof. As a novel it belongs to the reporting phase of fiction. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

"MEN AND BRETHREN"

James Gould Cozzens, who wrote *The Last Adam*, is another author who clings closely to familiar types. His interest seems to be not so much in character as in pivotal men. In his new novel, *Men and Brethren*, he employs the method that proved successful in *The Last Adam*, of taking for his central character a man who touches the lives of many people. In the earlier book it was a country doctor; here it is an Episcopalian clergyman, who has charge of a chapel in a large parish of New York City, and who collects a large assortment of lame ducks.

Ernest Cudlipp, the vicar, covers a lot of ground. He is thoroughly modern; he talks to men and women about their intimate affairs with a frankness that would seem flippant if

he did not maintain his serious attitude. He falls back often on Alice, an actress who seems to have tried everything. He looks after John Wade, 22, who doesn't know what is good for him. He comforts Carl Willever, a clergyman who is leaving the church in order to go to Rome. He gives rather worldly advice to Geraldine, who has been living with John and has become pregnant. He has a way of justifying his practical works by considering that he is living up to his obligation.

His judgment of others—his fellow-priests as well as the priests of the Roman Catholic church—is realistic.

Mr. Cozzens' Ernest is a new clergyman in fiction. He does not fall from grace, as Henry Arthur Jones' clergymen were wont to do, and then become penitent. He is no untethered, ranting Elmer Gantry. He feels that "the obligation to charity is greater than any obligation to convention or public opinion." He is a welcome character, one who will provoke discussion.

Here, again, we see the reporter at work. But Mr. Cozzens has abilities that go beyond reporting. He has a feeling for effective phrases and contrasting situations and he refuses to believe that human beings should be exemplary. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

"MARCHING! MARCHING!"

Both *Men and Brethren* and *If I Have Four Apples* are tales told deliberately, without fire, but a sort of restrained intensity makes *Marching! Marching!* by Clara Weatherwax a novel of greater originality and forcefulness. This book has been awarded a prize of $750 offered jointly by *New Masses* and the John Day Company for the best novel on a proletarian theme. Novels about workers have often been strongly autobiographical, but Miss Weatherwax offers a whole company of workers and describes their emotions and acts in a time of economic stress. The setting is in the lumber region of the Pacific northwest, also used by Robert Cantwell, and the story deals with the attempts of the workers to eliminate the hazards and insufferable conditions of their occupation. The mill owner is the chief villain; the officials call upon police terrorism to scatter the workers and drive out the radicals. The author is exceptionally successful in conveying to the reader a feeling of extreme confidence in the workers, and the closely knit style in which the book is written suggests the solidarity with which the men band together in a common cause. There is a good deal of emphasis on the fact that Miss Weatherwax comes from "pre-Mayflower stock" and has

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ancestors who fought "in the first American revolution"—this is made use of in the story, too, and no doubt is welcome to the advocates of the revolutionary novel, who are eager to show that radicalism is not an agitation by foreigners. Although proletarian novels often deal with the same situations—strikes, abuses of workers, and violence started by owners and police, Miss Weatherwax's writing is distinctive because she concentrates on the essential human relationships of her characters. (John Day Co.)

"THE SOUND WAGON"

T. S. Stribling's new novel, *The Sound Wagon*, is so thoroughly topical that it reads like a newspaper. Deserting the Southern scene which has served him so well, Mr. Stribling pictures the mendacity, dishonesty, and corruption of American political campaigns and satirizes the supineness of the voters, who neither know nor care who is up for election. Henry Lee Cardinius, his chief character, is a worm; running for representative in Congress, he flops from the reform ticket to that of the masters who control public life. Mr. Stribling has no mercy when he depicts the network of special interests. The banker owns two newspapers and uses them for alternate purposes. The chief racketeer deposits his funds in the banker's bank and is a force in politics. The corporation lawyers who make Cardinius a partner justify every act with specious rationalizations. States' Rights are preached because they give a chance to the racketeers and sound well in speeches. The women seem to be honest, but their intelligence is limited; women in a body parading for "Carve the Rockies" and "Landscape the Sea" come in for their share of satire. Apparently Mr. Stribling has viewed the American scene with rising indignation and, applying the methods of Sinclair Lewis, has made the town of Megapolis typical of the worst phases of American public life. Individualism without discipline is to blame—but the author does not waste much time on prescriptions. Perhaps he has none. He sends several people to jail—but for the wrong reasons. The book is not a good novel—too much writing is sacrificed to the author's intention; but it is justified by the situation in America to-day. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S LETTERS

The story of William Vaughn Moody is one of the most tragic in American letters, for he carried the high hopes of our poetic drama when death came in 1910 at the early age of forty-one. Within a few years that drama died too, and the guns of the great war drowned out its lovely meters and turned the thoughts of poets

to naturalism and clinical themes. Those who believe that the renascence of the American stage began with Eugene O'Neill will find profitable reading in the historical study that Percy Mackaye has made as an introduction to *Letters to Harriet*, a volume of letters written by Moody from 1901 to 1909 to Mrs. Harriet Brainard, whom he married. This study is necessary to explain Moody's proper place in the tradition of American letters. Moody was born in Indiana in 1869, the year that saw also the birth of Edwin Arlington Robinson and Edgar Lee Masters. He became a friend of Robinson, Ridgely Torrence, Josephine Preston Peabody, and Percy Mackaye, and later Olive Tilford Dargan was also identified with this group and its poetry. It is worth mentioning that of this number Robinson won fame as a major poet of his time, whereas Olive Tilford Dargan has turned to fiction and under the name of Fielding Burke is now developing a new career as the novelist of life in Southern textile centers.

Moody was a poet of rich sensibility and exalted diction, and his letters partake of these qualities. Mr. Mackaye says rightly that "because of ever-accelerating life, this book is perhaps the last of its kind." Few poets to-day can write serenely to another being who sympathizes and understands every nuance of feeling and thought. In Harriet Brainard, Moody found a remarkable companion and correspondent. By a peculiar coincidence they became better acquainted because Harriet broke her ankle and Moody "slipped on Parnassus" —actually causing an injury to his hip joint by a fall on the mountainside, which led, years later, to his death. The letters describe the workings of Moody's mind and his high enthusiasm for the poetic drama; Mr. Mackaye supplies a picture of the short dramatic renascence which promised so much, especially when Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin made a success of "The Great Divide." This period is narrowing down to an interlude; to-day it seems like the writing of another world.

In a postscript Mr. Mackaye describes the extraordinary influence achieved in Chicago by Mrs. Moody after her husband's death. Her old-fashioned red-brick house on Groveland Avenue, in a decaying neighborhood, opened its hospitable doors to poets, novelists, and playwrights. Mrs. Moody was in business as a caterer and highly successful. She gave freely to deserving writers. For several years she maintained apartments in New York City. She died in Chicago in 1932. Mr. Mackaye has edited the letters with reverent hands. To him both Moody and Harriet are "the primal Homeric stuff of fable." The book also throws light on the early career of Edwin Arlington Robinson, who died last year. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)



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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Those who have a special fondness for books dealing with horses and hunting have a number of well-made books to select from. Books of this character are usually expensive, so that their editions are limited in size. Harry T. Peters, who has given us a number of fine books, has written *Just Hunting* to describe the antics of those who hunt the fox on Long Island, in Virginia, and elsewhere. Mr. Peters has long been master of the Meadow Brook hounds on Long Island. *Just Hunting* contains a chapter on an English hunting week by Harvey Dow Gibson, president of the Manufacturers' Trust Company of New York City, and is illustrated by Betty Babcock. (Scribner's.)

Colonel Weatherford is one of the characters of Gordon Grand; he reappears in *Colonel Weatherford's Young Entry*, as the recipient of letters from his groom, Eddie Walsh, who has been given charge of three children of Colonel Weatherford's brother. The adventures of this group, as Eddie supervises their sporting education, make up the humor of the tale. Mr. Grand's book, *The Silver Horn*, has just been issued in a new edition. Both books are issued by the Derrydale Press.

The books of Derrydale Press are always handsomely made, and *Sporting Stables and Kennels* fully lives up to our expectations. The authors are Richard V. N. Gambrill and James C. Mackenzie, and James W. Appleton, president of the National Beagle Club, has provided the introduction. Excellent illustrations show the progress made in recent years in well-appointed stables. Plans are included.

Physically one of the loveliest of sporting books is *Grouse Feathers* by Burton L. Spiller. There are splendid illustrations by Lynn Bogue Hunt. This is also a Derrydale book.

Among the fine printings of the year I must mention the edition of Robert Nathan's *One More Spring* printed at the Overbrook Press at Stamford, Conn. The typography, cover paper, and illustrations are by W. A. Dwiggins and must be called a triumph. The Overbrook Press must be congratulated for this distinguished performance.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

By H. C.

We begin this month by asking our readers if they will help us out. F. J. Bohl, Peoria, Ill., writes to ask who said or wrote, "Most men lead lives of quiet desperation," and we will be most grateful to any of our readers who can answer this for us. . . . Two writers who bear the same surname interest Mrs. W. C. McKillican, Indian Head, Sask., Canada, for she would like to know whether or not they

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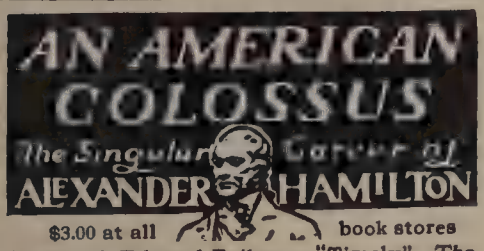
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are related. They are Arnold Zweig and Stefan Zweig, and Viking Press, the publishers of Stefan Zweig's books, assures us that they are not related at all. . . . Sally McDowell is a freshman in Queens-Chicoia College in Charlotte, North Carolina, and she has chosen as the topic for her freshman theme the worthy career of Lady Astor and wants to know of the biographies written about her. We regret to say that we were unable to find any such books, but suggest that the British Museum, London, will doubtless aid her in her search for material. . . . Another request comes from North Carolina; this time from J. W. Vaughan, of Pilot Mountain, who wants to know about the Oxford Dictionaries. There are numerous editions, and we list a few: *The Oxford English Dictionary*, 13 volumes, $125.00 per set, *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, $3.00, *Modern American Usage*, $3.25, *Modern English Usage*, $3.25, and *The Shorter Oxford Dictionary*, 2 volumes, $18.00. . . . Some books on South America are here suggested as a possible help to Mrs. Roscoe H. Wilmeth, Springfield, Ill.: *South America: The West Coast and the East*, by Agnes Rothery, Houghton, Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass., $4.00; *Misadventures of a Tropical Medico*, by Herbert Spencer Dicky and Hawthorne Daniel, Dodd, Mead Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., $3.50; *White Cayuga*, by J. V. Deuel, also Houghton, Mifflin Co., $3.00; *Jungle Memories*, by H. H. Rusby, McGraw, Hill Co., 330 W. 42d St., New York, N. Y., $3.50; and *Dark Trails*, by G. K. Cherrie, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y., $5.00. . . . Information about Ellen Glasgow can be obtained from her publishers, Harcourt, Brace Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., and the following books will answer the other questions of Frieda Hepp, Covington, Ky.: *Who's Who: An Annual Biographical Dictionary*, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., $15.00; *Pen Names and Personalities*, $2.50, and *Nobel Prize Winners*, $3.50, both by Annie Russell Marble, Appleton-Century Co., 29–35 W. 32d St.; *Living Authors*, $5.00, *Authors of Today and Yesterday*, $5.00, *The Junior Book of Authors*, $4.00, *Composers of Today*, $4.50, all published by H. W. Wilson Co., 950–72 University Ave. All the publishers are located in New York City.



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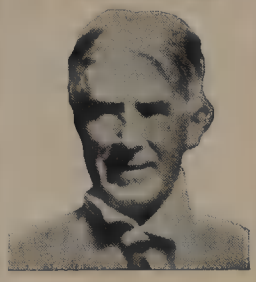
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WHAT PRICE SANCTIONS?

THE DILEMMA OF GENEVA

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

IN THE years following the Paris Peace Conference, Viscount Falloden, better remembered as Sir Edward Grey, was accustomed to say that, had the League of Nations existed in 1914, he was confident that he could have prevented the World War. This statement must have been recalled by many in recent months during the Anglo-Italian dispute when, for the first time since the Armistice, the world was face to face with a prospect of conflict between two major European powers. Nor was it less patent that in 1935, as in 1914, the struggle was likely to spread far and wide.

Between the two crises, those of Serajevo and of Ethiopia, there was, moreover, a parallel which was astonishingly exact. In the earlier, the decision of the Austrian Government to make a *machtfrage* of the assassination of the Archduke was disclosed by the despatch of an ultimatum from Vienna to Serbia. The resolution of the Russian Government to protect Serbia was, thereafter, promptly revealed by a Russian mobilization on the Galician frontier. When Austria declared war upon Serbia, Europe was, therefore, confronted by the prospect of an Austro-Russian War.

Twenty-one years later the disclosure of the determination of Italy to invade Ethiopia presently provoked the despatch of the British Home Fleet to Mediterranean waters. When in the face of that gesture Mussolini launched his offensive in East Africa then the clash between Italian and British purposes was plain. And, in no long time, the press of the world began to report in streaming headlines that a war between Italy and Great Britain threatened.

The crisis of 1935 was thus on all

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fours with that of 1914. When, moreover, in the Serajevo Affair Sir Edward Grey set out to compose a quarrel between Petersburg and Vienna he found himself arrested by the fact that both Austria and Russia had already not merely committed themselves to policies which were irreconcilable but also to steps which were irretrievable. He also discovered at once that neither France nor Germany, the allies of Russia and Austria respectively, were prepared to bring pressure upon either, because to do so was to risk alienating a friend upon whose loyalty their own security depended.

Being now actually engaged in war with Serbia, the Austrian Emperor could not retreat under the direct menace of Russian mobilization without signing the death warrant of the Dual Monarchy. Nor could the Russian Tzar, having mobilized, stand idly by and see Serbia crushed without renouncing for his empire the rank and influence of a great power. Grey's mission was, therefore, a failure and the World War arrived.

In September, 1935, the despatch of the British Home Fleet to the Mediterranean and the subsequent departure of the Italian army of invasion created an *impasse* wholly comparable with that produced by the Russian mobilization and the Austrian declaration of war in July, 1914. But in the later year the League of Nations did exist and a test of the accuracy or inexactitude of Viscount Falloden's words was thus assured.

In point of fact, however, from the very beginning of the Anglo-Italian quarrel, it was clear not only that Geneva could do nothing to prevent war between these great powers but also that everything which it was bound to do would exacerbate the feelings of Italy and thus aggravate the danger of an incident. The fact is worthy of emphasis. For the first time since the end of the World War two European powers were on the verge of conflict, and yet the post-war machinery, in theory designed to operate in such an emergency, was unavailable. Why? Because sitting as a court in the Italian-Ethiopian Affair, the League had found Italy guilty of aggression and was now engaged in devising punitive measures to be taken against the Fascist state.

As a member of the League, moreover, Great Britain was not merely participating in this enterprise but actually supplying the leadership. The fact that the Anglo-Italian trouble had its origin in the despatch of the Home Fleet to the Mediterranean, a step patently provocative and taken without the knowledge or approval of Geneva, was accordingly bound to be overlooked by a League for whose sanctions against Italy the British navy must be the supporting force. The League had thus automatically become the ally of Britain in the Anglo-Italian dispute.

Upon M. Laval, the French Premier, devolved the task of Sir Edward Grey in the Serajevo Crisis. His was the duty to bring Rome and London to agreement. He could not, however, work through the League because the League was already at war—or at law, it amounted to much the same thing—with Italy. No compromise was possible which did not leave Mussolini with some profit to show for his African adventure because otherwise his personal prestige and the fortunes of the Fascist regime would be wrecked. Nor was any concession by Il Duce conceivable while the pistol of the British Fleet was pointed at his head, precisely as no retreat had been thinkable for Francis Joseph in the face of Russian mobilization.

Laval had, therefore, to work outside Geneva. But the moment he pro-

posed to London that it agree to the irreducible minimum of territorial gain necessary to save Mussolini's face, Stanley Baldwin instantly referred the French Premier to Geneva, and Geneva could only reject the compromise. Its hands were tied because Ethiopia as a member state had appealed to the League for protection against an unprovoked Italian aggression. If thereafter the League gave its consent to a bargain which punished the victim and rewarded the villain its prestige was gone forever.

But if Laval could not employ Geneva to prevent war between Italy and Great Britain, Stanley Baldwin could, nevertheless, use the League to advance British interests against Italy. Nominally the League case against Italy and that of the British were identical. Actually they were not. The League was in dispute with Italy because the latter had broken the law. Great Britain was at odds with Italy because the Italian lawbreaking had taken place in a region which the British had always regarded as a *chasse gardée* of their own. And the proof of this assertion lay in the fact that when Japan had broken the law in Asia, precisely as Italy was now breaking it in Africa, no British fleet was rushed to the China Sea and no British statesman had urged Geneva to resort to sanctions.

All of this was perfectly plain to Laval, who refused from the outset to view the Ethiopian Affair itself as serious ethically or legally. In the light of past British and French performances in Africa, he held it absurd for either to attempt to invoke a moral issue in the present affair. Having in January made a Franco-Italian agreement and at that time given his blessing to the Ethiopian expedition, he was equally eager to preserve his entente with Mussolini and aware that he had no warrant to condemn in September an enterprise which he had approved in January.

Laval wanted peace between Great Britain and France and Italy because he was apprehensive of the growing menace implicit in German rearmament. He was willing to let Mussolini play Cæsar in Africa if he would but act the "good European" on the Continent. But France, like Britain, was a member of the League, the League had pronounced Italy an aggressor, and this verdict automatically raised the question of sanctions. Trying to preserve Anglo-Italian peace, moreover, Laval was assailed from both London and Geneva at once as showing bad faith toward the League. Dragged after the British irresistibly also, the French Premier could only try to get special assurances from London that Britain would be equally eager to uphold the Covenant of the League in Central Europe and in East Africa.

The British, however, pointed out with complete appositeness that nothing was pertinent to the present crisis save the consent or refusal of member nations to carry out their promises embodied in the Covenant. At this point Laval balked. Neither he nor France was ready to join England in military sanctions, in the blockade of Italian ports or the closing of the Suez Canal; for these steps must insure war. France would agree to financial and economic sanctions and to support the British fleet with her own, if Italy made a *casus belli* of these punitive measures, but that was the limit.

Unwilling and unready to go to war single-handed, Great Britain, therefore, with none too good grace, bowed to the French decision, and the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary told the world that British policy would not go to the length of driving Italy to war by naval or military sanctions. In theory, therefore, the danger of an Anglo-Italian war had been ex-

orcised, not, to be sure, by the use of the League machinery; on the contrary, only by the decision not to employ it fully. In practice, however, the peril endured, because if economic sanctions proved effective then Mussolini would have to fight or quit. And everyone knew he would fight.

For the prestige of Il Duce still remained at stake. He had risked everything upon the success of the Ethiopian enterprise, and if economic sanctions could force him to his knees then they were not to be distinguished from military. Until the fact was established as to what the value of economic sanctions actually was he could afford to wait. Once it appeared that economic sanctions could—more slowly but not less surely than a naval blockade—starve Italy into submission then he was bound to strike back and to strike at England, the author of his misfortunes. And this truth became unmistakable once the question of oil sanctions was broached in League councils at Geneva and elsewhere. Thus the danger of war would endure exactly as long as sanctions continued to be applied.

II

Once sanctions had been applied, moreover, certain conclusions could be drawn from the Ethiopian Affair. In the first place, experience in the later crisis confirmed the lesson of the Manchurian Incident, namely, that when a great power is resolved to resort to force in disregard of its pledges of the Covenant then the League is powerless to restrain it. In the second place, it proved again that once it undertakes punitive proceedings against the aggressor Geneva thereby surrenders all power to promote compromise. Thereafter it can only punish; it can, in fact, merely wage a League War against the offender. Finally the crisis demonstrated that the League can function even punitively only when a great power decides that its own material interests are menaced by an act of aggression. Thus the case of Geneva against Japan was as good as that against Italy but, since the British fleet stayed at home in 1931, coercion was out of the question.

And as to economic sanctions, themselves, it still remained a matter of extreme doubt whether this form of war could be successful. Of the eight great powers, not less than five, Japan, Germany, Italy, the United States, and Brazil, are either outside the League altogether or in rebellion against its authority. In addition, Austria and Hungary in Europe and also the Argentine and Chile in South America were in the present crisis quite unready to sacrifice their trade with Italy to insure the success of the League War. Even Switzerland, the home of the League, was unwilling to forbid the use of her railways to bring German coal to the Italians.

From the start, also, it was plain that if the attempt of Geneva to wage an economic war with Italy failed then the blow to the League would be even heavier than that which resulted from the failure of the moral sanctions against Japan in the Manchurian incident. If the experiment succeeded it was not less evident that success would be due solely to the fact that her poverty, alike in accumulated capital and in minerals and raw materials, makes Italy the most vulnerable of all the great powers. Success, therefore, must substantiate the argument which the Italians themselves had presented to justify their Ethiopian campaign. By smashing Italy then the League would only prove her case.

Out of any League war accordingly Italy, if defeated, will emerge more determined than ever to escape from her existing limitations. A League war, however, is bound to produce other re-

sults. What the League is visibly attempting is to starve a whole people into submission to its will by strangling its industries and shutting off the food from its population. Women and children, as well as men, are to be subjected to a "hunger blockade" like that which ultimately broke German will and led to the German surrender. But the marks of that blockade are still discoverable alike upon the minds and bodies of a whole generation of Germans.

The ultimate effect of the process, moreover, has not been to convince the German people that their government's action in 1914 was criminal, that they themselves were a guilty people, or that they must renounce the ways which they followed in the pre-war and war years. On the contrary, the German people still believe that in 1914 they were the victims of Allied conspiracy, of French vengefulness, and British jealousy. They are also satisfied that they were deceived by Wilson in 1918, plundered at Paris, and thereafter held to servitude as a tribute-paying people by virtue of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. And in the end their delusion of persecution has found expression in the overthrow of the Republic and the triumph of Hitler.

Even the relatively harmless attempt to apply moral sanctions to the Japanese in the Manchurian Affair provoked passionate resentment in Japan. Not a single Japanese subject accepted the ethical appraisal of Geneva in respect of the Asiatic adventure. In pursuing that enterprise the whole Japanese people backed their government in defying the public opinion of the world. And no one could mistake that rather than yield to foreign coercion the entire nation was ready to fight to the death. As a final expression of Japanese feeling, moreover, Japan quit the League in 1932, as Germany did a year later over the armament question.

Is it likely that a similar effort to impose a foreign will upon the Italian people can fail to produce an identical result? In fact, proof of the certainty of such a result was not lacking even in the first days of the crisis. From the beginning the Italian people saw British concern for Ethiopia precisely as the Germans had viewed British solicitude for Belgium. In no long time mobs in Italian cities were tearing down English signs. The Italian equivalent of "Gott Strafe England" was heard everywhere in the Peninsula. Even Italians like Orlando, who had never identified themselves with the Fascist regime, now rallied to the Government. The King emerged from a well-nigh complete obscurity to give royal approval to the Ethiopian struggle as a battle for national existence. In brief, a whole great people, convinced of the justice of their national policy, inspired by a unanimous and passionate resentment of what seemed injustice and selfishness, on and after November 18th, confronted the world undaunted and unashamed.

III

Originally conceived as an instrument to prevent war, the League has then become a weapon for waging war. In the acute crisis between Italy and Great Britain in September, October, and November it could do nothing to prevent a major conflict because it was now engaged in a minor war. After the World War mankind had shrunk back aghast at the miseries of a struggle which had spared neither women nor children; which had made the hell behind the lines almost as intolerable as the hades of the front. But the League of Nations is now undertaking by the use of economic sanctions to strike directly at the

civilians. It has, at least temporarily, renounced shooting for starving, but in the name of peace it has summoned the whole world to share in reproducing in Italy the horrors of the "hunger blockade" in Germany.

And what is grotesque about this whole performance is that it is described as a "peaceful blockade." Millions may be reduced to misery, condemned to go without meat and adequate clothing, but just as long as no shot is fired so long the enthusiasm of the pacifists of the world will continue to be unlimited. Under the shadow of economic sanctions the Italian people, moreover, began the wartime routine of "meatless days" and turned to substitutes for cotton, soon to be no longer available. Coal supplies were rationed, belts were tightened and rags mended. But this was to repeat the experience of Germany of 1914–18, and everyone knows what the present German state of mind is as a result of their wartime experience.

As early as November, 1935, therefore, the most extraordinary of all conceivable paradoxes leaped to the fore. The League of Nations, which had been designed to prevent war, was now waging war. To argue that League coercion did not constitute actual war was, moreover, silly. For war is not merely the shooting off of guns; that is a detail. Primarily it is the attempt of one nation or group of nations to impose its will on another, by whatever means available.

The League of Nations was now trying to impose its will upon the Italian people. At the moment it was attempting to do it by economic suffocation and not by military execution. But if this method succeeded the result would be identical. And the sole difference between a League war and the ordinary form of conflict lay in the fact that in the old-fashioned conflict it was the men at the front who constituted the target but, in the new-style campaign, it was a case of "women and children first."

If, moreover, the technic of economic sanctions failed then there would be nothing for it but to go back to guns. If, owing to the fact that the United States, Germany, Japan, and Brazil were not members of the League and various other states in Europe and South America, although members, would not march, the frontier of starvation could not be made inviolate, then at last it would be plain that the only thing the League of Nations could do to prevent war was to license military operations.

But, whatever happens hereafter, it is now obvious that Geneva has police power and nothing else. All the great issues which divide nations and produce wars are beyond its reach. It can do nothing to remove them, nothing to compose them. It comes into action only when there has been an overt act, an unmistakable breach of the Covenant. Under such circumstances its first resource is to shame by moral sanctions and its second, to starve by economic embargo. If these measures fail, then its ultimate resort is to let loose military war upon one nation because that nation is making war upon another. And, in practice, that amounts to licensing the rivals of a people, adjudged guilty, to go ahead and smash the "criminal" people, to shoot them, to starve them, to bomb them.

All this destruction, however, will be perfectly proper because it will have the seal of approval of the League of Nations. But the dead killed in a League War either by starvation or by bullet will be just as dead as those destroyed in any other form of conflict. The victims of wounds or malnutrition will be as helpless as the victims of any other war. And what is the most terrifying thing of all is the fact that the

passions and hatreds loosed by the struggle will be as violent and enduring. After a League war the harvest of hate will be just as great as after the older and unlicensed form of massacre. Beaten to their knees either by starvation or by shell fire, the Italian people will feel after the League war as the Germans had felt after the World War. Even the mere threat of a League war has already brought them far along the road to that point.

But the *raison d'être* of the League of Nations was to prevent war and the objective of a League war must be to restore peace. By making war, therefore, the League destroys its single warrant for existence. By waging war, also, it cannot realize its objective because wars never restore peace. On the contrary, they only leave behind them ruined peoples and raw passions. Nations are not converted by the sword or by starvation; they never have been since tribes took the form of sovereign states. All that a vanquished people ever learns from defeat is that it lacked the strength or the skill to achieve ends which it continues to regard as just and proper. Accordingly, it sets out not to modify its objectives but to reorganize its resources and better its skill against a new trial.

In the World War and the post-war period Germany suffered more as a consequence of military defeat than any nation in modern history. If ever coercion could have produced a revolution in the minds and hearts of a people it must have done it in the German instance. But the Germany of 1936 confronts the world proclaiming the purposes of 1914 and preparing to carry out those purposes by precisely the same means as before. If any sanctions, either material or military, could impose an alien moral or legal standard upon a great people, then what was done to Germany between 1914 and 1920 by a collective system encompassing well nigh thirty nations must have succeeded in achieving that end. But the experiment failed. Everything save the German spirit was crushed, but the spirit endured and as a consequence Europe to-day, alike fearfully and fatalistically, awaits a renewal of the events of 1914–18.

IV

Is it not self-evident that in adhering to the doctrine of sanctions Geneva has turned its back upon the pursuit of peace? The reason for its course is plain. Step by step the truth has been hammered home that there is no way to prevent war when great peoples are in the mood of contemporary Japan, Italy, and Germany. No legal restraint, no alien standard of morality, is going to hold back great powers which see their existence at stake and war as the sole means of insuring national survival.

All that can be done under such circumstances is to crush such peoples or let them go their way. But the whole structure of Geneva was based on the assumption that as a result of the experiences of 1914–18 peoples, in the language of the street, would not "get that way" again. When Japan marched into Manchuria the entire conception of the League crashed. Japan had in fact gone off the moral standard of Geneva. The "Nazi" Revolution soon showed that Germany had followed suit. The Ethiopian enterprise presently revealed a similar Italian desertion. Instead of a "gold bloc" and a "sterling bloc," there were now a League bloc and an anti-League bloc.

Geneva could not longer claim obedience for its Covenant from all of the nations which had once signed it, because some of these had in fact, if not in form, renounced their acceptance and repudiated their signature. Three great peoples, numbering upward of

two hundreds of millions of souls, had renounced not merely Geneva but peace as well. They were making war or preparing to make war. Every class in the social hierarchy of each of these nations was supporting its government's policy. Whole peoples were being prepared to meet coercion by resistance and were certain to identify what was done to them in the name of League law as a process of pure persecution.

It is axiomatic that law can be enforced effectively within a state only when it is backed by the public opinion of the community which lives under it. The attempt to compel a community to obey a law which is repugnant to its conscience, common sense, or material interest invariably leads to explosion. But the League had attempted in the Manchurian affair to enforce upon the Japanese people League law, which they unanimously rejected. It is trying to do the same in respect of the Italian people, whose repudiation of the law has been equally complete. It is also confronted by the certainty of having in no long time to repeat the process in the case of the German people, whose course would be identical.

Within a state, a government, confronted by three sectional phenomena like the Japanese, Italian, and German, would be constrained to undertake some amendment of the law which had thus been repudiated and defied. But the League can do nothing to amend the law because those who suffer by it are a minority, and nations which profit by it, and Great Britain and France in particular, have set their faces against revision. The three rebel countries are out to modify their own economic and territorial circumstances, which they find intolerable; but those countries whose security must be compromised, whose frontiers must be mutilated, or whose colonial monopolies must be abolished to satisfy the demand of the rebel nations can and will prevent all revision within the League.

The success of the League has at all times depended upon discovering some means other than war by which the material disparities between nations can be removed. Never in history have strong peoples been ready to endure inequality peacefully. There was no reason to think that they would be more willing after 1918 than before 1914. When, therefore, the machinery of the League fell into the hands first of the French and then of the British, that is, of those nations satisfied with existing conditions and resolved to perpetuate them, then its failure was assured. For then it became the instrument of the satisfied nations against the hungry.

Once the hungry nations broke away from Geneva, the universal character of the League ended. The world was divided between the *Haves* and the *Havenots*; but the League could not promote peace between the two camps because it was itself inescapably the ally of one of them. It was charged with the execution of the law and, therefore, when nations which found the law intolerable resorted to violence to amend it, Geneva, the gendarme, was summoned to action. Positively then the League could do nothing to compose the dispute, negatively it was condemned to do too much.

Coercion, to whatever extent it be carried, cannot, however, modify the circumstances out of which crisis arises. Even if they are broken to the law, the hungry nations will still find their unequal conditions intolerable, in fact more intolerable than ever, and as they recover their strength will organize a new challenge to the law. To establish peace in the world, therefore, a peace of understanding and co-operation between all nations, the League is bound to find a basis of compromise between the hungry and the satisfied

countries which will remove the causes of conflict. Otherwise in no long time it must lose all moral appeal in the eyes of the peoples who identify in their material poverty the proof of continuing injustice.

Not merely to enforce old law, become obsolete and oppressive, as all law must with the passage of time and the change of conditions, but also to establish new laws and to repeal or revise ancient statutes, that must be the task of any institution charged with the task of preventing war. To succeed, in fact even to survive, Geneva must be a pacificator and not a policeman. When its efforts to pacify fail, moreover, then the League has reached the uttermost limits of its usefulness. After that, to enlist in a war it has been unable to prevent and as an ally of one nation and the enemy of another, is to destroy its standing with the latter for all future time.

V

Sanctions are themselves the negation of peace. They are a resort to violence to prevent a violence which has already begun. Consequently they crush without convincing; failing, they make ridiculous in the eyes of the whole world an institution which has already forfeited its claim to the respect of the nation against which it has attempted coercion. Thus from the point of view of peace, in adopting the method of sanctions the League has entered the pathway of suicide.

What is almost beyond comprehension is the fact that with the lesson of the German experience clearly before their eyes, the champions of the League and the searchers after peace continue to believe that by resort to force a great people can be brought to abandon its own policies and renounce war as a means of pursuing them. But if the result of successful use of sanctions against Italy is to create another ruined, resentful, but utterly unrepentent people in the world, dominated like the Germans by a delusion of persecution and driven by a sense of desperation, who will see in this outcome a gain for peace?

Actually the use of sanctions to promote peace after aggression is like the too tardy resort to surgery to cure cancer. The operation can be successful but, nevertheless, the patient dies because the removal of the cancerous tissue involves cutting too deeply to permit the victim to live. To starve and freeze a great people into submission to a League dictate, while it may nominally re-establish the sanctity of the law, must also produce conditions which are wholly incompatible with peace. The real objective of coercion of course must be to effect a change in the intellectual and moral standards of the nations thus subjected to discipline; but the actual effect is invariably to bring about a physical breakdown without touching the moral convictions.

Whether by the employment of sanctions the League ultimately succeeded or failed in its effort to make Italy desist from its Ethiopian enterprise, it was already patent even before they were applied that Geneva would fail utterly in its effort to make the Italian people respect the law which had been invoked or to accept it, save at the point where their power of resistance was broken. Win or lose, by resorting to sanctions against Italy the League was already well on the way to create another postwar Germany. Weakened by defeat, the Italian people will be desperate; encouraged by victory, they will be arrogant, but neither state of mind can make for peace in the world.

Actually, the very act of adoption of the technic of sanctions constituted a confession of bankruptcy by the League of Nations. For it disclosed the fact that the wheel had come to a complete

turn and that, although originally designed to prevent war, Geneva was now waging it. In theory, the headquarters of an institution intended to be the agency of voluntary co-operation, it had, in practice, become the instrument of one group of countries to be employed by them against another.

By the resort of the League to coercion, Japan, Germany, and Italy had been driven from its ranks. Because it refused to accept the implications of coercion, the United States had declined to come to Geneva at all. Four of the seven great powers were thus absent. In South America, Brazil—the most considerable state of Latin America—was not a member, and Chile and the Argentine, like Austria and Hungary in Europe, promptly declined to share in Geneva's "hunger blockade" of Italy.

Reliance upon force has thus shattered the dream of universality. Only a minority of the great peoples are now members of the League. Temporarily it still retains the faith and loyalty of the organized peace societies in Great Britain and the United States. But this faith and loyalty are founded upon a lingering hope that in some fashion the League may still prove able to exorcise the agonies and passions of war. Yet complete success in the Italian experiment must, if achieved, demonstrate that such hope is baseless.

For if the League's "hunger blockade" does produce a "knockout" then the world will presently be confronted by the physical and moral consequences of the employment of economic sanctions against a great people. The reduction of forty-odd millions of Italians to the material and psychological circumstances of the Germans in 1919 will demonstrate irrefutably that the effects of a League war are indistinguishable from those of the more familiar type of conflicts between individual nations. And once the Italian task is completed, Geneva will be confronted by the necessity to adopt similar measures to deal with Japanese and German problems.

If the League does do this, however, it will give contemporary currency to the ancient phrase, "They make a desert and call it peace." For to establish peace by sanctions it will be necessary to accomplish the ruin not of one great people but of no less than three.

In reality when in 1935 Geneva set out to save Ethiopia from Italian aggression it inevitably assumed the position of Russia when, in 1914, it undertook to protect Serbia from Austrian attack. To prevent a small war it had to provoke a major conflict. To save a little country it had to smash a great nation. Such too had been the necessity of Great Britain when it set out to defend Belgium against German invasion. Nothing has changed with the lapse of more than two decades, therefore, except that there has been created an international institution which can license one form of war and outlaw another.

In the mêlée, however, the fact has been completely lost sight of that the original objective of the League was to prevent wars of all sorts. From the revelation of the horrors of war of alliances, mankind in 1919 had turned to the creation of a universal system of peace. By December, 1935, however, that universal system had been transformed into an alliance engaged in making a war of starvation upon Italy. Its prestige also had become so completely involved in this conflict that its survival seemed contingent upon the success of its campaign of coercion, whatever the cost in human misery and material destruction.

By mid-December too another ominous fact claimed attention. In theory sanctions should have compelled surrender instantaneously. In practice,

however, the experience of two months had demonstrated that they could only succeed when they had brought exhaustion. But, in the face of a prospective oil embargo, Rome had put London and Paris on notice that to resort to oil sanctions would be to precipitate war.

Instead of taking suffocation "lying down," Mussolini was resolved upon a war of desperation against Britain and France. It was the conviction that this determination was genuine which dictated the Hoare-Laval compromise project. To prevent a general war in Europe, not otherwise avoidable in their eyes, the French and British statesmen were prepared to permit Italy to triumph in a colonial enterprise.

Acceptance by Il Duce of this compromise would end sanctions and exorcise the danger of a European war. Realism, which sought peace, was thus at odds with idealism, which was primarily concerned with punishing an aggressor even at the cost of war. Against this "betrayal" Geneva revolted with consequences undisclosed when this article went to press, but already it was clear that a return to sanctions meant the restoration of the menace of war, thus constituting a final demonstration of the fact that peace and sanctions are mutually exclusive.

MARIANA

A STORY

BY NANCY HALE

SHE is there now, on her knees on the soft dry earth, with her fingers groping into the earth for the roots of the little tender weeds. The sun is so warm and yellow and gentle in the late afternoon and, lower down the slope, in the swamp, the frogs are beginning to sing from their secret pools at the roots of the sumach and the joe-pye weed and the dogwood trees. Where she is kneeling the land is all hot and gold, and down there the swamp is purple and red and deep gray and dark yellow. She can hear the new breeze that comes at four o'clock when it begins to sift through the needles of the two black pine trees at the top of the hill. She can hear the Readville train go by six miles away, beyond the sunny fields and the August woods and the roads and the orchards full of bright green apples; too far away to see its floating streamer of smoke; only the dazed whisper of its roar, far, far away, and the small, sad sound of its whistle —"Ah—Ah—Ah-Aaaah."

She is moving very slowly on her knees between the carrot rows. She leans on the flat of one of her hands, and the other burrows into the powdery earth to take hold of the roots of the weeds. The sweet-smelling dirt has packed in under her finger-nails; she pulls the weeds out one by one and drops them on the soft gray pile of dying weeds, plantain and tansy and a little weed that looked like the carrots, but limper and not so green or so brave. Two long rows of carrots, and their tops spurt up like green fountains; under the earth her fingers feel their globes growing hard and regular. Beyond the carrots are the squash-plants with their leaves like elephant ears, and beyond, the purple-veined beets, and beyond, the low woven lattice of climbing peas, and beyond, the bush-beans, and beyond, at the foot of the garden, the tall bean-poles with the beans climbing up them round and round and round to the top.

The sun is going down. The sun hangs over the swamp, and it has turned wild red and purple down there; the frogs sing louder and louder from under the reeds and the furry sumach. They swell together, high and sweet and shrill into the sunset air, so sweet and lonely over the fields. The garden is in shadow, and the little wind slides through the pines and down the hill, and the dry earth turns cooler between her fingers.

She starts to her feet as if her heart had beat triple. But there is no one walking down the slope or even standing at the top of the hill, between the black pine trees, looking down at her. No one has been standing quietly behind the bean-poles to surprise her when she should stand up, nor comes walking across the fields, nor waves to her from the road, nor comes at all.

She climbs the little hill to go to the

house on the other side of it. The frogs sing louder and sweeter from the swamp at her back, and the crickets begin from the long fields and the country rolls out over the hills in the pale dusk behind her, beautiful and lonely. It is only on the verge of night, but she walks through the grasses thinking of those other nights. . . .

He had said he would take the first plane back to New York after he had finished talking to the men. That might be the one that left in the evening or it might be the one that left sometime in the early morning, getting him back for breakfast.

"It will be the first one, I hope," she had said. "You'd be so tired if you had to take one at five o'clock in the morning, darling, because you wouldn't think it was worth while to go to bed beforehand, would you? Anyway, I hope it's the first one. I'd like having you wake me in the middle of the night."

"If it's not, I'd take the bad one," he had said. "I want to get back to you too. Anyway, I'll wire you which."

After he went she thought of meeting him at the airport when he got in. If it were the first plane it would be queer and exciting out there, and he would not be expecting it, and they would come back home together on the bus in the weird early morning and go to bed together with the thin dawn beginning to come in through the windows. Or if it were the later plane, she would go to bed early the night before and get up early with plenty of sleep and looking well and meet him out there in the morning sun and smile at him and not talk too much on the way home, and give him a big breakfast and then put him to bed with the shades drawn down, and that would be exciting too. She thought about it all day and found out how to get to the airport at those hours, and waited for a wire.

But none had come by nine o'clock, and she put on her hat and went out into the hot, exhausted streets. Women in white dresses sagged along the sidewalks and children screamed in the alleyways and cripples sold shoestrings and pencils along the curb. She walked very slowly in the evening heat and watched the dirty papers blow, and the grocery-wagon horses clop wearily by, and sang to herself, and made herself lonely and sad by singing. She wondered how she had ever used to be happy alone.

She ate things that she used to like in a place that she used to like, but it was not any good at all. People came in and dropped down at tables and ate disinterestedly and went away again, and they were all ugly and foreign to her. She took his picture out of her purse and looked at it while she ate; all the beauty in the world belonged to him and was dispensed by him, and when he was not with her it was all locked away. It made her feel a little stronger to know this all at once clearly, and she started to walk home thinking of it: he was the key to beauty and sanity and happiness, and that was all of it—simply she must never be frightened because when he was away everything went flat and there was nothing to think or feel about anything. It clarified everything to know that; it only meant that she must always have him to be able to live at all; she must always give him everything she had, for him to give back to her explained and beautiful. At times like this there was nothing to do but wait for him to come back and make her alive again.

But she was frightened again when she went into their room and turned on the light and was all alone in it. She closed the door and hurried into bed and lay listening to the lonely night

noises, the children calling and the subways and the rattle of the elevated trains. She was childishly afraid of the dark until she fell asleep, and then she woke in a sharp fear, feeling that she had heard someone move in the room; her heart beat wildly. After a long time she went back to sleep, without pleasure, lonely, and as though she were in a strange bed.

The doorbell waked her in the morning. It was a telegraph boy, and the wire said, "Had to stay over taking evening plane get home three."

That day was all different because she knew that when she was asleep he would come back and wake her up and then he would be there at last. In the evening she got some things ready for him to eat and put them on the table in the bedroom and went to bed and to sleep without any fear; the next thing she would know would be his presence.

And he was there, and it was the middle of the night, and he was bending over the bed and kissing her awake; she held on to him tight with all her loneliness solved. She sat up in bed and watched him eat. He was so beautiful all over again, as if she had never seen him before, but not that: she knew his face and the silhouette of his head and his shoulders and his legs stretched out so well; it made her throat ache to get him back and have him there where she could see him. She wanted to get up and go and sit on the floor and put her arms round his legs and her head on his knees and say that she loved him over and over and over into a frantic monotony of repetition. But she knew that he would not like that then when he was eating; when he was through he would come and put his arms round her himself.

When he had come to bed and was beside her with his arms round her it all calmed down: there was no nervous eagerness or anxiety any more, only very deep calm and peace and completeness. She was drowsy, and then he was speaking to her.

". . . on the porch at this club. Only a very little bit, darling."

She could not understand, and it was all grotesque and like a nightmare, and then she did understand and it was even more grotesque. She hadn't thought before of that: he hadn't suffered that pain from missing her that she had had—of course he was complete and life had sanity for him still without her; he had gone on living his life in consciousness progressively from the moment he left her, and he had been in this place and there had been this girl, and he had been able to think of her as actual, as being a live personalized human being, and he had been able to direct conscious thought toward her, and he had wanted to kiss her and he had kissed her. Somebody else whom she had never even seen.

She thought, suddenly, I have not really been alive or had any consciousness of reality in the whole time that he was away.

She found that she was crying, bitterly, somehow separately from her thoughts, and he was talking into her ear.

"Darling, you don't understand at all. It meant absolutely nothing. There wasn't any meaning in it. I kissed her a little, but I didn't give her anything of me that you have, and she knew I didn't. Don't you see, my telling you . . . don't you see how absolutely nothing it is?"

She felt her tears run all over their faces, and was tired of crying, but she could not stop. She could not say anything of what she felt; she tried to talk, but she could not say it so that it meant what she was feeling.

"Oh, but . . . you don't understand —it's that you wanted to . . . oh, you have everything when you're away from me and I haven't got anything

. . . you can go on thinking . . . you *wanted* to . . . I mean you thought about her and you *wanted* something . . . you don't know what it's like when I miss you . . . you don't understand . . . darling, I don't use up all of you, don't you see? . . . you've got desires for other things, you can think about other things . . . you don't understand."

"But you don't understand. I didn't have any desire for her at all, can't you see? I simply kissed her once or twice. It was nothing at all, you don't understand."

"You thought about her . . . she was alive for you . . . oh I can't make you understand!"

"For God's sake. Why can't you *understand?*"

She is there now, watching the lonely country street light flicker down the road. She has taken off her hot shoes and the bricks of the porch floor are cold under her feet; she moves her toes a little over their roughness.

In the darkness she can smell the honeysuckles that hang in ragged festoons from the clapboards of the house. The frogs are still sawing, high and sweet, in the swamp. All the flowers, all the fruit and vegetables and the earth and grass and mold and the deep pine woods over all the country send up shivering waves of sweetness into the hot evening air, into the night in August.

Suddenly so sharp and unbearably, one cricket far out in the deep grasses cries out alone. Dark slumberous fields, and the far hills, wide and quiet and black under the black August sky, with no stars; only still, thick, heavy darkness, and the one yellow street light quivering in the hot night air. She watches it, and sometimes it swells bright and shines like a great four-pointed star whose rays sharpen out and out until she cannot be sure where they disappear, or if they disappear; then the star recedes. It is no bigger than a point of light, contracted tiny as the dot glittering at the end of a long black tunnel; she watches it shrink and shrink, and waits for it to blare out again into the great star.

The night lies still and throbs with heat, and the frogs sing shrill and sweet and rhythmic as the beating of a heart; round the bend of the dim road the blaze of a car's headlights swings up and cuts a white path through the darkness; the leaves of the trees that overhang the road shine out bright and feathery for a moment, and the car comes on, with a solid, purposeful noise that drowns the frogs. The lights sweep off the road as the car makes the turn toward the house, and they run across the front of the porch, across the steps, hurrying up and down the striped clapboards and off down the side of the lawn and back onto the road. The car never stops. The white lights go away up the road, and the sound goes farther and farther and farther; they are all gone, and they never stopped.

She hears the frogs again and the sharp, occasional cricket in the lower fields. She smells the sweet and sorrowful August night and sits still, and watches that one yellow street light swell and shrink.

Of other nights. Night was such a responsible time, to be blamed for so much later pain, or was it only that there she had thought too much, patched together too much, lain there aching in her heart and put together in her mind little fragments of this, snatches of beauty, *foreign* beauty that seemed to endanger her precious and, pray God, eternal peace; little tired, bored sentences of his made during daytimes out of that, surely, satiation with that terrible, consuming hunger and thirst and itching of hers for him that she could not help. Or could she

help it? She had never seen how she could, but there was that question: mustn't she try, with all her strength, to keep it still inside herself and confront him with a calm and smiling normality? . . . "You are the man I love; of course, I love you very much; but then also I have to eat and have my hair done and interview servants, things like that, all sorts of busy things when I am me and not even thinking about you for the nonce; for the nonce, my dear! although when I am through I will meet you somewhere with my calm and smiling face that you can calmly admire, *not* all contorted and trying for you, with madness for you, just that: madness for you and about you." . . . There had never been any question at all but that that was the practical, wise, right, successful way to be; but how did one do it? All the hundred thousand times she had tried, put on that face and tried being calm, working from the outside in, trying to make her heart as calm and wise as she could make her face look when she tried—when she made herself remember to try.

Pitiful attempts that only lasted just so long, only a little, little while, even though she could see so clearly how rightly directed those efforts, even pitiful, were: his relief, his pleasure; of course he wanted her contented. The quick, unsuspected things that broke them up, those attempts (and she never could learn to suspect them; those attempts were as childishly insecure as a big plumed hat vainly perched on top of a little girl's head; puff! and anything untoward could blow them away).

He would let his gaze, lately so happily relieved by seeing her calm, and leaning *back* in her chair at their café table, wander, oh, about, anywhere, why not, in Heaven's name? But always, somebody; dark, or fair. "Look, that one over there; she is pretty, isn't she?" And with the exactly last gasp of strength of her heart she would manage to say, "Yes, she really is pretty." And then the mask was off, the guard was down, the whole silly attempt was off, ruined by a little thing like that. The next thing, he would look back at her, beside him, and find that all her calm was gone, she was not leaning back any more; all the exasperating torture and that madness were back in her face, and she was leaning forward, burning up with fever inside, looking and looking and looking, at his turned face, his close, warm ears, his lovely strong throat. She wanted him so, and there was no way in the whole world to surround him, own him, grow around him enough to suit the way she wanted him: more and more, and nothing was ever enough. So there seemed to be nothing to do but try him, poor, poor normal patient one, with the reflection of all that wanting in her face, and in her hands that she could hardly keep in her lap; they were always trembling to lie against his cheek and slide down his throat, or feel his shoulders under the cloth of his coat. She would have given her soul to be calm, and not to live that reaching, imploring life. Naturally, if she had been calm she could have had all she wanted of him. But she wanted so much more! No wonder those fantastic big black hats blew off in the littlest breeze. . . .

Or not even a breeze at all; in their room, alone, dressing or undressing or sitting or anything at all, quietly, in the small corners of her mind caution would set to work to save her yet: be gay, be inattentive, be friendly as if he were just a human being to you, be *calm!* So she would make him repeat something twice—as if she didn't hear every word of his on the instant, always!—and crack a joke, and go over to the window and look out as though the world outside, the garden, or the house-

tops held additional interest for her, something that made them worth looking at. And it always worked; his relief, again his pleasure, sweet pleasure, that she was not in that eternal, inexplicable, exhausting pain. And then—without even a breeze to blow it all away too. She would come too close to him and see with those other, mad eyes, the sweetness of his warm temples where tiny soft hair grew tenderly, or hear with those other, mad ears, the deep lovely timbre of his voice, or simply look, suspecting nothing, at him from across the room, his broad flat shoulders, or the elegant, columnar rise of his ankles from his feet. And then, one more time, any bravery, any attempt to let him alone to be himself, give him the freedom of separateness, was absolutely, crash! ruined. The ache back in her heart and the fever in her hands, and at once she was back beside him, too close, far too eager, not caring, not aware of being a separate person, herself, any more at all, only wanting to kiss, to touch, anything—to kneel very quietly down on her knees beside him and hold his hands to her mouth and to cry and cry because there was nothing in the world that was being close enough to him. . . . But *why?* Because that wasn't what he wanted.

Of other nights: After he had taken her home he moved about restlessly, and after a while he said he wanted to go out again, he wasn't sleepy; and, putting on one of the silly hats of separateness that never stayed on, she told him to go, to come back as soon as he really was tired and wanted to go to bed. That time it was all ruined, the bravery, just as he was going out the door (relieved and happy at her pleasant sanity):

"Darling, darling, you will come back, won't you?" With so much too much real pain and desperation in it; when there was nothing whatever to be hurt and desperate about; all the peace went out of his face. His shoulders, naturally, went up. "Of course I'll come back." Of course he would; where else would he go? But she hadn't meant that at all; oh, not that at all. Simply, never leave me, never live at all without me. But even that wasn't all of it.

And when he did come back, very, very late, it was all true, all of the nightmare between his going and his coming back; all the frightful, unbearable dreams, the pure horror of those hours that could not possibly be true but *was* true.

And again: "But don't you understand, darling, it didn't mean anything at all? You don't see: a man can do that with a woman and not give anything, not a single thing. Darling, why must you mind so much? You know all of me belongs to you."

She did try to understand what those words meant, to credit them with a sense that certainly must exist somewhere, but far, far away, and not for her. Just—that unbearable, lovely thing, him, wanting the woman and having her, and she, the woman, receiving the miracle and not knowing that it was a miracle. But his wanting her! Over and over and over: his wanting her, putting out his—beautiful—strong—hands, and touching her, and leaning with his lips to her so that she, that woman, could smell his smell. . . .

Over and over and over, in the sharpest and most bitter pain, incredible pain that after a while became almost the whole of it, the origin forgotten, just frightful pain that eased a little bit and then she thought, Oh God, it's stopped hurting, thank—but there it was again, so incredible, like dying in severe anguish; what is there to *do,* how can this be *stopped,* this pain can—not—continue. But it could, in the heart; and her heart beat and beat, faster and faster, so much more like a trembling

than like beating, but a strong, hard, bitter trembling that she felt in her throat and made her cold and shaken all over; and the pain came, rhythmically; she forgot, by mercy and exhaustion, and then, the minute she had a little strength, back it came, so far beyond screaming at, such terrible, old pain.

"I can't stand it," she said. That was a great deal later.

"Listen, darling," he said. "There isn't anything, can't you see, to stand, as you call it. It isn't anything at all, it means less than nothing. You don't understand."

"You don't understand," she said. "I can't help it. It happens to me. I don't *want* it. You don't understand."

"If you could just see that there isn't anything to hurt you. Nothing at all."

"I can't stand it," she said. She believed that it was impossible to stand it.

And so she is there now, awake, and out of the house so early in the morning because she did not sleep. The month might be June instead of mid-August, the birds sing so light and high up in the branches, and the fine dew spreads the morning country with a deceptive haze, as pale and delicate as spring. The dust is damp and settled along the road; far out in the meadows a cicada shrills tentatively, then ceases.

She stands out by the edge of the road, and the wet grass cools her ankles. The morning lies very still, waiting for the opening roar of heat that opens up the August day. Back in the fields the cows are walking, and one of them wears a bell that rings, faint and far, across the early day; and farther yet, the morning trains go out from Readville, beyond the hills and the morning woods, but the whistle sound drifts over—"Ah—Ah—Ah-Aaaah."

Everything is very hushed and cautious; the leaves in the trees lie still and damp, waiting for the August sun to dry and scorch them. Nothing moves at all; everything smells sweet and languorous, of summer. Round the curve in the road the postman comes, with his leather pouch swinging from his hand, slapping against the calf of his leg as he walks.

She puts her hand against the sharp rough bark of the elm beside her and leans on it and watches the postman dragging up the road. He comes on and on, and there are bright blue patches under the arms of his blue cotton shirt; she sees them brighter as he comes on. As he walks past, she sees the wrinkled creases in his dim blue trousers and the dust that lies on the brim of his old straw hat. He nods at her, a tired nod that is only an exaggeration of the rhythmical bobbing of his head in time with his walking; but he goes by, with the leather bag banging listlessly against his leg.

And he goes out of sight with the road, down under the hill where the black pines stand up in the warming morning. And then there is nothing that moves that she can see, only the country beginning to quiver a little with the coming heat, the loud birds hushing with weariness as the air grows hotter, and the sharp, increasing cicada that shrieks from the lower meadows.

She turns and walks a little, walks a little, back toward the house. There is nothing at all except the hot yellow day coming on, rolling in from the horizon, turning the far fields dusty. There is nothing at all but the screaming, furious noon, and the sad, hot afternoon, and the lonely evening. All the country is sweet, and far, and sad in the throbbing sun. There is nothing to hurt her, nothing that tears apart the monotony of her heartbeat, nothing to endure. . . . She walks across the grass and feels it drying, dusty against her ankles; she wanders through the grass, all alone, all safe, and wishes she were dead.

INSIDE A SENATE INVESTIGATION

BY HUGO L. BLACK

United States Senator from Alabama

If there is nothing to conceal then why conceal it? . . . Everybody knows that corruption thrives in secret places, and avoids public places, and we believe it a fair presumption that secrecy means impropriety. So, our honest politicians, and our honorable corporation heads owe it to their reputations to bring their activities out into the open.

Woodrow Wilson

Two men were busy opening and emptying huge gunny sacks in the dungeonlike basement of the National Press Building in Washington. This was on the nights of February 5 and 6, 1934. Newspapers, letters, memoranda, and, most important, scraps of torn paper, poured out upon the floor. Three hundred sacks-full—this made an imposing and formidable little mountain of mystery when it was all dumped out. The two men worked patiently examining and noting the dates of newspapers and envelopes. When the absorbed workers found papers and envelopes bearing the dates of February 1st and 2nd they became electrified. The sacks were carefully emptied, then searched for every tiny scrap of paper.

Then the men went to work to put these scraps together—an almost impossible task. But for the basement and the night hours, an onlooker might have supposed they were engaged in solving some new sort of puzzle with a huge prize at the end. Yet difficult and hopeless as the task seemed, these two men never faltered in their effort to put all these countless bits of paper together into a collection of typewritten letters.

Four days later a number of letters were offered as evidence in a hearing before the United States Senate in which four men were charged with contempt. The air-mail contracts were under investigation. One of the charges was that after the service of a subpœna commanding the production of letters, these letters had been removed and destroyed. One of the excuses offered was that they were of a purely personal nature and did not relate to the contracts.

The letters turned out, much to the discomfiture of the defendants, to bear very directly and definitely on the air-mail contracts, which is what they had denied. They were, I need hardly add, the letters which those two post-office inspectors, skilled in such puzzles, had rescued from the discarded debris of the gunny sacks in the Press Building basement. The Senate was able to judge for itself and from the letters themselves and their contents. Partly as a result of the excellent work of these two post-office inspectors, the Senate imposed punishment upon those it found to have participated in this defiance of its duly ordered subpœna.

Whenever a congressional committee inspects the so-called private papers of a corporation official the cry goes up that this is an outrageous invasion of the rights of private citizens. There

are always plenty of newspaper apologists to join in the indignant protest.

The obstinate persistence behind the perennial objections to this congressional right to summon and to inspect papers and books is an indication of the difficulties that must be encountered by investigating committees. Slowly business executives have built up the fiction that they have a right to enjoy some special privilege of secrecy. And under our present corporation laws, by which men operate through the mazes of numerous corporations, nothing short of a congressional inquiry can penetrate the activities of these men. Very frequently the point under investigation is their betrayal of their own stockholders who are helpless against their elaborate stratagems for secrecy. Take the case of the Continental Trading Company in which that famous quartet, Stewart, Sinclair, Blackmer, and O'Neill, bought millions of barrels of oil from Colonel Humphreys and then sold them to their own companies at a profit of twenty-five cents a barrel. They did not operate in their own names. They organized a new corporation away off in Canada and did business through it. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee discovered that a large industrial firm and a huge investment trust put over a little deal that netted somebody over twenty million dollars' profit. The checks conveying this profit were indorsed from person to person, crossing the border to Canada and back again, moving about several States without ever being deposited in a bank—all to avoid detection. Such gentlemen when they set out to make a few millions at the expense of the stockholders and with other people's money, like the old Alabama darkey who went stealing chickens, "do not carry witnesses along with them." There is no power on earth that can tear away the veil behind which powerful and audacious and unscrupulous groups operate save the sovereign legislative power armed with the right of subpœna and search.

There is nothing new or strange about these efforts to prevent legislative committees from securing letters and papers of various kinds. Under the old colonial governments, legislatures asserted and enforced the right to summon persons and papers. And in those old colonial days powerful gentlemen who had skeletons in their closets fought valiantly against this right.

This controversy has brought forth many legal arguments, filled many pages of parliamentary records, evoked multitudinous editorial protests, and sent many recalcitrants to prison. Notwithstanding this continuous opposition, the House and Senate have uniformly sustained the right of their committees to obtain such evidence since the first congressional investigation was ordered by the House in 1792. The courts have upheld them.

II

The fight on investigations begins before the investigation begins. At the first suggestion of an investigation the ever-busy, ceaselessly vigilant Washington lobby sounds the alarm.

Investigations are always started by means of a resolution of the House or Senate. It sets out the subject to be investigated and fixes the powers and limits of the committee which is to act. The instant that resolution is offered, or even rumored, the call to arms is sounded by the interest to be investigated. The mails of course are too slow. The summons to battle must go over the wires. Even the telegraph wires have been found too slow. The telephone wires burn with messages to the corporations, public officials, or others to be investigated.

Instantly the pressure is put on Washington. High-priced political lawyers swarm into the capital. Lobbyists descend upon members. Telegrams of protest come from citizens back home protesting against the suggested infamy. Certain newspapers can generally be depended on to raise the cry that an investigation will "retard recovery" or "interrupt prosperity" or "unsettle business" or "wreak untold losses upon innocent widows and orphans who have their all invested in the affected corporation."

Frequently it is not possible to kill an investigation altogether. The storm of public indignation perhaps is too strong to be wholly resisted. Then the strategist must function. The late Senator Thomas Walsh, who was a titan in this field, introduced a resolution to investigate the power companies. Never before perhaps had such a storm of high-powered propaganda and lobbying been turned loose upon such a proposal. "Friends" from back home were not satisfied with telegraphing. They descended upon Capitol Hill in the flesh to protest to their congressmen. But the power leaders saw the investigation could not be killed. They therefore decided upon a stratagem. An amendment was offered to have the investigation made, not by a congressional committee, but by the Federal Trade Commission. That was in the administration of President Coolidge, and the Federal Trade Commission was supposed to be "safe and sane" and dependable.

This pulling the switch on the investigation and sending it to the Federal Trade Commission—which succeeded, by the way—was regarded as a great victory for the power people and they left Washington jubilant. Never has a successful stratagem been more pitiously thwarted by events. Conforming to an amendment to the Walsh resolution, the hearings of the Commission were public. And the Commission selected what must have seemed a perfectly conservative New England lawyer, Judge Healy, from Vermont, to make the study. What Judge Healy did to the utilities is now a matter of history. He dragged them into the light. The reader will perhaps remember those amazing disclosures about the funds spent to buy teachers, college professors, newspapers, preachers, as well as public officials and legislators in their propaganda to purchase public opinion.

Another such stratagem was more successful. The Senate once proposed an investigation of the shipping and shipbuilding interests. A similar resolution was offered in the House. Both passed. Then in a conference the Senate receded from its resolution and the House one prevailed. Why? A letter which turned up in a subsequent investigation tells the story. It was written by a representative of the Ship Owners' Association. The writer was jubilant. "As a matter of fact," he said, "the House provisions *carry no funds.* Whatever expenditures might have been made would have come from the contingent fund of the House, and there is nothing provided to be done other than a jaunt to a foreign country. . . . Therefore I do not feel that the provisions adopted need give concern to anyone. Under the Senate provisions it was a select committee, out *to dig up all the dirt,* and put people under oath, request the production of papers, and so forth." The investigation was stifled. It seemed to have passed. But it went to an impotent House committee with no money to prosecute it.

Even if the investigation is ordered, the opposition is not ended. After a terrific fight by lobbyists to block the resolution for investigating the ocean and air-mail contracts, these gentlemen next tried to influence the appoint-

ments on the committee that was to investigate them. This is a common device. And even before the investigation resolution is passed it must run the gauntlet of another standing committee of the House—the Committee on Audit and Control. Here is another chance to block it: restrict its activities by limiting its funds, for this committee holds the purse strings of the Senate or House.

No one need be troubled lest investigations be too hastily and casually invoked.

III

When an investigation is finally ordered it may be some time, if the investigators are wise, before the public will see or hear anything of it. An investigation is precisely what it purports to be—an investigation. Sometimes attempts are made to discredit it by calling it a fishing expedition. It is not a trial based upon an indictment where the facts are already known and merely need presentation to a jury. It is a study by the government of circumstances which seem to call for study in the public interest. And the public hearing is usually, certainly in important investigations, preceded by a long period of extensive research.

The job which confronts an investigating committee is a formidable one indeed. It must go into records, accounts, business files, public files. Witnesses must be examined. People must be called on frequently at distant points. Mr. Samuel Seabury in his now famous New York "tin-box" investigation had to send men to Mexico. Obviously these extensive labors cannot be performed by Senators or Congressmen. They are already heavily burdened with numerous duties. Therefore they must have help.

The committee must have, as a rule, an investigator who will take in hand the vast details of the probe. Usually a lawyer is selected, since he will be called on to examine the witnesses when the public hearings begin.

During the years of complacence when probes and investigations were frowned on by business and the Senate as "disturbing to business," an appropriation bill was passed containing a provision which we may suspect was designed to cripple investigations. This limits salaries to be paid by committees in connection with any such investigation to $300 a month. When salary cuts were enforced on all government employees during the depression this was automatically reduced to $255 a month. Obviously you cannot hire experienced lawyers or accountants for that. So all investigations are crippled from the start unless able and public-spirited counsel can be found to make the sacrifice. Justice Ferdinand Pecora of New York is a conspicuous instance of such a lawyer. It was an interesting spectacle to see Judge Pecora during the Senate Banking Committee investigation of Wall Street, sitting at the committee table facing eminent financiers who were surrounded by high-priced accountants and assistants and guarded on both sides by lawyers whose fees must have run into the hundreds of thousands, while he was working for around $60 a week for nearly two years. Most of the great law firms of New York faced him. John W. Davis was there for the Morgans; Messrs. deGersdorff and Swaine of Cravath, deGersdorff, Swaine and Wood were there for Kuhn, Loeb & Co. Root, Clark, Buckner and Ballantine and George S. Franklin, of Cotton and Franklin, with numerous assistants were there for Dillon, Read & Co., and a whole battery of counsel for Mr. Albert Wiggin and the Chase National Bank. Imagine a $255-lawyer facing such an army. So the committee must get a $50,000 lawyer for $255 a month. They succeeded

in the case of Pecora. Senator Wheeler's Interstate Commerce Committee has secured the services of Mr. Max Lowenthal, an expert in railroad reorganization law on the same terms for his probe of the railroads. It is a tribute to the bar that such men can be found, particularly when they see their brethren on the other side working for fees of $100,000 for two or three days' services. In one case more than a million dollars was spent by one company under Senate investigation to defeat one bill.

Lawyers do not always suffer by these sacrifices. Great reputations have been made in investigations. Chief Justice Hughes first came to public notice in the great insurance investigations in New York. Samuel Untermyer though a leading lawyer, first gained popular acclaim in the celebrated Money Trust hearings. Judge Pecora's fame was certainly greatly illumined by his fine public service.

But it is because of this limitation on fees that committees are often compelled to get along without counsel in which case the great burden of examining witnesses falls upon Senators and Congressmen who are members of the committees. There are usually several lawyers among them. This is what happened in the Munitions hearings and the utility lobby investigation.

The committee must have clerical assistance. Questionnaires must go out. One misplaced paper may spoil a whole investigation. Investigators in the field must be trained men—lawyers and accountants if possible.

They must be honest and resolute. They have to face attempts to frame them or tempt them or to discredit them. A United States bank receiver sent to take over the affairs of a big bank which had failed through dishonest practices surprised the President of the bank by insulting him almost immediately upon his arrival. When asked why he did this, he replied: "I know when I get into a mess like this that first of all they are going to try to do business with me by blandishment; when that fails they are going to try to bribe me. Failing that, they are going to try to frame me. So in this case I thought I would get the first two technics out of the way quick by breaking off friendly relations with them."

These men, from investigator down, must be alert to see the significance of the slightest fact. In the now infamous Teapot Dome case, Senator Walsh had put various witnesses on the stand, including Secretary Fall and others, without getting very far in proving the corruption he felt sure existed. A mere chance visit of a newspaper man to Fall's Three Rivers ranch finally produced the essential clue and opened up that vast tangle of fraud.

An Oklahoma newspaper editor called at Fall's home on invitation. The Secretary wanted to sell his interest in a newspaper which the newsman wanted to buy. The editor noticed that Fall's place was in an appalling state of disrepair—house dilapidated, roads almost impassable, no fences, disorder and disarray everywhere. Fall himself said he was desperately in need of money. That's why he wanted to sell his newspaper interest which he had clung to tenaciously. After the Teapot Dome deal the editor called on Fall again. He thought he had hit the wrong ranch. Beautiful new roads, trim fences, handsome landscaping, ditches, new outhouses, paint, renovation were everywhere. Well, he thought, where had the money come from? It was that simple suspicion which made the starting point for the extraordinary series of investigations which finally ended with Mr. Doheny's little black bag and his one hundred thousand dollar "loan" to the Secre-

tary and Harry Sinclair's visit to Three Rivers and his "loan" of a great deal more.

IV

It is, of course, necessary that employees shall be sympathetic with the objectives of the committee. The committee must guard zealously against "plants." A "tip-off" by a plant might prevent the discovery of vital evidence. Some time ago our committee learned, wholly by accident, that an employee of another committee made daily reports to those under investigation. It is a practice in Washington to make these "plants" whenever possible.

I am sure the public, which seldom becomes aware of an investigation until the open hearings start, has no conception of the enormous pains that the investigators must go to to get at the facts. It would be quite simple if the interests involved would come forward with a frank willingness to furnish the truth. But very often they dare not furnish the truth. It is too damning. Therefore every conceivable obstacle is put in the way of the investigators.

One simple and effective way to get facts is to send out questionnaires. But so often the persons who receive them throw up endless resistance to honest, straightforward answers. Indeed, it is rarely possible to obtain a full and complete answer to all questions. I recall sending a questionnaire in the ocean air-mail investigations. The answers were not very revealing. A second questionnaire was sent. I studied the answers to that carefully and was almost convinced that all the facts had been given. What we wanted to know was whether the Government Contracting Company was making or losing money, and if it was making money, through what channels the money was being sucked out of the company and where it went. Still I sent a third questionnaire, then finally a fourth and a fifth. That revealed that stupendous profits had poured into the pockets of several individuals through stevedoring affiliates and other associated companies.

In the Banking Committee's investigation of Wall Street Mr. Pecora sent an elaborate questionnaire to the Stock Exchange with the request that the Exchange send it to its members. This was believed the simplest way for all concerned. After innumerable conferences between the Exchange officials and Mr. Pecora's representatives, the Exchange flatly refused to send out the questionnaire. Mr. Pecora promptly summoned nearly a dozen of the leading brokers to Washington. He let them know that if they didn't answer the questionnaire he would summon them to produce all their records in the Senate building. They saw that the questionnaire was really the easiest way. So the brokers promptly named a committee to cooperate with the Senate Committee to make the questionnaire as effective as possible. The revelations of that questionnaire formed the basis of the subsequent Stock Exchange Bill.

Unwillingness to answer questions, often under the unwise advice of lawyers, makes it necessary for committee investigators to examine personal files and papers. Here again the investigators can examine the files in the witness's office or call on him to produce them in Washington. The latter course is very expensive and inconvenient. Yet often investigated persons make a great show of reluctance to having their files and papers examined.

In one instance which I recall a lawyer stated that under no circumstances would he permit files of his client pertaining to shipbuilding to be exam-

ined. Senator McCarran and I told him we should have to order the files brought to Washington if he persisted. They would make a train load, he protested. Then an easy way to avoid shipping a train load of records was to open them to our investigators in the company's offices. The lawyer insisted he would never consent. But in a few hours the doors were opened to our agents and the investigation went forward without molestation. The clients had evidently overruled their lawyer.

Frequently the persons asked to reveal their papers protest earnestly that the documents in question are purely personal. It is amazing how much "purely personal correspondence" there is in business files. This is an old dodge and was settled ages ago. In 1858 a gentleman named Wolcott was asked by a committee if he had received $30,000 from a company accused of spending money to influence legislation. He swore he had received no money to influence legislation. But he declined to say whether or not he had received $30,000. He said it was a purely personal matter. But the gentleman was sent to jail until he testified. The Congress and the courts have held that the committees are the best judges as to whether correspondence is germane and relevant to the investigation.

In the Munitions Investigation something new was tried. A munitions manufacturer said its correspondence in many cases referred to government munitions business and that this was confidential to the government. It produced its papers under compulsion, but all over every document was "Confidential by Order of the War Department." Needless to say, the committee paid no attention to this stamp.

People often ask why great business concerns keep in their files such dangerous and incriminating documents. Why don't they destroy them?

Well, of course sometimes they do. One of our investigators for the Senate Lobby Committee was recently told in substance:

"You will find nothing in our files. We were not born yesterday. We have not handled any matters of policy except by telephone for years."

The Special Ocean and Air Mail Committee found the following letter from the General Manager of the Southern Air Transport Company to the President of the Aviation Corporation, dated May 14, 1930:

> We have received your letter concerning the expenses incurred by Mr. Henry Zweifel while engaged in Washington working on the passage of the Watres bill, and attached hereto is a statement amounting to $5,639.93, which represents the amount we have expended to date on his expenses. . . . You are no doubt familiar with the requirements of this company concerning expense accounts in the ordinary course of business; our requirements being that practically every cent of money advanced being accounted for by receipted statements and accounts. In connection with a mission such as that undertaken by Mr. Zweifel, we thought that it would not only be impossible to secure such statements but would be very poor policy to have an itemized statement of such expenses in our files, due to the fact that some committee of the Congress might ask us to produce them in connection with an investigation.

In our recent utility lobby investigation we tried to get certain records of the Associated Gas Company system. But the records had been destroyed. Thousands of people also in various places had telegraphed their congressmen to vote against the bill. But the originals of these telegrams in one of the telegraph offices had been taken into the cellar and burned. At first officers of the companies insisted this was not unusual. The records were destroyed because they were cluttering up the files. But employees of the

Associated and employees of the telegraph office were brought to Washington, subjected to persistent questioning separately, and in the end it was admitted by the representatives of the Associated Gas that the records were destroyed because of the approaching lobby investigation.

But we know that in very many cases companies do not destroy their correspondence and the most damaging letters turn up. It is these, people imagine, that might have been so easily removed from the files. But it is not so easy as it seems. After all, if a large corporation set out to remove incriminating documents they wouldn't know what to destroy. It happens that individual letters by themselves are quite meaningless. An agent going through the files to clear them out would not attach any importance to them. These letters so often become important and intelligible only when they are read in connection with other documents. They form part of a jigsaw puzzle in which innumerable letters, entries, conversations, and incidents must be pieced together with infinite patience by investigators as those two post office inspectors put together the fragments of torn letters in the Press Building.

Not only are papers found to be missing, but witnesses have a way of disappearing. The reader will recall the most famous disappearance of all—when H. M. Blackmer and James E. O'Neil, two leading oil executives, went to France during the Teapot Dome hearings and did not return. Mr. Pecora was blocked at several points by a number of prominent stockbrokers deciding to take trips round the world just as the investigations started. The most astonishing disappearance of all was that of H. C. Hopson recently when our lobby committee tried to locate him. He merely went into hiding somewhere and for long weeks dodged the process servers of our committee. He did this same thing when wanted by the Senate Banking Committee in 1934. What was accomplished by such an act is difficult to say, since it focused attention on himself and his company and subjected both to a suspicion which tended to injure his case when he was found.

V

After all the dry, difficult, often discouraging work of preparation, suddenly one morning the country wakes up to find that an investigation has begun because a public hearing has been held in Washington. This is the sensational part. Witnesses are either requested or summoned to appear. The stage is all set. There are a number of hearing rooms—committee rooms—in both House and Senate office buildings. But sometimes the crowds are so great that hearings must be held in the large caucus rooms. There is a dais and "bench" resembling a court room. The committee is there. The room is crowded with lawyers, witnesses, assistants of the various persons being investigated. Counsel for the government are there busy with great piles of papers. A swarm of newspaper men occupy the tables, and a dozen or more camera men with their flashlights going incessantly move about the place. There is a crowd of spectators. In Washington we have what may be called investigation fans. They are as regular in attendance as baseball fans. The same faces will appear day after day. Sometimes these fans can and do make helpful suggestions.

The committee must have its evidence more or less ready by this time. Assembling it has been a most important and delicate job. Putting it together in the end frequently leads to a pivotal finding. An anonymous drawing, showing the location of pa-

pers in the room of a company, led one committee to a valuable and, therefore, elusive file. One single entry in a ten-year-old income tax return under the head of Capital Assets, opened up a complete picture of a pillaged corporation. One simple question in the third questionnaire addressed to a shipping company revealed payment to a Washington man that sent him rushing to Europe, and collected income tax for the Government. Another short questionnaire exposed the three-year growth of a forty-dollar stock gift to more than five million dollars, while a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar investment in the same thousand-dollar company grew to more than thirty-five million.

From this point on a tremendous burden is on the shoulders of the person who does the questioning. An able examiner can make the investigation move with deadly sureness toward its objective. But he must have the constant aid, behind the scenes, of his accountants, investigators, to check up on all the statements sprung by the witnesses.

Just as persons and firms have been reluctant to exhibit their papers before the hearings, so they now reveal the same resistance to answering questions. All sorts of technics are employed. A good investigator would do well to study the technics of witnesses.

Of course many merely insist that the question relates to personal and private matters. One of the oldest dodges is to pretend not to remember. The late William Rockefeller was an artful dodger before committees. He was asked by committee counsel to produce a copy of the famous Standard Oil Trust agreement. "I cannot," he replied.

"Do you know where it is?"

"I do not."

"Where did you last see it?"

"I don't remember."

"When?"

"I couldn't say."

"What is your difficulty?"

"My failure to recollect."

This about a document of which he was custodian and the most valuable document in the world at the time.

One of the strangest spectacles was that of the great Wall Street bankers and various promoters before the Banking Committee in 1934. They were surrounded by lawyers, accountants, partners, secretaries, bookkeepers, with multitudinous records available. At each question the witness would turn to his corps of "remembrers" and turn round with the answer. The simplest questions, such as "How many partners have you?" were answered only after consultation and referring to records. Mr. O. P. Van Sweringen spent days on the stand being questioned about his extensive railroad empire. A listener would have concluded that the witness knew nothing about his business. Yet he has a reputation for his extraordinary memory.

Instead of mere failure of memory, other adroit witnesses make non-committal answers from which it is difficult to shake them. Mr. H. C. Hopson was before our lobby committee. I said to him:

"I am asking you if you did not send word to various people to take the offensive and to charge the administration with lobbying."

Hopson: I may have.

Question: Well you did, did you not?

Hopson: I don't know.

Question: That was part of your plan, was it not?

Hopson: You have the papers up there on me. I don't know.

An official of Mr. Hopson's company —the Associated Gas and Electric—was called before the Federal Trade Commission. You would hardly believe a man could be so ignorant about his own affairs:

Q. Since 1932 have you been employed by any other corporation but that one?
A. Not to my knowledge.
Q. You would know it, would you not?
A. I should think so.
Q. Are you an officer of Utility and Financial Accountants?
A. I believe so, but I do not know the exact title.
Q. In view of your uncertainty about it, let us see if we can check against some of the positions we may expect to find in the company. You are not president, are you?
A. No, sir.
Q. Are you vice president?
A. I believe not.
Q. You are not sure?
A. No, sir.
Q. Are you secretary?
A. No, sir.
Q. Assistant secretary?
A. I may be.
Q. You are not sure?
A. I am not certain.
Q. Are you treasurer?
A. No, sir.
Q. Are you assistant treasurer?
A. I may be.
Q. Are you a director?
A. I believe not.
Q. Are you an officer of some other companies in the Associated System?
A. In the Associated System; yes, I believe so.
Q. Can you tell me approximately how many companies in the Associated System you hold office in?
A. No, I could not, offhand.
Q. Can you name two or three of the principal companies in which you are an officer?
A. I may be an officer of the Associated Gas and Electric Company.
Q. You may be. Don't you know?
A. I believe I am.
Q. What officer?
A. Assistant secretary or assistant treasurer, possibly.
Q. Possibly?
A. Yes.
Q. Is that as well as you can do for us?
A. Offhand; yes, sir.
Q. Can you name any other company in the Associated System in which you believe you may possibly be an officer?
A. No, I cannot.
And so on endlessly, getting nowhere.

This sort of thing taxes severely the patience of an investigator. It accounts often for what newspaper editorial enemies of investigations often refer indignantly to as the bullying and badgering of witnesses. The experienced examiner knows various methods must be used with different types of witnesses. After he has tried every technic, politeness, kindness, blandishments, coaxing, helping without effect, he is sometimes driven in the presence of a witness who is deliberately concealing the facts to attempt to shake it out of him with a more drastic attack.

Another device which was once popular but which is not used so much any more is the old familiar "I refuse to answer on the advice of counsel." This was a favorite with the Standard Oil magnates. Henry H. Rogers was on the stand once. He was asked a question.

"I decline to answer on advice of counsel," he answered.

"On the ground that the question will incriminate you?"

"I decline to answer on the advice of counsel."

"Or is it that the answer will subject you to some forfeiture?"

"I decline to answer on the advice of counsel."

"Do you decline on the ground that the answer will disgrace you?"

"I decline to answer on the advice of counsel."

"Did your counsel tell you to stick to that one answer?"

"I decline to answer on the advice of counsel."

Needless to say the witness would not get away with that now.

Witnesses have declined to answer questions from time to time. The chief reason advanced has been that the testimony related to purely private affairs. In each instance with which I am familiar, the House and Senate have steadfastly adhered to their right to compel reply, and the witness has either answered or been imprisoned.

Another ground for refusal to testify has been the claim of lawyers that the information inquired about had been received by them professionally, and they were, therefore, privileged to decline to testify. Neither House nor Senate, nor any Court has upheld any such privilege in Congressional investigations. In at least three instances lawyers have been imprisoned as a result of such claim.

In 1873, Joseph B. Stewart, a lawyer for the Union Pacific Railroad, claimed this privilege. In Washington in 1863 he had received $250,000 from the President of that railroad. A bill was under consideration to give certain subsidies to the railroad, and a Special Committee was seeking evidence to ascertain whether the bonds had been used to influence legislation.

Stewart admitted his fee was $30,000 of these bonds, but made an eloquent plea to the House, defending his right to claim privilege, as an attorney, and declined to tell what he did with the remaining bonds. The House straightway sentenced him to be confined until he testified. Stewart sued the Speaker, James G. Blaine, but lost his case.

An interesting feature of the case was that Stewart was not confined in jail, but was restrained in a room in the Capitol. In 1875, Congressman Ellis H. Roberts said of Stewart's incarceration:

"It will be in the recollection of gentlemen upon this floor that the witness who was then confined to the Capitol, became the lion of the Capitol. Our object is not to make a hero of anyone."

Washington, with its hundreds of lobbyists, social and otherwise, has the habit in certain circles, of entertaining and lionizing, any of their group who make any gesture of defiance of an investigating committee.

VI

I think it a fair estimate that congressional investigations are among the most useful and fruitful functions of the national legislature.

1. They have formed the basis of some of our most important legislation. A few recent examples will illustrate this. The so-called "Truth-in-Securities" act of 1933 and the Stock Exchange Act were two results of the Banking Committee investigation conducted by Mr. Pecora. Senator Hiram Johnson's exposure of racketeering in foreign financing bore fruit in the Johnson bill affecting foreign lending. The Glass-Steagall Banking Bill grew out of several investigations—those of the House and Senate on banking before 1933 and the Pecora investigation in 1933 and 1934. The munitions investigation, though not yet finished, has already produced the neutrality act under which we are now operating in the Italo-Ethiopian war, while an elaborate bill to take the profits out of war is pending in the Senate from that committee.

2. Investigations have saved countless millions to the people. In the Teapot Dome investigation of the late Senator Walsh, two oil deposits of great value were recaptured for the United States government. Besides much cash was brought into the Treasury. H. M. Blackmer paid $3,670,000 to settle a tax claim and $60,000 in fines. Penalties of over half a million were collected out of others. And at least $399,000 in back taxes were collected outside of Blackmer's.

3. In the case of the Banking Committee's investigation of Wall Street, besides all of its other fruits, more than $2,000,000 was collected in back taxes, and changes in tax methods were made possible which will mean the saving of countless millions to the Treasury.

4. Often great savings are effected

by the very corporations and interests that are investigated. In the naval oil investigation, as a result of the exposure of the Continental Trading Company, Messrs. Stewart, Blackmer and O'Neil paid in large sums of money, perhaps a million dollars, to their various corporations, while contracts to sell oil to their companies were cancelled, thus saving those companies at least $5,000,000. The exposure of the operations of Mr. Albert Wiggin, chairman of the Chase National Bank, brought about a revocation of a life pension of $100,000 a year which the bank had been obliged to pay Wiggin, while the bank has a suit for recovering millions pending against Wiggin, based on the committee revelations.

5. But most valuable of all, this power of the probe is one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of the people to restrain the activities of powerful groups who can defy every other power.

Public investigating committees, formed from the people themselves or from their public representatives, exist always in countries where the people rule. They have always been opposed by groups that seek or have special privileges. The spokesmen of these greedy groups never rest in their opposition to exposure and publicity. That is because special privilege thrives in secrecy and darkness and is destroyed by the rays of pitiless publicity.

IN CORPORE SANO

BY MILDRED BOIE

IF I could go one night to bed
With peace laid straight inside my head;
If I could sleep one whole night through
Coiled in the dark, void to the hue
And cry of consciousness in me;
If I could wake one time to see
Nothing ahead and nothing behind,
No spears in soul, no snakes in mind;
If I could taste one crust of day
Unmoulded with my hope's decay,
Or drink a single hour without
Feeling the cracking of my drought-
Infested heart, I might again
Live seconds through, and yet stay sane.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

BY JAMES STANNARD BAKER

In the cold of a December midnight I climbed out of my car and followed the proprietor into the crossroads filling station. I wanted to warm myself at his stove while paying for the gas; but what I saw as I stepped into the brightly lighted room chilled me more than had the bitter weather. I stopped aghast in the doorway. On a hard, narrow wooden bench near the stove lay the body of a man stretched stiffly on his back. The face was covered by a dirty blue jacket, and one arm with a clenched fist slanted awkwardly toward the floor.

"Foul play" was my first thought; but the utter indifference of the man at the cash register quickly brought me to the conviction that there on the bench lay one of the thirty-six thousand who meet death on our highways every year.

"Where was he killed?" I asked.

"Who?" demanded the filling-station proprietor in astonishment.

Shunning it with my eyes, I nodded toward the motionless form on the bench.

"Oh, him!" The man laughed. "He ain't dead. That's Hank Anderson. He sleeps here a couple of hours every other night on his way to Chicago. That's his truck outside."

But Hank Anderson never stirred in the sleep of the dead-tired as I hurried back to my car, casting an almost morbid glance at the great grimy vehicle standing there in the darkness. I wondered if its driver might not have been the dead man he seemed were it not for that two-hour gulp of rest at a filling station, and I mused uneasily on the relationship of sleep and death—particularly in connection with drivers.

The incident would not have been so startling had I known then what I do now about drowsiness and exhaustion as they affect traffic accidents. A few months spent in much night driving, business which took me into truckers' hangouts, a wide acquaintance among highway police, and a chance to study State and other accident records taught me much about driver-asleep accidents. I learned that when a truck stops off the pavement on a wide shoulder at night it is probably not the machine which is out of commission, but its driver. If a private automobile is nosed into some farmer's lane at two o'clock in the morning, it is less likely to be a lovers' *tête à tête* than an all-night motorist snoring in his seat.

The weary driver napping by the roadside may be amusing or pathetic, but he is not dangerous. The damage is done by the driver who puts off that nap. Just how many accidents are due to sleeping drivers will never be definitely known because they are not reported with reasonable accuracy. Nobody likes to admit, even to himself, that he fell asleep while driving. At best it is ridiculous; at worst it is criminal negligence. In fact, such a conscience-stinging stigma is attached to falling asleep at the wheel that mishaps

so caused will be ascribed by drivers to almost any other circumstance—except drunkenness. Usually the inarticulate automobile takes the blame; it "went out of control" or a "wheel collapsed."

How some people try to cover up such lapses of caution is well illustrated by the case of a young New Yorker who started on a trip to New England with his sweetheart after working all day in an office. It was 7:15 p.m. when, chatting gaily, they finally left the city. The Post Road rolled by beneath them until the streets of the towns along the Sound were deserted. About midnight they entered Rhode Island. Their conversation dwindled and finally ceased as the girl nodded. It was about half-past one; they were only fifteen . . . miles . . . from . . . Providence . . . when . . . *crash!*

The State police found the car with its front wheels straddling a stout tree and the engine pushed back into the body. The young man was only slightly injured, but the girl was dead —mashed against the windshield and dashboard. Almost hysterically the driver insisted that he had been confused by traffic—two cars, or three, had forced him off the road; but the story was not plausible to the officers; they suspected something crooked. To clear himself, the driver consented to the use of a lie detector, and it was discovered that he had *merely* fallen asleep at the wheel.

From witnesses we learn how people really can fall disastrously asleep while driving without knowing what happened. For example, a passenger reports that "the driver started mumbling in the middle of the sentence and the car swung to the left across the road. After the crash I thought he was joking when he said he couldn't understand how the car got out of control." Even witnesses, however, are sometimes mistaken. If the driver is killed his companion may charitably impute the crash to a "stroke" or surmise that the driver "must have become suddenly ill." Such a thing is possible of course; but any church-goer knows how infinitesimal is the number of people who die without warning or are stricken by an attack, compared to the host who are overcome by plain drowsiness.

The records of driver-asleep accidents which finally filter through the reticence of those who report them and reach the official tabulations in the fourteen States gathering such data make up almost exactly one per cent of the total number of traffic accidents. How many more of this kind occur without being properly listed can be estimated with fair accuracy from records of careful investigations by Massachusetts inspectors and from counts of the numerous accidents which, from their circumstances, can only be attributed to sleep. On this basis it is safe to say that at least twice as many accidents are due to drowsing drivers as appear in the tabulations. The number is *probably* three or four times as many, however, and may be as much as five or six times as great.

Those willing to go through the statistical acrobatics necessary to guess the yearly number of driver-asleep accidents for the United States will arrive at a round figure of 70,000, which will account for perhaps 2,000 deaths.

But are two or three per cent of the accidents worth worrying about? Are there not other causes which are more important—carelessness for example? Yes, carelessness in one form or another will account for *all* of our automobile accidents—even the driver-asleep cases. Carelessness, however, is so indefinable that we never think of our own habits as being that; therefore all we *do* about the matter is to nod a pious "amen" when somebody urges that other drivers be more careful. You and I will not try to avoid accidents until we be-

gin to talk about them as specific types which hit the weak spots in our own behavior and make us squirm a little.

When we divide accidents into such workable groups we are astonished that the specific things about which the driver must be careful number not a few but hundreds. None of them accounts for more than a few per cent of the accidents, and going to sleep at the wheel occupies a fairly prominent place in the list. From the same sources which supplied information on driver-asleep accidents the following data may be cited as examples:

Driving while intoxicated ..	3.2 per cent
Poor eyesight, less than	1.0 per cent
Road defects, all taken together about	3.0 per cent
Defective brakes	2.5 per cent
Improper headlights	2.0 per cent
Blow-outs, about	1.0 per cent

Four o'clock in the morning is the "favorite" hour for motorists to slumber at the wheel; it is toward the end of an all-night drive and traffic is light. For truck drivers, however, the most common time comes an hour or two later, probably because most of them slept somewhat longer the previous day. Teatime also sees an increase in these accidents, which may be attributed to the soporific effect of afternoon warmth and late lunches. They are fewest round 8 p.m.

About half of the driver-asleep accidents occur on straight rural highways; city driving results in very few. The Middle West puts far more drivers to sleep than any other section of the country, probably because widely separated population centers are connected by straight, level, monotonous roads. More of these accidents occur when the driver is alone than when accompanied.

About three drivers in ten who have accidents because of sleeping at the wheel crash into other cars and about one in ten overturns. The remaining accidents are fairly equally divided between collisions with trees or posts, striking railings or abutments, and going into the ditch. Sleeping drivers rarely hit pedestrians.

The chances of having most kinds of traffic accidents are considerably decreased by the caution of full maturity, but greater age seems to have no effect in diminishing the tendency to drowse while driving. Women, however, are involved in fewer accidents of this kind than men. We should like to attribute this to some peculiar feminine virtue, but the fact is that women rarely tax their endurance in driving —they let the men do that.

Out of three hundred driver-asleep accidents for which reliable details were available, only two involved women. The first was a chorus girl who took the wheel following nineteen hours without sleep. After driving less than ten miles she dreamily sideswiped three cars, and then the commotion of her own automobile wrecking itself on a safety zone woke her up.

The other woman was a twenty-six-year-old mother whose husband usually did the driving. He happened to be away when the baby fell seriously ill; so she drove forty miles to a neighboring town, where the child was treated by a specialist at the home of a friend. The doctor advised staying over night, but she insisted on driving back for some of her things. Excitement keyed her up on the trip home, but it had worn off before the midnight return to the baby. Her limbs became heavy, her eyelids smarted with drowsiness. She roused herself again and again. For twenty-five miles she fought off the sleep which snatched at her, but exhaustion finally triumphed. The car sped on. It edged over the centerline. Its driver was oblivious to a pair of approaching headlights straight before her . . . she regained consciousness a long time afterward. In the same hos-

pital were the two occupants of the other car, both dead.

II

What traffic mishaps caused by sleep lack in frequency, they make up for in frightfulness. In other kinds of automobile accidents the driver has a chance to lessen the impact with the brakes or to swerve into a better position for the collision; but with the leaden foot of sleep on the accelerator, there is no slackening, no dodging. The engine drives the car swiftly forward to the very instant of its destructive crash.

Out of a hundred people taken to the hospital following ordinary traffic accidents, only seven die; but in every hundred who go there from driver-asleep accidents *twelve* have been fatally injured. Too many reports of such accidents match the following samples.

A Michigan truck driver wanted to make some income on the side. He could do it by hauling lumber to a neighboring town for morning delivery after completing his regular day's work. It was monotonous going. He napped for a moment one night as he approached a very gentle curve. The truck kept straight on. When it crashed into a roadside tree the lumber slid forward and pinned him in his cab. The wreck took fire. Bystanders could not aid because of the fierce heat; but they learned from the screaming driver that falling asleep at the wheel had caused the accident which was cremating him alive.

In Pennsylvania two brothers owned a coal truck. For months they had been hustling to pay for it and were now beginning to plan on what they would do with the profits when it was their own. A girl friend of one of the boys was with them on this particular trip up to the mines. The other brother was driving. He had brought six tons of coal down the night before and unloaded it that morning, so that he was not exactly fresh, but he was the kind of a fellow who could "take it" and he would hang on to the wheel a few miles more while the couple slept on the seat beside him. Then he too must have dozed, for his grip on the wheel relaxed. He slumped toward the left and leaned partly out of the window. His head lolled over on his shoulder. The truck came to a curve but kept straight on over the soft, grassy shoulder. The left front fender grazed a telegraph pole, but the unconscious driver did not. Squarely in the face it struck him and wrenched his body from the seat as it crushed his skull against the truck body where it widened just back of the seat.

When Carl failed to show up in time to go to work in the morning his brother suspected that the old roadster in which he had left the party at about three in the morning to take his girl to her home in the next town had broken down. He started out in their father's car to see if he could help. About a mile out of town he found Carl and the car—but they were in worse trouble than he had expected. The car was on its side in the ditch and the head of his dead brother was sticking out through a hole in the cloth top. Others who were upon the scene pointed out tracks in the road which showed how the car had run off to the left on a long diagonal while its driver slept.

From California to Maine and from Florida to Washington such accidents are happening day by day.

III

It is a mistake to assume that persons who drive to the point of dangerous exhaustion are usually on life-and-death errands; for if the trips resulting

in accidents for that reason have anything in common, it is their trivial purposes. Nor can it be taken for granted that drowsiness while driving is usually due to over-long stints at the wheel. Much more often it is simply too far past the driver's bedtime; for men and women are creatures of habit, and unless there is excitement they have a genuine struggle to resist sleep after nineteen or twenty hours without it. The many accidents caused by drowsing after only a couple of hours at the wheel are mostly those in which the start of the trip is preceded by fifteen or more hours awake, often including a full day's work or sport.

Other things, quite unrelated to fatigue, may put one to sleep while driving. Among these are heavy lunches, warm weather, and even beer, but far more important are two other factors, monotony and carbon monoxide.

"Deadly monotony" has long been a trite figure of speech, but modern highways and motor cars have given it a frightfully literal significance. Boring through the lonely darkness on a smooth, straight road in a well-sprung, softly upholstered, and carefully hushed sedan, you feel exactly the same kind of gentle rocking and hear almost the same kind of soft humming that mothers have used for centuries to put babies to sleep! You settle down to driving and start musing. Idle thoughts merge softly into dreams, eyelids droop—and there you are! Whatever shortcomings they may have had, the rutted roads and rattling, gusty vehicles of a generation ago never induced in their drivers a dangerous amount of monotony.

The tasteless, odorless, poisonous carbon monoxide gas is well recognized as a hazard in closed garages; but not many people yet realize that this same gas may reach dangerous proportions in a car traveling on the open highway. The concentration is not usually great enough to act suddenly, but an exposure of several hours produces the familiar symptoms of sickening headache and inexplicable drowsiness. How common this is may be judged in part by the quantities of headache pills sold in filling stations and roadside eating places, as well as by the accidents in which subsequent blood tests have shown fatal absorption of this poison. How drowsiness so caused may be confused with natural fatigue is illustrated in the case of a truck driver reconstructed by the Connecticut State Police after an investigation of the accident. He had not been under way more than a few hours when he ran off the pavement and struck the guard rail a glancing blow. A little farther on he stopped his truck on the shoulder, got out, and walked around it to see what damage had been done and whether his lights were burning. Then, feeling groggy and concluding that he must have dozed off to cause the near-accident, he decided—wisely as he doubtless thought—to sleep it out then and there. He curled up in the cab, but since it was a cold night, left the engine running to keep the heater warm. They found him dead in the morning, his body all pink from the poison. A leak in the muffler had been blowing gases through the loose floor boards for hours.

IV

It is only among truckers that an appreciable proportion of drivers can contend that they must keep going to the point of exhaustion. The figures tell the story. While only one automobile in eleven is a commercial vehicle, one car out of three involved in driver-asleep accidents is a truck. Among professional drivers sleep outranks intoxication as a cause of accidents and does so without counting

those attributed to fatigue which did not reach to the point of sleep.

The bitter battle for bread and butter is what forces truck drivers to stay at the wheel until exhausted. With millions of unemployed snapping for every loose crumb of a truck-driving job, no man will demur when the boss orders him down at the dock at seven in the morning and then lets him hang round until evening before sending him out on an eighteen-hour run. No man who has been persuaded to sink his family's last penny in the down-payment on a truck will hesitate to go the limit in keeping that truck on the road when he can capture a morsel of freight at which a score of hungry competitors are snatching.

It is in long-distance trucking that drivers are to be found who, for weeks at a time, have not been out of their clothes; that men, and sometimes women too, expect to drive all night and load most of the day; that inexperienced or ruthless entrepreneurs set up cut-rate, motor-freight lines and work their drivers to exhaustion—and death perhaps. It is among trucker-traders who buy coal at the mines for city customers, live stock in the country for delivery to the packers, and fruit or vegetables from farmers for sale in metropolitan markets, that men test their endurance not once or twice a year but several times in a week or a month.

Here is a fruit hauler who starts loading in Michigan at about 5 p.m. and leaves for Chicago two hours later. He arrives at the market about 2:30 a.m., completes delivery of his cargo by 4:30, gets something to eat, services his truck, and then naps in the cab a little before driving to the place where he thinks he can pick up a return load. At 8 a.m. he starts back, usually empty, arriving at about 1:30 p.m. He sleeps at home until nearly 5 p.m. when he starts out to repeat the performance of the day before. When hauling is heavy he may do this as often as five days per week, actually driving about fourteen hours per day, and sleeping from three to six hours, about a third of which are in the truck.

A typical hog-hauling job runs as follows: Beginning about 2 p.m. the driver calls at two or three farms north of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to pick up a load of hogs. By five o'clock or so he is on the road to Chicago, but he stops for a couple of hours at some restaurant on the way and chats with other haulers. It is about 2 a.m. when he arrives at the stockyards, where he usually has to wait from one to three hours to unload. During this time he may snatch a little sleep in the cab. As soon as the load is delivered the driver leaves the city—that is, unless he has prospects of picking up a return load. If alone, he has driven about sixteen hours and has been on duty for twenty-one by the time he gets home.

And these stories of marathon driving are neatly matched by those of trucks wrecked on the roadside, of drivers meeting death in the early morning hours, of damage to cargoes, and of families desolated by the loss of a breadwinner.

Few ordinary motorists have any conception of the "third degree" in sleeplessness to which some truck drivers are subjected. If one who has been through it cares, or dares, to talk, his story will be something like this:

"You wait around all day for a load and then late in the afternoon start off down the line with a couple o' days of driving ahead. Around dawn you haul up for shut-eye; but it's so cold you wake up near froze and wheel her on. By ten o'clock in the morning you've delivered the freight and picked up a load to pay for the gas on the way back and you light out for home. You don't eat nothing much that day because you're scared of what a square

meal would do, but you got to stop for coffee. You can get about a hundred miles to the cup the first day.

"When you pull into the dock at last and flop out of the cab the dispatcher says he's got a 'hot' load for Akron. The wife needs the fifteen bucks and you think you're the kind of a guy as can make it so the first thing you know you're wheeling again.

"That night it's more coffee, but only fifty miles to a cup now. Your eyes is burning dry. You feels froze to the wheel with your arms buzzing so's you can't move 'em. Then you bring her up and flop dead, but in half an hour you comes to, shivering like you'd shake apart and runs your screeching carcass up and down the road to get it warm. Then on you go again, fighting sleep and praying: 'Sweet Jesus, get me out o' this.'

"By and by you wakes up in Cleveland and you can't remember going through Ashtabula or none of them places. You don't even know if you've stopped for coffee, and you don't care. You ain't sure you're driving the machine or it's running by itself, and you don't care about that either, because you ain't never going to drive a truck no more—never!"

Fortunately such situations are never condoned by substantial trucking companies. They crop up mostly along the fringe of motor-transport operations in which lone truck owners or ill-managed small companies struggle desperately to keep going in a field crowded with lusty competition.

V

Compared to the variety of methods used to combat drowsiness while driving, the notoriously numerous pet remedies for colds seem few, for nearly every driver has his own "dope" or "system"; I have tabulated more than fifty of them which may be classified pseudo-scientifically like this:

1. *Distractors* are intended to break monotony. Chewing or smoking are most common, but also popular are turning on the windshield wiper or radio. Not a few drivers find the conversation of hitch-hikers helpful, and as a last resort one can always sing to himself—many a driver who dares not broach a tune otherwise will troll practically all night long for safety's sake.

2. *Stimulants* are used by those who must "take something for it." Coffee heads the list of course, with Coca-Cola in second place; but sometimes they are mixed to make a sure-fire potion. Then there are pills for sale under names like "No-doz" or "Sta-wake" which have about the effect of three or four cups of coffee; and an occasional driver will recommend a "shot of straight whiskey," but usually with evident relish for the excuse. Medical authorities and experienced drivers, however, hold that although these "jolters" do postpone drowsiness they make the ultimate onslaught of sleep more fierce and sudden.

3. *Punishers* keep one awake by inducing discomfort. Hunger and cold are of this type. Less spartan are chewing lemons, sour apples, alum, or even such vile and filthy things that the mere thought of tasting them keeps one awake. One trucker finds an onion handy for irrigating eyelids parched by drowsiness and another relies on snuff to sneeze away danger.

4. *Gadgets* are the inventors' attempts to make our highways safe for snoozers. A typical example is a pair of contacts on the steering wheel arranged to shock the driver electrically if his grip relaxes for an instant. Another contrivance consists of a shoulder harness and loosely fitting collar which is connected by a trigger to a bicycle bell so that when the driver's head nods

against the collar, the bell rings and awakens him. Imagine driving one's girl home from a party with this device to set you right whenever you nodded —even in her direction.

Strangely enough, many motorists have never hit upon the only sure remedy, the one which practically every seasoned driver relies on—sleep. Even a fifteen-minute nap will do wonders in reviving a tired motorist, although there is often difficulty in limiting it to that.

For drowsiness which comes not as a result of long hours of wakefulness or much physical exertion, it is a common practice and a good plan to get out and walk or run up and down the road or around the car. On long trips this should be done at least once an hour. When exhaust fumes can be smelled in the car, or when anyone in it has an unexplained headache, there is a possible carbon-monoxide hazard to be guarded against by fullest ventilation and stops every ten minutes or so, at least until the car is carefully examined.

The Legislators of twenty-nine States and the appropriate commissions in twelve more have acknowledged the public hazard by regulating the hours of work of certain truck and bus drivers, but in most of these States there has been no enforcement of the regulations, and in the remainder it has amounted to little more than a gesture. Only in Delaware has the matter been officially handled with enough vigor to yield appreciable results. There, because of the accident experience, and without special legislation, the Secretary of State undertook to suspend the license of truck drivers physically unfit to drive safely, as he was enjoined by law to do. Without making arrests he had the State Highway Patrol detain for eight hours truck drivers whose "cargo passes" showed that they had been dangerously neglecting sleep. Most of the men parked by the roadside and slept right there; many were glad to have an unanswerable reason to give to employers for their delaying to rest.

VI

We heartily condemn a man with bad sight or hearing who insists on driving, and we shudder at the thought of a drunk, a lunatic, or an epileptic in control of a car because they are recognized menaces; but just one wink of sleep and any driver is all of these. In an instant he becomes deaf, dumb, blind, and paralyzed. He might as well be raving mad for all the regard he has for his own self-preservation. The car is left without senses and without brain to roar itself insanely toward destruction.

Much as I have dreaded the possibility of falling asleep at the wheel myself, I have feared much more that of meeting another car in which the driver has just dozed off. I can guard against my own fatigue, I can rest or break the monotony of my own driving, but over another I have no control.

In the darkness ahead are a pair of headlights—just another car out late. But they seem to be edging toward my side—perhaps to clear something in the road up there. Now they straddle the center line—not weaving crazily like a drunk, but crowding methodically and relentlessly over. Ha! The bully's trying to scare me—but just the same I take my foot from the accelerator and put it on the brake. He's headed right for me. What's the matter? Can't he see me?

I flash my lights frantically and howl the horn. If I take to the left, it'll be just as he swerves back to that side. His lights blaze in my face. I wrench the wheel to the ditch and jump on the brake, but it's too late. A shattering

crash, an instant of stabbing pain and all is darkness—perhaps forever.

This is the nightmare of the sleeping driver; but it's my nightmare and yours, not his. Can we say that such accidents are not preventable? Can we even do them the honor of calling them *accidents?* Is it a mishap when someone, through ignorance, or folly, or pure laziness, or even the pressure of an emergency, plows on down the road until he becomes unconscious—too often mortally unconscious? No, we cannot say that these accidents are not preventable, for they never happen without warning. A twilight of drowsiness invariably precedes the darkness of sleep, and that is the time to take action, even if it has to be done as Hank Anderson did it, on the cold hard bench of a crossroads filling station.

FINALITY

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

NOW the last prop on which I stood
Is fallen. The worn and crumbling wood
Could not withstand the incessant flood.

There was no warning. Suddenly
My foothold wavered under me,
Shuddered and sank into the sea.

But I— I neither rose nor fell;
I entered neither heaven nor hell
But hung suspended, in a shell

Of solitude as clear as glass
Through which I saw the thing I was;
But how I came to this strange pass

I could not tell. The living yet
May read the echoes I forget.
We dead die even to regret!

Strange, strange to walk as light as air,
To touch my lips, my hands, my hair,
Knowing myself no longer there!

MUSSOLINI

BY JOHN GUNTHER

Benito Mussolini, tempestuous and ornate, a blacksmith's son, the creator of modern Italy and the author of the Abyssinian war, was born July 29, 1883, at Dovia di Predappio, a village in the Romagna. His career is that of the most formidable combination of turncoat, ruffian, and man of genius in modern history.

The obvious motivations, except poverty, are lacking. His father, a revolutionary socialist, was the anarchist of the village square, yes; but no tragedy occurred in Mussolini's life to compare with the execution of Lenin's older brother, or Pilsudski's. His mother, a schoolteacher, like the mothers of all great men, was an exceptional woman, but her influence on Mussolini was, it seems, slight; adoration of her never made him, like Hitler, a prisoner of infantile fixations. Kemal Ataturk's mother was tortured by the Greeks, and thus, years later, the Turkish dictator drove the Greeks into the sea; in Mussolini's life there is no such dramatic and direct impulse to redemption.

Nor can one easily uncover any extraordinary personal accidents without which the Duce might have lived and died a blacksmith's boy in Forli. It is quite possible, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, that the revolution in Russia might never have occurred had not a German general permitted Lenin to travel across Germany in a sealed train. It is quite probable that Soviet Russia would have never had a Five Year Plan had not Trotsky succumbed to a fit of pique and refused to attend Lenin's funeral. The Dollfuss dictatorship in Austria was made possible because a socialist deputy went to the bathroom during a crucial parliamentary vote. Such personal accidents, which play a large part in history, are not prominent in Mussolini's life. He made his own luck. His career has been a growth, steady and luxuriant, like that of some monstrous weed.

The chief personal influence on Mussolini as a young man was probably that of a Russian exile in Switzerland, Madame Angelica Balabanov. She took care of him in his early revolutionary days, mended his health, gave him food of both the body and the spirit. Mussolini, a bricklayer, apparently met Lenin through Balabanov. Years later Lenin rebuked the Italian socialists for having "lost" Mussolini, their best man.

Every man is an arena, a pool, of forces. Those in Mussolini's early life were mostly literary and intellectual. Voraciously intelligent, he read Marx, Hegel, Machiavelli, Kant, Nietzsche, Pareto, Sorel. He absorbed them like a blotter. From Nietzsche he learned to hate the mob, from Marx to love it. He records that in his early days he kept a medallion of Marx in his pocket.

The son of Alessandro Mussolini (who named him after Benito Juárez, the Mexican revolutionist who ordered the execution of the Emperor Maxi-

milian) and of Rosa Maltoni who was the schoolteacher of the village, he grew up in the most crushing poverty. He never tasted coffee until he was twenty. He slept on a bundle of hay instead of a mattress, and the bedroom in his birthplace, which has been made a museum, preserves this symbol of extreme indigence. Mussolini often returns to his native village and has built a model farm in the vicinity. Unlike Hitler, he takes some interest in the lives of his surviving relatives.

Though his father was a blacksmith, the family for generations had tilled the soil. Speaking to an assembly of peasants in October, 1935, he said: "The sort of people who like to rummage among old papers thought they would please me by discovering that my ancestors were of noble birth. So I said to them, 'Stop it.' All my grandfathers, all my great-grandfathers were toilers of the soil, and to remove all doubts of it I stuck a tablet on the wall of the old farm which says that generations of Mussolinis before me have always tilled the soil with their own hands."

Mussolini, at his mother's insistence, went to a religious school (like Stalin and Kemal Ataturk), though his father was an extreme anticlerical. Then he taught school himself, at a wage of 56 lire (then $11.20) per month, until he fled to Switzerland—note well—to avoid military service. This was when he was nineteen. He earned a living as a mason and a laborer in a chocolate factory; he was hungry often, and Balabanov describes how on one occasion he snatched food from two English-women picnicking in a park. At night he studied socialism. Becoming an agitator, he got in trouble with the police, and was jailed and expelled from one Swiss canton after another. Altogether, in Italy as well as Switzerland, Mussolini was arrested eleven times.

He hated jail; he despised the moral obloquy and physical discomforts of confinement. Once he was fingerprinted by the Geneva police; he has loathed Switzerland ever since, and it is not fanciful to assume that his dislike of the League of Nations was partly conditioned by this early Genevan insult. Certainly Mussolini's prison experiences caused his present pronounced claustrophobia. Once he refused to enter the Blue Grotto in Capri. And it is obvious that his famous predilection for enormous rooms, like his office in the Palazzo Venezia, which is sixty feet by forty by forty, is overcompensation for early confinement in small prison cells.

Mussolini returned to Italy in 1904 at the age of twenty-one and spent ten years as a red-hot socialist.

He earned a living the while by teaching school and by incessant journalism. Not as great a pamphleteer as Shaw or Trotsky, he is, nevertheless, one of the best journalists alive. An early venture into creative writing, a novel called *The Cardinal's Mistress,* was not successful; it was, however (I quote Francis Hackett), "hard, violent, cynical, proud, strong, and troubled." He also wrote a biography of John Huss. At Forli in 1910 he founded his own paper, *La Lotta di Classi* (The Class Struggle), and it made him known among socialists and revolutionaries all over Italy. In 1912 he became editor of the *Avanti,* the official socialist daily, and he trebled its circulation in three months. Previously he had spent some time in Trento, then in Austria, and this experience in irredentism awakened something cardinal in his character—nationalism. In 1914 he was one of the organizers of "Red Week," an attempt at socialist uprising in the Romagna.

The immense catastrophe of the Great War amputated his socialist career. The orthodox socialists wanted

Italian neutrality; Mussolini stood for intervention on the side of the allies. "To know why he became a warrior," says Dr. Finer in his penetrating and exhaustive *Mussolini's Italy*, "it is hardly necessary to do more than observe his physique." On political nationalist grounds and purely personally through love of adventure Mussolini wanted war. He gave up the editorship of *Avanti* and was expelled from the Socialist party. When his former comrades howled him down, he shouted, with rare psychological discernment, "You hate me because you still love me." A few months later, he founded the newspaper he still directs, *Popolo d'Italia*. French money—since France was eager to drag Italy into the war—helped him.

Mussolini, so recently an anti-militarist, sounded a violent call to arms. "We must distinguish between war and war," he said, "as we distinguish between crime and crime, between blood and blood. We are not, and we do not wish to be, mummies, everlastingly immovable. We are men, and live men, who wish to give our contribution, however modest, to historical creation." He did not, however, go to the front himself until December, 1916, and he had had only thirty-eight days in the trenches when he was severely wounded through the stupidity of an officer who ordered him to fire one more shell from a trench-mortar, though Corporal Mussolini pointed out that the gun was red hot. It exploded; four privates were killed and Mussolini's backside was splintered with forty wounds. He was in a hospital for seven months. This, at least, is the official version of the incident.

After the war, on March 23, 1919, Mussolini formed the first *Fascio di Combattimento*, mostly from men who had joined him early in the war demanding intervention. He was still a socialist, though not a member of the party; his first program asked an eighty-five per cent tax on war profits. He disliked and distrusted the bourgeoisie and capitalist aristocracy. "Fascio" is simply the Italian word for group or bundle; to Mussolini it conveniently symbolized the "Fasces" of Imperial Rome. The original Fascists were augmented by local correspondents of the *Popolo d'Italia* in Lombardy, who organized the movement. It was not a party at first, but a militia. Its chief strength was among ex-soldiers, especially the *arditi*, front-line volunteers. "We, the survivors, who have returned," Mussolini wrote, "demand the right of governing Italy."

The movement developed speedily. Its roots were those which grew analogously in Germany and produced Hitler later: unemployment among the ex-soldiers, the weakness of democratic cabinets, parliamentary corruption, powerful nationalist feeling, restlessness on the Left coupled with dissatisfaction at orthodox international socialism. As Mussolini became stronger, the army backed him, exactly as the Reichswehr backed Hitler. The politicians, watching him warily, tried to buy his movement; Giolitti was the Italian Papen. The industrialists, precisely as in Germany, prepared to mount the bandwagon.

Labor troubles shook Italy in 1920 and 1921. The workmen rose against intolerable wages and living conditions. Mussolini appears to have first supported the "Occupation of the Factories," when 600,000 workers in the industrial north attempted to take over the means of production. The Occupation was a failure, partly because of weakness in socialist leadership. This made it easier for Mussolini to appeal to the mob. But the legend that he "saved" Italy from Bolshevism was nonsense. Even Italians do not believe this any more.

By 1921 and 1922 Mussolini steadily

expanded his influence, and by a weapon which later dictators were to imitate—violence. He became a sort of gang chieftain. (He was still an active journalist, however; he covered the Cannes Conference in 1922 and sought interviews with Briand and Lloyd George. This trip taught him, he records, his first lesson in the mysteries of foreign exchange, when he discovered to his shame that an Italian lire was not worth as much as a French franc.) Mussolini's gangs slugged their way to power in half a dozen districts. Balbo in Ferrara, Grandi in Bologna, Farinacci in Cremona, fought the "reds." Virtual civil war, of a minor guerilla type, terrorized Italy. Mussolini still claimed, theoretically, to be a socialist, but to gain power he had to have an enemy; thus he fought the working classes, under the pretense that he was "liberating" them.

The full reaction—and more violence—came after the March on Rome, in October, 1922. As prime minister he was simply a gang leader who had become big enough to bluff the government into submission. He did not demand full power until he was quite certain that the army would not oppose him and when he was sure that the King would make him prime minister. The March on Rome was not of course a March on Rome at all; the Fascists took possession of a number of cities, with the army, "neutral," standing aside. Mussolini traveled to Rome by sleeping car, and the 50,000 Fascists who had assembled in Rome were quietly dispersed the next day.

II

After 1922 Mussolini's history is familiar. He formed a coalition government, and then, like Hitler ten years later, kicked the non-Fascists out. He was supported by Morgan loans. His only severe crisis till the Abyssinian war in 1935 was the Matteotti affair. Most critics nowadays do not think that the Duce directly ordered the assassination of Matteotti, the socialist leader; but his moral responsibility is indisputable. What happened, good informants think, is not only that Mussolini threatened Matteotti in the Chamber but angrily denounced him in private, spurting irritably at mention of his name. One can easily imagine him exploding to his underlings, "That Matteotti . . . !" (Similarly, by a chance remark, Henry II caused the murder of Thomas à Becket.) The underlings, taking the hint, and thinking to gain favor with the Duce, went ahead on their own initiative and kidnapped and murdered the young socialist. This method of removing opposition, whether it was deliberate or not, is convenient for a dictator; if the business turns out "well" the result is simple gain, if it turns out badly—makes a scandal—the dictator can disclaim complicity. Mussolini, however, was bold enough to admit his responsibility; and he had to concede that the murderers were Fascists of "high station." Indeed some of his closest associates were involved. In a famous speech to the Chamber he blustered his way out as follows:

> But after all, gentlemen, what butterflies are we looking for under the arch of Titus? Well, I declare here before this assembly, before all the Italian people, that I assume, I alone, the political, moral, historical responsibility for everything that has happened. If sentences, more or less maimed are enough to hang a man, out with the noose! If Fascism has only been castor oil or a club, and not a proud passion of the best Italian youth, the blame is on me!

This, be it noted, is almost the same technic that Hitler followed after the June 30th murders. He too assumed all responsibility; and in both Italy and Germany this removed the burden of bad conscience from large quarters of

the nation. The Matteotti affair, however, shook the Duce to the core. It also provoked his meanest act.

(Cesare Rossi, former press chief of the government and one of those most directly implicated, fled Italy and began to talk. Mussolini sent a Fascist gang over the Swiss border, seized him, and had him sent to jail for thirty years. The actual assassins of Matteotti got very light sentences. One was an American gangster from St. Louis.) But, on the whole, it was of great value to him, because following it, he was able to isolate and thus more conveniently destroy the opposition.

It is interesting in the light of the Abyssinian campaign to think back to the Italo-Turkish war of 1911–12 and recollect that Mussolini vigorously opposed it. This war, also fought in Africa, seemed to Mussolini, then a socialist, an imperialist crime. He organized an anti-war strike in Forli, and spent five months in prison as a result. The Libian war, he wrote, and newspaper articles which it provoked, were "manifestations, typical, qualified, and cynical, of nationalist delirium tremens."

In one editorial in the *Avanti* he wrote words which read strangely at the end of 1935:

> We are in the presence of a nationalist, clerical, conservative Italy which proposes to make of the sword its law, of the army the nation's school. We foresaw this moral perversion; it does not surprise us. But those who think that preponderance of militarism is a sign of strength are wrong. Strong nations do not have to descend to the sort of insane carnival in which the Italians are indulging to-day; strong nations have a sense of proportion. Nationalist, militarist Italy shows that it lacks this sense. *So it happens that a miserable war of conquest is celebrated as a Roman triumph.*

Dr. Finer has unearthed a precious quotation of similar vintage. "Imagine an Italy," wrote Mussolini indignantly in 1912, "in which thirty-six millions should all think the same, as though their brains were made in an identical mold, and you would have a madhouse, or rather, a kingdom of utter boredom or imbecility."

To which the detached observer might reply, Even so!

III

Most people meeting Mussolini are surprised at his shortness of stature. He is, like Napoleon, only five feet six. His shoulders are powerful and his hands finely formed and almost delicate. His smile is gritty. Usually he wears the uniform of a corporal in the Fascist militia (note the Napoleonic significance). He works in the Palazzo Venezia, in the center of Rome, and lives, about ten minutes away by car, in the Villa Torlonia, a comfortable villa with a luxuriant garden on the Via Nomentana, near the Porta Pia. A Roman aristocrat, Prince Torlonia, offered the villa to Mussolini because he could not afford its upkeep; now it is said that he would like to have it back, but Mussolini has fallen in love with the place, especially the garden.

For some years his wife, Donna Rachele Guidi, was a virtual exile in Milan, but now she lives in the Villa Torlonia. Donna Rachele, whose origins are obscure, was, according to one story, a waitress in a Forli pub, according to another the servant of Mussolini's father after he retired from blacksmithing, according to a third the daughter of his father's first wife by a different marriage, and thus the Duce's stepsister. She has borne Mussolini five children.

Indeed Mussolini is the only contemporary dictator conspicuously fecund; he is also the only dictator with a very strong regard for family life. Like Napoleon (and Hindenburg) he trusts members of his immediate family, and not many other people. For

years his only friend was his brother Arnaldo, who succeeded him as editor of the *Popolo d'Italia;* Mussolini telephoned him from Rome to Milan almost every evening. Arnaldo's sudden death was a serious blow to the Duce. His daughter Edda, who is his living image, is the only person who dares to twit or heckle him; he adores her. Her husband, Count Galleazo Ciano, became Mussolini's press-director, and then the leader of the *Disperata* squadron of bombing and pursuit planes in Ethiopia. Mussolini's two elder sons, Vittorio, aged nineteen, and Bruno, seventeen, also went to the war as aviators. As if to give the two younger children, Romano and Anna Maria, a touch of the air, Mussolini himself piloted the plane which gave them their first experience off the ground.

At fifty-two Mussolini is in powerfully good health, partly as a result of attention to a severe regime. Shortly after he became prime minister he was desperately ill with a stomach ailment; he eats very little nowadays but milk and fruit. He told a recent American interviewer, pointing to a basket of fruit on the table, "That is the secret of my continued health—fruit, fruit, fruit. In the morning I have a cup of coffee and fruit; at noon I have soup or broth and fruit, and at night I have fruit. I never touch meat, but sometimes I have a little fish." He loves exercise and takes a lot of it: riding in the Torlonia gardens, fencing, swimming, hiking. He neither drinks nor smokes. He was fond of women in his younger days, but for the past few years he has paid little attention to them.

Mussolini is built like a steel spring. (Stalin is a rock of sleepy granite, by comparison, and Hitler a blob of ectoplasm.) Mussolini's ascetic frugality is that of a strong man who scorns indulgence because he has tasted it often and knows that it may weaken him; Hitler's that of a weak man fearful of temptation. Stalin, on the other hand, is as normal in appetites as a buffalo.

The Duce has no social life. When, as foreign minister, it is incumbent on him to entertain, he greets his guests not at the Palazzo Venezia or the Villa Torlonia but in a hotel he hires for the occasion. He detests the wealthy and despises the lush and profligate Roman aristocracy. He gave up the theater, of which he was very fond, because he could not spare the time; he sometimes has private movie shows at home. In his autobiography, written in 1928, he said that in the six years since he had assumed power he had never once passed the threshold of an aristocrat's salon, or of a coffee house.

As a rule, Mussolini works very hard for five or six hours a day—except when a crisis makes more time necessary—and spends the rest of the day in reading, meditation, or exercise. He is neat, precise, orderly; as Ludwig records, he hates the *à peu près.* His work is systematized to the ultimate detail; he is a perfect executive, considering the floriferousness of other aspects of his character; he never leaves the Palazzo Venezia till the day's work is done.

He cares very little for money, though his large family makes him less impervious to financial considerations than other dictators. His official salary is 8,000 lire per month (about $660 Roosevelt dollars), but he has a drawing account, "small, unspecified, and variable," at the treasury. For his autobiography he received $25,000 in America; he gave most of it to the Rome poor. For a long period his chief source of income was $1500 per week from the Hearst press; early in 1935, however, he gave up writing regular articles because international politics were so delicate that he could

not express himself frankly. He gave a share of his Hearst income to Margherita Sarfatti, his biographer, who helped him prepare the articles. Mussolini's brother Arnaldo was rich, because the *Popolo d'Italia* was—and is—a prosperous newspaper; its director now is Mussolini's nephew.

Mussolini is the only modern dictator who has come to terms with religion. In 1929 the Lateran Treaty adjusted the relations of church and state in Italy. Shortly thereafter Mussolini and the Pope, strong characters both, clashed over the education of Fascist youth; in 1932 the Duce went to the Vatican, knelt in prayer, and, it is believed, took holy communion. He was an avowed atheist, like his father, in youth; latterly he has become very religious. He prays daily. His wedding gift to Edda was a golden rosary; his youngest child, Anna Maria, was his first to be given a religious name.

The most accessible of Europe's statesmen, Mussolini (like Benes of Czechoslovakia) sees an enormous number of people. His first visitor every day is the chief of police (Alexander of Jugoslavia likewise saw a security official the first thing every morning). The Duce, pervasively curious, interested in human nature, and an accomplished brain-tapper, like Franklin Roosevelt, enjoys his visitors. Finer quotes him as saying that he has given over 60,000 audiences; he has interested himself in 1,887,112 individual "affairs of citizens."

Mussolini listens to people—but he seldom takes advice. He alone makes decisions. When he wishes, he can make himself as inaccessible as a Tibetan Lama. During the Geneva crises in 1935, when he was in a roaring temper, no one could get near him. Baron Aloisi and others made reports; he listened or not, as he chose. Several diplomats in Rome, like the British ambassador, Sir Eric Drummond, dislike talking to him; he terrifies them. Mussolini is proud of having thousands of acquaintances, and—with Arnaldo dead—no friends; he told Ludwig that he trusted "no one." (This remark was expurgated from the Italian translation of Ludwig's book, since many Italians have served the Duce well and think that they deserve his trust.)

A very good journalist himself, he likes newspaper men. But he is very much a prima donna, and requires careful handling. He is never "charming"; he is contemptuous of all but the most skillful flattery; he may be brutal, gruff, cheerful, stentorian, or gritty, depending on his mood, which he seldom bothers to gloss over or conceal. He pays intelligent interlocutors the compliment of interviewing them; sometimes he asks many more questions than he answers. Boldness is the best avenue to his favor. I remember seeing Francis Hackett after his interview for the *Survey Graphic*, a little breathless because he had dared to ask a supremely audacious question: "Where, your excellency, would you have been in *your* career, if you had applied to yourself the Fascist virtues of discipline, loyalty, and obedience?"

Interviews, Mussolini knows, are the best of all possible forms of propaganda; thus he is so lavish with them. Most newspaper men—and their editors—cannot resist the flattery of conversation with a dictator or head of a state; once they have been received by Mussolini or Hitler they feel a sense of obligation which warps their objectivity. It is very difficult for the average correspondent to write unfavorably about a busy and important man who has just donated him a friendly hour of conversation.

A British interviewer saw Mussolini recently and, rare phenomenon, Mussolini laughed at one of his remarks. Preparing a draft of the interview, the correspondent wrote, "The Duce's

laughter encouraged me to make one criticism of the Fascist regime, that it permitted very little expression of humor." Reading the draft for approval before publication (as he does with most interviews), Mussolini sternly elided the reference to the fact that he had laughed. Dictators never laugh!

Two newspaper men were the source of the only recorded instance of public embarrassment of the Duce. He was in Locarno to initial the security pact of 1925. (Incidentally, this is one of only three occasions that he has left Italy since 1922; he attended the Lausanne conference of that year, and in 1923 fleetingly visited London.) His regime had just taken over the great liberal newspapers of Italy; the corps of international correspondents resented this, and boycotted his press conference. Annoyed, pouting, Mussolini found himself surrounded in the hotel lobby by the journalists who had slighted him. He addressed George Slocombe of the London *Daily Herald,* a conspicuous red-bearded figure, whom he had met covering the Conference of Cannes. "Ha!" exclaimed Mussolini surlily, "and how are your communist friends getting on!" Slocombe replied with perfect good temper, "I am not a communist, *Monsieur le President,* but a socialist." "Ha!" Mussolini snorted again; "then I am mistaken." Whereupon a Dutch correspondent, George Nypels, piped out, "And it is not the first time."

Mussolini reads all the time; no modern statesman except perhaps Masaryk is so well-acquainted with current literature. He keeps a systematic notebook of his reading. He astounded Ludwig by the range and accuracy of his historical knowledge. Like most people who like to read, he likes to write, and he writes extremely well. He compressed in the dozen pages of his pamphlet on Fascism what it analogously took Hitler six hundred pages to express in *Mein Kampf.* He is easily the best educated as well as the most sophisticated of the dictators —he is the only modern ruler who can genuinely be termed an intellectual— and he taught himself both French and German, which he speaks expertly. In about 1925 he began to learn English, so that he might read the political editorials in the London *Times.* He chose a Rome newspaper correspondent as his teacher. He writes often— anonymously—for the *Popolo d'Italia;* he is part author of one play, *Campo di Maggio,* dealing with Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and the author of another, not yet produced, about the chief of his heroes, Julius Cæsar.

The things that Mussolini hates most are Hitler, aristocrats, money, cats, and old age. He detests old people, especially old women. He dislikes references to the fact that he is a grandfather; and when, on July 29, 1933, he reached the age of fifty, the Italian press was not allowed to mention it. The things that Mussolini loves most are the city of Rome (he has assiduously fostered the "cult of Rome"), his daughter Edda, peasants, books, airplanes, and speed.

He is apt to straddle a motorcycle and, like the late Colonel Lawrence, hurl himself across country at night. He learned to pilot an airplane shortly after the War, and he recounts in his autobiography a number of crashes and forced landings, from which he escaped miraculously, and which intensely exhilarated him.

IV

From the complex strands of Mussolini's character one may draw bright and brittle threads indicating the sources of his power.

He has, first of all, spine and starch, in a country sometimes lacking in both.

For all his bombast and braggadocio, his intelligence is cold, analytical, deductive, and intensely realistic. His flaming egoism, his *sacro egoismo,* is cherished by Italians. His vanity is obviously extreme; for instance he stabilized the lire at nineteen to the dollar—far too high a rate—purely to better the figure chosen by the French. He was called a paranoiac as far back as 1910.

Overwhelmingly he is a man of action. The single episode that amazed him most about the 30th of June in Germany was that Hitler consumed five hours *talking* to a man (Roehm) who was potentially a traitor. His intuition, personal and political, is sensitive. He says, "I cannot change myself. I am like the beasts. I smell the weather before it changes. If I submit to my instincts, I never err." He is an orator of the pen. He *wrote* his way to power.

Like all dictators, he is implacable. No Hitler, no Stalin, no Mussolini has ever forgiven an enemy. He is no hypocrite. He never made any secret of his ambition, which, as he told Ludwig, was to seize power and stay in power as long as possible. On the other hand, he insists that he is no mere "profiteer in patriotism." *Duty* to Italy is his passion. "Is it lust for power that possesses me?" he once said. "No, I believe, in all conscience, no Italian thinks this. Not even my worst adversary. It is duty. A precise duty toward the revolution and toward Italy."

His histrionic ability is great. No modern politician except possibly Trotsky is so good an actor.

He distinctly has a "world sense" of politics, as Frances Gunther has pointed out. Hitler thinks of Germany as a separate world; Mussolini knows well—and it has got him into trouble—that the world contains much aside from Italy.

Above all, he possesses a passionate physical magnetism. His vitality expresses itself in every gesture; when he salutes, for instance, he shoots out his arm with such intensity you think the hand may fall off. This vitality is readily absorbed by others. When he arrives before troops ready for review, his presence has almost the effect of an electric shock.

Among more negative qualities in Mussolini the following might be mentioned:

He is intensely touchy. A journalist well known to him, whom he admired, visited Italy in August, 1935, and wrote a quite objective story saying that the Abyssinian campaign was not universally popular. Mussolini saw it (he reads most of his press cuttings) and cancelled the appointment for an interview, a few hours before it was to take place. Again, a minor instance, he caused the Italian number of *Fortune,* which was very fair to him, to be suppressed in Italy, largely it is believed because of one remark, quoting him (in his early days) as follows: "What do I do first when I wake up? Jump straight out of bed! No matter how beautiful the head beside me on the pillow."

He is superstitious. Early in his career he had accepted, among the thousands of gifts which poured in on him, an Egyptian mummy. Then Lord Carnarvon, excavator of the Tomb of Tutenkhamon, died. Mussolini ordered the mummy to be removed. He woke up the staff of the Palazzo Chigi (where he then worked) to have it instantly removed, his fright of it having descended on him late at night. His claustrophobia I have mentioned. It is possible also that his addiction to speed and violent movement is compensation for the days when prison cells bound his steps to six feet by four.

He is not strikingly original. Almost all his ideas are derivative. Ideo-

logically, Fascism is the distorted creation of Marx, Nietzsche, and Sorel. Mussolini did not invent the Fascist salute, which was a suggestion of d'Annunzio's; he did not devise the symbol of the Black Shirt, which he copied from the uniform of the *arditi*. He is occasionally capable of humility. "A man in my position," he told Ludwig, "must be stupid at least once a week."

Mussolini, who is quite aware of the complexities of his character, read with interest a serial discussion of it in a Fascist newspaper. Then he telegraphed the local prefect: "Be so good as to send for the editor and ask him to close his series of articles with the following statement: 'Inasmuch as Mussolini himself says that he does not know exactly what he is, it is somewhat difficult for others to find out.' "

After his visit to Rome in 1926, Francis Hackett wrote, "Mussolini is an Italian masterpiece, all shade and all sun, concrete, bold, and tangible. . . . He is the hero of one of those terrific dramas of upstart genius which in England lead to Parliament Hill and in Italy to Vesuvius. Mussolini is Vesuvian. He is capable of a rush of blood to the head, a tower of rage, a surge of demoniac willfulness, that may end in smoke, lava, destruction." Hackett wrote with Corfu in mind. Eight years later came Abyssinia.

V

Mussolini's first published work, written when—at the age of twenty-one—he was under the strong influence of Nietzsche, was an essay on the philosophy of force. The concept of force has always fascinated him; he rules by force, and admits it. Yet, as he says, violence should be "surgical," not "sporting"; defining the terror in Italy as "national prophylactics," he wrote that certain "individuals should be removed from circulation as the doctor removes an infected person from circulation." At one point in his career, early in 1921, he resigned—extremely temporarily—the leadership of the Fascist movement, in protest at violence which he considered excessive by *squadristi* bands. He did not, however, abolish the *squadristi* till 1927, when their work with castor oil and clubs was safely done.

Mussolini's considered opinion on the subject of violence is the following, which I quote from Finer:

> Was there ever a government in history that was based exclusively on the consent of the people and renounced any and every use of force? A government so constituted there never was and there never will be. Consent is as changeable as the formations in the sands of the seashore. We cannot have it always. Nor can it ever be total. No government has ever existed which made all its subjects happy. Whatever solution you happen to give to any problem whatsoever, even though you share the Divine wisdom, you would inevitably create a class of malcontents. . . . How are you going to avoid that this discontent spread and constitute a danger for the solidarity of the state? You avoid it with force . . . by employing force inexorably whenever it is rendered necessary. Rob any government of force and leave it only with its immortal principles, and that government will be at the mercy of the first group that is organized and intent on overthrowing it.

There have been five or six attempts to assassinate Mussolini; he is a profound fatalist, but not so much so that severe precautions to guard him are not taken. He told Ludwig that the "oppressive spiritual atmosphere" in Bologna in 1926 warned him that an *attentat* would take place. The story is that only one man in Rome, the chief of police, can or cannot tell Mussolini what to do; Mussolini obeys him in regard to routes he takes. There are some streets in Rome he never travels on. On the other hand, he travels daily from home to office without special guard.

Hitler, the story goes, keeps a small revolver in his desk drawer. Suicide would be understandable with Hitler if his regime collapsed. Not so the Duce. Mussolini, a compact gorilla, will not perish by such facile means.

VI

In October, 1935, the campaign against Abyssinia began. Mussolini cold-bloodedly set out, "in violation of covenants he was pledged to support, to rob and conquer a country he had promised to defend."

For years he had threatened a push to the east. The campaign should have surprised nobody. He had cast hungry eyes at Tunis; an arrangement between Soviet Russia and Turkey prevented an adventure some years ago in Anatolia. He needed room—colonies—for Italy to expand in. But his habit of bluster had, lamentably enough, persuaded people in western Europe that he was bluffing.

Why, as proof that his bite was worse than his bark, did he choose Abyssinia for his adventure? For the simplest of reasons, that Italy grew up too late to join the other imperialist powers picking colonial fruit, and Abyssinia was the only territory left. Why had Abyssinia been spared the colonial attentions of Great Britain and France? Because it was a country where settlement by Europeans was costly, where the wealth of natural resources was dubious, and where, above all, peculiarly impregnable warrior tribes made military conquest difficult. Dislike of the Italian campaign should not make any one think that the Abyssinians are a gentle or charming people.

Why did Mussolini choose 1935 as the time for the adventure he had long foretold? One must pause a moment to describe Italy's fundamental realities, Mussolini or no Mussolini, in economics.

Italy has 42,000,000 people, as many as France, crowded into one-third the arable land of France. The population increases by the astounding total of 450,000 births per year. "We are hungry for land," Mussolini himself put it, "because we are prolific, and intend to remain so." Of the 42,000,000 Italians, overwhelmingly the largest proportion are engaged in agriculture; the country is only ten per cent industrial. No less than twenty-one per cent of the population is illiterate. The country cardinally lacks raw materials; it has no rubber, tin, nickel, tungsten, mica, or chromium; it is dependent on imports from abroad for 99 per cent of its cotton, 80 per cent of its wool, 95 per cent of its coal, 99 per cent of its mineral oil, 80 per cent of its iron and steel, 99 per cent of its copper. Despite Mussolini's "battle of the grain," it does not produce enough food for its own requirements; it must import 15 per cent of its meat, and 20 per cent of its grain. Finally, except Japan, Italy has the most exposed coastline of any country in the world.

Mussolini's job in the first years of Fascism was, in general terms, an attempt to transform a country so meagerly favored by nature into a great power. He succeeded, but at a frightful cost. Taxation increased till it ate up no less than 38 per cent of the total national income. The trade balance remained monstrously adverse. The budget deficit increased from a modest $55,000,000 in 1930–31 to $300,000,000 in 1932–33, and $535,000,000 in 1933–34, which was 25 per cent of the total national revenue. The preparations for the Abyssinian campaign before the war began cost two thousand million lire, or roughly $165,000,000. The Italian gold reserve was halved; Mussolini, who had sworn to defend the lire to the "last drop" of his blood, was forced in effect to leave the gold stand-

ard. In London in December the lire was selling at an 8 per cent discount, with forward quotations 40 per cent off for 3 months; in other words, the banks were willing to bet any person any amount of money that the Italian national currency would have depreciated 32 per cent by early spring.

Now it is quite true, as H. R. Knickerbocker and Dorothy Thompson have pointed out, that under dictatorships the economic laws which apply in democratic countries may be simply suspended. Hitler or Mussolini can do tricks with money that are impossible under orthodox laissez-faire capitalism. Economics under Hitler and Mussolini became purely a political question; the only issue was how long the people would bear the merciless strain of dictatorial manipulation. Even so, the internal situation of Italy toward the end of 1934 and the beginning of 1935 contributed to make an "external diversion," so popular among dictators, necessary. The very reasons why he should not have made war were those why Mussolini did. "It was not a question of whether he could afford to fight, but whether he could afford not to."

I do not think, however, that Mussolini (who, like Hitler, is not much interested in economics) was prompted to war exclusively by economic factors. They were immensely buttressed by politico-nationalist considerations. Mussolini is not the man who thinks of countries or frontiers predominantly as functions of economic stresses. His mind much more directly seized on territory as a symbol of political prestige. One should never forget the secret treaty of London, which tempted Italy to break the Triple Alliance and enter the War on the side of the Allies. By that treaty Italy was promised more spoils of victory than it got.

Mussolini's foreign policy had been, on the whole, a failure. He had a difficult straddle to perform; Italy, one of the victor powers, wanted treaty revision just the same. The French blocked him off from Tunis; his penetration of Albania was a costly and not very lucrative experiment; his Four Power Pact, an attempt to form a sort of 20th century Holy Alliance on quasi-revisionist grounds, was stillborn; he extended his sphere of influence to Austria and Hungry only at the price of losing German friendship; he played the wrong side in the Arabian wars; he tried to keep the Balkan pot boiling, and was defeated by a Balkan Pact virtually uniting Jugoslavia, Rumania, Turkey, and Greece against him.

But politics alone might not have sufficed to cause the war. The climate of Fascism is high and strenuous. Like all dictators, Mussolini was "a prisoner of prestige." He had to keep on doing something. Hitler was stealing far too much space from him in world headlines. He was *personally* a warrior and imperialist; he talked of "imperialism as the eternal and immutable law of life." Also he knew that an Italian generation had grown to manhood *since* the Great War, ignorant of its horrors, and fed on bellicose threats and promises; then too, war might solve his unemployment problem. Every rational or objective consideration told Mussolini, a strikingly intelligent man, that the Abyssinian war was a difficult and dangerous business. It had long been a truism in European politics that Italy was permanently condemned to dependence on Great Britain because of its exposed coastline and the control of the Mediterranean by the British fleet. Mussolini flouted this truism.

It is an interesting example of the importance of personality, perhaps of megalomania, in politics. Mussolini was not alarmed by the pessimistic

reports of the geologists in Abyssinia. He knew what its chief crop was—glory.

Another factor was that intangible concept known as national "honor." The same factor helped to bring Hitler power in Germany. Italians still smarted under the humiliation of Adowa, where the Abyssinians had massacred them in 1896, and Caporetto, where the Austro-German army had broken through them in the worst defeat suffered by a Western power in the Great War. Mussolini, like Hitler, was avenging an earlier degradation. He was returning to Italy, as on a bloody salver, its self-respect.

LOVE SPEAKS TO THE LOVER

BY A. S. J. TESSIMOND

IF YOU'D have rest, take shelter, fly,
For every echo may be I,
At every crack may crouch my spy.

But if unrest, turn from your mirror,
Turn from your dream to joy, to terror,
Unlearn old wisdom, learn new error.

Stand in your thin skin in my sun
Till skin bears fire and bone's immune
Or skin unflakes and bones melt, run.

Unleash, unfurl. Be sail for wind.
Be seed for prodigal hand to spend.
Cease to plan and begin to be planned.

Be loosed, be used; and I the user.
Be called, be chosen; I the chooser.
Or be refused: I the refuser.

Be pricked by spears, be driven by whips,
Be tortured by doubt's water-drips,
And find strange words upon your lips.

Then, when you've left your harbor-ease
For this light raft wind-caught on these
Unsounded and inconstant seas . . .

Seek, without chart, my Hebrides!

THE ART OF COMING IN

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE title on the cover is impressive, as the covers of most German editions of music are. Printed in that type which resembles black-letter, *Zweite Sinfonie von Jos. Haydn* looks stern, serious, learned. Here, says the amateur musician confronted with it, is the sort of music that real musicians play; no red or blue ink; no half-tone photographs of vaudeville or operatic stars; no harvest moons, or log cabins, or scrolls, flowers and curlicues; not even an English title. Let low fellows whose ambition reaches nothing higher than playing dance music delight in gaudy covers if they will; here is the sort of stuff the conservatory students lug about in their brief-cases; this belongs to the Higher Things of Life; this, in brief, is the real McCoy.

And so, no doubt, it is, taken as a whole. Not great, to be sure, in the sense that the "Eroica" is great, old Papa Haydn's second symphony, nevertheless, is cool, clear, delightful music, with quite enough substance in it to permit a fine player to show what he can do. Oh, no, it is not to be sniffed at, by any means—taken as a whole.

But what amateur player ever took it as a whole? What amateur, if he is a real, blown-in-the-bottle, incorrigible amateur, ever took anything written for ensemble playing as a whole? When he acquires the habit of hearing the ensemble as a unit and thinking of it as a unit, he begins to be good, which means that he is beginning, as a musician, to edge away from the amateur and over toward the professional side. It is characteristic of your ravening amateur that he thinks of the Second Symphony, or of any other music, as consisting of the part written for his instrument plus some trimmings supplied by other members of the group. This I take to be the fundamental principle, the very mudsill of amateurishness, without which it cannot exist in its true character.

And viewed from this angle, Haydn's Second Symphony, I must say, is open to serious criticism. Take, as evidence, the flute part. Now any amateur flautist knows that the ideal symphony would consist, not of continuous music for the flute—that is a libel upon us flautists invented by scornful string players—but of music broken by judiciously placed rests coming, by preference, after each rapid run and lasting not more than three measures, or five at the outside. Just to show that I am not bigoted, I will even go so far as to say that advantage might be taken of these rests to insert some good solos for the other instruments—provided of course that the best are reserved for the flute. The *Zweite Sinfonie von Jos. Haydn*, I regret to say, does not measure up to this standard at all. On the contrary, as I stare disconsolately at the flute part it seems to consist of a few oases of music strewed thinly over a desert of thick black bars, with numerals over them—rests, damnably long rests, during which the flute is out of action alto-

gether. Would you have believed it of as judicious and sensible a man as Haydn?

However, composers are like that, and one must take the music as it is written and make what one can of it. Our ensemble, therefore, is assailing Haydn this winter with a vigor worthy of producing better results. Our ensemble is composed of amateurs of the most ruthless type. It includes a dentist, a couple of M.D.'s, a psychoanalyst, a schoolteacher, three little girls, a housewife, a newspaper man, and a professional musician. This last, a woman whom I call Charity because that isn't her name but her distinguishing characteristic, really ought to be appointed to some high office under the Roosevelt Administration, that is, if the President is sincere in his early announcement that he wants people about him who can take it. For Charity unquestionably can take it. She has played with us for more than a year now, which gives her a just claim to be called, if she had no other distinction, the most durable violinist on the Atlantic seaboard. At the end of every session she is wild-eyed and her voice has been reduced to a croak and occasionally she has to be assisted from the room; but never, not even once, has she passed out completely in the midst of a performance. True, there was a moment, one evening last September, when I thought she was gone; the passage under dissection had a repeat sign at the end; the ensemble bore down on it at high speed and when it was reached every instrument—I repeat, *every* one—whipped back to the beginning and started again correctly. The surprise almost did what all the atrocities of the previous season had not accomplished. Charity reeled. She recovered in a second or two, and went on, but it was a near thing, a very near thing.

However, as the season wears on and Haydn's Second Symphony is hammered flatter and flatter, it is being borne in upon me that perhaps the old man's deplorable extravagance with rests for the flute may be turned to good account by an aspiring amateur. At least it affords practice in the great art of Coming In.

It is an art that I do not care to practice. It is an art that is abhorrent to me. It is the most pedestrian, the most utilitarian, of all the arts. But it is, unfortunately, also among the most useful. For the man who can rest for seventy-four measures, as this Haydn expects the flutes to do in one place, and then come in correctly on the up beat of the seventy-fifth, is a man of high and estimable qualities. Consider the list of mental accomplishments this feat requires. In the first place, he who can do it has learned to concentrate. In the second place, he has developed mental tenacity; for seventy-four measures last a long time. In the third place, he has precision, or he will never come in on that last beat. Finally, this particular piece of music demands not only that he come in at this juncture, but that he come in *forte;* and this demands a self-confidence unsurpassed by that either of Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell or of General Hugh S. Johnson. It is one thing to come in *pianissimo,* to sneak in, as it were, furtively and tentatively, with the hope of backing out hastily before anyone discovers you are there if it proves to be the wrong moment; but it is another thing altogether to enter with a blare that will create a loud and hideous discord if you are not on the dot. That takes magnificent assurance. But a man whose mental endowment includes concentration, tenacity, precision, and self-confidence is a man of no trifling attainments. He commands respectful consideration.

No doubt it is possible for the edu-

cated musician to develop these qualities sufficiently for the purposes of his profession without necessarily developing them as regards any other aspect of life. But what of it? The traits characteristic of educated musicians have no imaginable application to our ensemble. Besides, what is music for if not to quicken one's perception and appreciation of the ideal? The amateur may be debarred by his own small skill from ever producing ideal music; should he not then be the more eager to console himself with such high philosophical matters as the noises he produces may suggest to him? If he can't kid himself into believing he will ever learn to play, maybe he can kid himself into believing he can learn to philosophize.

II

Look you then how development of the art of coming in may be profitable, if not to the children of light, at least to the children of this world. Niccolo Machiavelli, Baltasar Gracian, Michel Eyquem de Montaigne never invented a better allegory by which to illustrate the art of worldly wisdom; for the elements of that complex effect we call success are here. All of these sages, for example, commend imperturbability in the face of imminent mischances. I defy anyone to devise better training in that quality than to practice remaining impassive during the last three or four bars of a 19-measure rest while four, or six, or ten instruments in the hands of raging amateurs are tearing down the homestretch, galloping raggedly upon the point where you must suddenly strike a high note that will cut through the rest of the noise like a knife through cheese.

Again, all three recommend intellectual self-sufficiency, a bland, firm disregard of the opinions of all others, once you have made up your mind you are right. Would you develop that obviously valuable quality? Then try counting to yourself "*seven*-*teen*-two-three-four," while the man at your elbow, whose rest began at a different point, is chanting "*eleven*-two-three-four" with all the certainty, assurance, and weight of authority of Father Coughlin at the microphone. If at the next down beat you can say "eighteen" and not "twelve," then, indeed, you are making progress. That admirable commentator on the sociological implications of amateur music, Catharine Drinker Bowen, reports the case of a little girl who skillfully evaded this particular difficulty by always counting an andante movement with her stomach; but that is a strange, incomprehensible idea to me, to be classed with the spiritual exercises of the Hindu mystics, who, says the Bengal Lancer, seek communion with the Absolute by visceral agitation. It sounds all right, but I don't know how she does it.

They all recommend cultivation of an equanimity that is proof against either defeat or triumph. This is essential to the art of coming in, as I know by sad experience, both ways. Coming in wrong, especially on a loud and brilliant note, is one of those experiences which have, fortunately, few parallels in polite society. Not Cortez on a peak in Darien, not Robinson Crusoe ere the advent of Friday, not the man who voted for Hoover in 1932 was so terribly alone as is the player who comes in ahead of the beat. Yet for the incorrigible amateur, alas, there is danger in being right; for the amateur who comes in solo, squarely and truly, clearly and cleanly, right on the pitch and right on the beat, in his astonishment is likely to miss the next two notes altogether. Equanimity—ah, there is an ideal!

They all recommend the maintenance of a healthy skepticism, not to say cynicism, with regard to your fel-

low-man. "Put not your trust in princes," warned the Psalmist, and if he had been a flute-player he might have added, "nor yet in pianists, fiddlers, oboists, trumpeters, or drums." It is all very well to take a pencil and sketch in, where you have a long rest, two or three measures of the violin part to cue you in; but he is an impractical idealist who assumes as a matter of course that the fiddlers are going to play the music when they get to it, or play it so that it is recognizable. As a matter of fact, undue trustfulness does not survive any length of experience in an amateur ensemble. Colleagues are always hopeless. I have never yet encountered a hard-bitten, battle-scarred amateur who would trust his colleagues to play three successive measures in the same key, not to mention the same tempo. A calm anticipation of the worst is their characteristic attitude; which is a trait approved by all the experts on worldly wisdom.

In brief, what is success if not having the ability, or the luck, to come in exactly right? Riffle the pages of history and note how many giants stand out in the memory of mankind for having hit the big bass drum at precisely the proper moment. Blücher is immortal among captains because he came in squarely on the beat at Waterloo. Doubtless he was a good soldier before that, and doubtless he was a good one afterward; but what does it matter? When the last movement of the Napoleonic symphony was being played, after that dramatic pause when Wellington and Napoleon both rested, he crashed in with the first measure of the roaring finale. And, as far as history is concerned, that's Blücher. It may be that the greatness of Stonewall Jackson is best measured by the fact that military historians are still puzzling over how he could have missed his cue at Seven Pines. An astonishing number of explanations have been advanced, for almost any theory seems less fantastic than to assume that Stonewall counted wrong, even once.

For those of us who can never do it right, there is mortification of the spirit in reading of the great men who owe fame and fortune to a prompt and effective entrance. Suppose Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon one thirty-second behind the beat, what sort of impression would he have made on history? His great threat would have been altogether in his own imagination, and he would have been no more effective than an earlier Dr. Wirt. Or if at Chicago in 1932, when the drums and trumpets of the nominating convention ceased and Franklin D. Roosevelt started that enthralling solo that swept the country, suppose he had failed to realize that the key had shifted to Wet Major, what a mess he would have made of it! What a mess his opponent did make of it by failing to note in time the modulation that was going on.

Such reflections tend to sadden and subdue the amateur player. If Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow, who knows what battles and campaigns may have been lost behind a music-rack? Is this incapacity to come in properly the imprimatur, the sign-manual, of some profound and ineradicable defect in character and intelligence? In the second movement of the Haydn symphony is a flute solo beginning with a B-flat, shooting up to a high D and down again to a G—a nice, clear, emphatic bit, in which the flute restates with the silvery clarity of which it alone is capable that which the whole orchestra has just been shouting. At least that is what Haydn meant to be done, and what Mr. Barrère and Mr. Kincaid do. At that point opportunity knocks at the flautist's door; and when, at that point, there arises from my flute not the faëry voice of Prospero's Ariel, working strong magic,

but the quavering voice of the most decrepit beldame among Macbeth's witches, magical indeed, but only to convert the Second Symphony into a blasted heath, is this a portent for him who can rede it, does this explain to a philosopher why it is that I am no Roosevelt? Horrid thought!

III

But it has an antidote. Mastery of the art of coming in may mark the successful man, but, after all, not all successful men are admirable. Let us consider the consolation of the sour grapes. Search history as you will, you will find no more complete masters of the art than in that celebrated pair, the Duke of Otranto, better known as Fouché, and the Prince of Benevento, better known as Talleyrand. Starting under Louis XVI, these played through perhaps the most difficult political program ever presented—the Monarchy, the Revolution, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Second Republic. Throughout, neither of them ever missed a cue, ever was a split second before or behind the beat, ever got off the key for an instant, ever accelerated or retarded the tempo. Both were hugely successful, both died loaded with riches and honors. Still, at the time of their last conspicuous appearance, when they came in together, exactly right as usual, a certain Chateaubriand wrote a program note which is remembered better than the duet. Observing lame Talleyrand leaning on the arm of Fouché, he said, "I seemed to see Vice advancing, supported by Crime." Now you fellows who can always do it exactly right, take that!

After all there are some of us who would rather have been Henry Clay than Talleyrand; yet Clay, in the great symphony of world affairs was a conspicuous example of those who never master the art of coming in. He assailed the Bank ahead of the baton, and he defended the Bank behind it. He feared Andrew Jackson in 1819, when Old Hickory was not dangerous, and scorned him in 1824, when he was deadly. He rejected appointive office when it was his cue to take it, and he accepted it from Adams when he should have refused. Sometimes he may have been right, but he never was President. And a century later even Clay's ability to strike the right note at the wrong time was excelled by that of William Jennings Bryan. He played bi-metallism in 1896, whereas that measure wasn't written in the score until 1933; he played anti-Imperialism in 1900, whereas the rest of the national orchestra is only just now approaching it; in 1908 he essayed a solo on the Money Devil theme, whereas that part really belongs to Senator Glass, who has just rendered it with great success. Rarely, if ever, did he fail to read the notes correctly, but he was forever coming in ahead of time, with the result that he created more harsh discords than any other man of his generation.

And in this connection a disturbing thought intrudes. Just before he died, down in Tennessee, Bryan startled the world by playing a rather hideous fantasia on the theme of government suppression of free opinion. Was he even then merely anticipating? God forbid! And yet in 1935 Harvard University crawls before the Massachusetts legislature, children are expelled from Philadelphia schools and refused diplomas in New York schools for refusing to salute the flag, the shadow of Fascism seems to stretch athwart the land. One dare not assert very confidently that Bryan was less than a prophet, even at Dayton.

Men say that both Clay and Bryan were thrown off, at least to some extent, by that most imperishable of

human aspirations, the hope of being President. It may be. At any rate, the amateur player understands only too well how easy it is to slip by trying to read ahead. But the amateur player, by the same token, is likely to judge them somewhat leniently in consideration of the fact that they never enjoyed the advantage of being cued in. Whether it is by the baton of Stokowski, by Charity flourishing a ruler, or by the iron hand of Fate, not a few great successes are due in part to being thrust in the right direction at the right moment. Consider Theodore Roosevelt, who was cued in by the crack of Czolgosz's pistol; it is not in derogation of the brilliance of his subsequent performance to note that he was literally compelled to come in at the right time.

And what strength of character it takes to be cued in wrong and still remain unruffled! Indeed, not a few of the Christian virtues, as well as the worldly arts, are exercised and strengthened by this process. At rehearsal you find between the letters E and F nothing but a thick bar with the figure "11" over it; eleven measures' rest, which is well, for beginning at F is a neat little solo, where you can shine if you can just get the count right. And for once you get it, for Charity's down-beat has the emphasis of a circus canvasman driving tent pegs; at eight you place your fingers, at nine you flex your arms, at ten you draw a long breath, just after eleven you lift the embouchure to your lips—and Charity says, "Rotten! Go back to E and try it again." Oh, well—life is like that. At any rate, your count was right, and if you have done it once you can do it again. They're off, and you have it; yes, there's that little staccato passage the first violin has in the sixth; there's the cello coming in on the ninth; your count is absolutely right, *ten*-two-three-four, *eleven*-two-three-fo- "For Heaven's sake!" says Charity, "have the third violins left the room altogether? Go back to E and get some volume into it." Alas, for a lost solo! And it would have been a swell one too. You feel it in your bones that you would have played it just right. But never mind. After all, you have had plenty of time to get your breath, the rhythm is firmly fixed in your head now, you remember the little curlicue with which the first violin finishes the eleventh measure, and you know exactly how much of a fractional second afterward you must strike in. You are all set to go, and as the rest come howling down to the point—plenty of volume this time—for once you don't feel as if you were standing in the middle of a racetrack, under the wire, while ten horses come thundering down the stretch, neck-and-neck. Steady, certain, rejoicing in your own assurance, you whip the flute to your lips—and Charity claps her hand dramatically to her forehead, exclaiming, "Ragged, ragged beyond belief! Go back to E and do it over!"

Patience on a monument is a poor simile indeed for the flute-player just bursting to play a solo and not allowed to get to it! Such a man, after a little practice of this kind, should be able to listen to an account of anybody's operation without the least difficulty; he should be able to discuss economics with a Single-Taxer, or reassemble the contents of an upset card-index file, or read the state papers of Herbert Hoover without nervous exhaustion; for, as regards the great virtue of patience, he has been tried as by fire.

All the same, this art of coming in is, at best, but a utilitarian art, to be cultivated only for its effects, not for itself. Hence anything that tends to simplify it has my warm approval. I am charmed, for example, by information received from a correspondent in Iowa. Out where the tall corn grows

they believe in getting things done by the easiest and least complicated method—or they did twenty years ago when my correspondent was a member of an Iowan ensemble much like ours. The resourceful leader of this group came upon a complicated repeat sign, printed *D. C. al* 𝄐; but did he gum the works by any such incomprehensible command as *"Da Capo al fermata"*? Not he; he shouted "Dee See to the hog's eye!" and the thing was done. If you choose to make a test case of it, probably this expedient was entirely unconstitutional; but it got 'em back which, after all, was the point.

In music, as in life, it is necessary to cultivate the art of coming in, and I, for one, am ready to lift my hat admiringly to the man who masters it; for it is the strong foundation on which success, in life as in music, is built. Nevertheless, I propose to cherish, inwardly, a mental reservation. I hope to maintain, unexpressed and imperceptible, just a slight touch of disdain toward such people; for I have encountered, in life and in music, certain individuals who can come in with the greatest accuracy and precision but who, having come in, play so harshly and so much out of tune, or so thinly and sourly, that their room is preferable to their company. Not infrequently they collect garlands and salvos of applause, fortune and fame among the unthinking. All the same there are plenty of glittering successes who are withal so empty that the judicious infinitely prefer the company of elephantine blunderers, men too heavy or too furious to keep exactly to the beat, but who, when they do crash through, bear down everything that stands in their way. There are failures in the world more magnificent than nine out of ten successes.

At any rate, this is a fine philosophy for one who will never come in right anyway.

"AEROBATICS, THIRTY MINUTES"

BY BEIRNE LAY, JR.

I OPEN my flight locker, pull my flying helmet off the green-enameled shelf, step into my tan cotton flying suit, and pull the zipper talon up the front from crotch to chin.

While I am leaning over to straighten out my slacks inside the trouser legs of the flying suit, I notice Lieutenant Crain climbing into his togs. Presently he steps over to the light of the window and glances idly out over the brown turf of Langley Field, while he breathes mist on the lenses of his goggles and wipes them carefully with his handkerchief.

That reminds me. I didn't rub mine off, and there's a spot of dried oil on my left lens from the workout yesterday in the PT-3. Never mind: I feel lazy, and there'll be more spots anyhow when I've come down from thirty minutes' aerobatics (air acrobatics) in the Curtiss P-6 single-seater sitting on the line out front. (I'm a bombardment pilot, but the squadron Operations Order has signed me up for "transition" to Pursuit. They call it "transition" when they turn a bombardment pilot loose in a single-seater occasionally to keep him from growing muscle-bound.)

I feel a bit uneasy. I haven't been up in a single-seater for months. Can I stunt it, stand the stresses, and set it down again on Langley Field in one piece?

Lieutenant Crain finishes winding his white silk scarf about his throat, mashes his cigarette butt in an ashtray, hoists his parachute over his shoulder by the legstraps, and saunters out to his ship. He has the P-6 ahead of me. It is small, fast; looks as though it were going sixty miles an hour while it is standing still out there.

Crain climbs in and presently you hear a roar like a squad of riveters on a tin roof, but it is not. It is the Curtiss Conqueror engine in that P-6, and it's howling like that because Crain has opened the throttle wide and the chocks against the wheels are keeping it from going anywhere. Abruptly its voice is silenced. All you hear now are the echoes dying between the hangars and the Conqueror muttering to itself.

Crain taxies out, swings into the wind, picks up his tail, blows a puff of dust out behind him. Soon he hums along the ground in a rush of speed, wings level, pats the earth a couple of times with his wheels, and finally pushes it definitely away from him. He sweeps upward in a wide climbing turn. He becomes a small dot that darts about the sky like a restless gnat. You hear the descending siren note "zow!" as he pulls out of the dive from a half roll and picks up speed for the next trick.

Fifteen minutes of it; then he drops from his dizzy perch, a black speck shooting down the bright back-drop of the sky across the field. He hurtles toward us, past us, and out of sight behind the hangar line. You hear a brief bark at the other end of the air-

drome. There he is. He approaches silently, settles very slowly it seems. He merges with the brown grass, rolls a few hundred feet, turns toward our hangar, taxies up, and parks. The propeller runs down, stops, and kicks back with a clanking sound. Crain walks toward us, cupping his hands round a cigarette.

"How'd it go, Crain?" I ask.

"All right. Had a pretty good work-out." He goes on into his locker.

There it is, from the outside. You've seen it all before. But perhaps you'd like to see it from the inside of a pilot's head.

I start out to the P-6. The mechanic sees me coming, jumps up, and eases himself into the cockpit. While he is starting the engine I cock an eye at the windsock on the hangar roof to see if the wind has shifted. The inertia starter whines like a cream-separator gradually speeding up. The starter clutch squeals as it engages the propeller. The blades turn over jerkily, then spin evenly as the engine tosses blue and black smoke out of the exhaust ports along either side of the nose.

I buckle the legstraps and chest strap of my parachute and step round the ship's tail and up to the cockpit. The air blown back past the engine strikes my face in patches of cold and warm and prickles the inside of my nostrils with a smell like burnt toast soaked in gasoline. The mechanic hops out. I grasp the hand-grip in the upper wing just above the cockpit, swing a leg over, and lower myself up to the shoulders in the tiny deep cockpit. It fits like a kayak round an Eskimo.

I pull the two web halves of the safety belt together over my thighs and flip the buckle shut. The belt is too loose. While I'm changing the strap adjustment, the engine skips a couple of beats, so I kick the throttle forward a bit, to let the twelve cylinders of the Conqueror engine clear their throats.

There are almost as many instruments and gadgets in front of me as you'll find in the engine room of the Graf Zeppelin. It will take me a minute or less to check them.

Before speeding the Conqueror up I set the adjustable stabilizer for take-off, check the gas valve and gage, and turn the main line switch on. Now I move the stick back to hold the tail down as I ease the throttle slowly forward all the way. The Conqueror unlooses an ear-hammering roar of anger; the propeller becomes an invisible blur and palsies the ship with a baby hurricane.

I duck my head out of the blast and eye the Conqueror's expressive face. That face is the instrument panel. I search it for signs of ill health—oil pressure, oil temperature, prestone temperature, voltmeter, ammeter, fuel pressure, tachometer reading on both switches. Everything O.K. I pull the throttle back slowly, and slowly the tumult ceases. I can still remember how all that noise bothered me when I took my first three-buck hop eight years ago—yes, really rattled me—just the noise.

The mechanic yanks the chocks out and I press the fat of my hand against the knob-headed throttle. The propeller bites into the air and starts the P-6 rolling across the concrete ramp. It trundles along evenly on its rubber tires and tailwheel until it reaches the edge of the field. The rough spots jar me up and down in my seat. The ship is out of its element. It waddles along like a clumsy duck, wings wabbling back and forth. I can't see very well with all that nose up in front, so I weave slightly and crane my neck to peek outside the windshield and along the sides of the fuselage, looking out for bad places or other ships.

Hold it, you goof! You almost

taxied right in front of a three-plane formation of bombers coming in from the right to land. Press your toe brakes harder—those brakes are a bit weak—and wake up.

I square into the wind, glancing quickly up and back, to see that nobody's coming in to land on top of me. I am merely sitting out there on the field motionless, strapped in a metal seat that is yoked up to six times as much power as you have in your car—that is, if it's a one hundred horsepower model. When I full-throttle a big drink of high-test gas into the Conqueror it responds by yanking that metal seat right out from under me.

I hold the stick forward until the tail lifts up level behind me and the nose lowers so that I can sight along it, as on a gun barrel, toward the far boundary of the field. I guide on a boundary marker to hold the P-6 in a straight line against the increasing torque of the engine, which tries to pull me to the left where I can see out of the corner of my eye the black and yellow checkers on the hangar roofs whizzing by.

The stick begins to come alive. Messages from the aileron wing controls and from the tail surfaces creep from the rubber grip into my hand. The forward pressure necessary to hold the tail up diminishes, and I let the stick come back. The P-6 is humming along in flying position with scarcely enough weight left to hold its wheels to the ground. I curl my fingers slightly back and now the air alone supports me.

Instead of letting her climb, I nose down enough to let her pick up speed straight and level, still hugging the ground. It picks it up all right—110, 120, now 150 miles per hour of it. The edge of the field streaks by underneath. I still hold her down, keeping an eye on that tall elm tree ahead. Airspeed 165. The elm is almost on me, so I press my hand back firmly and look over my shoulder. I want to realize the full sensation of the thrill that will come. It does. There past the tail, the earth cocks up on its side and falls away a thousand feet in a twinkling. I have been hoisted in my metal seat from the sidewalk to the top of the Empire State Building in less time than it takes to tell about it. The zooming ship loses its upward surge. As it does so the momentum of my weight lifts me gently up against the belt and gently I settle back again.

I continue to climb but less steeply. Consciously I relax, in order to feel the ship against my feet and hand. The nose is cocked up at an angle of forty-five degrees against the brilliant glare of the sky, which hurts my eyes, so I climb, looking out to the side of the cockpit. Langley Field shrinks below me, and creeping in from all parts of the horizon come new rivers, forests, and towns. They too lose their size steadily. Only the blue surface of the Atlantic Ocean behind me maintains the same limitless skyline.

II

A great white heap of cumulus cloud is above me to the left. It thrusts its jagged peak several thousand feet into the sky—a regular snow-covered Matterhorn. I decide to scale its heights to relieve the monotony of sitting here watching the needle of the altimeter and the same blue smoky horizon; for by now the brown earth is only a motionless background, which no longer concerns the P-6 and me. By the time I have climbed up alongside the towering white cliff I am on a level with its base.

Dipping my right wingtip into the cloud, I skirt up its vertical face, back and forth, climbing steadily. Did you ever drive up a mountain road where the grade was so steep that it had to

zigzag up the sheer ascent? It's like that. Now I am getting the sensation of height and speed. To my right is a misty wall, shooting straight up out of sight; to my left, a dizzy drop into the void. I feel like a human fly—as though I may fall off if I don't hang on to the cloud with my right wing.

Up. Up some more. At last I am above the great cloud continent. Only the jagged peak remains, planted like a skyscraper on the billowy plateau. I climb in circles around it, burrowing up through the air along an invisible spiral staircase. At last I can see the summit just above the upper wing. I pull away and nose down to gather excess speed, then zoom back and snip off the topmost wisp of mist neatly with my propeller. Childish maybe, but a satisfying way of tweaking the nose of that thirteen thousand foot mountain.

Although I want a few thousand more feet before I go to work, I throttle back and level out, to give the Conqueror a breathing spell. She has heated up in the long climb. The stifling hot fumes that made the P-6 a sweatbox coming up through the lower altitudes are just right to keep me warm now. The clear mountain air I am inhaling has frost on its breath.

I pull a pack of cigarettes out of my knee-pocket and light up. Not bad—caught it on the first match. I spit in the palm of my hand and quench the match tip in the saliva as a safety precaution before tossing it over the side. When I do so, the wind whips my hand back with a powerful tug. The cigarette tastes bad, for the breeze in the cockpit burns it too fast. Soon it is a torn piece of brown paper with the tobacco partly burned inside it, so I extinguish it as I did the match, and lean out to throw it away. I am gasping when I yank my head back behind the protection of the windshield, for the slipstream has slapped me in the face and rammed my breath down my throat, gagging me. My cheeks burn a few seconds from the friction.

I kick the supercharger in, and the Conqueror picks up fresh power. I nose up and climb to eighteen thousand feet, where I level off again. Langley Field is the size of a patch on an inner tube now. I glance at the clock; I have been up for nine minutes, and it's time to get going here. I roll the adjustable stabilizer back a bit so that the P-6 will fly hands off. It doesn't though. It tries to pull into a left turn. I'll have to tell the mechanic about that when I land.

I wonder to myself whether my aerobatics will be sloppy. It is likely to be ragged. I shove the throttle all the way forward and stick her down.

My body tries to travel straight ahead, but the safety belt jerks me back into the seat and carries me on down into the dive with the P-6. The Conqueror, teamed up now with gravity, runs away with itself, its voice taking on a higher pitch, with a white-hot spot at the core of the sound. The rapid acceleration leaves my stomach lagging behind somewhere back up there around eighteen thousand feet. Vibrations bore into the steel fuselage like a dentist's drill.

I look at the airspeed indicator. Two hundred. Plenty of speed. What shall I do with it? Hadn't even thought of that yet. Might as well start with a loop—that is one maneuver I can't muff. I pull back. Not a thing happens—to the airplane. Plenty happens to the horizon, the sky, and the sun. They form a procession that marches down past the nose. The sun was directly overhead when I started the loop. Now it is glaring at me through the propeller. I blink my eyes. When I open them I am relieved to see the blinding ball of fire disappearing below me, closely fol-

lowed by the brilliant emptiness of the revolving heavens. I crane my neck back and can see the horizon descending on the nose now. The blamed thing is top-heavy, with the earth above the skyline and blank space below it. Now the nose is trained on the dividing line between the black above and white below. I am on my back.

I cut the throttle, so as to avoid unnecessary loss of altitude when the earth caves in in front of me down past the propeller, on its way to where it belongs. In the sudden hush, I can hear the wind whistling faintly through the wires, then shrilling to a higher note as the James River Bridge flies down past my line of vision through the windshield. I pull back on the stick a bit harder, and open the throttle again. I am flying level.

On impulse, not thought, I pull the stick hard back against my right thigh and apply full right rudder. The reaction is instant—and violent. I have kicked the feet out from under the horizon, and down it goes. It's off to my right now, cocked up at a crazy angle. For a fraction of a second it hangs poised there, and then—boy, watch it go. Like a propeller, it spins round three full turns. I reverse the controls hard and nail the horizon down below the nose again as it completes the third revolution. They call that a snap roll. In my mind I don't call it anything, for I am warmed up now—not thinking of labels or of flying a Pursuit airplane through a set of maneuvers. The P-6 has become only an extension of my hands and feet. I am translating the impulses of my own body into movements that thumb the nose at gravity and the three dimensions.

Once more I shove stick and throttle forward. Down I go in my sky roller-coaster in a breathless drop. A cool finger seems to pry round in my insides. I hold her in the dive until she is really winding up. I want plenty of speed to fly out of the top of this Immelman. I draw the stick back and pull out of the dive—a bit too quick. Suddenly I am in total darkness—blacked out. Just before the pull-out my body and the blood in it were dropping together at two hundred and forty miles per hour. When I ended the drop by pressing back the stick, my body stopped falling, but the blood in it didn't—there was nothing to halt it, temporarily, so it drained out of my head and upper body into my lower body.

I experience a few seconds of uneasiness while that blindness continues. It always clears up, but I don't like the fainting sensation. It passes, and I see light shining in at the corners of my eyes; but a black patch in front of each pupil still obscures everything but the outer wings. The patches dissolve, and I see that I have climbed up and over nearly on my back.

I look up and watch the inverted horizon descending toward the nose as it did at the top of the loop. I press the stick forward to keep a small slice of white between the nose and the earth above it, and fly inverted for a few moments. The centrifugal force that held me in the seat is gone now and all my weight is on the belt. Raw gasoline from an air vent in the tank sprays wet and cool into my face. Some of it gets in my mouth. I spit it out and shove the stick into the far left-hand corner and press left rudder. The horizon swings round clockwise until it is vertical like a telephone pole dead ahead. It revolves on past. Now it is where it should be—cutting level across the nose—and I have completed the Immelman. But what an Immelman! I am in a hell of a skid. I cuss myself for beefing the controls—tell myself that being used to the mulish response of a bomber is no ex-

cuse—that I ought to be able to fly any ship and fly it right. That Immelman probably looked fine from the ground, but up here it was pretty bad, and I know it. I move the controls until the skid is gone and the P-6 feels right again.

Mentally I kick myself. Must be getting soft to black-out that easily. Guess I horsed back on the stick too hard—better ease back slower next time. The clock indicates that enough of the period is left for more work, but I'm not too keen about it. I stayed up late last night and that last stein of beer is coming back to haunt me. My head is stuffy and I feel a bit sick from the chaser of gasoline, from the engine fumes, and from the black-out. I light another cigarette, which tastes worse than the other one, but for some reason I feel better.

I spot a four-masted schooner stuck in the horizon beyond Hampton Roads over my shoulder. I pull round in a steep bank until I am pointing toward it. I roll over on my back and keep on round, trying to hold my nose on the tiny speck of a mainsail. I lose the schooner just as I complete the slow roll—and my temper with it. I continue into another roll and do seven of the confounded things before the irritation works out of me. A slow roll is a sensation I shall never enjoy. In a loop you stick in your seat like water in a bucket swung around in a circle, but in a roll, centrifugal force tries to throw you out of the cockpit when you come over on your back, and it has succeeded with more than one pilot. It doesn't seem possible that the belt can hold you in there. The blood surely piles into your head. Try hanging by your heels from the ceiling of a rapidly rising elevator some time. Maybe you'll like it, but you still won't like a roll.

I'm no good at doing rolls this morning. So I take it out on the P-6, and it responds like a remount with a cactus leaf under the saddle. I spin her, yank her from turns into vertical reversements to the other side, rein her up into whipstalls, and let her spin out of them, and meanwhile I black out—plenty. Then I have an idea.

III

I decide to power-dive the P-6 from 18,000 to 8,000—plenty of room for the pull-out (or the jump) and see what her terminal (maximum) velocity is. This ship has been out in the service three or four years, but I know she's rugged. Nobody's pulled the wings off a P-6 yet.

I nose up into the climb, checking over my instruments and tightening the chin strap of my helmet (my helmet and goggles blew off once, and my eyes and ears took a beating, as a result). I have reached 19,000 feet. I make a preliminary dive to 18,000, keeping an eye on the tail surfaces and the wings as I pull out, to detect possible signs of flutter. I guess everything's all right. I say "guess" because I'm not so sure I can tell wing-tip flutter when I see it.

Cruising along at the 18,000 foot level, I am all set, but I delay a bit and relax, drawing in long breaths of the rarefied atmosphere through nostrils that are numb and watery. The new-washed blue of the sky glares in over the left side of the cockpit and seems to float on the vague base of the darker colors below. To the right, streamers of snow-crystal cirrus clouds streak away from overhead to the remote horizon.

Such lonely grandeur cannot help at times penetrating the thick hide of familiarity. For a brief moment it gets through to me.

The hands of the clock show me that my thirty minutes are nearly up, but I still hesitate. You know the reluc-

tance you feel when you leave a warm dressing room, climb to the high board of the diving platform, and look down at the chilly water. I feel that way about starting the plunge into the abyss under me. I make up my mind. Here goes.

I look over the side. Langley Field is directly beneath—the size of a four-bit piece. I give the Conqueror's twelve cylinders everything they'll take and shove the P-6 down. The earth reels up past the nose until Langley is framed in the center of the windshield. I hold Langley there, while a hurricane of wind and sound rises in my face. I don't hear the wires screaming yet. I can't hear anything but the Conqueror. Its voice is one long explosion, gradually mounting the scale.

Langley Field swells out past the edges of the windshield. I peer at the airspeed needle. It passes 270—passes the stop—sticks. I can hear the brace wires and struts shrieking now. If I stuck my hand out in the slipstream it would come off at the wrist. Must be making 350. The whole ship vibrates like a banjo string and the Conqueror sends its piercing roar right through me. Those 600 horse power are racing wild, hauling their ton and a half streamlined burden of steel and human straight down.

Thirteen thousand. 12,000. 11,000 feet. A flood of hot smells—from burning oil and the friction of steel parts moving in a blaze of speed—pours from the motor perched right in front of my nose. All sounds blend into one shrill siren screech. I am at terminal velocity. I hate the sound. It rasps across the exposed nerves of every sensibility in me. If ever an inanimate object gave voice to pain, it is that Conqueror engine, howling in a death agony against the terrible strain.

Nine thousand feet. I want to pull out. No. 8,000 it was and 8,000 it's going to be. I know that the ground is far away, but it seems to be flying up in my face now. 8,000 feet! I commence to pull back very gradually. Right away my vision clouds up. Better pull out slower. I can just make out the altimeter. 6,000. I'm not coming out fast enough. I press back harder.

Black ink floods over my eyes. My lungs knock off work. My fingers slide off the stick. A millstone lands on top of my head and mashes me down into the seat. Ice water races through my legs and out my toes. A pair of thumbs press my eyeballs into their sockets, and a vise clamps on to my head and tightens up a few turns. My heart seems to be pumping air. In that groping darkness a panicky illusion tells me that I shall crash into the ground any second.

The panic leaves me. Every thought and sensation leaves me. I am out, cold as an ice cube. Nothing. Abruptly, from a dim distance, the feeling of panic returns. I grope for the stick. I can feel my shoulder slouched against the side of the cockpit. But still I can't see. I reach for the throttle too and find it already retarded. I must have cut it back unconsciously. I hear a new noise. It is my own voice. I am yelling at the top of my lungs.

And then—light. I can see again—see the earth. It has gone haywire. It is whirling round the nose like a pinwheel. I am in a tight spin. Instantly I heave the controls full against the direction of rotation. The P-6 comes out of it with a jerk that tosses me over against the other side of the cockpit. I pull up sharply and level off. I am at 1,700 feet.

My body sags with relief and I begin to feel foolish. I wonder if the Operations Officer saw me spin down five thousand feet out of control—whether

he is waiting on the ground to work me over for it. I yawn hard to relieve the terrific pressure on my ears and feel better when the eardrums unbuckle with a snap.

I cut the gun and glide in a wide turn to a landing in front of my hangar and taxi up to the line. On my way in to the flight locker room, I pass Lieutenant Weller on his way out for the next hop in the P-16.

"How'd it go?" he asks me.

"All right. Had a pretty good work-out."

Weller squints his eye at the streaks of oil along the sides of the fuselage and on the windshield. "I can see that," he says.

VALEDICTORY

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

WHAT is this strange procession? Not a sound
Breaks from their ranks, and as they pass along,
Sorrow I see, eyes lowered to the ground,
Love with throat lifted in eternal song,
Laughter, whose banners raised exultingly
Glint in the sun, and then make way for pain,
Sister to sorrow, though her agony
Bleeds from a wound more visible and plain.
I stop to watch. This face, that hand, I know.
I cherished once that strong upthrusting head
Here by my heart, but terrible and slow
They pass unheeding. O bright and beauteous dead,
Never again shall you come running to my call,
But live in my lost singing—if at all.

PROGRESS AND CATASTROPHE

BY STANLEY CASSON

We all talk glibly about progress; indeed, we assume that it is a continuous process in which we are all happily involved, which runs more or less like a railroad train, sometimes stopping at a station to take in water for further efforts of speed, sometimes putting on a spurt on an easy gradient, but always moving onward.

I can think of no sillier conception of human progress than this, and of none more false. For progress is not mere movement, it is amelioration; if human progress means anything at all —and sometimes I doubt if it does—it means a series of events, or a movement, the result of which is to leave the human race happier, better endowed physically and intellectually, and different from what it was before that series of events or that movement began. This gives us a basis for the examination of events in the past or present and for an inspection of past history or present developments.

But if we all talk so glibly of progress, I wonder how many of us ever mention the opposite of progress, namely retrogression, and how many of us pause to wonder if we are not really living in a Retrogressive Age. Probably none at all, since optimism is unconquerable. Nor did men ever, even in those ages which we now know to have been retrogressive, recognize the painful fact. That is where the historian and the prehistorian, the archæologist and the sociologist can take a bird's-eye view and pause to think while the mists of optimism blow away.

As I see it, with my judgment not too over-weighted by optimism after a close-up study of many civilizations that have died and vanished, human progress has been advanced on few, definite and ascertainable occasions. The first progressive event was when palæolithic man first made his first flint implement. He had discovered that *homo* plain and simple—merely another kind of simian—could become *homo sapiens* by making himself *homo faber*. That gave him an enormous advantage over all other animals. He could make things and more and more things and use them for the purpose of subduing nature, in the shape of wild animals, to his desires. But then he stopped in his progress for hundreds of thousands of years. There he stuck, the first Henry Ford of the world, making implements by the million, killing animals in the same numbers, changing the shape and fashion of his miserable stone axes, but not making them more efficient or more advantageous. Nor, as far as we know, did he turn them to purposes of killing his fellow-men. There was as yet no element of retrogression. That was to come. But man was stuck and badly stuck for thousands of generations. In the gravel beds above the river Avon, where I now write, his wretched implements are of daily occurrence as the gravel-diggers work. There he sat and chipped and chipped,

like any maker of knobs and buttons in a factory. Nothing happened; he had merely managed to establish for himself a safe position in the world, and there he stuck, his pension and his security guaranteed, as the insurance advertisements say. His policy was his capacity to make tools. Still it is pleasant to think that this Early Ford mode of existence did not result in decay or retrogression. Optimism saw him through, and he lost none of the ground he had gained. No doubt *he* thought he was living in the days of steady and heart-warming progress. "My dear," he would say to his wife, "we should not dream nowadays of using those old-fashioned axes your father gave me. Why, they wouldn't work! We have a much more efficient type to-day that kills the mammoth much more quickly. We live in times of progress, my dear. Why, I may still live to see people be able to kill by some new invention those enormous birds we saw yesterday flying over the lake!" But what did it matter whether they killed mammoths or birds and fish. Change of menu does not mean spiritual advancement except to cynics. The fact remained that, although they thought they were getting on, they were not. Toward the end of the palæolithic age there are some traces of an actual decline.

And then came the next great act in the drama of progress. Someone, somewhere found out that certain seeds and plants will grow if you plant them and that you can arrange their growth to suit your convenience. Someone had stumbled on to agriculture, and about the same time someone else stumbled on the idea that certain animals can be persuaded to breed for your benefit. Then the world began to hum with a vengeance. For this was the biggest element of progress that had ever, or has ever, been made. Man had hitherto merely brought nature within his grasp by collecting what he wanted. Now what he wanted was made to grow for him. A stable mode of life with full and complete security was substituted for one of chance and hazard. Here was a revolution comparable only with the modern capture of natural energy for mechanical purposes. And there was this difference, that no one thought of turning agriculture to purposes of the destruction of mankind. Indeed, it is hard to see how they could, for agriculture and stock-breeding are perhaps the only mighty inventions of man that have been wholly innocuous and gloriously beneficial. It was a long time before some scoundrel found that you could put an armed man on a horse. He was the man who first prostituted this great advance and gave it a retrogressive flavor. But before he did his nefarious work the human race, thanks to agriculture and stock-breeding, was at last established. Round the whole world knowledge of these discoveries went like the wind; the human race had received its first, perhaps its only beneficial shock. The great Neolithic Age, as the archæologists name the age when these events took place, had begun, and with it the increase of the human race beyond all bounds and expectation. Houses were built and villages formed near their fields. Here at last was the glimmering dawn of civilization.

II

Slowly but surely men advanced; inventions increased and ingenuity was everywhere. The whole world was populated and the neolithic mode of life spread from the Old World to the New. To show what it could do without further invention, the Mayas of Yucatan made a complete civilization out of it. They pushed the whole invention to its logical conclusion and lived in a fashion which we would not

disdain. There was little difference between their intellectual capacity and our own. They were mathematicians and astronomers, could read and write and build and paint and draw; they were engineers and foresters, built roads like those of the Romans and temples as good as our own. And they had no idea how to make an implement of copper or bronze, let alone, iron. So when to the neolithic peoples came the discovery of metals, there was no great change or improvement. Metallurgy was a refinement of invention only, not an advance on the great discovery of agriculture.

Sumeria, Babylonia, and Egypt carried on the tale. Progress had really slackened down steadily. All the might and splendor of these Oriental states added little to the advancement of man. They merely elaborated the old themes. Still there was this advantage, that nowhere had civilization crashed as yet. War had been invented, theocracy and autocracy had attached themselves to it like malignant growths, but mankind had still the main essentials of security, plenty, and leisure. There are some traces that the intellect began to make its first experiments in pure thought, and that morality in the abstract was detaching itself from mere behavior. In Egypt soon after 4000 B.C. we first hear stated the difference between goodness and wickedness. A distinction is made in the earliest recorded Egyptian literature between "him that doeth that which is loved and him that doeth that which is hated." Elementary, but still a working code with an ethical background.

One after the other, empires rose into being. After Babylonia and Egypt came Crete and the dawn of Greece, the Hittite Empire from its unknown hills, and the Mediterranean was rich with life and culture and advancement. Ideas generated and the intellect grew slowly but surely. Progress was moving slowly after its first great discoveries, but it was moving. The Oriental empires had contributed in their dull but steady way. Man had learned how to move about the world and how to develop in fixed centers, an alternation which shows how much had been added to the primal advancement made when agriculture was invented. Still, all the same, the world was based on that same agriculture, and trade in manufactured objects was a mere side-line.

Then came the crash. Minoan and Mycenæan Greece, the Hittite Empire and most of the Mediterranean lands were overwhelmed by a rush of barbarism from the north. The cities went up in flames, the lands were wasted, the seas infested with piracy, and this gentle and comely Mediterranean world came to a violent end. For the agriculturists of Europe, seduced by the splendors of the South had resorted to war, and had sought for what we call to-day "colonial expansion." They won it at the cost of all the advancement made since they had first become farmers. In perhaps a year, perhaps even in months, the civilization of Greek lands and of Asia Minor were wiped out and all that was left was ruins. Egypt retired into her shell and held her frontiers with difficulty. The peoples of Mesopotamia did the same. At last had come the great first blow of the forces of retrogression, after hundreds of thousands of years. Mark this moment well.

There are no doubts about how it all happened. The archæologist finds the evidence plain to the eye. Abandoned hearths with their pots and pans still on them; signs of slaughter and fire and loot. Even at Mycenæ the Golden the end came swiftly. You can see to-day the blackened lintel of the great Lion Gateway where the flames licked round it and

scorched the solid stone. One by one the forts and villages fell to invaders. One by one the centers of life were snuffed out in Greece and Asia Minor, and the rest of the world drew in its horns and shuddered. Retrogression had won its first victory, and for nearly three hundred years no life of the spirit stirred in the Levant and the Ægean. Raiders everywhere, coast cities sacked, and piracy triumphant.

But before two centuries had passed after these Dark Ages progress had come again and made its greatest contribution of all, Greece. Out of the ashes rose that strange and lovely phœnix. The human spirit and the human mind in a blaze of glory reached the highest limits they have ever climbed. By some strange miracle, which has never been repeated, humanity in one bound was civilized as it has never been before or since. Man made the entirely new discoveries of freedom, justice, and tolerance in the social sphere, and of freedom of thought and speech and inquiry in the intellectual sphere. Here were the foundations of science and art and good living. Their foundations have never been wholly erased and the fabric of that grand building can still faintly be made out.

Now the great crash of civilization that ended the empires of Mycenæ and the Hittites was so sudden and so simple to comprehend that all men now, as then, could understand how it happened. There had, no doubt, been preliminary hints of disaster. Things were brewing up in those Balkan hills that made the potentates of Mycenæ and Thebes and Crete afraid. But when it came at last it was overwhelming and they were not fully prepared.

III

But retrogression does not always work as simply as this. That is the grave mistake we make to-day. We hear on all sides now of the possible crash of civilization in a next World War, and we think we have weathered the last one successfully. We envisage that crash as one vast and immense destruction that will descend on us from the clouds and the sea and the earth and bring all to ruin just as the Ægean was swamped with destruction soon after 1200 B.C. We think of it as the Fall of Constantinople to the Turks, as the Black Death or the Fire of London. But let us pause before we adopt these simple ideas and look for any other occasion on which progress has not merely been suspended but replaced by a retrograde movement.

There is only one other, and that is the end of the Roman Empire. In all history and prehistory in Europe there have been only two great crashes and two periods of retrogression. The first in the Ægean, the second involved the whole ancient world; for Rome took over both Greece and the main empires of the Orient. Greek decline before this had been balanced by Roman rise. What was lost of the Greek intellectual triumphs was partly balanced by the Roman virtues and Roman organization and the leisure so afforded to speculation and literature and art. Here was a marking time, a period resembling that long static age of agriculture before war was invented. Steady consolidation, some set-backs, some defections, some decay, but also some improvements and discoveries and, on the whole, a stable life.

But by 500 A.D. the Roman Empire had ceased to exist and, except for where Byzantium, firmly placed within the circuit of her narrow walls, was guarding the ancient inheritances like her life, outside those walls were chaos and the presages of another Dark Age. Substantially that Dark Age in Europe

lasted from 500 to 900 A.D. And our interest is to find out how that mighty Roman world came to an end.

Perhaps it can best be seen in the history of my own country. Roman Britain was a most comfortable place once the Romans had finally settled all disturbance and opposition. The standard of public security was greater than at any period before the nineteenth century. Proof of this is found in the fact that the Romano-British country gentry lived happily in their villas all round the countryside, without defenses although isolated, and without attack and destruction; for there is no single instance of a Roman villa being sacked and looted before the end of the Roman occupation. The great roads climbed the hills and vales, and in between their network lived the farmers and the owners of estates in luxury and comfort. Round them clustered villages and hamlets. From, say, 100 to 400 A.D. all England except in the north was as pleasant a countryside as it is to-day. In the cities was a miniature version of the life of Rome. But by 500 A.D. it had all vanished and the countryside had once more reverted to a condition which it had not seen for two thousand years, perhaps to a condition more unstable and more barbaric than it had ever seen. But—and here is the great difference between this great period of retrogression and that when the Dark Ages of the Ægean came—there was no sudden crash. Civilization just gently flickered out.

What exactly happened? That is hard to say, but the archæologist can tell a good deal. What at least is certain is that none of the comfortable inhabitants of these peaceable counties was really aware of what was happening; they just did not know that catastrophe was waiting round the next corner. That is what makes this second triumph of retrogression so very important for us to-day. Are we so very sure that we live in an age of progress? Is it not quite possible that we live in an age that heralds another and vaster break in the preferment of mankind to higher things?

The Roman landowner in Britain and Gaul—or perhaps he was a Romano-Gaul or a Romano-Briton—was faintly aware that things had slightly changed. Somewhere about 400 A.D. things were altering with an accelerated speed, at least in Britain. Some thirty years before there had been inroads of wild barbarians from Scotland into the peaceful countryside. The old wall on the north had been denuded of its garrison. For as Roman power shrank Rome called in her outlying legions to help in Italy, where dynastic and political troubles needed attention. One can imagine some quiet landowner in Britain commenting on the times. "I hear there has been a little trouble up in the north," he says to his friend at dinner, "and that those damned savages from Caledonia gave some trouble. In my father's time the garrison would have wiped them out in no time. But nowadays they are sending so many troops to Rome, that really you and I may have to build forts round our houses!" He laughs genially over his wine and his friend laughs with him, for neither believes that anything can conceivably happen. After all, had not they and their ancestors lived on their land for over three hundred years without anything serious happening at all? Not a single thing had disturbed their peace and there had been no external war and no invasion. Here was civilization at last, they had thought, and a steady advance of progress. But there were other changes. Not only did one see fewer troops about on the roads, and those merely ungainly British auxiliaries, badly trained and equipped, but one felt somehow

rather out of touch with the larger world. "I am so sorry," says our landed gentleman to his friend, "the wine I am giving you is atrocious stuff grown in northern Gaul. My wine merchant tells me that he can no longer get Falernian and Samian: either they have ceased to export it or the ships no longer find it pays to run these long-distance cargoes. And *how* expensive these Roman silks are to-day. Why, in my father's lifetime one paid a quarter of what one pays now for a dinner cloak." Slowly the world of those days was shrinking back into water-tight compartments. Each land was living for itself and by itself. Trade had ceased to circulate: barriers were being put up to impede it, not the economic and artificial barriers of to-day but the equally uncrossable barriers caused by piracy and non-productiveness. This picture I have drawn is not imaginative. There is full evidence for every element, even for the conversation of my landowner.

Slowly but certainly the Roman world was shrinking rather than crumbling, shrinking because its vitality was dying at the heart and center. Exactly why that great empire was dying no one has yet fully decided. Social and economic reasons there were in plenty. Perhaps it was largely due to the decay of agriculture and the corruption of government. In any case the underlying reasons were spiritual rather than material. Men had ceased to think in the traditional ways of Greece and Rome, and so the machinery of life and government they had created was no longer workable. *Standards were falling.* Freedom, justice, and integrity were no longer ideals. And so the supports were taken from civilization and civilization collapsed. The inroad of barbarians that had destroyed Mycenæ and the Hittites came later to finish off the Roman world. Rome had fallen long before she was swept away by invasion. Most people admit that by 400 A.D. Roman England was on the abyss. But it took a very long time before the collapse of civilization became evident to the inhabitants. Our landowner never realized that he could not get his wine and his silk because the world was crumbling: he never dreamed that Picts and Scots would loot his fine villa. For at least thirty years Britain lived in this fool's paradise and then disastrous things began to happen with increasing frequency.

"I hear," says our friend a few years later at a similar dinner to a similar friend, "that Paulinus in Gloucestershire is selling his place, or at least trying to, and going to live in Gaul near Paris. But he tells me that the agents have been trying now for three years to find a buyer and there is no one. Paulinus tells me that all the same he will go and leave his estate in the agents' hands."

Three years later the mansion of Paulinus, neglected and abandoned, begins to fall into ruin. The slates work loose and the rain gets in. Then one day our landowner is walking round his estate when suddenly out of the blue a band of completely savage Picts, who have roamed south all the way from Scotland without any body of troops or police intercepting them, appears from the forest edge. They kill him, burn his villa, and drive off the cattle and horses. They fly off to the fastnesses of Wales. One by one the lonely villas go down in smoke and fire and the inhabitants of Britain draw in to the great cities. The coasts are no longer defended and invaders land when and as they wish. In a watchtower on the cliffs near Whitby in Yorkshire, built at the end of the 4th century, the archæologists found patent evidence of what had happened. I quote their report:

Within the tower lay the skeleton of a short, thick-set man fallen across the smoldering fire of an open hearth, probably after having been stabbed in the back. Another skeleton, that of a taller man, lay also face-downward, near the feet of the first. Beneath him was the skeleton of a large and powerful dog, its head against the man's throat, its paws across his shoulders.

And after this all was dark as pitch in British history. Not until 800 can it be said that we at last recover the course of civilization. Those intervening centuries throughout Europe (always excepting the great citadel of civilization at Constantinople) show us a Europe as barbaric as it was in 1200 B.C. Nor was there any alternative civilization in the Orient. Perhaps the Sasanians in Persia made some semblance of an attempt, but it was not much. Writing, let alone literature and speculation, was almost dead. Of intellectual activity there was none at all.

IV

And so here we have the example of two great collapses of civilization. One was dramatic and sudden and catastrophic, yet out of its ashes came the splendor of a new way of life. The other was a long nagging sickness that overwhelmed the world and brought it slowly to senility and death. Almost nothing stirred in western Europe during those first generations after 400 A.D. Every standard was gone, every ideal prostituted, every element of decent behavior vanished. Here and there in remote islands of calm in Gaul and perhaps in Britain lingered some squire, living off his estate, some happy village reaping its harvests. But they did not last long. Soon all Europe was the home of bandits and barbarians.

Then slowly but certainly Byzantium spread the glow of forgotten things from her beacons, and the world staggered once more into the light. Once more man lighted the fires of culture and learning and the happy life. Steadily since has he tried to get back to those levels once reached in Greece. And yet one doubts bitterly if he has as yet reached anywhere near those heights. Barely two generations ago Francis Galton, after exhaustive research, came to the conclusion that the average Englishman and American of his day bore the same relation in matters of intellect to the Periclean Athenian as the African Negro did to him. That is as may be. The question we now have to face is are we on the brink of another inroad of retrogression; is civilization not merely on the decline but already collapsed? That is a hard and a cruel way of putting it. But at all costs let us profit by experience and by the evidence of history. We know full well that we are not in the middle of the sort of crisis that faced the Mycenæans when destruction came raging at their gates. For there is now no external barbarism to invade us and no hungry waiting hordes. A few misguided cranks still affect a belief in a Yellow Peril or a Black Peril or a Red Terror, or in a variegated combination of the whole bunch. But these are neither real nor immediate dangers. Nor are we likely to crumble slowly under the inroads of Picts and Scots and Saxons and Goths and Huns and Vandals, after the manner of the Roman Empire.

And yet, all the same, the Barbarism is here and now with us. It is not raging outside our gates but is here all the time in our midst. And the symptoms of decay are strangely similar to those which accompanied the fall of Roman power. Freedom of speech and act, tolerance, and justice have completely vanished in all the countries of the world except America, Britain, and France, and in some of the smaller states of Europe. The stage

is set for the first act of the drama of Decline and Fall. Can we arrest it before it is too late, knowing what we know of the past? Could Rome have saved her Empire if she had the knowledge of the causes and circumstances of decay that we have? Has moral decay gone so far in the world to-day that we can no longer hope to avert those ultimate acts of violence and destruction that follow inevitably from the symptoms? The World War marks the first turning point.

During this cataclysm what perished with the dead was the major part of national and international morality. From that war grew those dreadful afflictions that we now see raging before our eyes bred by Fascism and by Nationalism, the afflictions of greed and intolerance, of waste and of restrictions, the segregation of men and ideas so that neither trade nor ideas can any longer cross frontiers. And, worst of all, every invention which the brilliant mind of man can make is now transformed into a weapon of evil. As each year passes we see more prostitution of fine inventions and fine ideas. It is only very recently that that harmless invention, the radio, has at length been turned to purposes of regimentation of whole nations. Germans and Italians alike now have used it for the mobilization of a whole nation. It was never intended for such barbaric uses. Even the Suez Canal, that has served the cause of peace for two generations and has done more to promote international intercourse than any single feat of engineering, has at last been employed by a dictator to further an aggression on a small free nation, which must rank as the most immoral aggression in history. Slowly the arts of peace are converted into the arts of war.

Such are the signs which, to me at any rate, betoken that civilization is not merely on the brink of collapse, but that it has already some years ago collapsed. Only we have not realized it. Like my Romano-British landowner, we feel that things are changing and that they are not what they were in our fathers' time, but we do not dream that the worst has already happened. I wonder exactly how long it will be before we awake to the fact that before our eyes the world we lived in in our youth has passed away and with it the main props of civilization. Perhaps we can salve from the wreck sufficient to rebuild the fabric with quick success, since we know that the first act of the tragedy is already nearly over. But if we persist in living in the glow of a cheap and easy optimism and are convinced that the world cannot totter, then we deserve to endure the full force of the cyclone when it comes. My optimism is the optimism of the lifeboat captain. Let us save what we can while there is still time. Let us abandon ship before we are sucked under in its vortex. Let us start to build up whatever parts of the world are safe and sane and make them into the New Byzantium. If Italy and Germany and Spain and other such countries like to sink, let them sink. We will build up for ourselves free countries, firmly defended against the barbarian inroads, and within our bastions we will carry on the uneven but still salvable course of progress. Round us the world will go mad or savage or both, but in our New Byzantium we will guard what is left of the older and happier world. That is neither pessimism nor perjury. It is merely what mankind has done before in similar circumstances and what he is bound to do again. But let us avoid at all costs the easy optimism which assumes that "all will come right in the end." It will not, for we have gone too far on the road of collapse, and the world has already reached its third great break in continuity.

BIG DAYS BEGINNING

A STORY

BY EDWARD HARRIS HETH

All of a sudden the four years were ended and they had graduated, taking their stiff ivory diplomas from the sweaty hand of Mr. Baldwin, Dean of the College of Letters and Science, very soberly as though he were really giving them something important, and so there they were, as President Appleton put it, armed and armored to face a great new world, the world of 1935. Yes, Appleton said it like that, with a smile like an ecstatic nun's: "*1935 is a new year, a great year of restoration. I admonish you to go into it as Men and Women endowed with that which the great University of our State has given you. . . .*" He licked his lips as though he were tasting again the persimmon he ate every morning for breakfast. They were Men and Women, armored and armed ("What —no gas-masks?" Bingham whispered) with enviable energy and enlightenment.

So there they were, at lunch that noon after Commencement. Bingham stretched his aching legs far under the booth and drew them back again and then took his pencil from his pocket and wrote on a paper napkin —"What are you going back home to Montana for, Pearl? I love you, I really do. Please save this for future reference"—and shoved it to her across the table littered with coffee cups and ashtrays filled with stubs.

"I am Woman—thou art a Man," she said, smiling, but only faintly—a tired smile that the pushing heat and long hours of standing in a heavy cap and gown on the green lawn of the Hill had put on her face. She picked up the napkin listlessly, one hand toying with the black coin-purse that lay on the table next her plate, and read it with the faint smile still on her bright lips. "President Appleton made us that," she said, not lifting her eyes from his note. "Man and Woman he created us both."

But he did not listen to her. He kept looking round him, for perhaps the last time, at the groups of students and the handful of quiet young-looking instructors, some of them sitting with the students, though not so joyful, so noisy, in this end-of-the-year release. When he turned back to her, across the table from him, he saw her wiping her throat, cool and slim, with a crumpled handkerchief. The note he had written was flattened before her, like an opened book. "How could I ever love a girl named Pearl?" he asked.

"Do you?" she said so softly that he scarcely heard the words above the clatter of dishes and beer steins being clinked for more beer and the harsh clang of the register being rung up. Slowly, as though she were thinking hard of other things, she crunched the napkin in her hand, locking something there, something for her mutely to take

back to Montana, and still kept smiling to herself, hotly and lazily, as she felt his leg stretch under the table and brush hers and then rest there, tight.

"Oh, no," he said. "You've been a fine lay—I beg your pardon, Miss, I meant a fine date, these past few years. Nice to have around college."

"I know." She nodded, and laughed shortly, looking at him. "I know," she said again, but she also knew what these past years had been, how they had been close together, scarcely separated, how deep their love had grown. "Just a toy," she said, gravely but with a smile bright on her mouth. "Oh dear, what will the girl's mother say when she gets back to the ranch in Montana? . . . 'Mother, dear, I've something to tell you. Here is your daughter back home. Take her to your bosom, mother dear, but remember she is not the same girl she was when you sent her away.' "

She looked up at him abruptly, not conscious, as he was, of everything about them, the noisy waitresses insolent yet friendly to the students, the manager buttoning himself in from the heat with knobby fingers and then unbuttoning himself with little sighs. Her eyes grew darker, more sober, as she leaned back in the booth, feeling empty and relaxed now (with her diploma safe in her room, tossed in her trunk) with an ache over her slim body from standing all morning under the merciless sun but yet feeling quite happy. She snapped her coin-purse shut for the last time and withdrew her hand, letting it fall lifeless in her lap. She picked up the napkin with the other hand and began creasing it, back and forth. "Gerald—"

He swallowed quickly and looked away. "Would you like a drink?" he asked. He ran his hand swiftly through his hair. *Wouldn't you like another drink? Will you please not look at me that way, Pearl my love? You make me feel sick, thinking about Montana.* "A Martini?" he asked, still avoiding her cool pointed face. Without waiting for her answer, he called curtly to one of the waitresses. Now the manager, buttoning his coat over his gasping stomach and unbuttoning it again, came grinning up to them—"Well, Jerrie, well, Pearl! How you two kids like being graduated? Oh, they come and go, they come and go, is what I always say!"—and strolled away again. "You'd like another drink, wouldn't you?" he said speaking rapidly, as he called again for the waitress. "After all, we only become Man and Woman once."

"Yes," she said, when at last the waitress, blank-faced, as though she must wall herself in contemptuously from the well-dressed co-eds, her own age all round her, came up to the booth and stood there unsmiling.

"Two Martinis," he said, taking out his big handkerchief from his rear pocket and mopping his face. "Make it three, Emma. You'd better have one too," he said to the waitress. He spoke with the aloof familiarity of having seen her four years, day in, day out, but she regarded him with her blank look of resentment; from the corner of her stony eye she regarded Pearl, fuming at her coolness and unconcern. "You, I mean," he said, looking up at the waitress when she made no answer. "You, Emma, have a Martini with us."

"No thanks," she said, going away.

"What I was saying," he said, following Emma's retreating hate with a square glance—"what I was about to say," he said again, feeling his face grow taut and blanch, turning back to Pearl—*My God is her name really Pearl?* he thought and burst into heavy laughter.

"So what?" she asked.

"Is your name really Pearl?"

"Pearl," she said. "But it's not my fault."

"Listen," he began, putting both arms on the sticky table and looking without wincing into her face, at its coolness and whiteness and the small point of her chin that invited the cup of his hand. Then he saw it begin to tremble. "Listen," he said. "Why in hell did these four years go and end, we've had such a damned swell time it makes me sick to think that—*Time, that is pleased to lengthen out the day for grieving lovers parted or denied . . .*" and then halted. "What I'm driving at, is," he began again, "will you marry me, please?"

"Yes."

"Here," the waitress said, slopping the two Martinis down in little puddles of wet.

"You're sure you won't have one, Emma?" he asked.

"No thanks."

"Here's to you Pearl, my pearl," he said, lifting his glass from the ring of spilt liquor. "Will you marry me?"

"I said once I would."

"When?"

"I don't know."

"You live in Montana, Pearl. You tend sheep in the mountains."

"You live in New York, darling. You're a slicker. I know what *you* want." But abruptly she shot her hands into her lap and pressed them against her thighs and wrenched her eyes away from his. "You couldn't come to Montana, could you, until—?"

"You might come to New York."

"Ah, the funny man," she said.

"A cigarette?" he asked, a little coldly. She watched him raise up his body to fumble in his pockets for a pack of cigarettes, and when he drew one out she saw with relief that she could hold her hand out steadily, that his hand holding the match for her was just as steady and the flame did not flicker. So there they were, on Commencement day, with everything ahead of them as President Appleton had promised. They had a whole new world waiting for them; and that morning in their stuffy caps and gowns they had waited under the beating sun, herded in the scant shade of the maples and elms on the Hill, being told they were ready for life and living and 1935, and how their four years had prepared them, and how their ivory parchment diplomas proclaimed them Men ("If he says that once more I'll be violently sick," Pearl had murmured), groomed them and spruced them in their minds and hearts, all set on their marks, ready—for something.

They got up to leave the Grill. In the plain dark dress with short sleeves she seemed slimmer and cooler than ever, and he listened carefully to the sound her sandals made as she went over the floor, as though he must remember them forever; for that afternoon she was going home to Montana. Suddenly he felt weak in his stomach, thinking how she was going to Montana that afternoon and he to New York three hours later without a job in sight, even though President Appleton had said the whole world was there waiting for them now, a great new world beginning, for Pearl and himself with B.A.'s on their names and four fine years of knowledge behind them. She too, standing beside him while he counted out a handful of change to pay the lunch bill, felt hollow at thinking that she was going away. He counted out a dollar and thirty-five cents from the small handful of coins that was all the money he had left beside his railroad-fare home. "Have you got enough?" she asked. "Do you want some change? Here, I've got—"

"No thanks, I'm rich as Andy Mellon," he said, putting the change back in his pocket. Then they began making jokes about how they had graduated into a great new prosperous 1935, a lifegiving world that was mar-

vellous even though it was a little filled up. And they were prepared for everything; all they had to do was wait. He jangled the coins in his pocket and began chuckling to himself, thinking how he had just proposed to her over a sticky lunch booth. They both forgot that they were going in different directions that afternoon. Now he was slipping his arm through hers and feeling the chill touch of her skin.

But just as they reached the doorway he saw Miss Purcell come in. "Well, Miss Purcell," he said, still chuckling.

Miss Purcell, in a gray wintry-looking tweed suit she had been wearing all year, paused before them, her thin fingers bent lightly over the worn leather purse she carried high under her arm. "Why, hello Gerald, hello Pearl," she said, for the first time quite naturally not saying Mr. Bingham, Miss Pierce. She spoke with the words flowing from her deeply, hiddenly, with a weary movement of her lips. "Well, congratulations!" she said. Miss Purcell, their instructor the past year in "The Age of Samuel Johnson," paused before her two ex-students (as though she had never before greeted them curtly on wintry mornings at eight o'clock, then later on the warming mornings of April and May with a strained, slightly irked query: *Well, come now—you've had your sleep, tell me what you've got into your heads about Mrs. Thrale*) and gave them a warm, deep smile that made their faces flush as though she had whispered something low and secret to them. "Welcome to the World!" she said, softly. "It's a marvellous place, marvellous." She turned away, despite the laughter with which they answered her, as though she had been speaking only to herself, and moved down between the rows of booths with a lonely clatter of her heels on the terrazzo floor.

They stood in the doorway, stricken by the warmth glowing from her lips and eyes as she smiled at them. They realized how they were no longer students. In saying their names—*Gerald, Pearl*—Miss Purcell had become their friend, had ceased being instructor. No longer could she stand by the windows on muggy mornings of late winter rapping her fingers icily on the sill as she asked Mr. Sonnenberg or Miss Ruby Manners what they knew about the poetry of Collins and Gray. They had never thought of her this way before, had never remarked her half-agonized smile before—as she welcomed them to the World!—so they wanted to speak more with her, to say good-by.

"Oh, Miss Purcell!" Pearl called, in a steady voice. But Miss Purcell was moving away from them down the aisle and they were forgotten. The manager deferentially followed and led her to the exact table he had decided should be hers. They waited, watching her. Reluctantly they went outside.

"Ought we go in holding hands?" asked Pearl, as they went up the broad creaking steps. "Do I ring the bell or what?"

As she waited with her hand on the screen-door she heard the clock of Music Hall striking three in the hot afternoon—only an hour and twenty minutes before her bus left for Montana if she were taking the bus, but now she wasn't, because a half-hour ago, standing in a tavern, a beer glass locked in his hands, he had turned to her abruptly saying, "What in hell do you want to go to Montana for? What I mean is, when am I ever going to see you again, Pearl? We'd better get married right now, you see? We'll get along. What are we waiting for? Are we men or are we mice?"

"God, I get wonderful ideas!" he

cried. "It's the way my father and mother did it . . . 'Yessiree, m'boy, on the same day we graduated, in 1910, your mother and I, I said to your mother, "What say we get married?" and she said "Fine!" so we ups and gets married and I took her back to Scarsdale with me that same night, where I picked up this newspaper job just like picking a pin off the floor . . .'

"I'll be damned, Pearl, it's exactly the way they did it. Listen, what we need now is a witness."

Outside, while they were in the tavern drinking their farewell beers, the day had grown darker and the blistering sun was gone, a sheet of gray over the sky . . . "We can't get married now," Pearl cried, "it's raining. No one gets married in the rain!" . . . But by the time he had taken her arm and rushed her outside the shower was already ending, tremendous drops of rain falling soft on the steaming asphalt of the street.

"Let's get Miss Purcell for a witness," he said.

"Miss Purcell?" she asked, as the brief shower ended, only the awnings and the trees along the curb continuing to drip the cool rain. In front of them was a whole main street washed new and clean, the trolley rails shimmering and the trees wind-blown and green, and between them framed the shining dome of the State Capitol and behind it the red buildings of the College. "Oh, my darling, look. Yes," she answered. "Let's get Miss Purcell."

"You don't ring, you walk right in. This is a rooming-house," he said, opening the screen-door for her into the gloomy hallway with its colored window-glass showering dirty prisms on the stairs.

Then their anxious fingers ran down the list of seven or eight names typewritten on a tattered sheet of paper flapping with only one thumbtack to hold it to the dirty wall above the bell. *Miss Dorothy Purcell, R 1 long, 4 short.* . . . "Well, ring!" she said, thinking he was never going to touch his finger to the bell and seal something between them, a bond of some kind, for now Miss Purcell had ceased being instructor, had become their important and closest friend, and seeing *Miss Dorothy Purcell, R 1 long, 4 short* on the torn piece of paper was like seeing an old watched-for face alighting from a train after years and years. . . . He rang—a mercilessly shrill clamor went through the house, then four shorter cries.

"Ring again!" she said, and scarcely got the words out of her mouth before he was kissing her, hard, but also chuckling to himself all the while, his hand reaching out blindly for the bell to send the piercing clamor of *Miss Dorothy Purcell, R 1 long, 4 short* through the house once more, for Miss Purcell was going to be Witness. No more could she rap out to them faceless, without warmth, nervously, "Mr. Bingham, what of Johnson as moralist?" They were going to be married then and there—they had all life ahead of them. As President Appleton put it that morning, they were beginning.

"Well, hurry on up. What're you waiting for?" a voice bawled from upstairs.

A little surprised at the harsh tone but not thinking of it, they started swiftly upstairs over the shower of dirty prisms falling on the treads. But they halted half-way up, with their hands arrested on the rail, stunned by the sight of an elderly, dowdy woman, with a string-bag in her hand, standing at the top of the landing.

"Well, hurry up!"

Obediently they followed the noisy cry and went the rest of the way upstairs. But Mrs. Badge, the landlady, with bobbed hair much too short and stringy, had vanished from their sight

as startlingly as she had appeared. Yet they went quietly up the stairs, keeping close to each other, rounding the landing—"Who in the devil's this old witch, what's happening?" Pearl murmured—until there she was again, standing before a half-shut door with her empty string-bag, unfilled with the vegetables she had been going to shop for, rolled in a frantic knot in her hands. "Police?" she asked, squinting in the dull hall light.

"We came to see Miss Purcell."

"Miss Purcell?" the landlady cried. "What you want Miss Purcell for? You ain't the police?" she said, distorting her pudgy face, whipping her string-bag up to her eyes. "Why, I called for the police. I been locked in the bathroom, waiting, oh God, a thousand years, I guess. What do you want Miss Purcell for?" she asked abruptly, in a sly husky voice. Then she began to whimper. "Say, I been hiding in the bathroom waiting for the police! Here's her room if you want—"

Then Bingham saw Pearl's face begin to turn white. Later he was surprised how long it took him to understand, how little he was prepared for it. "Why, we saw Miss Purcell just an hour ago," he said, looking helplessly from Pearl to the landlady. All he could think was how they had just come to know Miss Purcell, recalling her warm quiet smile in the grill, the abrupt turn of her head as though she were jerking away from something—and how he had never dreamed of anything like this. They trod quietly past Mrs. Badge into the little sitting-room that belonged to Miss Dorothy Purcell, late of "The Age of Samuel Johnson"—for suddenly he began to understand this, as Mrs. Badge timorously followed them with dry choking noises—and saw the littered desk, the gloomy wicker chair, the Michelangelo David on the wall; before them the closed door to the bedroom, closed but abruptly wide open in their eyes (*She's in there, My God, you should have seen her but I didn't touch her, you got to wait for the police, why, she was a fine good girl, I never thought . . .* the landlady wailed) and they knew what it looked like, tawdry and sparse, with a dishevelled bed no doubt, a scant pile of blouses in the ghastly imitation-walnut dresser, and books.

"But only an hour ago!" Pearl said. Mrs. Badge, growing bolder, eyed them suspiciously. They stood stock still in the middle of the hushed room, and all he could think to do was fumble for a cigarette in his pocket, glancing mechanically about the room—at the bookcases, the desk, the small table with a cheap photograph standing beside a jar of garden flowers.

"I can't imagine why she'd do something like this, she was always a good girl, why, I've had her here with me eight years, when she was in college and then when she got this job teaching, why all she did was study and teach, work all day, she never went out, she didn't earn good I guess, why she must've been a fine teacher—did you know her, you two?"

"She was a friend of ours," Pearl said. "We came here to—" and halted, looking helplessly across the room to Bingham.

"Why she was a fine good girl, working all day, saving every penny, never done a thing wrong!"

He let the cigarette rest dumbly in his mouth. "You called the police?" he said, hearing the words harsh and confused as he said them. "Have you a match, Pearl?" he asked.

"Here," she answered gravely, picking up a box from the table beside the painted-over wicker chair. She smiled at him weakly, handing him the matches.

"That's her young man," Mrs. Badge said, more calmly, pointing to the

photograph. "He was a good boy, too. Say did you know him too?" But her bulbous cheeks still shone with fright and terror.

"Thanks," he said soberly, taking the matches, lighting his cigarette, squinting through the smoke at Miss Purcell's young man. He kept thinking of the warm curious smile Miss Purcell had cast them, still with the burnt match held in his fingers.

"We ought to let her young man know," Pearl said.

"Why, did you know him?" Mrs. Badge said. "He was real nice, in school with her here, always working hard too, kind of smart-like. I had him here with me four years, him and Miss Purcell—"

"He's a nice looking man," Pearl said, picking up the photograph but setting it down again quickly, as though she had touched something not hers, something untouchable. Standing before the window, she was cooler and slimmer than before, in her dark-sleeved plain dress and her pale face.

"Oh, that nice young man!" Mrs. Badge said, and began sobbing again. "They were both fine, she was a good girl. Oh God, I used to help them out sometimes with meals and things when they were both here. They couldn't get married you know. He's back home waiting. No job I guess, but she worked hard night and day, saving every penny, but I guess she didn't earn good—"

"We ought to let him know," Pearl said again. "Why listen" (she began to understand) 'it's exactly the way my mother and father did—on the day they graduated they ups and got married and that same night went back to Scarsdale where he picked up this newspaper job.' The telephone," she said, in a distant voice, hearing the hard hollow sound of the bell as it pierced the dark hallway.

"The telephone? Why, what's the matter? Who's ringing on the telephone?" Mrs. Badge cried, abruptly indignant, all her fright gone. She suddenly plopped herself down in the wicker chair, her eyes flaring with curt outrage. "What's that ringing for? What is all this?—Say, I won't answer it!"

He carried the burnt match with him to the hallway, held it in one hand while with the other he lifted the receiver.

"Hello, this is President Appleton's secretary; the police have just notified us of this unfortunate occurrence, of course it will best be attended to with complete quiet," the voice said small and faraway. "It must have been ill health." He kept absently scraping the burnt match up and down the spotted wallpaper in front of his eyes. "President Appleton wishes to express his regrets . . . you understand this matter will best be attended to if it is kept hushed—"

"No, it won't be kept hushed!" he cried, rasping into the mouthpiece. "I'll tell every damned person I can get my hands on!"—knowing he wouldn't tell anyone.

Returning to the room, he kept thinking how he had proposed to Pearl over a sticky lunch table that noon, and why they had come here, to get their new friend, Miss Purcell. When he entered the room the three of them kept looking toward the closed door of the bedroom. "President Appleton regrets he is unable to lunch to-day," he said, to no one in particular. *But say, listen, back in 1910 my mother and father—* He glanced toward the desk, still with the burnt match in his fingers, and saw an ashtray among the litter of papers, the books and a nail file and a stack of bills marked *Please!* in bright ink. He began to feel sick with an awakening, half-angry resentment, looking at the desk and then the dingy room, its squalor and ugliness

and its air of pinching, of just getting by, and its waiting too, Miss Purcell's hopeless waiting for the day . . .

The doorbell rang. He saw Mrs. Badge, with both chunky hands resting on the wicker chair-arms like the paws of a museum lion, wrench herself forward. "Now what?" she asked, breathing heavily. "Why, it's terrible —what's this now? The police!" She suddenly remembered, and the idea of Police filled her with fright again, mixed with her growing rage that Miss Purcell had done this thing in her respectable house. "I'll tell 'em!" she cried, passing one hand over her bluish mouth and jumping up.

Yes, tell 'em that in 1910 your mother and father went off to Scarsdale— He dropped his burnt match into the ashtray on the desk, his eyes blankly falling to the opened letter beside the tray, his ears distantly hearing the shuffling sound of the arriving policemen, clambering over the grimy prisms on the stairs. The police came into the room while he scarcely noticed them. They got out notebooks and pencils and opened the door of the bedroom blandly. *Dear Miss Purcell* the letter read (he saw it dumbly) *because of a limited budget we are extremely sorry to notify you that we will be unable to renew your appointment next fall. . . .*

"I don't know a thing about why she done it, naturally not!" the harsh voice of Mrs. Badge was flashing to the policemen, growing bolder with each word. "I was just going out for some shopping when I heard it."

The police returned to the sitting-room. "Don't get excited, lady," they said to Mrs. Badge, and took more notes; they asked for names and addresses. Then they said everyone could go. Bingham lifted his eyes and saw Pearl. She still stood before the window, the light dreary behind her, slim and lovely but her face gone white, her mouth trembling. She returned his look, gravely, frightenedly, surrounded by the litter of Miss Purcell's squalor, her scraping, her blind waiting. She smiled at him helplessly. He could not stop looking at her, his eyes held on her solemnly but with horror too, feeling much older than he had ever felt before, suddenly grown. *But Pearl, back in 1910 my mother and father just upped and got married, hurry, we can still . . .*

"You've got to take her away, get her out of here!" Mrs. Badge cried to the policemen. "A respectable house!"

"I've only got twenty minutes to make my bus home," Pearl said woodenly, looking into Bingham's eyes. "Good-by, Mrs. Badge."

All he could do was follow her from the room with his dazed eyes still upon her—*but this doesn't matter* he thought, confused, *we can still . . .* and saw her again, suddenly, as she had stood by the window, living in Miss Purcell's squalid room, scraping, just getting by, opening bills marked *Please!* in bright ink. . . .

"I never dreamed that Miss Purcell," she said, softly, but then did not finish what she was going to say, saying instead "Did you?" and looking at him questioningly.

They went down the stairs quietly, touching each other, but he could not think of anything to answer, and only kept looking at her. When they reached the porch, the afternoon was waning with the quickness of June, the air sifting down toward the earth in a cooler veil. Then as they turned up the street they heard the sound of voices, coming through the still air from the faraway green Hill and the Senior Swingout—many white-dressed girls swaying down the sward—beckoning voices that fell like a weird call framed by siren's lips, a faint halloo through siren's hands.

"There'll be a cab at the corner," Pearl said, pretending not to hear the voices. "I'd better grab a cab or I'll miss my bus," she said swiftly.

"Why, listen, Pearl—we can still—" he began rapidly, as though to deafen himself to what he had so curiously learned, but then halted, wanting only to take her in his arms, never to let her go away. But then he knew he could not ask her to stay. He felt stunned, knowing suddenly how deep his love for her was, knowing, because of it, how he must let her go, signalling a taxi for her at the corner and helping her into it, though not going with her because he did not want to go to the station, to say good-by; reaching into his pocket to pull out his last scant change, handing it to the driver to pay her fare. He kept seeing her in Miss Purcell's room, before the window, the dim light behind her and at her feet the squalor and grime.

They could still hear the faint, inviting voices from the faraway Hill. But now she was putting her hand through the opened window of the cab, saying weakly, "Give my love to your mother and father," and then saying nothing more, only looking at him as though she knew now what he knew too.

"You take good care of those sheep out in Montana, Pearl," he said.

"Oh, I will!" she laughed feebly, as the taxi started off.

"I'll be seeing you soon!" he shouted, frantic suddenly, wondering *When? how long?*, watching her go away, thinking of these things which old Appleton had forgotten to tell them, that morning, a thousand years ago, in their caps and gowns under the blistering sun.

COME NOT AGAIN

BY A. E. JOHNSON

SLEEP on; come not again, ye blessed Dead;
Vain as your dying would your coming be.
Callous to shame, we are not to be led
From folly's path, even miraculously.
Oh, you are doubly dead; dead in the earth
And dead in human hearts, that still were steel
Though hosts of you should hover at our hearth
This night, in dumb wound-eloquent appeal.
We are become so dull that should one find
For our extremity the Holy Grail
(One of your very sons of Christly mind)
And from a war-shook vine should then regale
Our perjured lips at some great festival—
No; it would make no difference at all.

MACHINES WHICH IMITATE LIFE

LINDBERGH'S PUMP AND OTHER BIOLOGICAL MODELS

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

HERE is a curious behavior which has interested many persons who have seen it. A drop of chloroform is introduced into a beaker of water. You take a fine glass rod and try to puncture the chloroform drop. It resists. But if you coat the tip of the rod with shellac the rod is avidly sucked into the drop. The chloroform acts as though shellac were its food, and as soon as it has fed, *i.e.* as soon as the shellac is dissolved, the drop manifests its former antipathy to the glass and ejects the rod as so much waste. A living amœba behaves in much the same way.

But the amœba can multiply itself. After growth has reached a certain stage its single blob of protoplasm divides into two, and each becomes an individual amœba capable of independent action, continued growth, and repeated cell-division. This is life: activity, growth, reproduction, the continuous passing of the torch. But there are purely chemical set-ups which perform in much the same way. Thus a drop of oil may be suspended in water. If you touch it at opposite sides with two small pieces of soda the surface tension of the drop is lowered at the two points of contact; consequently the surface tension at its equator becomes relatively greater, and the drop neatly divides into two droplets. There are other combinations of material in which inorganic bodies spontaneously bud and proliferate in seemingly lifelike behavior.

The chloroform, the oil, and the yellow prussiate of potash are familiar chemical compounds, and their reactions to the glass, the shellac, the soda, and the blue vitriol are readily explainable in physical terms. There are laws of solution, surface tension, osmosis, and chemical affinity which fully account for the behavior of these inanimate combinations. Protoplasm is more intricate. Its members are more complex and more varied, and its reactions, therefore, are more complicated than anything we know in the test-tube. But may we not suppose that they are physical and chemical changes throughout, that all the essential behavior of life is ruled at bottom by the same laws which govern the drops of chloroform, oil, and prussiate of potash?

It would be a presumption to answer this question with a straight "yes," but the accumulating results in the laboratories steadily point that way and give a hopeful bias for such an answer. I say hopeful because any other answer would be discouraging, not only to biological research but also to medical practice and to mankind's frail fight for time. If the toll of disease has been cut down and the average longevity of human life extended, it is largely because modern experimenters have believed with 16th-century

Paracelsus that "the body is a conglomeration of chymical matters; when these are deranged, illness results, and naught but chymical medicines may cure the same."

Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, discoverer of vitamins, tells of the remark of a distinguished organic chemist of the 1880s commenting on his decision to pursue biochemistry: "The chemistry of the living? That is the chemistry of protoplasm; that is superchemistry; seek, my young friend, for other ambitions." But Hopkins and other pioneers of his generation held to their conviction that life is physically reasonable, and the fruits of their research to-day are eloquent endorsements of the Paracelsian doctrine.

If the hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and other elements which compose the living body are the same as the hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and other elements which compose the air, the earth, and the sea, it should be possible to set up chemical and physical arrangements which will duplicate the results of living processes. This has actually been done in several laboratories. No one has been able to construct a mechanism which will exhibit all the kinds of behavior of even the simplest organism, but there are many types of biological behavior which have been isolated and simulated separately. This fact is additional testimony perhaps to the enormous complexity of protoplasm. Professor Henry A. Rowland used to say to his Johns Hopkins students that he didn't know what an atom was like, but, he added, it must be at least as complicated as a grand piano. On this basis we might venture to postulate the microscopic amœba as "a conglomeration of chymical matters" at least as complicated as a symphony orchestra or, perhaps better, a convocation of symphony orchestras. Dr. Clark L. Hull, in whose laboratory at Yale I recently saw demonstration of many different types of thinking machines, admitted the primitive crudity of these gadgets. They are simplifications, analogues, groping approximations—but they do demonstrate the fact that it is possible for non-living matter to execute results of a kind which we are accustomed to associate only with the living. And that, no matter how feeble the effect nor how limited its range, is a gain—a step toward the unmasking of mysterious protoplasm.

II

The heart is a pump. But is there any imperious necessity that it be a living pump? Early in the 19th century the French physiologist C. J. J. LeGallois suggested that "if one could substitute for the heart a kind of injection . . . of arterial blood, either natural or artificially made . . . one would succeed easily in maintaining alive indefinitely any part of the body whatsoever." It is a rather telling footnote to the magnitude of this "if" that more than a hundred years passed before an inventor was able to surmount the difficulties of the requirement and produce an apparatus that would substitute for the heart as an engine of circulation. In the interim, various brilliant feats with severed organs were attained, solutions capable of sustaining life were compounded and used as media for such transplantings; but in even the most successful of these experiments the separated organ survived only a few hours. It was not until last summer that the program proposed in 1812 by LeGallois was realized. In June of 1935 a brief scientific paper, signed by Alexis Carrel and Charles A. Lindbergh of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, announced the remarkable results obtained from a perfusion pump of Colonel Lindbergh's design, "a model that has for the first

time permitted an entire organ to live outside of the body."

Anything connected either with Lindbergh, the hero of transatlantic flight, or Carrel, America's first winner of the Nobel Prize in Medicine, was good for a headline, and this news of the laboratories immediately jumped from the inconspicuous inner pages of the weekly journal *Science* on to the front pages of the daily newspapers. But when the editors and reporters tried to shape the story, puzzled by the connection of the aviator with this technical medical business, they found that the research itself, rather than the personal anecdote of the inventor which they vainly sought, was big news.

A thyroid gland had been removed from a cat, installed in a glass chamber, and for more than twenty days this excised organ, perfectly protected against bacterial infection, had lived an apparently normal life in its artificial environment. Its arteries pulsed, its cells grew and multiplied, its secretions flowed, all the usual functions of life continued—thanks to the unfailing regularity of the perfusion pump. So long as this artificial heart circulated its artificial blood, sending life-giving oxygen and nutrients to the imprisoned organ, the gland flourished. And so with other organs. There were twenty-six experiments in all, using kidneys, hearts, ovaries, spleens, and suprarenal glands, in addition to thyroids, and in each case the perfusion pump proved itself competent for the task. There are many reasons to believe that LeGallois's full conception may now be realized: that science at last has at hand an apparatus for maintaining alive *indefinitely* any part of the body whatsoever.

This means that those parts concealed within the mantle of flesh may now be brought out into the transparency of the glass tube and there be followed through every detail of functioning. Three obvious applications are indicated as possibilities.

First, the normal organ may be studied to see how it operates, how it is affected by changes of diet, by drugs and other stimuli, what conditions are optimum to its well-being. In experiments with a thyroid Dr. Carrel demonstrated the feasibility of this technic. By changing the content of the circulating fluid he showed that he could change the behavior of the transplanted organ which it irrigated. When the fluid was diluted the thyroid responded to this starvation treatment by losing weight progressively; but when the fluid was enriched by generous additions of a growth-producing medium the gland grew rapidly. These results suggest endless possibilities for experiment with normal organs.

Similarly, a diseased organ could be installed in glass and watched through the course of its malady, to discover the nature of the disease and explore the possibilities of a cure. It might be possible to remove a diseased viscus, such as a kidney or thyroid, and by cultivating the thing *in vitro* learn more in one experiment than could be uncovered in years of groping in the dark of pain-racked human bodies. Diseases of the arteries, which account for so large a section of the death roll, should lend themselves to experiment in the transparent environment of the glass chamber.

Still a third practical application would be the use of the perfusion pump to cultivate glandular organs for the sake of their secretions. During thousands of years man has practiced this exploitation of the submissive cow, cultivating the whole animal for the sake of the secretions from her lactine glands; it should require, therefore, no wrench of the imagination to picture the more specialized practice here sug-

gested. The pancreatic gland produces the indispensable hormone known as insulin which aids the animal body in its utilization of sugar. When the human pancreas fails, the victim of this lack dies unless the necessary insulin is supplied from some other organism. To-day there is a considerable industry which makes a business of extracting insulin from the pancreas of freshly killed sheep and other animals and marketing it for the benefit of persons suffering from diabetes. But with the technic provided by the Carrel-Lindbergh research, the pancreatic gland may be transferred alive to an assigned glass compartment and there be maintained in perfect health by the continuous flow of the rich fluid circulated by the perfusion pump—yielding meanwhile an output of insulin as standardized as the output of milk is from a scientifically managed dairy. The current practice of insulin extraction may be for the present more practicable commercially, but the picture here suggested is possible theoretically, and may in time be realized.

It would seem, therefore, that there is no imperious necessity that the heart be a living pump. Lindbergh's mechanical pump—made of glass, actuated by the pressure of compressed air, which pressure is released into the pump in pulsating sequence through a revolving valve operated by a diminutive electric motor—does just as well so far as the bare necessities are concerned. The living heart, hidden within the flesh and energized by its own living mechanism, is more compact and more convenient; but the mechanical heart has demonstrated that it can do the job. It can circulate a fluid (free from bacteria) which will sustain life, and there is every reason to believe that it can continue such a process indefinitely.

Biological models are of two kinds. There are, first, those like the perfusion pump which are designed as working substitutes for living organs whose operation is fairly obvious. The second type of biological model springs from a different motive. Here the attempt is not to provide a practical substitute for an essential organ, but rather to explore and understand the mystery of the organ itself. In the first type the model is auxiliary to a research on some other problem. In the second type the model is the problem; it embodies the biologist's theory of what he is trying to understand, and indeed the main purpose of the model is to test the theory.

For example: in the living organism the observer encounters a process which seems comparable to that of water running uphill. Briefly, it is this. Protoplasm exists as a jellylike liquid that invariably gives an acid reaction, while the blood stream which ceaselessly irrigates the cells is alkaline. The acidic protoplasmic interior of each cell is separated from its alkaline surroundings by only a thin membrane, and through this membrane nutrients are continually diffusing inward from the blood into the protoplasm, and waste products are continually diffusing outward from the protoplasm into the blood. In spite of these interchanges, the acid of the protoplasm and the base of the blood never seem to meet and neutralize each other—though a normally high affinity between acid and alkali is one of the most universal and powerful relations known to chemistry.

The situation is still more emphasized by the accumulation of certain substances. Thus every living cell shows a tendency to take in potassium, though blood and other media which feed the cell are habitually poor in potassium. The blood is rich in another element, sodium, which is similar in general properties to potassium; this exists largely in the form of sodium

chloride (which is responsible for the salty taste of blood). But protoplasm will accept little—in some cases none—of this wealth of surrounding sodium. It takes potassium, from an environment that is meagerly provisioned with potassium, and excludes sodium, though its all-embracing medium is teeming with that prolific element; and it continues to do this throughout its entire process of growth. In some instances the potassium concentration within the cell is forty times that of the medium outside, and yet the flow of potassium continues persistently from outside to inside. It suggests a paradox: as though a head of water which was gauged at a pressure of one hundred pounds to the square-inch should steadily flow upward to a tank where the pressure was four thousand pounds to the square-inch.

This strange capacity of the living organism for working, as it were, against the energy gradient has long preoccupied the attention of biologists and philosophers.

Philosophers pointed to it as evidence of the presence of a "life force." It goes to show, they said, that in the cell there is something outside the sway of chemistry and physics, something that can outwit the second law of thermodynamics and attain upstream motion in a world where the order of energy-changes seems everywhere downstream.

Biologists looked to their experiments. By what "conglomeration of chymical matters" could such a system operate—a system in which "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath"? In other words, by what chemical arrangement could the selective permeability of the cell be explained?

Theories were proposed. It was suggested that the potassium enters the cell in soluble form, and when inside combines with other elements to form an insoluble compound which, because of its indiffusible nature, cannot escape. Another explanation called into use the Donnan equilibrium, a complicated law of chemical energetics which might account for the apparent paradox. Neither of these theories was derived from experiment. They were offered simply as hypothetical explanations, awaiting test.

III

For one of the most successful attacks on this riddle we turn again to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, to the work there of W. J. V. Osterhout and his associates. Dr. Osterhout came to the Institute several years ago from Harvard University, where he was professor of botany; and perhaps his past experience predisposed him to go to the plant world for the most fitting subject for his search into the chemical mechanism of life. Most protoplasmic cells, both plant and animal, are of microscopic size. Special technics have been worked out for the microdissection of these minute units, some of them of marvelous and ever-fascinating deftness; but protoplasm is so sensitive that one can never be sure of the integrity of the ruptured cell. In other words, the content of injured protoplasm cannot be assumed to be the same as that of normal protoplasm. Osterhout wanted to take samples of the interior fluid and analyze them; he wanted to introduce different conditions into the cell and see how it reacted; he wanted, in effect, to get inside this complicated living machine without injuring it; and for this kind of venture he needed a big machine. And yet it must be a simple one.

There is a marine plant known as Valonia. It is of the algæ, one of that innumerable horde whose most com-

mon representative is the green scum which floats on ponds; under the microscope the scum shows itself to be made of minute cells joined one to the next in long filaments. The Valonia cells, however, are not so gregarious. Each lives its own life apart and each attains gigantic size—for a cell. A full-grown Valonia may be larger than a pigeon's egg. And yet it is a single cell of living matter—a unit organism, like an amœba, and not a composite, like a man. Its general structure is easy to describe: (1) a firm outer wall of cellulose, inside of which is (2) a thin layer of protoplasm clinging to the cellulose surface like paper on the wall, and (3) sap filling the interior cavity. Valonia lives in the sea, and an environment of sea water appears to be as indispensable to it as an environment of blood is to the cells of the human body. Therefore, to represent the complete establishment we must add the final element, (4) sea water outside the cell.

Dr. Osterhout and his aides found this marine plant a pliant subject for their study. Hundreds of Valonia cells were obtained from the favorable waters off Bermuda and installed in vessels of sea water in the laboratory. To gain access to a cell interior the experimenter punctured its wall and protoplasmic membrane with a fine glass tube that had been ground to a needle point. In a related alga, Halicystes, two tubes were inserted and left in unused until the cell had recovered from the invasion, repaired the wound, and resumed its normal functioning. Then a series of experiments began. Through these diminutive tunnels it was possible to draw out samples of the sap; indeed the entire contents of the vacuole were removed in some experiments. It was possible to introduce other solutions, to dilute the sap, or to replace it entirely.

But the significant discovery, from the point of view of our discussion, was disclosed by analysis of the sap of Valonia. It was found to contain accumulated potassium, in the proportion of forty parts in the sap to one part in the sea water. This accumulated potassium, moreover, was not locked up in the form of insoluble compounds, but was dissolved in the watery sap. Nor were the proportions those of the Donnan equilibrium. Experiment thus demonstrated that both of the proposed theories of this queer selectivity were mistaken, and it was evident that some other means of accounting for the behavior must be sought in the cell structure or composition.

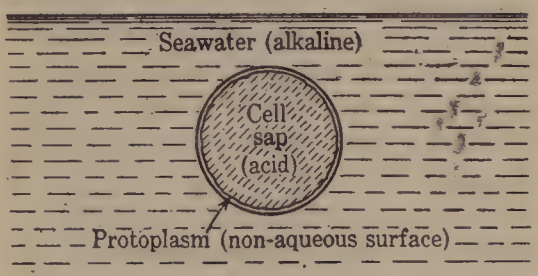
The cellulose wall was dismissed from consideration, for it proved to be permeable in either direction; apparently it is simply an outside skeleton to provide a supporting structure for the coating of protoplasm inside. In the protoplasm, therefore, must be the agency that determines what enters and what is excluded.

The protoplasm, as I have mentioned, is a thin layer—less than the two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch in thickness. In spite of this, the layer itself shows stratification: first a film of lipoid or oily material constituting its outer surface, then a thicker region of watery material, and inside another surface film of lipoid.

Tests showed that it was the surface of the protoplasm that played the dominant role in this biochemical drama. When the oily skin was broken, all the electrical effects of the cell ceased, all its power of selective permeability disappeared, the accumulated potassium flowed out into the surrounding sea water until the sap within contained precisely the same dilution as the water without, and the cell died. It was not necessary to break through the full thickness of the protoplasm. The slightest rupture of its almost inpalpable lipoidal film was

sufficient to disrupt the finely balanced mechanism and destroy its capacity for trapping some substances and excluding others.

The Valonia, thus dissected, may be diagrammed in cross-section roughly as follows:



The Living Cell

Would it be possible to imitate this living apparatus? Dr. Osterhout had arrived at a physico-chemical theory, and if true it should be demonstrable. There is no need here to elaborate the theory in its entirety but we may note a few salient points.

In the first place, it was known that potassium, sodium, and other electrically active elements move in an aqueous solution as dissociated atoms—that is, as ions, each bearing an electric charge and, therefore, each constituting a moving unit of the electric current. But oils, fats, lipoids do not conduct the electric current, and experiments with the protoplasmic surface showed that this is true of that particular lipoid. Electrolytes, therefore, must penetrate the protoplasmic surface in some form other than as dissociated atoms or ions.

But potassium and sodium exist in the sea in alkaline compounds (as well as in the familiar salts), and Osterhout turned his attention to these. If there were an acid in the protoplasmic surface it might combine with alkalis of the sea to form salts of potassium and of sodium, and these salts might permeate the oily film and pass through as whole molecules. However, the rate of transport varies from element to element. It is well known that certain solutes move more readily than others. This quality depends on their "partition coefficients," and the partition coefficient depends in turn on the ionic radius of the element—the greater the radius the more rapid is the motion. It happens that the ionic radius of potassium is greater than that of sodium. We thus arrive at a purely chemical explanation of the "preference" of the cell for potassium.

The potassium passes through the protoplasmic layer in the form of a potassium salt, but as soon as it reaches the interior and comes in contact with the sap it changes again. The sap contains carbonic acid for which the potassium has stronger affinity; so the potassium drops the atoms which it took on from the protoplasm and contracts a new union to form potassium hydrocarbonate, a salt which immediately dissolves in the watery sap. Thus the carbonic acid of the sap is continually being neutralized by the inflowing potassium, and if this were the whole story the process would be shortlived.

But there is another operation continually at work. The cell is respiring, that is, taking in oxygen and sugar and burning them to release energy and form carbon dioxide. Some of this carbon dioxide (also known as carbonic acid gas) is uniting with water in the sap to form carbonic acid, and thus the acidity of the sap is steadily renewed. In consequence there is always acid within to combine with the entering potassium. Indeed, the acid may be pictured as a sort of chemical magnet attracting the potassium, or, better still, as a chemical pump sucking it in. The acid would react just as effectively with sodium, if the sodium were quick enough to get through the lipoidal film in sufficient numbers; but the peculiar nature of potassium gives

it greater penetrating power, and thus a higher ratio of accumulation.

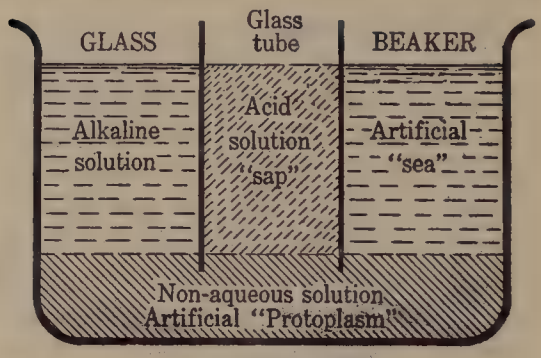
The test of this theory was a model. In the living apparatus there were three essential phases: (1) the *sea water,* (2) the *cell sap,* (both aqueous solutions), and (3) the *protoplasmic surface* (a non-aqueous phase separating 1 and 2). Clearly, the model must contain parts corresponding to these three phases. It was not necessary, however, to construct a hollow globule the size of a pigeon's egg in order to simulate the mechanics of the cell. All that was required was to concoct an artificial sap and an artificial sea water and separate them by an artificial protoplasmic surface.

To simulate the protoplasmic surface Dr. Osterhout selected two well-known carbon compounds, guaiacol and p-cresol. He mixed them in proportions seventy per cent of the first to thirty per cent of the second, and the result was a heavy oily liquid, non-aqueous, impervious to water, and containing an acid.

To simulate the sea water he dissolved equal amounts of caustic potash (potassium hydroxide) and caustic soda (sodium hydroxide) in distilled water. Since both compounds are alkalis, the solution was alkaline.

To simulate the cell sap he bubbled carbon dioxide through distilled water. Some of the gas combined with the water to form carbonic acid, and thus the solution, like the sap, was acidic.

We now have three artificial liquids. To make our model we must separate the acid solution from the alkaline solution by the non-aqueous oily fluid. A simple arrangement in a glass beaker accomplished this. Into the beaker Dr. Osterhout first poured the guaiacol-p-cresol solution, sufficient to cover the bottom to a depth of two or three inches. Then he lowered a short section of a large glass tube into the beaker, and supported it there permanently with the lower end of the tube protruding slightly into the guaiacol-p-cresol solution. Into this inner tube he poured the acid solution, into the beaker outside the tube he poured the alkaline solution, and thus the model was complete. The wall of the glass tube prevented any direct intercourse between the artificial sap within the tube and the artificial sea outside. The only possible communication was through the artificial protoplasm. If any of the alkalis of the artificial sea could combine with the acid of the artificial protoplasm (as postulated by the theory) then some of the electrolytes of the "sea" ought to pass through the non-aqueous liquid and up through the open end of the tube into the "sap." The model may be outlined in cross-section, thus:



The Artificial Cell

This artificial cell worked. Just as in the living cell, so here in this non-living model potassium and sodium accumulated in the sap, and the potassium concentration increased more rapidly than the sodium concentration. By lowering a small glass tube into the "sap" and continually bubbling carbon dioxide gas through it, the acidity of this internal fluid was maintained. Eventually the artificial cell reached a steady state at which the concentration of potassium and the lessened concentration of sodium attained a fixed ratio to the water content of the sap—which is precisely what happens in the living

Valonia cell. A purely physico-chemical model of a living process!

The model just described simulates one general property of the living organism—namely, its permeability. But in a live cell many other processes are operating at the same time. Each seems to depend on a train of physico-chemical reactions, and by separating the functions and isolating them in individual models, bio-chemists have been able to imitate many of these processes in other artifacts.

Thus in experiments conducted at the Desert Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington several years ago, D. T. MacDougal made artificial cells of cellulose capsules, lined them with jellylike mixtures, and filled them with an acid sap. These cells maintained their acidity for days in alkaline solutions, and exercised selective absorption of sodium, potassium, calcium, chlorine, and nitrates from soil solutions—activities similar to those of living root-hairs.

At another Carnegie laboratory, that of Plant Biology in California, H. A. Spoehr has set up a cell model which respires. It takes in oxygen and sugar and combines these materials to form carbon dioxide and water—which is precisely what the living cell does. In the living cell, iron is present and is believed to serve as the catalyst which facilitates the breakdown of sugar and its oxidization to water and carbon dioxide at ordinary body temperature, without the chemist's usual aid of heat or strong acids. Similarly, in his model Dr. Spoehr includes an iron compound for the same purpose, and the reactions take place under comparable conditions of body temperature and absence of strong reagents—an impressive analogue *in vitro* of the basic act of cell metabolism.

At the University of Chicago, in its laboratory of General Physiology, Ralph S. Lillie is working with a model of the nerve cell. His model consists of an iron wire immersed in a strong solution of nitric acid—a purely inorganic chemical system. But Dr. Lillie finds that the response of this strip of passive iron to various stimuli—such as touching it with a base metal, jarring it, bending it, or scraping it with a piece of glass—is very similar in its conditions and general features to the response of a nerve or other sensitive protoplasmic system. The irritability of the nerve shows itself when an electric current is passed through it, and similarly the wire shows a closely analogous type of responsiveness to the electric current. In both cases there is a trigger effect; the stimulus must reach a certain magnitude before any response is given, but when it is given the response is complete. That is to say, both the living cell and the non-living wire behave in the "all-or-none" manner characteristic of nervous action. Experiments show that when the wire is first placed in the acid a thin surface film immediately forms which is analogous to the surface film of protoplasm. In both cases the film is impermeable, electrically polarizable, and chemically alterable. Dr. Lillie attributes the irritability of the iron and of the protoplasm alike to physical and chemical changes which occur in their respective surface films.

IV

But a model does not have to be an actual physical apparatus or a system of chemical materials in glass vessels. The physicist has long been familiar with paper-and-pencil studies of physical systems, and with the application of mathematical technics to biology, the same practice is becoming increasingly helpful in exploring the fundamentals of living systems. An outstanding example of this application is provided in the work of another scientist at the University of Chicago, a mathematical

biophysicist, Nicolas Rashevsky. Dr. Rashevsky is one of a small group of pioneers who have essayed the task of building "a complete and consistent system of mathematical biology," approaching this formidable undertaking by means of paper-and-pencil models of the cell.

The living organism is so complex that at first thought this would appear to be a hopeless task. Forms, sizes, and structural details vary widely, from the huge Valonia cells to the microscopic bacteria, from the long nerve cells to the floating red corpuscles of the blood stream. Essentially, of course, all cells are systems of protoplasm, and most of them are characterized by two general features: an inner structure, the nucleus, surrounded by the cytoplasm. But the nucleus is a complicated pattern of chromosomes, which in turn are made up of smaller units, the genes; and similarly, under the microscope, the cytoplasm exhibits differentiation, vacuoles, fat globules, mitochondria, all in ceaseless motion, bubbling, flowing, living! By what mathematical strategy may the physicist hope to approach this restless intricacy and sort out its phenomena into their physical sequences?

By the well-known strategy of abstraction, answers Dr. Rashevsky; that is, by picking out the essential features and centering attention on them, ignoring for the time the other phases. This is the method by which physics mastered other complexities. Thus Newton's law of gravitation was derived from a study of the problem of two bodies. He considered the motion of a planet in the solar system as though the planet and the Sun were the only gravitating bodies in the sky, and from that abstraction, that simplification of the complicated pattern of many encircling planets, the great generalization was arrived at. With the fundamental principle expressed in a law, it was possible for later mathematicians to compute the mutual disturbances of the other planets very precisely—indeed with such exactitude that the existence of unknown planets was thereby disclosed, and their positions indicated so definitely that when searched for in the heavens the predicted bodies were found. These results were a triumph of precision, and yet the method rests in the first place on a simplification which ignored many obvious features.

The mathematical attack on the living cell proceeds by the same method. Just as Newton adopted the relation between the planet and the Sun as the "essential" in a complex of many relations, so the mathematical physicist must select from among the myriad aspects of living matter those that rate as the "essentials" of the simplest possible system.

Of the multitude of features which enter into a description of living matter, which shall we take as the irreducible minimum? Some cells have walls, others do not—so we shall not require a cellular wall in our model. Most cells have nuclei, but a few varieties do not—therefore we need not include the nucleus as an essential. And so with the vacuoles, the chloroplasts, and other differentiations of the cytoplasm—as they are not in all cells, we leave them off the list of requisites. Retaining only those features which are common to all, Dr. Rashevsky draws up his bill of essentials as follows:

"We conclude that a cell is essentially a small liquid system, a drop, in which occur some chemical reactions that result in growth. The necessary substances for these reactions diffuse into the cell from the outside, with some of the products of the reactions diffusing from the inside out. This growing drop, whenever it reaches a critical size, divides into two, each half

growing again, and so on. Moreover, division is the only method by which new drops may be produced. No drop is formed spontaneously, although all necessary substances may be present in the surrounding medium. Omna vivum e vivo; omnis cellula e cella (All life comes from life; all cells from cells). We are thus led to a physico-mathematical theory of such droplets as a first approximation to a theory of the cell. And this is no longer a hopeless task."

The task is to justify within the laws of physics the observed behavior of these simplified cells. Can such drops show growth-behavior and reproduction-behavior? Yes, concludes Dr. Rashevsky, if we admit certain fundamental assumptions.

We must assume (1) a drop immersed in a liquid medium, like a cell of protoplasm afloat in the sea. We must assume (2) that the surrounding medium contains in solution the materials which react and recombine to form the substance of the drop. We must assume (3) that this drop substance, however, is not soluble in the surrounding liquid; or else that the drop is surfaced with a film impermeable to the interior substance but easily permeable to materials outside which enter by diffusion and participate in the internal reactions.

If these postulates are accepted it can be shown that differences in concentration of materials will immediately be set up. Certain materials (corresponding to the food of the living organism) are continually passing into the drop and being utilized to increase its substance, while certain other materials, by-products of the internal reactions (and corresponding to the secretions of waste from the living cell) are continually flowing out of the drop. In general, the "food" concentration will be greatest in the outside medium, and greater inside near the surface of the drop than at its center. Corresponding conditions for the "waste secretions" will be in reverse order—that is, these by-products will be most concentrated at the center of the drop, less concentrated at its surface, and least concentrated in the medium outside.

The differences in these concentrations are highly important, indeed they are the controlling factor in the behavior of the drop. If the diffusion of food materials inward is more rapid than the diffusion of waste secretions outward, then the drop increases in size, *i.e. grows.* With growth comes increase in the difference between the concentrations. That is to say, the differences become greater as the size of the drop becomes greater, and the effect of these disparities is to set up forces which tend to divide the drop, to break it into smaller units and thus reduce the magnitude of the differences. When a certain size is passed, these forces of disruption get the upper hand and the drop automatically bisects into two drops, *i.e. reproduces.*

What determines this critical size? Many items enter into the tug of war—diffusion constants, permeability rates, temperature, surface tension, rate of internal reactions (metabolism)—well-known quantitative physical entities, all! Thus we arrive at a purely mathematical basis for growth and reproduction.

While each of the foregoing entities is expressible in terms of exact measurement, the task of measuring all of them and drawing an instantaneous mathematical picture of the entire system of even a single drop is beyond the power of human intelligence. However, to test the theory, this complete analysis is not necessary. The model-maker may take the outstanding feature—respiration, for example, since in many living cells we observe that the respiratory rate far exceeds all other forms of metabolism. Reckoning thus,

Dr. Rashevsky finds that the critical size of the drop is of the order of a globule with radius three hundredths of a millimetre (about the three thousandth part of an inch). And when we turn to living material, we find that the critical size thus derived theoretically is well within the observed range. Living cells rarely are larger than one-tenth, or smaller than one-thousandth, millimetre radial measurement, in spite of wide differences in their physical makeup.

If the theory be correct, we should expect that drops with high rates of metabolism should be of smaller size than those of low. This seems to be borne out in living forms. In the human body, the cells of the liver are slow takers of oxygen, and they are among the largest cells. In the brain, the lower cortical layers are made of large cells, and the higher cortical layers of small cells; evidence seems to show that these small brain-cells have a higher rate of oxygen utilization than the large cells.

From the simplified case of the one-phase drop the mathematical biophysicist proceeds to more complicated systems: to two-phase drops (corresponding to cells having nucleus and cytoplasm), and then to colonies of drops. The tendency of cells to "gang" together, to colonize into a composite like a fish or a man, seems to be associated with irritability; the greater the degree of irritability of the cells, the more pronounced is their communistic tendency. And irritability, in turn, is associated with permeability, that physical factor through which the environment of the moment exerts its influence.

There is, however, something not wholly of the moment: it is the property that physicists call hysteresis. It is the property exhibited by a metal wire which has recently been twisted; the twisted wire will behave differently from a fresh wire, apparently "remembering" its experience, but if you wait long enough it may "forget" and not behave so differently. The same "memory" faculty enters into the behavior of the liquid drops.

This is suggested by the fact that if the environment of the drops is changed the behavior of the drops will change—but the same environmental change may produce different response changes, depending on the present configuration or state of the drops, which in turn depends on what has happened to them in the past.

As Dr. Rashevsky explains it: "The reactions of such a system to the same environmental change will vary; they will depend on its 'history,' or, to be still more anthropomorphic, on its 'previous experience.' In a formal way, however, this is a characteristic of the behavior of all organisms, particularly of the higher ones 'endowed' with a highly developed brain. This dependence of reaction on previous experience we attribute to learning. And, from a purely formal point of view, learning is nothing more than a particular kind of hysteresis. Thus our systematic mathematical study of bio-physical phenomena has led us in quite a natural, we may say almost synthetic, deductive way, from the elementary general properties of unicellular organisms to a mathematical study of behavior of higher animals and man!"

The test of theory is experiment. If learning is nothing more than a particular kind of hysteresis, and hysteresis is a common property of material systems, it should be possible to construct models which will learn. Several experimenters have been working with this idea, and claim a modicum of success for their mechanisms. In an article in next month's HARPER'S I shall report some of these "thinking" machines.

COLLEGE LIFE IN THE NINETIES

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

When I first saw the college town it was late September and I, a somewhat frightened boy from home, was dragging a suitcase full of books across the exciting spaces of the Green. The books were for the final cram before entrance examinations, but the thought of them was only a cold trepidation hung somewhere near my heart, which was warmed by very different emotions. Coming from a small city that had never tried to be Athens, my naïve imagination had conceived of a college as an assemblage of Parthenons and cathedrals. What I saw before me that afternoon across the Green would have been disillusioning if I had been realistic. The rather dingy halls, boxes ornamented with pseudo-Gothic or Byzantine, were little like my dream, and the beautifully simple relics of the old college of brick Colonial were much too simple to mean anything to my taste tutored in the nineties. But I was far from being realistic, so that in a second of time, between Green and campus, I had dropped, with the easy inconsequentiality of youth, all illusions of architectural grandeur for the real thing, college life.

Viewed backward from our nineteen thirties, this college life which was to make such an imprint on the behavior and the ideals of the leaders of the oncoming generation, looms up, a cloud of influences, sometimes rich, sometimes sinister, sometimes trivial. Close at hand or described from memory, it seemed more like a haven for American youth, a little space of time in which energy had its outlet, and where the young made a world to suit themselves, which, for a while at least, the adult world was to accept at surprisingly near its face value.

This much I had heard, although in language much less philosophical; and, therefore, a glamour hung over the college town and the college at its heart, which was not to abate but rather to increase its enchantments on past the climax of senior year. Thousands like myself (so I felt as I crossed the Green) had been there before me in a life which was to become my experience. At home most of us, and certainly I myself, had lived in one dimension, with at most a family extension toward an American past. Overnight we were to step through an opening door into tradition, a usable, sympathetic tradition of youth. It was to be our privilege to be born again, painlessly, and without introspection. All this, which I felt, not spoke, was true.

Therefore, like all that confident generation, I accepted the college as I found it, and believed in its life and its spirit with a fanatic devotion. I saw that the boys who were strolling that day in the latter nineties down the autumn streets were as easily distinguishable among the town crowds as beings from a world of their own. The town was only their background, and I picked them out in their turtleneck sweaters under the briefest of top coats, as a dog sees only other dogs on

a busy road. There was an arrogant and enchanting irresponsibility in their behavior which was intoxicating. I longed to get rid of my suitcase with its irrelevant books, and into a sweater which I saw to be obligatory—to dress like them, be like them.

That night I was herded with other freshmen into a straggling, cheering parade, which marched to a space of torchlight and confusion where champions wrestled for the honor of their classes. And there were the Strong Silent Men I had read about in the newspapers, the football and crew heroes, calming the crowded field by the full-breasted dignity of the white Y's on their blue sweaters. And there were other slighter figures in tiny top coats with upturned collars, who seemed to exercise an equal authority. These, I was told, were the Big Men, the managers, the powers behind college life, more important, because brainier, than the athletes. These were the real masters of this new world. I felt, in a leap of the imagination, as if I were being naturalized into a new government, more vital than any I had known; as indeed I was.

It was 1896, at the very crisis of one of the few bitter and doubtful political struggles of my time in America. Bryan had nailed capitalism on his Cross of Gold and was touring the enemy East in what then seemed a triumphal career. He spoke on the Green, and we students (how warmly I called myself by that name) thronged, a thousand or so, milling about among the townsfolk but conscious, as always, only of ourselves. I remember with ironic emphasis how my curiosity as to the appearance of the Great Commoner was lost in a deeper thrill when I found myself pressed in the crowd against one of the "Big Men" of the night before, who was actually asking me, "What did he say? Could you hear?"

There was shouting and booing, hissing and applause. The students were heavily against Bryan. I felt that, but also that it was no active opposition, only a reaction to what they had heard from home. He did not belong in their world. We were excited, and a little amused, by such a stirring of the dull adult population over matters that concerned us only slightly.

My class was the entering one of 1899. "Ninety-nine out of a hundred," boomed the Great Commoner from his platform in the midst of the swirling mob, "ninety-nine out of a hundred of the students in this university are sons of the idle rich."

Perhaps it was not quite that, although certainly this was the sentiment he expressed. Did it matter? He had said the magic word, the rallying numeral. If the students had booed and whooped with the crowd before, now they shouted. "Ninety-nine!" "Nine-nine-ninety-nine," a chorus took it up, seniors beginning it, freshmen, recognizing their symbol, joining in. "Nine-nine-ninety-nine." It seemed to be a scurrilous attack of economic parasites upon a statesman of the people, and so the Democratic papers from coast to coast reported it the next morning. Actually it was nothing of the sort. We were too innocent to know what economic parasitism was, and, indeed, we were no more parasitical than any other youngsters in the educational period, and far from idle. Our chanted impertinence was only the automatic response of a society that knew no politics or economics but its own, to one of its passwords, uttered by accident. We were like a savage tribe who see their totem embroidered on the flag of an explorer.

Years afterward I met Bryan, who well remembered this episode, but I could not persuade him that it was college life, not the bias of the idle

rich, that drowned his speech in mirth and yelling. Yet that was the true explanation. I had entered a state within a state, and joined a faction of that state, the student body, aware really only of themselves, their own life, their own ideals. Nor did we guess how closely an umbilical cord attached us to the energy of our country.

II

The first sensation in this new world was of a wholly delightful irresponsibility. It was a one-way irresponsibility only, since we were deeply responsible to the *mores* of our college world; yet so far as home and town and the world outside generally were concerned, it was like release from confinement, boredom, or pain. We kicked up our heels in that pleasant college town like colts in a pasture. It was a somewhat rowdy irresponsibility, so the town thought, which liked to bawl at night under respectable windows, smash lamp-post glass with beer bottles, and hock best suits for an evening's pleasure, scorning decorum. These childish tricks, which, I am told, are scorned as "collegiate" by a new university generation, were only symptoms of our independence from home rules and school discipline. They were one sign that we had got a franchise in living, another being the egregious bad taste with which we furnished our rooms with cigar-ribbon pillows, bad chromos of girls in the college color, and "Turkish corners" bought entire at a department store. Among the more intellectual the same desire for self-assertion subscribed for de luxe sets of Maupassant, Balzac, or Thackeray, which seldom got finally paid for.

This rebellion against decorum and the customs of dull everyday had its romance and its poetry. It was scurrilous but not insolent, bawdy but not obscene. I find its careless, happy irresponsibility best preserved in a Yale folk song of the nineties, author unknown, which I believe has never before been put in print. The scene is on Thursday or Saturday night, the setting a long table with steins and pretzels, the *dramatis personæ* two companies of students, ranged on either side. The ship mentioned is the old *Richard Peck*, once of boisterous fame, that ran nightly from New Haven to New York. The time is 11 P.M., the mood neither drunken nor sober, the spirit that of "Down with Respectability, drink her down." The choruses answer each other across the table, the words are sung as in a recitative of an opera.

Invitation from the Right

I will tell you of a little scheme I've got,
And I hope, sirs, that you will refuse it not,
To go down upon the *Richard Peck* to-night,
And have fun aplenty in the moo-oon-light.

Acceptance from the Left

We accept your generous invitation,
Since having pleasure is our occupation.
We will meet you on the dock at twelve o'clock,
And to get the dough we'll put our watch and chain in hock.

Chorus, Both Sides

Oh, we will have the hell of a time, I'll tell you what,
Loving, lushing, stowing wine into our faces.
And we'll sit up till the morning and enjoy the light of dawning,
Hully Gee!, by God, we'll raise hell on the *Peck!*

Diddly Dum,
Take my advice,
Diddly Dum,
On the *Peck.*

Of course all this was just youthful exuberance of animal high spirits, shot through, except for the grossest, with that traditional romance of student life which has come down to us unbroken from the medieval university, its vagabond guild of goliards, its arrogant unrespectability. The real irresponsibility went much deeper, was in fact both an escape and a new allegiance. It was the boy's escape from his duty to be conformist in his own family and respectable in his home town. It was an escape (though he would never have so phrased it) from dull bourgeois life, with its emphasis upon being businesslike and timeserving to relatives or employers. Or it was a breakaway from the moral platitudes and conventional discipline of boarding school. All this the freshman eluded by a bound into a community where the mirth and the energy he best understood were sanctioned by a powerful public opinion and had their immediate rewards, where he could make his personality prevail if he had one; where his age was the right age, while on the horizon hung grandiose possibilities which, realized, would bring him home the boy that had made good, carrying glamour with him.

A longing to escape from the inferiorities of childhood and to triumph over the elders who think that they are betters is, and has been, of course, common to all youth. Therefore, the freshman changed his tie, his hat, his slang as quickly as might be, as a manifesto of his escape from rule, but also of his new allegiance. He was no longer a boy from Rochester; he was a Princeton undergraduate, admitted to the rights and privileges of college life. And this consciousness went to the roots of his being, making him sensitive to every push and pull of his new environment and, therefore, intensely aware of the public opinion of his new society, which like a Greek city state, was simple, homogeneous in its unity, diverse in personnel, stratified socially, proud, vain, and supremely confident of its way of life. It is impossible to describe truly those shady streets of "eating joints" and rooming houses, those bleak college halls, the cocky students, playing ball like boys on the campus grass, laughing, teasing, yet tense when their mood was serious, unless one remembers that, under its aspect of flaunted carelessness, this was a well-knit community, intensely self-conscious, in which emotions were easily stirred toward comedy or tragedy —a community that defined its own success, pursued it constantly, and was arrogantly indifferent to the ideals of others, asking its members for complete and whole-hearted allegiance. That parody of a parody, "The Son of a Gambolier," which we used to sing tramping home at midnight:—

What the hell do we care, what the people say,
We are, we are, we are, we *are* the Yale Y. M. C. A.

was not so much a scoff at Christian piety as a characteristic expression of the student mind, which pretended to be flippant in everything but college loyalty. It was the first line that was shouted loudest because it voiced the triumph of escape from the tame communities of the home towns.

It was the new loyalty that we felt most deeply, although without our escape into self-expression it would not have been so happy. We did cast off very thoroughly the bonds that tied us to the smug, the censorious, and the utilitarian; and so made a limited Utopia. Thoreau, in his way, did much the same when he escaped from the pressure of greed, and of responsibility to a society of which he did not approve, into the leafy solitudes of Walden. He went there to work as a poor student, with high thinking as

his goal. We, comfortable and careless scholars, were racing after pleasure and social prestige. Yet I cannot think of that life now except with affection, in spite of its shams, its false values, and its isolation from most worldly realities except the need for competition. To let the whole being go in a frenzy of excitement at a Big Game; to lounge whole evenings through under the wistaria blooms that swung inward over our window seat; to talk endlessly of this and that, vague ideas and rambling argument hiding enthusiasm, trepidation, or desire; to be privileged beings always joking about experience, which we touched lightly because life was still a fascinating experiment—this was not trivial just because what we felt or said seems trivial now. What frankness, for we had little to conceal! What fresh perceptions, for we had seen so little! What confidence, since the difference between success and failure seemed still to be an accident which a push could avoid! And those moonlights, marching home from our mild carouses, hearts released in convivial expansiveness, singing:

And if it be a girl, sir, we'll dress her up in blue,
And send her out to Saltonstall to coach the freshman crew,—

or, if the mood was sentimental:

Only a bluebell, emblem of con-stanc-y,
O'er life's wear-y ways, bringing her back to me.
A hundred fathoms, hunder-ed fathoms deep . . .

That was all an absolute good, a value, giving to the undergraduate of those days a sense of the happiness in the simple emotions of friendship which he was not to lose.

In all this we of the early nineteen hundreds were like the students of every fortunate age. They have always made their own world, and their own ways for it, and their own ideals which, whether worldly or unworldly, have had the short-term quality of youth. But the American experience of my generation differed in some important respects. No weight of political or religious responsibility hung over our community, as upon the reforming, revolutionary, or reactionary student bodies of other times and countries. We were naïvely yet arrogantly aware that we belonged to America's golden girls and boys, and had been sent to this pleasant place to work a little and play hard, until our time came. Yet, quite unaware, we were actually in the grip of the time-spirit and the local gods of our country. A philosophy bred of Protestantism and pioneering was pricking us hard. The conventional idea (and ours) of the college as a well-organized country club was quite erroneous. There never was a more strenuous preparation for active life anywhere than in the American college of those days. Our illusion of independence was perfect, but it was an illusion.

III

We were strenuous without thought to ask the reason why. For all but the congenitally lazy, the songful hours over beer steins, the country walks, and the midnights of intimate talk were interludes (like our lessons) in a tense activity. The cry in our undergraduate world was always "do something." "What does he *do*?" Freshmen hurried up and down entry stairs seeking news for the college paper; athletes, often with drawn, worried faces, struggled daily to get or hold places on the teams; boys with the rudiments of business ability were managers of magazines, orchestras, teams, or co-operative pants-pressing companies. Those who had a voice sang, not for sweet music's

sake, but to "make" the glee club. Long throats went in for social drinking, glib minds for politics; everything but scholarship was in my day an "activity," and called "doing something for the college." Fraternities read off each meeting night their record of successful achievements, where credit for study was only the negative of having kept out of trouble with the faculty. Brother Jones is left guard on the scrub; Brother Smith is "heeling" (expressive term) religion in the Y. M. C. A.; Brother Brown is being urged to write jokes for the *Record;* Brother Robinson is manager of the chess team. Some voice seemed always to be saying, "The night cometh when no man can work." The toil was supposed to be fun, but the rewards were serious. No one that I remember did anything that was regarded as doing, for its own sake. No, the goal was prestige, social preferment, a senior society which would be a springboard to Success in Life. And all gilded, sweetened, made into illusion by the theory that in such strenuosity we demonstrated loyalty to our society, which was the college; that thus the selfish man transcended his egoistic self-seekings and "did" something for Harvard, or Amherst, or Yale.

I think it all bore some resemblance to the frontier of a generation earlier, and perhaps college life at the turn of the twentieth century was the last survival in America of the faith-in-energy and confidence-in-the-future of the pioneer experience in America. We youngsters broke loose from the stabilities of our home towns in order to find independence in the midst of opportunity, precisely as did the pioneers from the East to the West. Like them we knew that same lift of spirit, release of energy, and inner fear which one finds recorded in many frontier diaries. Our competitions, like theirs, were chiefly in brawn and shrewdness, and, like hunting, fishing, exploring, and even tree-cutting, were essentially fun, though we, by choice, and they, by necessity, made work of them. The horizon of our ambitions too was distant and vague, with miles ahead in which to try something new if one failed at first. And college, like the frontier, was a young man's world, where no one got tired, and no energies were saved for to-morrow. The quick emotions of the pioneer were ours also, and his boastfulness, and his ignorance of subtleties in human relationships, and his quite unjustified confidence in his self-sufficiency. From his grossness, his frequent degeneracy, his savagery and shiftlessness we were saved by our economic security and civilized environment. But we did not escape his maladjustment to the realities of a rapidly changing civilization. For even as many a pioneer became a restless vagabond seeking only change all his life, so many a student of my day has remained mentally an undergraduate ever since.

But most of all this college life resembled pioneering in its virtues and in its ideals. The pioneers and we were both expecting to get rich, but that was ultimate. The immediate goal was to be regarded as a success by your friends. Ordinary students might be satisfied with a release of energy, but the leaders of the college community wished to be known as the big men, the bad men, the bosses of the neighborhood. Strength, pluck, good nature, square-dealing among friends, shrewd trickiness with enemies won prestige in both lives. Our emotional range was narrower; for while they dragged their women with them, there were no women in our society except the prostitutes, who were hearty barbarians like ourselves, giving and expecting nothing but a temporary companionship. But if we had no real hardships, we made our lives often in-

credibly hard, so that it used to be said that a prominent undergraduate was as busy as the President, racing from training table to field, from field to classroom, from classroom to fraternity conference. The youngsters who "heeled" the daily college paper, which was one of the surest roads to social success, slept never more than four hours a night, wore out a bicycle a month, and were rusticated or sent to the infirmary by dozens. They were, ostensibly, learning journalism, but very few of them ever became journalists; they were said to be training themselves for success in after-life—a vague future success, like the pioneer's dream (not often realized) of rich and boundless land all his own. Yet in that moment of college time actually they were playing the game because it was strenuous, and successful strenuosity was certain of recognition by your fellows. It was power in themselves and credit for that power which they sought, not power over others—that desire came later. And so it was with the pioneers also.

I suppose this is where our college generation in its maturity gets its confidence that ability plus hard work can always win the game. For many it has been an illusion. Probably it had become an illusion in America before we entered college. Yet the faith was there, and faith often upsets circumstance. It will take more than the economic shifts of the thirties to convince us that there is any probable set-up of forces that we cannot, if we will, overcome. In our background we have the fact of happiness, relative for most, absolute for some, and that is of immense psychological importance. We have the experience of successful co-operation in our own self-interest. We have the pioneer's sense of room at the top, his training in self-dependence, and his certainty that work can get him there.

The proletariat of the United States has had no such experience; the white-collar class of the bourgeoisie that did not go to college have had no such experience, and if they have the faith, it has already been proved an illusion. It seemed no illusion to us in our fortunate time, which is one reason why foreigners prophesy so badly about the future of the United States. Seeing our economic disorder, they expect leadership from new classes that have no confidence, and as yet no hope except to be themselves of a dominant class. They do not understand that will is still strongest among the graduates of the college life.

IV

Our handicap was the lack of a real education. For we never learned what were the possible goals of strenuosity and the limitations of confidence, nor how to apply our energies to a co-operative endeavor which was not a kind of a game, to be won by our side. We were prepared to create a trust or organize a war, not to control the one for human uses and to stop the other before it began. Only the Sumners, and their like, told us what it was all about in terms that penetrated our busy brains. The rest of the adult thinking in our college community was as narrow as our own, even if deeper and truer.

I had a classmate whose father had been governor and was then chief justice of a State. He had been bred in the usual preparatory-school routine and was as deep as any of us in the excitements of college life, and rather more irresponsible. But perhaps because he had lived in a home where ideas and their application to the conduct of society had been in daily discussion he had acquired the rare quality of liking to think. At midnight, when the perennial topics of teams,

senior societies, or the amorous or drunken exploits of Student A and Student B had begun to stale like the pipe smoke, his skeptical spirit would often rise above the trivial, and he would begin to talk in a monologue addressed more to himself than to us.

There were ideas afloat, it seemed, which Professor So-and-So had evidently heard of, but bungled in his morning lecture, and these ideas were important to young fellows like us. It was possible that sociology and economics weren't taken seriously enough by the students; that a lot of the things being taught us, except physics, had stuff in them we ought to think about. Suppose it were true that, while we were pretending to be loafers and drunkards, the real thing was getting away from us! In Oxford and Cambridge and Paris and Berlin (he had read) there were plenty of dubs and bluffers; yet men like ourselves, who might be ignorant as hell but weren't exactly stupid, got as excited about ideas as over their football games when they had any. He had heard that discussion spread from the good men on the faculty through the student body; that men came out of those universities ready to stir up a rumpus in the world, ahead of the game, not behind it. Men were graduated there not into law or the soap business, but into radicalism or imperialism, all hot with some new philosophy. They went home interested in thinking, which certainly never happened to a chair-warmer at Heublein's café, or a heeler of the football team, or the last man to be tapped for a senior society, provided that was all he did in college. What was the matter with us? Had we no *Weltanschauung* (or this is what he would have said if he had not been so rotten in German), no sense of responsibility for a country that was after all not just a place where you looked for a job?

We would shift uncomfortably, making feeble rejoinders, which grew more confident as we sketched the outline of yesterday's economics recitation (which we knew he had flunked), asking what Ricardo meant in our young lives, until the breezes blew once more from our real interests, and the talk lifted into the untroubled blue of college gossip.

I did some thinking myself in those days; not much, for like most of my college generation, my moods were either intensely romantic or very practical, neither good for thinking. I got far enough with my self-scrutiny to begin to read a little on my own, but never to a clear realization of why abstract thinking was unfashionable in the college community.

It is clear enough now. We resisted the intrusion of abstract ideas because our skin was full to bursting of our own affairs and our minds were hot with our own enthusiasms. Most of us (certainly the most influential among us) were still schoolboys whose contacts with the outside world, if any, had been with the new expansionist United States, competitive, intensely individualistic, grandiose in economic plans, yet with no vision beyond construction, production, accumulation. In my own time and class in college one could have ticked off the new trusts by the sons of their beneficiaries—oil, steel, lumber—and the great railroads by their heirs. Of course we never thought that way, except shrewd managers of fraternities looking for new buildings. Yet it was true that our college was a cross-section of American wealth and a residuary legatee of economic leadership.

Our tendency was, therefore, to make the college into another and better competitive America. We did not want to think about it, we wanted to be it. In the nineteen thirties we have been taught to consider that expansionist age in terms of great forces wielded by builders, wreckers, pirates,

who were quite unconscious that they were working for anything but their own wealth and power. We of the college were quite innocent of such speculations, and thought of the magnates, when we thought of them at all, only as men who had made good. But of the fierce competitions in which they were the captains and the kings we were of course not unaware, being acutely conscious that success in our collegiate world would seat us on the great American bandwagon.

Hence our interests, our motives, our activities, which seem so adolescent to the realistic youth of to-day, were all subtly related to the competitive energies running loose in the American scene. We belonged by birth and breeding to the dominant party of action in America, not to the recessive and unheard opposition of those who still speculated upon how life ought to be lived. Therefore, in college, if we thought at all, it was upon how to get on, not upon the results of getting there, and we were graduated by thousands ready to join the builders and the wreckers of the country, but almost unaware that architects were needed. That interpenetration from science, scholarship, philosophy which operated in other educational systems seldom took place because there was no room in our minds for ideas so foreign to our interests. This was why in my room that night we stumbled and faltered, trying to find arguments to justify our passionate interest in a college life which, after all, was often trivial, and sometimes childish, and yet which couldn't be shrugged off in a debate without making us feel somehow unAmerican.

We were right. Anything else for us just then would have been unAmerican—which is not to compliment America. And indeed the past twenty years have proved that there was more vitality in this college life we pursued so devotedly than in the curriculum which the "grinds" admired. The graduates of college life have used a great orchestra to make cheap music; but the best the "grinds" could do was to play second fiddle.

Certainly this college experience was a life, and hence, since we were young, a vital education. In every later period of my own experience I have lived several lives at once—in my business, in my home, in my thinking, and in my emotional experiences. But in the heyday of the turn of that college century, for most of us everything was concentrated in an intense and isolated unity. In the classroom, it is true, we could sit and sit while ideas about evolution or Shakespeare dropped upon us like the gentle rain from heaven, which seeped in or evaporated according to our mental temperatures. But there was no such lassitude in college life. The environment was too powerful. It burnt up old social distinctions and made new ones. It shriveled one set of illusions and created another much more powerful. In that rough and tumble of athletics, social drinking, and doing something for the old college, all the classes of America except the socially impossible and the intellectually prim were thoroughly mingled. Veils of glamour in older countries have protected rank and wealth—especially in those college aristocracies nearest to our own, Oxford and Cambridge. Not so with us. They were stripped away from our young plutocrats. After the sons and heirs who might have formed an American aristocracy of wealth and privilege were shuffled in the college competitions with the shrewd children of parvenus and the good baseball players whose fathers were Irish policemen, cards were redealt in new social categories. Though John Brown might be the son of the president of the United Steel Corporation, in col-

lege he was known as left guard on the football team, or a hustler for the Y. M. C. A. who had made a senior society. Or if he had made it on steel only (which was not improbable) his prestige sank to plus zero before the end of senior year. We knew him too well to take him seriously as one who should rank above us because he was rich. In college we were surprisingly humble in the presence of the Big Men, the class leaders, who so often later proved to have been stuffed shirts, precocious adolescents, with no staying power; yet at least they had made their own greatness, did not bring it with them unless from successes in prep school. Nor were we impressed by the Great Names of plutocracy—by Vanderbilts, Astors, Rockefellers as such—since we saw them at first hand. And thus, with our experience in the qualified democracy of the colleges died the possibility of adding to the economic privileges of the very rich the respect given elsewhere to rank. It is thanks to the American college that smart-set society in America has seemed important only to the proletariat. Although we were economically illiterate in theory, in practice we were prepared in advance for a realistic estimate of the caliber of our economic masters and the society they supported.

V

But this talk of "economic masters" belongs to the thirties. In the first nineteen hundreds this fiercely competitive college life was romantic, not realistic to those that lived it. It is hard to recall to a colder age the deep inferiorities, burning frustrations, and glowing confidences of those few years that seemed to us so long. I can still shiver with humiliation over slights remembered for thirty-odd years, and warm at the memory of unforgettable mirth. Romance, to be valid, must be intensely real, and stand up through space and time against the tests of disillusionment. That was true, is true, for the college life of my college generation.

It was not a wine, that romance, which could be kept for others. There was too much *fin de siècle* in it. You had to drink it while you and the century were young. It is difficult to look with a serious eye upon the youngsters of my day as they appear in the old photographs. I see my classmates strolling to recitation, or draped in a row on a fence—chubby-faced boys dressed in knee-tight knickerbockers of black and white check, with natty little jockey caps, also checked, or with derbies cocked rakishly over ties which I remember to have been scarlet. Or it is the summer of 1899, and we are wearing tiny straw hats with negligible brims, and voluminous white ducks under neat little coats whose tails scarcely cover our waistbands. Yet under these comic collegiate clothes the hearts of even the careerists and the drunkards beat with romance, and could be stirred to a passion of loyalty at a hint that our college (by which was meant our college life) was not the best in the world.

We were barbarians, but we were romantic barbarians, and so adapted our rowdy manners very quickly to the new Tudor Gothic which was just beginning to step back the American campus into an imitation Middle Ages. In my day at Yale the active leaders of college life lived in the barnlike rooms of the Colonial Lyceum. That was the heart of the college. But already its romantic soul had found expression in Gothic dormitories in whose courtyards I walked often by moonlight to enjoy a setting that shed distinction upon our loyalties. The Gothic walls seemed to shut off our college competitions from the cruder world outside us, and fostered the illusion of an Ameri-

can Utopia. Others less impressionable than I, and more powerful, were infected with a like romance and poured out millions later into brick-and-stone antiquarianism to realize their ideal.

But in its beginnings this romanticism was certainly a phase of the *fin de siècle*. It set us youngsters who were literary to editing chapbooks, writing ballads, and constructing smart short stories where the style was everything and the content nothing. We reacted from our strenuous materialism into pose and affectation, as the college builders reacted from the utilitarianism of the eighties into sham parapet and needless arch. They went in for Gothic, and we for the Yellow Book. We were cured quickly by the realism of the tens and twenties and by the War. Their delusion still persists.

I went to a reunion of my class a year or so ago in company with old friends who had lived with me in senior year. Together we searched out the house in which we had lived off campus, which, not being a college dormitory, had survived the boom days of the twenties when most of the buildings so well remembered had been scrapped to make place for Gothic grandeur. Climbing familiar stairs, we found the room in which we had spent so many happy hours. It was a grimy, sordid mess of broken furniture, peeling walls, and rotting window seat, in which some Jew old clothes man had found a home. Remembering the golden excitements of those days, and seeing on the window sills initials carved of men long dead, the appropriate tears of sentiment should have flowed—for there had been nothing quite like those hours since, or could be for us, or would be in our unconfident times again. But I was not too much moved to note how commonplace after all was the room, the ornaments of the fireplace which we had built how trivial, how garish the figures of the wallpaper which we had thought so beautiful, the whole with its memories now actualized on the very spot so like an old stage-set outmoded and decayed. When the vitality of youth had run out of that room there was nothing considerable left.

And this seems to be the truth about our college life. It was powerful for us; but the staying power of Puritanism, for example, the intellectual fabric of a church, the elements of a culture were not in it. It was like a vigorous kick of a football, too high, too aimless, into a drift of adverse winds. Yet that kick, if it was not, like the shot at Concord Bridge, heard round the world, was felt throughout America. Behind it was the college spirit—naïve intellectually but emotionally mature, the still youthful soul of the last great age of romantic American individualism.

WHISPERS FOR SALE

BY ROBERT LITTELL AND JOHN J. McCARTHY

WHETHER you like it or not—and few people do—you will now please imagine yourself to be sitting among the tired commuters on a certain five-fifteen Philadelphia suburban train. It is a dreary, uninteresting scene, and we apologize. We could have demonstrated our discovery—a new and sinister variation in an ancient human activity—by taking you to a movie cathedral or a department store, or by whisking you up and down in an office building elevator; but this commuters' train is more suitable, for reasons which will soon appear.

The train is crowded. Those of the commuters who were lucky enough to find seats are hidden behind the evening newspapers. The aisle is jammed with others who were not so lucky. Two of them are standing right beside you: a moderately prosperous-looking business man with octagonal spectacles, and a younger man in the uniform of a chauffeur. They are talking, but what they are trying to say is drowned out as the train roars into a tunnel.

Did we say this scene was uninteresting, commonplace, uneventful? Only to those who have no imagination. It may strike you merely as a jolting interval between work and home, but actually it is much more than that. It is a battlefield, a marketplace, a hunting ground. From one end of the car to the other, near the ceiling, runs a double line of advertising posters. The passengers are not looking at them; they are reading the newspapers. The newspapers are also full of advertising. The passengers have seen so many thousands of car cards and newspaper advertisements that they are to some extent immune.

But never wholly immune. When they leave this train some of these commuters will have a desire to buy, and to buy something, which they did not have when they got on.

Americans spend a great deal of their time thinking about things and about buying them. Those two men beside you for instance. The one in the chauffeur's uniform is now saying, to the business man with the octagonal glasses: "Yes, Mr. Bradley, those God-sent tires are the best I ever put on the boss's car."

"You don't say, John," answers the business man; "how many thousand miles do you get out of them?"

They have good ringing voices, these two, and some of the commuters nearest to them glance up, automatically, and seem to be listening to them. . . .

Did we say that this train was an invisible marketplace? It is also a hunting ground. The advertisements—in the newspapers and along the top of the car—are the hunters. They are spraying the commuters with the fine shot of their sales appeal. But the commuters have tough hides, and not many of the pellets that manage to hit them sink in. The hits are few for all the shot and powder expended. There ought to be some cheaper, quicker, surer method.

The train is running through open country now (the landscape, as well as the inside of this car, is full of advertising matter). There is less noise, and several dozen commuters are listening, perhaps for lack of anything better to do, perhaps because they are really interested, to the loud voices of the chauffeur and the business man. The former is saying:

"Those God-sent Tires have gone twenty-two thousand miles, and are just as good as ever. Why, the tread is hardly worn."

"Is that so?" answers the business man; "I guess I'll get a set for my bus; they sound good to me, and you ought to know, John. What did you say their name was?"

"God-sent," says the chauffeur, "God-sent Non-Skid Four-Ply Balloons."

The chauffeur speaks with the confidence of experience, and the business man nods assent. He is impressed, he will probably buy some God-sent Tires himself. The commuters who have been listening are probably vaguely impressed also. Some of them will look into these new and remarkable tires; a few will buy them, as a result of this casually overheard conversation in a public conveyance. The sales of God-sent Tires may even turn out to be better than if these same tires were advertised in the car cards and the newspapers which these same commuters have been reading; for word-of-mouth advertising, the unconscious salesmanship of the customers who have bought something, and like it, and tell their friends about it, is one of the most potent stimulants of trade. Most people remember the human voice longer than they do the printed word. Since the printed word frankly has an axe to grind, volunteer grinders are sometimes more effective. Think of your own life: of the number of books you read, the number of films you see, the number of things you buy because you heard someone else say that they were worth reading, seeing, buying.

The train jolts to a stop. "Well, here's where I get off," says the business man.

"Me too, Mr. Bradley," answers the chauffeur. They move down the aisle. Let us follow them and question them and find out if they realize what effect they may be having on the sale of God-sent Tires.

They get off, and we almost lose them in the crowd. Ah, here they are—must have left something behind, for they are climbing aboard the train again. But they're not getting on the right car. They're not even getting on it together; they enter at opposite doors and meet in the middle.

"Why, hello, John," says the business man, "I thought you'd be out driving the boss on a fine day like this."

The other commuters cannot fail to hear them.

"No, sir," answers the chauffeur. "I've been downtown ordering a new set of God-sent Tires for our Cadillac."

"God-sent, eh—is that a good tire? Mine are pretty well shot."

"Yes, sir. I figure it's the best tire on the market right now. Mileage? Say, the set we have on the Lincoln has gone twenty-two thousand miles and the tread is hardly worn."

"Now that's very interesting—what did you say the name of these tires was?"

And so on—line for line the conversation we heard in the other car. One by one the commuters prick up their ears. They are interested, they all drive automobiles, they will all need new tires some day, and their sales resistance is gone because they are not aware that anyone is trying to sell them something.

If we follow John and Mr. Bradley we shall find them repeating this act, over and over again; we shall see them get out of one car and into the next

long as there are commuters left to listen to them. Just why are these two broadcasting their interest in God-sent Tires? Are they practical jokers? Or escaped lunatics? Or a vaudeville team out of work and rehearsing a new routine? Or recent members of some fraternal order going through an initiation stunt? Or sincere, but somewhat fanatical admirers of God-sent Tires, trying to make others hit the trail?

The answer in each case is, obviously, no. Mr. Bradley and chauffeur John are unemployed actors now serving as recruits in that small, secret, but growing battalion of professional word-of-mouth advertisers. If the struggle of advertisers versus consumers is, owing to increasing skill on one side and increasing immunity on the other, like the deadlock of trench warfare, these actors are an attempt to break the deadlock; they are the newest invention, they are invisible whippet tanks which sneak across no man's land under cover of their own ingenious smoke screen, place their bomblets of discreet propaganda deep in the unsuspecting enemy's territory, and as quietly depart.

If we observe John and Mr. Bradley now, with the sharp eyes of disillusionment, we shall notice things we did not notice when they seemed to be casual conversationalists: that their voices are a little louder and clearer than is quite necessary, that the name of the tire they are bringing to people's attention is very frequently repeated, and that their eyes have a way of wandering while they talk. This is not only because they know their lines by heart, and are not unnaturally a trifle bored by them, but because they must look about them and be sure not to do their act in the hearing of passengers who have heard it before. If they spot a familiar face they will shut up, and move away, and keep moving until they feel that their audience is again composed of strangers.

II

The "trained verbal propagandist" is something new in advertising. As yet—fortunately—he is not very common, but there may be a big future ahead of him. There are already a number of national advertising agencies, and some smaller and less reputable ones, which are experimenting on a large scale with verbal propaganda and believe in its value. The two men we have been watching are small cogs in a nation-wide campaign for a tire —whose name is not of course "God-sent." While they talk and ride, and get out and ride and talk again, four other teams of verbal propagandists, dressed as they were and rehearsed in the same conversation, are working other trains, subways, and elevateds. A hundred times that same day homeward-bound citizens are attracted by loud clear voices, and look up from their papers to find a well-dressed chauffeur and a prosperous-looking business man talking enthusiastically about a singularly cheap and reliable tire. Other products, in other cities, are probably even now being inserted into your innocent ears by the same method.

The theory behind this new method is highly plausible. Advertising which declares itself to be advertising—and almost all advertising sails under its true colors—is subjected by the public to a heavy discount. But the words of friends, the remarks even of casual strangers, are listened to without suspicion, and remembered. Therefore a good counterfeit of casual conversation can insinuate itself into places and produce results impossible to the frank and over-familiar salesmanship of the printed advertisement and the sponsored broadcast. The public,

having listened, will pass the good news on in exactly the same way to its own friends. Word-of-mouth is probably the motive power of most buying anyhow. Here is a method of putting a few telling professional words into many amateur mouths.

The technic and economics are as simple as the theory. The advertising agency which employed Mr. Bradley and John and their eight colleagues undertook to cover Philadelphia with a barrage of God-sent-tire talk for twenty-one days. Fifteen days would have been enough for a city of a million; a longer period would be necessary in New York. In any case the time may seem too short; but there are obvious hours and places where potential tire purchasers congregate, while a printed advertisement, not being movable upon two legs, must spray a much more indiscriminate area. For each pair of verbal propagandists the agency charges the God-sent Tire Company fifteen dollars a day. Add to this, carfare, hotel bills and incidentals. Add $17.50 for a supervisor to route the propagandists and check up on them, and report their travels, hours, and accomplishments. The total is not much more than two thousand dollars—less than the price of two full-page advertisements in one issue of one newspaper.

The working propagandists are paid about four dollars a day. They have to be imported from somewhere else, for they mustn't be recognized by their listeners. They have to be trained, for amateurs would be self-conscious, and a considerable degree of practice and skill is required in order to say something over and over again in public with complete naturalness. They must be dressed for the part or cast to fit its requirements. John and Mr. Bradley—though they earn less than thirty dollars a week apiece—are in character, and look like the men they pretend to be. If the agency contracts to spread *viva voce* propaganda for dresses, the operatives must be attractive and well-turned-out young women. If the client is a manufacturer of dentifrice, the pairs whose words spread the product upon the city's innocent toothbrushes must themselves have fine, white, flashing mouthfuls of teeth.

We have all seen, in subways and magazines, the pictures of those unbelievable young people with teeth like Dresden china. We don't altogether believe that our own battered, ochre chewing apparatus can become like that. But imagine that we find ourselves in the subway next a handsome young woman talking to a young man. Her mouth flashes white, porcelain white with every syllable, as she says to him:

"You were a grouch last night, Joe; Mary says it was a toothache."

"Yes," answers Joe, "I had a terrible toothache."

"You know what, Joe, you should do what I did for a toothache—go down to the No-Pain-Easy-Pay Dentists downtown in the Jones Building and see if they don't fix you up so you never have another toothache like it happened to me. Yes, write it down—No-Pain-Easy-Pay, Jones Building."

We suspect of course that the propagandists don't talk quite as colloquially as this. They are given lines, and learn them, and speak them as they are written, and most advertising copywriters don't write American dialogue like Ring Lardner or John O'Hara.

Do the verbal propagandists speak and act naturally enough for this new method to be successful? Apparently they do, for, besides tires and dental services, the propaganda agencies are known to have spread the good word for men's and women's clothes, furniture, radio programs, department stores, beverages, and vacation resorts.

Just how successful most of these campaigns were it is hard to say; for secrecy, not unnaturally, veils this method as heavily as it does the work of international spying—which it somewhat resembles. Neither the agency nor the client boasts of the results in public; for though some of the dupes would laugh, most of them would be violently resentful.

We can, however, vouch for two instances. Both were large department stores, and department stores can "key" any given item so as to know pretty accurately the exact effect upon it of a particular medium of advertising. Instance number one: a department store, which was stuck with a great surplus of raincoats that simply would not move off the shelves, hired an agency to put squads of its talkers to work about the town. The talkers, talking raincoats all the time, rode up and down in elevators, haunted the street cars and the elevateds, mingled—still talking—with the crowds in moving picture houses. Seven thousand raincoats were sold within a week.

The second instance, while also a success story, has refinements and wheels within wheels which show how limitless is the horizon for engineers of verbal propaganda who are not too scrupulous. A manufacturer of women's gloves (let us call them Slicko gloves) found them hard to sell. The agency's talkers went to work—probably they were paid very little, for the job was a simple one. Every day for weeks some hundreds of women (sometime the same ones, but that wasn't noticed) went up to the glove counter of the town's chief department store and said, "Have you Slicko gloves? What? No Slicko gloves! Why don't you carry Slicko gloves? I want a pair of Slicko gloves!"—rather like an author trying to boom his own book.

The store's glove buyer was duly impressed by this popular demand and ordered some thousands of pairs of Slicko gloves.

If the manufacturer and the advertising agency had at this point rested on their oars, the department store would have begun to wonder why all the women who had been clamoring for Slicko gloves had suddenly gone out of town. It would be fatal if the gloves were not sold, if the sudden demand were as suddenly allowed to collapse. So the squads of glove-loving women, provided with nice new gloves by the manufacturer and a nice new line of talk by the advertising agency, began to march about the city in pairs, stretching out their gloved hands and saying, in elevators, street cars, film palaces: "These Slicko gloves are the best I've ever had! Lookit my Slicko gloves! I just love my Slicko gloves!" It worked; within a short time the gloves were sold.

The method may strike you as not quite ethical. The propagandists are in disguise. They are listened to and believed because they seem to be unbiased. That is their strength from the practical point of view; but there is another point of view. The agencies which deal in such propaganda do not think it wrong. One of their representatives puts the case for it fairly persuasively:

"I don't see how our methods," he says, "differ from those of any other publicizing or advertising organization. When a Fifth Avenue dressmaker wants to popularize his creations he hires models to mingle with the crowds in smart hotels, at the theater, at the races. They don't wear his label, they pass for society women. Over and over again in the magazines one can see the picture of a business executive indorsing some product. If the man in the picture isn't a business executive at all, but a photographer's model who looks the part, what of it? And those

radio playlets in which some Park Avenue hostess (unnamed) is heard discussing the merits of a new face cream —does anyone object because she is really an actress trying to earn a living on the air? Our verbal propagandists are, like these people, simply trained talent impersonating imaginary characters for the legitimate purpose of increasing the sales of a legitimate product."

Let us remind you that this method is in its infancy, but growing. Probably very few of the kind words you hear in public about an article of merchandise are so paid for, but more and more reputable concerns are using it, or seriously considering its merits. These merits are obvious. Verbal propagandists are flexible, mobile shock troops. They can be thrown into any sector of the merchandising front upon very short notice. Their services are standardized and not expensive. They are secret, and as long as they remain secret, invulnerable; their campaigns, being surprise attacks under cover of darkness, do not instantly call forth the counter-attack of a competitor. Unlike all other advertising, they are uncensored, and can say things that would not be said in print.

And they can also perform tasks which no open advertising can perform at all: they can influence employees, and the public, in matters which have nothing to do with the buying and selling of goods.

III

Perhaps the first and certainly the best known of these propaganda agencies is the national organization of W. Howard Downey and Associates, with offices in New York, Chicago, Atlanta, and Toronto. It has helped to sell goods by the methods we describe, but it is chiefly remarkable for being the first such agency to substitute, in the breaking of strikes, subtle verbal propaganda for the traditional strong-arm methods of the Pinkertons and Pearl Bergoff.

The Downey strike method, which is now a routine recommendation of practically every other propaganda agency, is simple, painless, and neither gets people into hospitals nor itself into the news columns. Through the neighborhoods where the strikers live go small bands of trained propagandists, disguised as house-to-house canvassers and peddlers of women's silk stockings, brushes, and other household articles. When—as usually happens—the wife of a striker refuses to buy, the propagandist sympathizes with her:

"I can understand perfectly, madam, why you haven't any money to buy these bargains in fine hosiery. Your husband is on strike, isn't he? Well, of course it's none of my business, but I hate to see you folks deprived of the necessities of life just so these few strike organizers can ride round in big cars and draw down fat salaries. I was once a union man myself, but no more. See where it got me: selling stuff from door to door. Do you know what salary the labor organizer draws when your husband isn't on strike? Twenty-five dollars a week and no expenses. And when your husband *is* on strike? Why, then that organizer draws one hundred dollars a week and plenty of expenses. Get it?"

The strikers' wives get it. When the strikers come home many of them find their wives on strike against the strike. We were told, by the representative of one of these propaganda agencies, about a recent long and bitter strike in Ohio. Three days after the house-to-house propaganda method was applied the strike was over.

Of course the use of words as invisible poison gas antedates the war, but the recent flowering and the subtle ramifications of commercial propa-

ganda owe much to the methods that were so marvelously developed between 1914 and 1918. The propaganda agencies we are talking about do not deal in poison; they all emphatically deny any part in the campaigns of whispered slander that sweep periodically across the country to the despair of many a manufacturer. Yet someone, possibly for a *quid pro quo,* is doing a great deal of dirty work. Rumor has wings; the dirtier the rumor the bigger the wings. No one knows exactly where or how commercial whispering campaigns start; in spite of offers of large rewards, no culprit and no real evidence have ever been found. They may be born in the imagination of salesmen, for salesmen are hard put to it, these days of bitter competition, to get ahead of one another. At any rate there are a great many more such epidemics of whispering than there used to be, and most of them were born in the last year or two, when our economic waters were lowest and most stagnant. The whispers, naturally, are always at the expense of the largest companies. It is an old axiom of salesmanship that the simplest way to get business is to take it away from the leaders.

Not long ago a large and country-wide chain of restaurants discovered, (a) that in New York it was losing Jewish patronage because of a wave of whispering that it discriminated against Jewish employees, (b) that in Boston it was being boycotted by Catholics who had heard that it hired only Protestants, and (c) that in upper New York State, Protestants were criticizing it for hiring only Catholics. Fortunately, the owner of the chain had a sense of humor. He made public these three contradictory rumors. Their sheer absurdity was placed before the patrons of each territory, and the whispering campaign was dissolved in laughter.

At the peak of the winter travel of 1934 there crept forth, simultaneously in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, rumors to the effect that an American dollar was worth only sixty cents in Bermuda. So persistent were the rumors, that there might have been a serious slump in Bermuda-bound tourist traffic had not the Bermuda Development Board promptly put forth a series of advertisements stating the truth, which was that although Bermuda is a Crown colony, and, therefore, on a sterling basis, American and Canadian dollars are still accepted there at the pre-devaluation rate, and that Bermuda hotel bills have always been payable in dollars.

The case of a large tobacco company was not so fortunate. Over a year ago, almost simultaneously in a score of cities along the Atlantic Seaboard, there broke out a peculiarly villainous epidemic of whispering. There were two specific malicious falsehoods: that the executives of this company had contributed huge sums to the Nazi movement, and that several employees in one of its factories had been found to be victims of a vicious and contagious disease. To counteract the rumors, this company publicized a statement by the Mayor and Board of Health of the city in which the factory is located, vigorously denying and denouncing the report. In addition, the company offered a twenty-five thousand dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of those responsible for the rumor. It was never claimed.

Only a few whispering campaigns can be laughed away; only a few of them are punctured by plain, loud statements of the truth. Often such statements only make the prairie fire burn hotter. The sort of person who passes such rumors on will always put the wrong interpretation upon a denial, however detailed and frank. Besides, there is a perverse streak in man-

kind that makes people relish bad news and slander far more than good news or fair report. A compliment isn't worth bothering to pass on, but a scandal is always too good to be kept to oneself. Once such a whisper starts, it quickly gathers an irresistible momentum. A single careless or malevolent match can burn a thousand acres of timber.

There is also a large fraction of the American people which is always on the alert to sniff out, resent, magnify, and pass along any hint of prejudice against its race, color, or religion. It is as quick to find what it is looking for as a private detective. This group is a superb conductor of rumor, and once given a bit of slander by someone who has an axe to grind, or a neighbor's axe he wants dulled, will flash the lie all over the map in a very short time.

There is a chronic form of destructive rumor which, though milder than whispers about leprosy and religion, is almost ineradicable. It is spread by the makers and sellers of the less known brands of goods, and its victims are the better known brands. The retailer's margin of profit on the more obscure brands must be greater, because they lack advertising support and consumer acceptance. The manufacturer or wholesaler sometimes substitutes for this missing advertising unkind remarks about the better known brands. His slanders have their effect —the retailer finds the less known brands easier to unload, and the margin of profit on them greater when he does; he remembers the manufacturer's unkind remarks about the better known brands, and passes them on to his customers.

To offset this underhanded game, many of the better known brands have hired verbal propagandists from the agencies. The propagandists (always in pairs, like Paris policemen) attend trade conventions, ferret out the damaging whispers, and try to counteract them. Or, representing themselves as customers, they go to a store suspected of slander, talk loudly and to as wide an audience as possible about their brand, the accepted brand, the advertised brand. They try to trip up the storekeeper, and if he repeats the rumor, attempt to squeeze from him where he heard it first, and how, and from whom.

Military men would call this counter-espionage. No one knows how many business spies and counter spies are busily at work; the public suspects practically nothing of all this. The public sees the honest open warfare of prices, quality, service, advertising. It does not suspect how many of the whispers it hears are well planned midnight raids on a great battlefront.

The impulse is not new, but the technic is. Individuals have always tried to build up their own business or take away the other fellow's by discreet remarks in the right place. But this hiring of mercenaries—trained, skilled, disguised, is a product of the fierce necessities and the ruthless logic of modern competition. It is to business rather like what atrocities and breaches of "civilized warfare" are to a world conflict. There was an armistice during NRA; now we may expect it to go on more bitterly and cunningly than before.

There are limits of course to the method so ably pursued by chauffeur John and Mr. Bradley. If too many manufacturers try to plant their own word-of-mouth good will, the public will eventually catch on. And the propaganda will become a nasty boomerang, for no one likes to be fooled in just this way. The trick may work beautifully a few times in a few scattered places, but let it once become general, and not only will the public be extremely cross, but peaceful pri-

vate life will be poisoned. As people go about the city, they will be on the alert for chance remarks in which may be buried the barbed hook of salesmanship. Anyone who says an audible good word for something which may be bought for cash will be accused of talking for a living. Some of the most popular American topics of conversation, such as the merits of one's car versus one's neighbor's, the swapping of notes about radios, cigarettes, golf balls will be open to suspicion. Men who sit down on country club porches, in the smoking rooms of Pullmans, and say a few words, kind or unkind, about almost any well known article of commerce, will be asked whose payroll they are on, and how much they are getting. After a while nationally advertised brands might even disappear from national conversation. For lack of their accustomed subjects of conversation, Americans might talk more than they did about God, Europe, politics—or, more likely, the weather, which—thank heaven—is one commodity that no trained verbal propagandist will ever be able to make more popular or unpopular, more widely or less widely used, than it is already.

The Lion's Mouth



WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A WOMAN

BY HENRIETTA RIPPERGER

I YIELD to no one in my appreciation of men. They are bigger and stronger and in many ways wiser than their wives, and, being a woman, I usually like them better. I believe that all important decisions should be left to them, such as whether the family golf game is played Saturday or Sunday and whether we meet under the clock at the Biltmore or at the information booth at the Grand Central Station. They should also settle matters of family policy, such as are we going to start serving my best Scotch to college boys? And, we aren't going to begin this year by accepting a lot of dinner invitations from people we don't care if we never see again, are we? Men have their place; we need them not only because without them life would be simple to the point of boredom, but because it is they who keep us from making these ghastly mistakes.

But should they be trusted alone right now with anything as important as the nation's business? They excel at amassing wealth when there is a chance, and they fall down miserably at conserving it. They like to make money and they are constitutionally careless and indifferent about spending it. Yet how it is spent is the vital thing to-day. It is not a time when great fortunes are being made. It is the era of the spender in terms of government millions. At such a moment the country needs what women stand for.

You know Mother. She is the careful one. Ask the children with whom they like to go out; in a normal family they'll say Father every time. Father is open-handed. He does things in a large way. He doesn't stoop to petty economies. Everybody knows that Mother, on the other hand, has a mean streak in her nature. At home she peers into the icebox. She uses up things. Even if she breaks down and takes the youngsters to the Ritz for lunch she tells them what they are to spend. That's Mother for you. Give them Father any day in the week.

Now masculine open-handedness is a very engaging quality. It is far more attractive than thriftiness. When we want to speak of the average citizen with affection we say he was a good spender while he had it. But no matter how attractive these traits, the times as I see them call for sterner stuff.

I am, therefore, going to be specific and name the masculine habits in business which seem to me to menace our security for the future, especially when they apply to the field of government spending. Many of these habits were acquired in private business, but have now become pronounced in the conduct of public business. Let me add that I do not pretend to be an economist, and that in talking with men who disagree with me I have been frequently accused of "thinking with my glands."

Nevertheless, I am prepared to say that no matter how these conclusions were arrived at, they represent the opinion of a large number of women.

The first masculine trait which I could do without in the nation's business at the moment is a kind of reckless, boyish daring. When I was a little girl I used to sail off the coast of Maine. Our cove was barriered by a reef on either side. There were no buoys to mark the way in. On windy days the entrance lay between two lines of foam. Sometimes a daredevil boy used to bring his boat in over the long swell at the tip of the reef. He had to break out all sail to do it, catch an oncoming sea and ride it in. It was exciting but it scared me. In the business administration of the country the boys seem to be trying to ride in over the reef. There are too many people aboard to take such a chance. As a woman, I believe in the slower but safer way through a channel, narrow but known.

The second masculine trait which seems out of place at the moment is extravagance. I am told that the tendency to wastefulness has been checked in private business by two new bosses, the man at the bank and the wolf at the door. The big expense account, the old "swindle sheet," are pretty much gone—in private business, that is. In public business the wolf has not yet shown up.

Mind you, I am not saying that women do not spend money too. But they expect to get their money's worth. The wife of a member of a well-known club had occasion to visit the place where her husband was Chairman of the House Committee. The whole thing was on a very lavish scale. He was justly proud of the service, the equipment, and the table. His wife asked how much the maintenance cost. As the head of a large household of her own, she was familiar with such figures. "Well," she said, after looking them over, "you ought to get *something* for your money. You are spending at least six times what I would consider necessary to run this club well."

What puzzles a woman to-day is the spending of public money on a prodigious scale at a time when we presumably have very little. Of course we have to care for those who cannot find work; but similar situations often arise in a family. Cousin Egbert and his wife appeal to Jim and Clara to take care of them. Jim and Clara are substantial citizens, quite willing to assume a certain amount of financial responsibility for their less fortunate relatives. It may mean cutting down on some of their own expenditures. Very well, they cut down. The trip to Europe goes by the board so that Cousin Egbert can keep his home. They resign from the golf club in order that Egbert may eat. If, as a nation, we have to feed Cousin Egbert for a few years, oughtn't we to give up our golf game for a while?

A third feminine criticism is that the machinery which men require to get anything done in business is overelaborate and ultra-expensive. Men are by nature gadget-lovers. They dote on the gadgetry of organization. A young American business man requires the services of at least two people to carry pink memo slips to and fro from office to office. He must be able to press a bell and summon an efficient well-groomed young secretary. He must have somebody to put through his telephone calls. Eavesdrop around an office, and you will pick up half a dozen such matutinal conversations as this. "Hello, John. I see you called me yesterday afternoon." "Is that you, Jim? Yes, that's right, I did. I left word it wasn't anything special." "Well I found a memorandum about your call here on my desk this morning, and I thought I better check up

with you." "Glad to hear from you, old man. I'll get in touch with you sometime later in the week." For conversations like this of course a man needs a secretary and a telephone operator!

As a woman, I see in over-organization in an office an attempt to escape from something. Can it be from work? It is a technic very familiar about the home. A youngster who spends half or three-quarters of an hour calling up his friends about the home work is usually trying to find a legitimate way of putting off doing it. If he fusses about the light, the chair, the radio, it means that he is unwilling to get down to the job at hand. The creative man goes to work with whatever is at hand; he may make his notes on the back of dinner menus, church calendars, wherever he is. A famous artist and producer allowed his business to be thoroughly organized by younger men of the new school. Later, someone asked him how to get a definite piece of technical information from his company. "Well," said the great man, "the new system here is this. You go to the receptionist who sends for a secretary. She takes you to the publicity man. The publicity man queries two or three fellows round the office, and eventually they come and find me. Here, give me your question. I may as well answer it now." Back of every successful enterprise are a few such men (and we may as well admit that they *are* men), but the rank and file of business men, not only in private offices but those who conduct the enormous current business of the government, seem committed to a system of organization which appears to a woman to exist largely for its own sake.

A fourth weakness dangerous to the country at the moment is the masculine unwillingness to face unpleasant facts. Women are realists; perhaps living with men may have made them so. They see things as they are—or worse! This quality, depressing in good times, is invaluable when it becomes necessary to know just where we stand.

Many families who lost heavily during the depression would have weathered it fairly well if they had not faced the facts just about a year too late. They hung on to the big house, the expensive car, long after these should have been in the discard. The masculine heads of the family were unwilling to admit even to themselves how bad things really were. What happened to the family happened in private business. It is now happening in our governmental housekeeping. As a country, aren't we running the big house, the expensive car, the elaborate service, at a time when we ought to be cutting down the cost of living?

A fifth trait, by no means universal, but common enough to be reckoned with, is found in the man who lives on an entirely different financial scale from his wife. You can see him by the dozen in any downtown restaurant. He is buying a drink for someone who must in turn buy one for him. He is rolling dice for the luncheon check at a table with five or six other men whom he can ill afford to treat. His wife is the responsible member of the firm. She economizes. Her "allowance" is in reality merely housekeeping money. Her diversion is choosing between lamb and pot roast at the chain store. Husband and wife do not live on the same economic scale. Let hundreds of men of his type dig their way into the employ of the public, and they will have an appreciable effect on the conduct of public business.

This masculine type is not only selfish and irresponsible; it is soft. The application of a feminine principle to our economic life at the moment would mean an exhibition of quite the oppo-

site traits—of the patience and endurance that are necessary when something new is coming to birth.

And finally, the outstanding masculine trait which might be well kept under curb for the next year or two is the love of "side" or "front." The successful business man, as his biographer said of the late Frank Munsey, "craves things big and expensive." The kind of "front" varies with a man's position in the financial world, but the idea behind it is the same. "The American business man," says an official of one of the great banks in downtown New York, "has been thoroughly sold to the idea of putting on more lugs than his competitors. He must for example have a swank address, although nothing about his business warrants it. He fears to lose face, as the Chinese say, if he does not put up an impressive show."

I am willing to concede that the wild and free masculine spirit made America. It was the imagination of men that opened up the continent, subdued the Indians, pushed back the frontiers, and built the railroads. I happen to believe that men are far more gifted than women with imagination, that their "wills are driven by unseen whips," by the urge to build and do. But other times mean other things. There is a time for getting a child and a time for bearing it, and the demands of the latter hour call for very different qualities. This country's business, public and private, is in the process of trying to give birth to something, and masculine impatience and daring are for the moment useless, even dangerous. Like the heroine of the Irish play, the country can say, "I have had enough of men are wild and free."

As the mother of a family I am deeply concerned about the future. What is the world going to be like when our children go out to work in it? Are we going to dissipate our American heritage by bad management and leave our children the bequest of national bankruptcy? At the moment I feel very much as if I were standing on the brink of Niagara River, watching someone take my children for a boat ride. The launch is slowly gathering momentum. Yet there they all sit smiling lightheartedly. I cannot stand by in silence and watch the next generation slipping toward the brink.

This is a plea that those traits which are traditionally feminine be given a chance in our national housekeeping for the next few years. They are thrift, carefulness, simple common sense, the ability to face things as they are. The exercise of these traits would mean that we would get more for our money. Men enjoy things because they cost so much. Women enjoy them because they cost so little! The family has drawn on the reserve strength of its women; in all but shallow homes it was there and it helped to save the day. The Nation in business can, if it will, draw upon women for the strength and shrewdness that life has developed in them. Isn't it time for the country to page Mother?



AMERICAN PASTORAL

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Down in West Texas one still hears the story of Jim Hughes, faultless sheep herder. Jim hove into Pecos City, broke and bedraggled, and found but two possibilities for legitimate employment—washing dishes and herding sheep.

Jim flipped a borrowed nickel and took the latter. An aged drink-hard-

ened citizen had a couple of thousand sheep which he wanted driven out to open range. Jim joined on as herder, twenty dollars monthly and chuck, took over the flock, headed it for the dry tablelands, and as the season progressed, followed free grazing higher and higher into the hills.

That was in summer. Next spring, when lambing season was finished, Jim headed back to Pecos for June shearing. He came to deliver the flock and collect his pay.

The boss was no longer around. The old gentleman had been demonstrating to some corner loafers that stick dynamite can be burned without any particular hazard, which is sometimes true. But the sheep owner had picked the wrong stick of dynamite, and all that remained of him was one suspender buckle and a watch fob imprinted with the words "United in Love."

Jim Hughes drowned his sorrows in a couple of schooners of beer and asked advice. Some said one thing and some said another. Anyhow, there were the sheep corralled for shearing, without water and without feed. Jim did some hasty shearing singlehanded, sold the wool at fire-sale prices, bought a pack mule and a supply of salt pork and beans, and again headed the flock for the open range.

Another year passed, and he came again to Pecos for shearing and settlement. This time he talked with a lawyer. But the legal mind required a week or two in which to function, and while it was functioning there were about twenty-five hundred sheep going hungry in the pen.

Again Jim sheared, peddled enough wool to buy salt pork and beans, and took to the open range for another long year. Next spring he headed into Pecos for a third time, shoes cut to shreds, clothes hanging in tatters, beard suitable for bird nests. Yet there was his flock, plump, placid, and increased by at least fifty per cent during the three years. This time Jim sought advice from an elderly citizen with a legal mind and a medicinal breath. The advice was that so far as Right, Justice, and the State of Texas were concerned, the sheep belonged to Jim Hughes.

Thereupon Jim sold the whole flock at three dollars a head, cash. That done he bought himself a new shirt, a square meal, and several drinks. He invested the rest of the money in a merry-go-round, a gorgeous big one with an organ that made noise like a circus calliope, blood-red hobby horses, flashing mirrors, and a donkey engine with a whistle that would startle an ocean liner.

Onlookers believed that the story held a moral; that it was truly significant of a lost profession that is once more becoming found. Open-range herding is like a merry-go-round. It keeps going everlastingly round and round.

Nowadays the open-range herder is coming back again, taking over unfenced ranges and grasslands newly abandoned. Rising wool prices, discontinuation of the public-domain homestead policy, new promise of more generous rainfall cycles in various dry areas of the far Rockies—all these factors are helping the shepherd's return.

"Open range" means grass without fences, and grass is but a hand-maiden of soil and weather. But in terms of square miles, grass is the biggest subject in America. According to Government soil surveys, about fifty-five per cent of the land area of this nation —a majority of it—is grassland. About half of this range is in the far West and its unfenced portions now under grazing represent a land area fully as great as the whole State of Texas,

stretching intermittently from the Rio Grande through over-sized patches of New Mexico, Arizona, and fringes of California, northward through the Red Desert country into Wyoming and Utah, up across Montana and Idaho, to the Canadian line and beyond.

About half of this open range lies in public domain, forest reserves, Indian Reservations, State lands, school lands, railroad bounty lands. The rest is privately owned. Its grazing is no longer free. The catch-as-catch-can days of grass waned with the nineteenth century. Nowadays open-range draws rental. In the far Southwest sparse range rents for two or three cents an acre a year. Oregon forest ranges rent at around seven cents. In the Blue Mountain country, where grass is particularly good, rents climb to twenty-five cents an acre or better. The Southern Pacific Railway leases about a million acres of California at six cents. To-day between twelve and twenty million head of sheep follow impromptu or dimly marked grazing routes, flocks which are wholly dependent upon the will of God, the solitary judgment of the herder, and the unquenchable magic of herbage.

Even in the uproar of to-day, the open-range herder leads a life not far different from that of the open-range shepherd back in Bible days. Usually he carries a crook; usually he owns the clothes on his back, such as they are, a tarred poncho, probably supplies of beans, pork, and salt, carried by pack mule or else cached at prescribed intervals along the grazing route; certainly he has the mountains and mesas as playground, the sun and stars to guide by. Very possibly, like the herdsmen of Ezekiel's day, he has tucked away in his pockets a slingshot devoted to the tender purpose of hurling pellets at refractory sheep or prowling dogs or varmints.

The first and last law of open-range herding is to keep eternally moving, one to five miles a day, more if grazing is sparse. Water-hazard is the worst bugaboo. Hardy sheep can go waterless for several days, but after a week without a drink they stop being hardy. So the herder must keep his flock within striking distance of water, and he must know when to bank on surface water and when to expect dry holes. He must know the ways of grass, how to choose lowland grazing in early spring and follow up mountain ranges as snow melts and summer grows.

He must know too some primitive botany: how to avoid loco weed and various sour alkaline growths that weaken the flock and kill off lambs by poisoning ewes' milk. Sheep profits depend first of all upon lambs.

Open-range sheep herding has its rush seasons—lambing, shearing, dipping. Breeding must be controlled so that lambing time comes in spring. In well-directed herding, breed rams are kept away from the main flock except for a gay and promiscuous month in late fall.

With blessed events in immediate prospect, the herder heads for a protected mesa or valley, one with enough grass and water to hold the entire flock for a week or two. There the lambs are born, single arrivals, twins, or triplets, baby things of astonishing vitality. Sometimes newborn lambs are up and skipping before they are an hour old.

Lambing finished, the herder heads the flock to a designated shearing corral. There a crew of shearers waits, armed with steel shears and whetstones, or in more modernized outfits with electric clippers. Then the trouble begins.

The mechanics of rudimentary shearing are somewhat as follows: the shearer takes a sheep, throws the animal to a sitting posture, kneels to the left of it, left hand grasping the sheep's

underjaw; takes the shears in his right hand and, beginning at the sheep's neck, clips downward and diagonally toward the breast and so on, row after row, clipping from the crease of the back to the middle of the belly, down to the rump and tail. Having finished the right side, he turns the sheep about, takes the shears in his left hand, and clips the other side. The job done, he demolishes another chew of tobacco and lets go the sheep.

There lies the wool in a thick, unbroken fleece. The shearer takes the fleece, folds it clean wool inside, twists out a strand of neck wool for a bind, tosses it into the bin or truck, takes on another sheep. After a few futile jerks the sheep probably sits resignedly, with eyes as patiently pathetic as those of a good-looking recruit enduring a first army haircut. Fleeces range in weight from three to fourteen pounds, with seven a fair average.

After shearing comes dipping—toward off lice and infection. With markets as they are now, wool and surplus sheep may pay wages and overhead, leaving the lambs as a source of profit. So the years and grazing circuits follow, and open-range flocks plod on their ageless and endless journey.

The other day, roaming the high dry wastes of New Mexico, I strolled into a decrepit store at Picacho Village. Three sheep herders sat at the front steps munching bananas and muttering, not to one another, not to the bananas, but each one to himself. The storekeeper made circulatory motions toward his own head:

"Owls in the attic. Loco as their sheep, only more so. . . . It gets 'em. The loneliness of it. Yesterday them three piled down from the arroyos. Mixed up their flocks down at the water hole. I can't keep from wonderin' how the hell they'll ever separate them. I guess they'll do it all right. A sheep herder ain't really good till he starts to go loco. When he gets crazy as the sheep, then it's soul mates together."

On the rough and dusty road to Santa Rosa I met Jack Lambrey, sheep herder. Over the hillside I sighted a vast herd of sheep, fat, sleek, magnificent in the clear morning sunlight.

Jack had been rounding in the flock, shooing back some strays, and seeking to mend the ways of a mean bell wether. He carried a shepherd's crook in his right hand and a leather strap in his left, with which he mildly frightened sheep without actually touching them. He wore tattered corduroy, smiled with a dazzling display of white teeth, and spoke concise English, all of which left me considerably puzzled as to whether he might be a Mexican or a sun-blackened American. You can never tell about open-range herders. They may be Mexicans or hybrids; they may be sons of the Loop, Englishmen, Chinese, Iowans, disillusioned Wall Streeters, Vermont Democrats, Yale alumni.

Jack explained that he is an all-American cowboy who turned to sheep through voluntary choice and intensive examination of conscience. I proffered a pack of cigarettes. He accepted them eagerly, saying that cigarettes are a rare and welcome luxury on the open range; that human company is about as rare and almost as welcome.

"Sometimes you go for months without catchin' sight of nobody. It's lonesome business. Lots of herders go cuckoo."

He laughed heartily, though I could see absolutely nothing to laugh about. He told me that he works for a big operator near Santa Fe, a sheep man who owns a quarter-million head of sheep, and hires about a hundred herders to tend them on open range, one herder to twenty-five hundred.

Here is Jack's estimate of an easy day on the open range:

Sheep are up by sunrise. So must the herder be. A flock of twenty-five hundred requires a grazing spread of at least a square mile. Sheep are clannish creatures. A big flock breaks itself into various sub-flocks and moves out in as many directions as thin syrup on a stack of hard pancakes. A good herder strives to keep a lead sheep with each clan. The best lead is a bell wether—a castrate that is, with a brass or copper bell strapped about its neck. Though tiny, these bells tinkle incessantly and sounds carry far in high clear air. The herder learns the tones of the various bells and, therefore, he is able to hear when he cannot see.

The shepherd's crook is more than a picturesque effect. Practically it is a combination of walking cane, defense weapon, husbandry tool. If a sheep is sick or lame, the herder can trip the animal with his crook, examine its wounds, apply first aid.

Few herders carry firearms. Theirs is a trade of peace. Powder smoke has pretty well drifted away from the open-range landscapes. If molested by sheep-killing dogs, coyotes, occasional wolves, or other varmint, the herder is expected to drive off the foe with stones, whoops, or fitting profanity.

He may be assigned a pack mule to carry victuals and firewood. Or else food for the herder and salt and supplies for the flock may be cached at prescribed intervals along the grazing route in shacks built of rock or adobe. When this is the case, the herder has a double motive for keeping to course and schedule. If he lags he goes hungry.

So, after an early breakfast, the herder starts out, walks around and around his flock, heading strays back to center. If he understands sheep psychology as Jack Lambrey does, he saves himself no end of motion and trouble by calling to the flock, softly and soothingly: "Soooo—oooo-ooooo shee-eep . . . Oooo baaaah . . . capulooooo shee-eeeeep" . . . and so on.

Toward noontime the flock is likely to drowse. During this interval the herder may cook his dinner and nap until the flock begins afternoon grazing. Then he tramps again, around and through the grazers, until sunset brings the chore of bedding in—of assembling the flock within an area of an acre or two, so that the sheep may be watched during the night.

If all is well, the herder may then scoop out a place for his hips, spread his poncho beneath an open sky, and slumber—with interruptions. On far-back ranges varmint are still variously common. Scaring off bellicose coyotes at three in the morning is no real fun. And if it rains, which sometimes happens even on America's dry lands, there is danger that sheep sleeping in gulches or arroyos may be drowned.

If there is a mountain freshet the herder is put to his own primitive devices for self-protection. He has the choice of taking the wind and rain in the face, as you might say, or he may turn to the device of laying four rocks upon a slope, one for each knee and one for each elbow, then kneeling upon them, poncho spread over him like a tent. A couple of hours of such crouching is enough to paralyze any ordinary man, but shepherding, it seems, is not an ordinary man's trade.

Jack Lambrey, sheep herder by choice, finished the pack of cigarettes.

"It's a screwy life. But anyway you get the open air. You get time to get acquainted with yourself. You get to use the grass. And grass is what counts. It's what saves us all—far as we get saved. Men and towns and such as that, don't amount to a particular damn nohow. Grass does. Grass is what holds the earth together."



The Easy Chair



THE FOLK MIND

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

PROBABLY it is only a limited number of Americans who, kicking into a corner the hammer they have dropped on their toes, passionately exclaim "Abraham Lincoln!" Yet among our graver intelligences a fear grows that such apostrophes occur with an increasing frequency that bodes no good for the state. The Emancipator, they tell us, long ago passed out of history into legend so far as the common people are concerned, moved out of legend into myth some time back, and is now on the brink of apotheosis. Between poets, novelists, preachers, sculptors, lyceum lecturers, and advertising illustrators on the one hand, and the readiness of the folk mind to personify its sentiments on the other hand, a Lincoln has arisen in whom little of the historical figure is left. Instead we have a Lincoln already in great part supernatural and likely, as time goes on, to become altogether so. The qualities of mind and soul attributed to him are superhuman, inspiration not of this earth is discovered in his deeds, and the whole course of his career is believed to have a pattern which can only mean prescience and infallibility not short of divine. All this has happened in seventy years and, certain disturbed thinkers prophesy, the Lincoln myth will go on expanding and developing until we have a full-fledged Christology in native terms.

It is hard to make out just what the evidence for this alarm is, and harder to discover just what the alarmed anticipate. They tell us that the Lincoln Memorial has become a shrine to which the pious Americans make pilgrimages; but as yet few abandoned crutches have been found there, no miracles have been reported in the press, and the annual pilgrimages of the pious to Yellowstone Park have caused no fear that Jim Bridger will be deified. They assert that to criticize Lincoln or even to speak realistically about him has become so unpopular that it must soon be sacrilege; yet within the last year or so two books of headlong attack on him have appeared, one about as scurrilous as anything written during his lifetime, and the populace did not swarm to stone the publishers' offices and purify them against the wrath to come. Any omen in the willingness of poets to expend rhetoric on him must be discounted, since that same willingness extends to Andrew Carnegie, Admiral Byrd, and John Brown without suggesting that haloes are being prepared for them. And the anticipated extension is clearly out of the question. Congress may direct the President to proclaim February 12th a national holiday; but the Charlestonians will be slow to celebrate it by wreathing images of Lincoln with magnolia and chanting choruses in front of them.

So long as the Republican Party hangs his picture above the platform in convention halls people in extremity are not going to call upon his name.

The study of folklore has many pitfalls for unwary minds. As our greatest national disaster sinks farther into the past, as the elders who can remember it die, as its issues become wholly archeological, it can have only a generalized shape in the public mind. Naturally that generalization will embody the memory of strain and agony, and of both the success with which we know the national cause was attended and the heroism with which we feel it must have been carried on. No nation can think in abstractions, and Lincoln, as the head of the state during disaster, inevitably serves as a symbol of resolution, fortitude, sagacity, courage, unremitting will, and absolute patriotism. Naturally when the Americans think of those qualities in moments of either national grandeur or national danger, they think of Lincoln. But if that is mythology, it has nothing of the supernatural in it. Vachel Lindsay wrote a poem in which Abraham Lincoln walked at midnight in Springfield, brooding upon the agony of the World War. It is a good poem. But it is good because it is a poem, because it is symbolism, and not, by any conceivable interpretation of anyone, mythology. Neither Lindsay nor anyone who read it was thinking of Lincoln as a Middlewestern Angel of Mons. We ought to keep that difference in mind when we talk about the American mythology.

Another pitfall is that persuasive phrase, "the folk mind." The words mean too little and much too much. The same folk mind that has endowed Abraham Lincoln with symbolic virtues has endowed him also with a saga of merry tales that can't be printed. Which tendency are you going to select to be solemn about? You may choose the austere, monolithic figure who symbolizes national steadfastness in time of crisis, and decide that it has already got beyond St. Francis and is on its way to godhood. But when you run into the rustic and quite uncensored joker whose outline has also grown with the years, your theory collapses; for they never told such stories about St. Francis. Whereas if you concentrate on the bucolic joker and decide that the folk mind is creating an eidolon of the comic spirit, of the native genius for defying fate with a wisecrack, you presently find that much the same stories, sometimes the very same ones, have also got attached to Chauncey Depew. Somehow Mr. Depew seems incommensurable with deification, the national genius, and even the folk mind. And if he isn't, isn't there an important difference between folklore —especially that kind of folklore—and myth? If you are afraid that the idolatrous Americans may convert the Lincolniana into a Christology, shouldn't you be comforted by reflecting that the coarse Americans are keeping him disconcertingly earthbound?

The trouble with folklore as an index to the national culture is that nobody knows just where it begins or ends. George Washington and the cherry tree may be folklore, but if so, then "The Wreck of the Old Ninety-Seven" is also. If Johnny Appleseed is an American culture-hero, then the term must be big enough to hold Casey Jones as well. The same unconscious genius that has created such myths as Paul Bunyan, Annie Christmas, and John Henry has also given immortality to Frankie and Johnnie. But there is no great market among the folk for miniature rubber-tired hacks to carry as love charms. Similarly, though confectioners' windows are full of marshmallow hatchets on February 22nd—note the suggestive date, with the days getting longer and our buried life be-

ginning to stir toward the orgies of spring—we should greet with a distinct impatience anyone who linked them with the hammer of Thor and decided that the Father of his Country was being transformed into a sun myth.

Unquestionably the native culture contains a number of classic allusions. Such names as Daniel Boone and Buffalo Bill have an emotional connotation for Americans compounded of their own childhood and that of the Republic. Davy Crockett and Kit Carson have the same aura, and when we come to such figures as Lewis and Clark, Andrew Jackson and Benjamin Franklin, the lengthened shadow of a man has got so far away from history that it really does look something like a culture myth. The folk used to say that Andy Jackson could twist off a comet's tail; but if that means that he was a supernatural being, then the State of Kentucky must be a province of Cockaigne, for all its inhabitants in Jackson's time were half horse and half alligator. That seems to be carrying mythology a little far, and for the same reason, we should not decide that anyone is thinking of Lewis and Clark as Romulus and Remus until we have seen what has happened to Frank and Jesse James.

Or take the purest myth-making of our bards, the western cowboy. In less than fifty years this eidolon has become the deity of as flourishing a cult as ever danced round the Beltane Fires. Folk-songs about him exist in great numbers and the pious Americans maintain a separate caste of minnesingers to produce hundreds more of them every year. They also dress their male children in his ritual garments, they support two dozen magazines that celebrate his cult, all summer long they reverently attend rites in which his legendary exploits are re-enacted, and, Hollywood co-operating, millions of them go twice a week throughout the year to venerate him in our most elaborate temples. No purer example of mythology exists, but what are you going to make of it? It certainly does not represent any deep-seated culture-wish of the Americans to put on hair pants or to bulldog steers. Nor is it likely that the cult will go on proliferating till we require the Supreme Court Justices to wear ceremonial ten-gallon headdresses on the bench, or force a President-elect to take the oath of office under a canopy of soogans embroidered with lariats. Somewhere between premise and conclusion an orthodox interpretation of the folk mind breaks down.

Another class of specimens will show exactly where the breakdown occurs, the comic strips. Here we have the folk mind out where we can see it in actual day-by-day operation. Krazy Kat, Felix the Cat, Mickey Mouse, and similar creatures of fable are obviously a twentieth-century American bestiary. The souls of the Brothers Grimm go marching on in Popeye the Sailor, who comes down in a straight line from fables that were old when Homer picked them up; in Caspar Milquetoast, whose ancestors in the dark ages foretold a growing self-consciousness among the serfs that would some day go hard with the exploiting class; in Orphan Annie, an immortal wish-fulfillment in Egypt thousands of years before anyone called her Cinderella. They exert an active sovereignty over the imagination and loyalty of the Americans, who will write in by the thousand threatening to cancel their subscriptions (taboo of non-performance) if a newspaper commits the sacrilege of dropping one from an edition. Are you going to conclude that Chester Gump is a projection of the childish fantasy of the Americans, an infancy myth, and Orphan Annie a symbol of the national wish to attain wealth by way of virtue, a scapegoat

myth which shows that a good cry is a catharsis for the soul? If you do, you stub your toe on Kayo, a child over whom no tears will ever be shed, and on Moon Mullins who is a daily rebuttal of all the virtues and catharsis you may attach to Orphan Annie. Well then, Annie represents the folk mind in its idealistic reaches creating King Arthur and Deirdre of the high breasts, whereas Moon Mullins is that same mind in a realistic phase, kidding the pants off the nobility in the Mabinogion or Tyl Eulenspiegel? In Moon's own language: Nerts!

Anyone who applied that kind of analysis to the novels of Ernest Hemingway or the plays of George Kaufman would find even our amateur anthropologists laughing at him. The comic strips, with the cowboy magazines, are simply the literature of people too unsophisticated to belong to the audience of Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Kaufman. They are narratives of the imaginary adventures of imaginary characters on a level naïve enough to appeal to naïve people —who think of them as that and never as fairy tales about pixies, kobolds, or even totems. They are literature and not mythology, and the people who admire them may be naïve but certainly are not practicing supernaturalists.

That is a distinction to bear in mind when you are thinking about folklore, which after all is only a still simpler literature that isn't written down. The process with our folk heroes is almost exactly the opposite of that which our alarmists believe to be occurring in the Lincoln myth. At a curve of the Susquehanna River the State of New York has set up a bronze monument which announces that at this spot the prophet Joseph Smith did not walk on the waters. If the monument put the authority of the State behind an assertion that he did walk on them, there might be some reason to fear that Abraham Lincoln is going to receive supernatural powers at the hands of his countrymen. But although multitudes of those countrymen may be naïve, naïveté must not be mistaken for simple-mindedness, and they know a literary convention when they see one. A politician campaigning for election or a Fourth of July orator may talk about Lincoln in language that derives its metaphors from the New Testament; but the audience will not transform a literary deification into a theological one. Even a hundred years ago when oratory was lusher and folk heroes were more numerous, no one supposed that Ben Franklin was asleep somewhere with his beard growing through a table, waiting for his people to wake him when their great need should come. To-day the Americans are easily bored by oratory and apt to tune out the myth-maker, in search of the Voice of Experience or a good dance orchestra.

They will continue to know less and less about Abraham Lincoln as the years go on. What they know will be what their school teachers, their novelists, and their poets tell them—modified by the tradition of a more ribald figure. This Lincoln will certainly be symbolic. But its symbolism will be literary: it will be recognized as fantasy, not revelation. Remember the short way of the folk mind with another symbolism. For a good deal more than a century it has been an extremity of humor in America to set up a placard in the village store: "In God we trust. All others cash." That is what the American folk do with sanctities. They will continue to venerate an idealized rail-splitter; they will never begin to worship a backwoods demigod.

Among the New Books

By Harry Hansen

Literary Editor of the New York World-Telegram

MIDWINTER finds the musical season in full swing; the opera flourishes; famous singers and instrumentalists draw their admirers to the concert halls, and the symphony orchestras of the country revive the works of the masters. In place of stressing the importance of books on history and economics this month, I am going to mention a few that offer satisfying reading to the lover of music, who will, I hope, remain steadfast and loyal to this art throughout all our economic and political upheavals.

My decision was prompted by the arrival of a delightful book called *Toscanini*, by Paul Stefan, with a sketch of the conductor in a foreword by Stefan Zweig—a book that should be taken as a model by authors, for though it is less than one hundred and fifty pages long, it says as much as any fat volume. The story of the career of Arturo Toscanini, at present conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York City, will be relished by all who have made acquaintance with the matchless work of this great artist, and the rhapsodic foreword gives just the right note of enthusiastic appreciation and describes facets of the conductor's personality that are rarely seen by his friends.

Born in Parma, Italy, March 25, 1867, Toscanini graduated from the conservatory there as a cellist and went to South America to join an orchestra; by an accident he was asked to conduct "Aïda" in Rio de Janeiro at the age of nineteen and made such a success of it that his future was assured. In the succeeding years Toscanini showed his greatness; he was not provincial in his tastes; he approached every great work with humility, tried to grasp the exact intention of its composer and to interpret it in a manner as near perfection as human beings could reach. He directed the opera at La Scala in Milan, where his assistant was Gatti-Casazza; when the latter was made manager of the Metropolitan Opera in New York City in 1908, Toscanini agreed to come with him, and in the succeeding years he gave brilliant interpretations of operatic works; at the première of "The Girl of the Golden West" in 1910 Puccini exclaimed: "Toscanini has composed this opera a second time!"

His work as conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra dates from 1929 and his greatest contribution to the study of music has been his interpretation of Beethoven. Stefan Zweig thinks Toscanini's enterprise borders on the impossible; his search for perfection is endless. He writes: "Just as in a Rembrandt etching the lightest line has made its peculiar, its personal contribution to the copper plate, so in Toscanini's most musical of brains has every phrase been indelibly registered before he begins to conduct the first rehearsal. All that remains for him to do is to impose on others the clarity of his own will; to transform his Platonic idea, his perfected vision, into orchestrated sound . . . to make a multiplicity of instrumentalists obey the law which for him has already been formulated in imagined perfection." The fifty-two action photographs of Toscanini are an admirable addition to this fine book. (The Viking Press.)

The growth of the prestige of the conductor is recent; one hundred years ago he was a minor member of the orchestra who beat time. The story of conductors great and small is told by David Ewen in *The Man with the Baton*. There is an introduction by Serge Koussevitsky. The author discusses the rise of great conductors abroad and in the United States; he tells the story of Theodore Thomas, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and Walter Damrosch; there are special chapters on Toscanini, Koussevitsky, and Stokowski; he also tells the tragic tale of America's mistreatment of Dr. Karl Muck, who became a victim of our war hysteria after extraordinary service to American culture. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

Bands ought to come in for some attention. *Here Comes the Band!* by Ray Giles is filled with information about the organization of bands, especially those now supported by the schools. The book describes the antiquity of musical instruments and their development for modern uses. (Harper and Brothers.)

The long-awaited novel which George Santayana has been writing since his retirement from Harvard's faculty is now ready and turns out to be a delightfully ironic tale called *The Last Puritan*. It is properly described as a memoir in the form of a novel which leaves us under no obligation to discuss its shortcomings as a novel; on the contrary, it permits us to say that here is that sparkling wit and that brilliant appraisal of the foibles of New England's—and chiefly Boston's—self-conscious Puritan strain which Mr. Santayana came to know so well in his



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days of dining out in Back Bay. What Mr. Santayana does for this society Jane Austen did for the 18th century and there are times when the ironic passages remind one of Miss Austen's. The bringing up of Oliver, who was descended from Priscilla and John Alden, and his career up to the War, is not sketched lightly—this story begins with his father Peter, something of a crushed rebel, and Peter's brother, Nathaniel, the complete family tyrant and snob; whereas the characterization of Oliver's mother is one of the most complete, concise, and devastating that has ever been done of a Puritan woman in fiction. Mr. Santayana never makes the mistake of overemphasis, but he leaves nothing unsaid. The effect of the New England conscience on living, vital human beings; the petrification of a society, through the stifling of the free expression of love and the worship of correctness, good form, restraint—the inability to feel at home abroad—these things happened to New Englanders of the best society. But Oliver was the newer type and his story differs from that of his father and his relations, and in his cogitation on his place in a disordered world we have many essays, soliloquies, in which Mr. Santayana gives us the result of a lifetime of observation and study. "I was born a moral aristocrat," says Oliver, "able to obey only the voice of God, which means that of my own heart." To-day the world shakes off puritanism; "We are a belated phenomenon, like April snow," he says of his people. "But we will not accept anything cheaper or cruder than our own conscience. We have dedicated ourselves to the truth, to living in the presence of the noblest things we can conceive. If we can't live so, we won't live at all." The whole equipment of a brilliant mind is drawn upon in this extraordinary novel, which will delight all who have been captivated by the tenacity of the puritan conscience in American life.

A DICTIONARY OF PROVERBS

To that long list of indispensable books which bear the imprint of Oxford there is now being added *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs,* a book of six hundred pages, in which many familiar proverbs are traced to their original passage in English literature. Proverbs crystallize the homely wisdom of the race; first mouthed by priests and teachers, they came into writing as soon as books began to be printed, but they have always been used by the people. Janet E. Heseltine, who writes introductory comment for this volume, which was edited by William George Smith, finds the Elizabethans soaked in proverbs. "Looked at in one way," she writes, "the history of the use and disuse of proverbs is a progression from the concrete to the abstract. Our economists of to-day theorize about the 'inevitability of gradualness.' Our ancestors of the less cerebral fifteenth century meant much the same thing, but they might say 'Little by little the cat eateth up the bacon flickle.'" English authors have found proverbs helpful, although they are used less to-day. Shakespeare wove them into his lines; Euphues, Langland, Heywood gave them currency. And many of those quoted here are in daily use in the United States, which mints new coin out of the old metal daily. This book is published by Oxford University Press.

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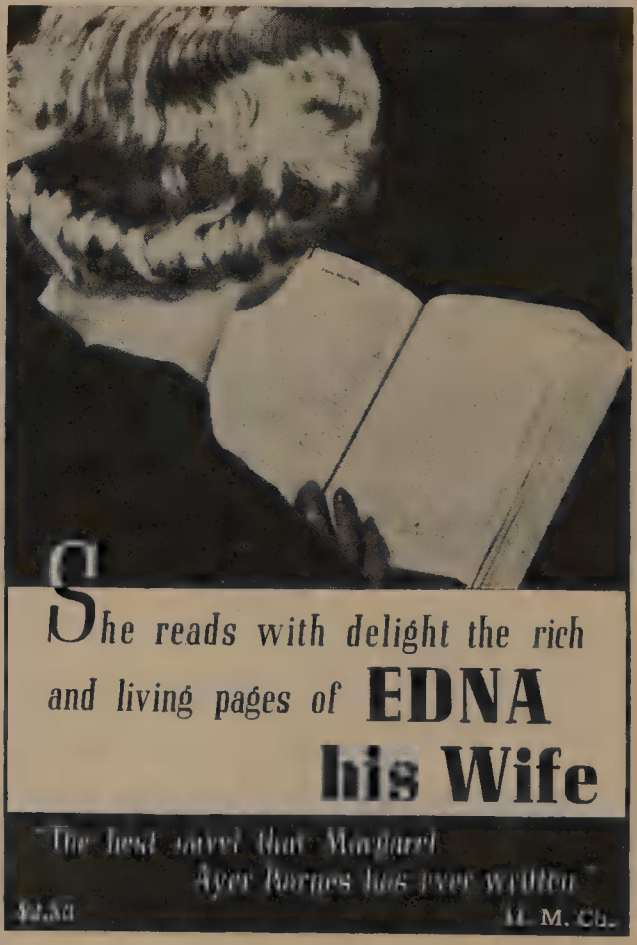
mission to tell how they square with that nebulous faith which we call the American ideal. I see that Mr. Lippmann is not afraid of discussing American ideals; recently the term has been greeted with cynical laughter by those who think it cloaks injustices too great to be wiped out under the present method of governing. In the past few years Americans have had great need of disinterested comment on public affairs. It has been hard for just men, who recalled the President's political practices in the past, to judge when he was animated by the public good and when by political expediency. Mr. Lippmann's deliberate method has provided a basis. His clear understanding of the difference between powers used in an emergency and powers used in normal times, his reminder that insecurity of employment and living conditions is the chief factor in world unrest and tyranny, his recurrent arguments for a realistic rather than a sentimental appraisal of the disturbing forces in international affairs, provide useful topics for the American citizen. The faith that many decent citizens have in the machinery of their government is reflected in Mr. Lippmann's writings; he is the spokesman of the progressive element, but not of the radical. His *Interpretations* is a textbook for leadership in American political life. (The Macmillan Company.)



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BRIEF NOTES OF NEW BOOKS

Two new plays of the New York stage are available in book form this month. They are "Paradise Lost," Clifford Odets' play of the decline of a middle-class family, and "Boy Meets Girl," by Bella and Samuel Spewack, a comedy of fresh situations satirizing Hollywood. "Spring Song," by the same authors, is included in the latter book. Random House publishes both.

James Edward Oglethorpe: Imperial Idealist is the title of a biography of the founder of Georgia by Amos Aschbach Ettinger, published by the Oxford University Press. Oglethorpe had a long and remarkable career; he founded Georgia in the reign of George II and lived to greet John Adams as the first American minister to England; his friendship with Dr. Johnson is known to bibliophiles. He died in 1785.

Two new volumes of the *History of the State of New York,* edited by Alexander C. Flick, have just been printed by Columbia University Press. These are volumes VII and VIII, dealing with *Modern Party Battles* and *Wealth and Commonwealth.* The complete set will contain ten volumes.

Essays about books, always of interest to a special circle, are contained in *Byways in Bookland* by James Westfall Thompson of the University of California, and published by the Book Arts Club at Berkeley. Professor Thompson describes medieval libraries, the lost memoirs of antiquity, Napoleon as a book-lover, book-hunting as a sport, and the mendacity of history in an informal, delightful manner, drawing upon his extensive lore of old books.

Cats have a special group of admirers. For them there is available a new book, *Cats* by Eleanor Booth Simmons. Miss Simmons is associated with the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals in New York City. She describes the care and training of cats and offers interesting anecdotes about cats on

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the stage and in public life, but she begins, "Of course we shall never really understand cats," and that is gospel. (Whittlesey House: McGraw-Hill.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES
By H. C.

In a former issue we asked our readers to help us find a book titled, *Question Marks and Exclamation Points,* and we are pleased to inform our questioner, Georgia LeCray, Rock Hill, S. C., that this was answered by the publishers themselves. This book is a collection of addresses delivered, for the most part, to students of MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill., by the president of the college, Clarence Paul McLelland. It is sponsored by the Alumnæ Association, and published by the Lakeside Press, Chicago, Ill. The price is $1.50, and it can be obtained either from the Riverside Press or from a local bookseller or from the Alumnæ Secretary, MacMurray College. . . . *Candy,* by Mrs. Lillie McMakin Alexander, with its original Rockwell Kent illustrations, is now published in a reprint edition, price 75¢, by Grosset and Dunlap, 1140 Broadway, New York. Mrs. Radley Brown, Columbus, Ohio, sent a request for this. . . . Grosset and Dunlap are the publishers of another book requested by Paul Richards, Mineola, N. Y., who asks for a list of James Hilton's books, *all* of them. Grosset and Dunlap publishes at 75¢ *And Now Goodbye;* Morrow & Co., 386 4th Ave., are the publishers of *Without Armor, Lost Horizon, Ill Wind,* $2.50 each;

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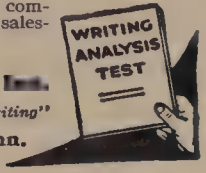
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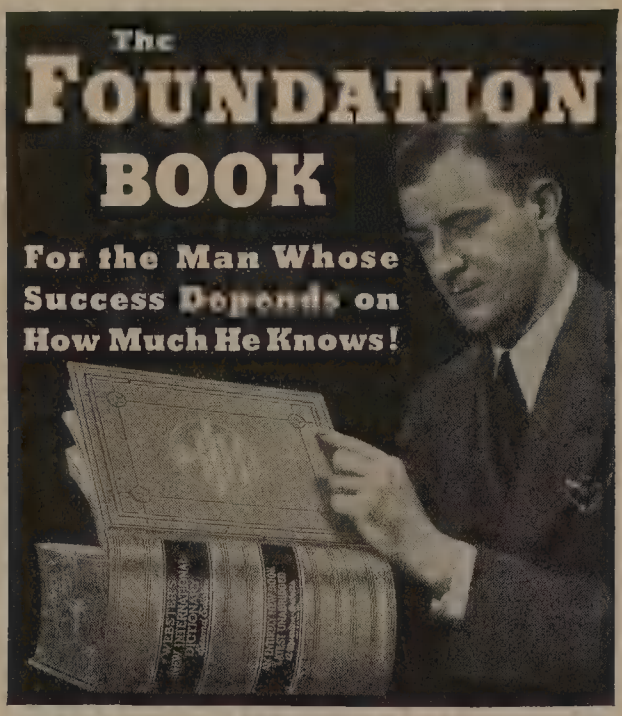
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and Little, Brown Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., brings out *Goodbye Mr. Chips* in two editions, $1.25, and a gift edition, $2.00. Other titles are published in London, and we are unable to quote definite prices. *Catherine Herself, Contango, Murder at School,* are all published by Macmillan Co., Ltd., 10–15 St. Martin's St., W.C.2. *Terry* is published by T. Butterworth, and *Caliban Shrieks* is a publication of Cobden-Sanderson, Ltd., 1 Montague St., W.C.1. The English book, *Knight Without Armour,* is not to be considered an additional title, for this is the American book, *Without Armour. . . . Electricity in the Home and on the Farm* is by F. B. Wright, is published by John Wiley, 440 4th Ave., New York, and sells for $2.50. This information was requested by Arthur Peacock, Galveston, Texas. . . . Negley Farson, author of *Way of a Transgressor,* is an American, although we understand this book was published first in England, and part of it—but just how much we do not know—was published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* Harcourt, Brace Co., 383 Madison Ave., will bring out the American edition on February 13th, price $3.00. Mr. Farson's publishers will inform Patrick Carmichael, Boston, Mass., where the author is now living. . . . Another English writer whose latest book will be just out when this column reaches the public is Storm Jameson. Her book, *In the Second Year,* is in no way connected with her other books. It is described as a "story of England under the rule of a dictator, after a bloodless revolution." Margaret Kincaid, Chester, Pa., will be able to get this through her local bookseller or The Macmillan Co., 60 5th Ave., New York, the publisher. Its price is $2.50.

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HENRY HARRISON, 430 6th Ave., New York City

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HIGH TARIFF VERSUS TRADE

BY CORDELL HULL

In June, 1934, President Roosevelt signed an Act of Congress authorizing the Chief Executive to enter into reciprocal commercial agreements with other governments for the purpose of promoting international commerce. The far-reaching implications of this Act were not generally appreciated by the citizens of the United States at the time. Without fanfare but, we believe, with sanity and a sincere desire to serve the public interest, the Department of State, with the cooperation of other agencies of the Government, has assumed the duty of negotiating these tariff agreements with foreign nations. Ten nations have signed agreements with us. Negotiations are progressing with others. As each new agreement is completed a clamor arises from those who oppose this method of restoring our exports and aiding in the cause of world recovery. "Free traders!" sounds the cry from high-tariff devotees. "You will destroy home industries!" warn the beneficiaries of tariff privilege.

It is time for the people of this country to take a stand. We can abandon now our new method of tariff readjustment downward and go back to the old log-rolling method which saddled us with the Hawley-Smoot Act, with resultant stagnation of international trade and lengthening breadlines, or we can give the new three-year Act and the new tariff agreements a fair trial for the full period contemplated. On the basis of the results thus far achieved, I have no doubt that such a trial will convince many of the most skeptical doubting-Thomases.

Opponents of the round-table method of tariff determination as contrasted with the former method whose logical outcome is isolationism contend that under the new Act the nation is at the mercy of "tariff tinkerers" and "international-minded theorists." The best way to answer such critics is to explain how the reciprocal agreements are reached.

The Trade Agreements Act brought into being tariff-bargaining machinery

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designed to restore our foreign commerce as an essential step in the progress toward national and world economic recovery. Agreements entered into are "for the purpose of expanding foreign markets for the products of the United States." The President is empowered, within strict limits, to proclaim such modifications of existing duties and other import restrictions as may be necessary, in connection with trade agreements, to accomplish this purpose. His authority is definitely limited by these words: "No proclamation shall be made increasing or decreasing by more than 50 per centum any existing rate of duty or transferring any article between the dutiable and free lists."

It is understood of course that tariff concessions granted foreign governments are in exchange for corresponding concessions granted us. Agreements made under the Act become effective pursuant to Presidential proclamations, without ratification by the Senate or further act of the Congress. The Act is limited to three years of life, which should provide sufficient time to demonstrate its effectiveness and to convince the people of this country that such Executive tariff adjustments are in the public interest. The Act specifically sets forth that no authority is given the President to reduce, in any manner, any of the indebtedness of any foreign country to the United States.

Unfriendly critics have asserted that tariffs are now being changed in the cloistered sanctums of the Executive Mansion, with no regard for specific industrial, commercial, or agricultural interests. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Act itself provides that: "Before any foreign trade agreement is concluded with any foreign government, reasonable public notice of the intention to negotiate an agreement with such government shall be given in order that any interested person may have an opportunity to present his views to the President, or to such agency as the President may designate, under such rules and regulations as the President may prescribe; and before concluding such agreements the President shall seek information and advice with respect thereto from the United States Tariff Commission, the Departments of State, Agriculture, Commerce and from such other sources as he may deem appropriate."

And that is exactly what is done. The humblest citizen may present his case and be certain that it will be carefully and sympathetically considered before any trade agreement is concluded. To-day we are able to draw up these reciprocal trade agreements upon the merits of the case and with a view to promoting the broad national interest rather than the interests of particular industries or sections.

It seems almost superfluous to point out the necessity for reciprocal tariff adjustments. If human experience has taught any lesson during the past six years it has demonstrated with certainty that the decline of international commerce and the difficulties of international finance have been among the most destructive factors in one of the most destructive depressions. I need not here undertake an analysis of the vastly confused and dislocated business and general economic conditions which have prevailed during the past six years on each of the five continents. Almost all countries have adopted every conceivable policy, method, and device in desperate efforts to extricate themselves from unbearably depressed conditions. Considering their problems primarily from the national point of view, these nations have built up trade barriers that have stifled international commerce. They have artificially canalized trade by preferential clearing and compensation arrangements. They have imposed restrictive quotas and have erected tariff walls so high as to constitute embargoes. The inevitable result of these narrowly nationalistic measures has been the break-

down of international monetary stability, the entire dislocation of the international price structure, and the damming up of surpluses of goods, productive facilities, and man-power the world over.

An ultra high-tariff policy means the strangulation of export trade. The very object of the protective tariff as distinguished from the revenue tariff is to reduce foreign imports, and imports are reduced of course to the degree that the tariff is raised. And, inevitably, reduced imports of those foreign goods needed in this country mean reduced exports. Foreign nations cannot and will not buy indefinitely without selling. The international exchange of goods is mutually profitable. Few people have ever doubted this with reference to our foreign trade as a whole. Many special interests have consistently expressed horror at the idea of imports at the very moment that they were expressing enthusiasm for the development of exports, without apparently realizing the absurdity of their position. The bitter experience of the past six years, under the highest tariffs in our history, should have convinced the most ardent and confirmed high protectionists that embargo tariffs do not ensure domestic prosperity; perhaps it is too much to expect also that they should realize that our extreme tariff policy was one of the great contributing forces making for depression and distress throughout the country. Such tariffs have forced the people of this country to pay fat subsidies to certain favored American producers. They have dealt a severe blow to our foreign trade by shutting off foreign purchasing power for our products and by causing retaliatory measures in many countries. Prices have dropped, factories have closed, workmen have been discharged, and farmers have been unable to sell their surpluses.

II

No statistical stimulation should be needed to arouse American citizens to consciousness of the present sad state of international trade. But let me mention briefly a few striking figures. World trade in 1929 was valued at $68,000,000,000. In 1933, it amounted to $24,000,000,000, and the share of the United States in i was only $3,788,000,000 as compared with almost $10,000,000,000 in 1929. Our exports dropped from $5,241,000,000 in 1929 to $2,133,000,000 in 1934, and our imports similarly declined from $4,400,000,000 to $1,655,000,000. There is every hope that our trade-agreements program will restore the $3,000,000,000 of exports thus lost. This would to an important degree comprise surplus agricultural products.

How has this loss of trade affected the States? Every State in the Union shares directly and indirectly in foreign trade, some to the extent of hundreds of millions. All States suffered severe losses in exports. Between the years 1929 and 1932, New York lost $708,000,000, Michigan $306,000,000, Texas $357,000,000, California $231,000,000, Illinois $172,000,000, and Pennsylvania $240,000,000. These direct losses, which meant contraction of production and helped to bring unemployment to the highest figure ever reached, by no means tell the whole tragic story. The indirect losses were far greater. For example, the decline of exports of automobiles meant a contraction of purchases by the automobile industry of many products and materials supplied by many States. Decreased employment in Detroit and other cities meant decreased consumption of the products of farms and industries in other parts of the country.

Let us note what the recovery of lost foreign trade would mean to my native State of Tennessee. This State shared in our total exports to the extent of $52,000,000 in 1929, but the amount had shrunk to $16,000,000 in 1932. This loss by important commodities was: Cotton, from $32,000,000 to $8,000,000; leaf tobacco, from $8,000,000 to $4,000,000; boards,

planks, and scantlings, from $2,000,000 to $735,000. In 1929 the per capita share of each individual in Tennessee in direct exports was $20. In 1932 his share had dropped to $6. If lost foreign markets were regained, employment in Tennessee would increase, the people of Tennessee would buy more from other States, and other States would buy more of Tennessee's products.

Thus the international exchange of goods is of immediate and vital concern to every individual in the nation. An exchange of goods makes business move, and without this exchange there is stagnation and unemployment. By our Trade Agreements program we are simply seeking to persuade other countries to join us in lowering excessive barriers to trade so that its movement may be less hampered and its healthy flow increased.

In the efforts of our government to bring about a clearing away of embargoes, the minimizing of restrictive quotas and the removal of numerous other economic impediments, in order to restore international trade, there need be no occasion for partisan difference. President McKinley had the welfare of every American citizen uppermost in his mind when he said: "The period of exclusiveness is past. Commercial wars are unprofitable. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not."

If I may speak for myself, I will say that I have stood always with those who have held that excessive barriers to international trade are the cause of many of the economic difficulties within the borders of our own and other countries and jeopardize friendly international relations. In February, 1916, when I was a member of the House of Representatives, I made some investigation of the various acts, methods, and policies practiced by many nations in their pursuit of international trade and commercial power. I became convinced that many of them were illegitimate, unfair, and unequal in their effects on other nations, with the result that much friction, ill feeling, and bitter economic strife often arose. I thereupon drafted a bill requesting that at the close of the War an international trade conference be held in the city of Washington, at which all commercial nations should be represented, for the purpose of establishing a permanent trade-agreement congress. The function of that congress would have comprised the consideration of all international trade methods, practices, and policies of an unfair, unequal, and objectionable nature, and the formulation of agreements eliminating and avoiding such methods and policies in the future. In the session of the Congress of 1919 I pointed out the inevitable result a national policy of punitive and discriminatory tariffs would bring.

At that time, closely following the end of the World War, the United States suddenly found itself a creditor nation. Here was something new. During all of its previous existence our country had been a debtor to the world. Suddenly become a great creditor nation, it still retained a debtor nation's psychology. Moreover, it had very, very few political or industrial leaders who possessed the vision to comprehend what the new position of the United States meant or what possibilities it held out. The United States was presented a great opportunity for constructive leadership which, if advantage had been taken of it, would have changed the economic history of the mad '20's.

Every circumstance conspired to favor us. Politically, we enjoyed the goodwill of virtually all countries. Economically, most of the world was hungering for the commodities of peace which we, with our production speeded up by the War, could supply. All that was required was the wisdom to comprehend the situation and the statesmanship to take advantage of it.

Unfortunately for us and the world, we missed the opportunity. Instead of making it possible for the countries which

needed vast quantities of our goods to replenish supplies exhausted by war and to rebuild cities and factories, and permit them to pay in such commodities as they could still produce and which we needed here, we raised our tariff barriers higher so as to exclude even those goods which it was advantageous for us to buy. Instead, we followed during the '20's the opposite course by steadily increasing all tariff and trade obstructions.

In one of his last messages to Congress, President Wilson referring to the general trade situation said:

"Clearly, this is no time for the erection here of high trade barriers. It would strike a blow at the large and successful efforts which have been made by many of our great industries to place themselves on an export basis. It would stand in the way of the normal readjustment of business conditions throughout the world, which is as vital to the welfare of this country as to that of all the other nations. The United States has a duty to itself as well as to the world, and it can discharge this duty by widening, not by contracting, its world markets."

This warning of President Wilson, which subsequent events proved to be a prophecy, was not heeded. When we found other countries unable to buy because unable to sell, we provided them with loans to the extent of billions of dollars. These loans bore little or no relation to sound commercial loans and investments. For seven years we played this merry game of booming business by selling on credit—in effect, by buying from ourselves.

The show appeared so good to those who never thought to look behind the scenes or to examine the fragile supports of the stage that they determined to continue the engagement. The collapse of prices in 1929 and the onrush of the depression gave the extreme protectionists and isolationists an excuse for administering to the country another large dose of their favorite medicine. The Hawley-Smoot Act of 1930 lifted the tariff rates still higher into the realm of sheer stupidity. This not only enhanced the difficulty of collecting on the huge loans made in the post-war years but also made it impossible for our foreign customers to buy anything more than a fraction of what they wanted and needed of our goods. The inevitable result was an abrupt shrinkage of exports, partly because of retaliatory tariff measures, widespread curtailment of production and employment, and a generally lower standard of living.

III

How many times thoughtful citizens of the United States, in looking back over these last years, must have regretted that this country failed to sense and seize the great opportunity that was offered to it just after the War! Is there any intelligent unprejudiced student of events who does not now realize the soundness of the unheeded warning given fifteen years ago?

The appalling repercussions of the Tariff Act of 1930 upon our own domestic prosperity have made it abundantly clear that the tariff is not a purely domestic affair. We have learned that a prohibitive "protective" tariff is a gun that bursts in our hands. The time was when we could fix the tariff to suit ourselves without serious injury to our exports. Then our exports consisted largely of raw materials of which we were the chief source of supply. That day is gone. Fully half our exports now consist of manufactures and semi-manufactures which are particularly vulnerable to foreign-trade barriers. Slamming the door shut against foreign products, we have found the door shut against our own products.

We are taking the only way out in attempting to bring order to the chaotic condition of arbitrary allotments, irritating restrictions, stagnated world trade; to restore mutually profitable international trade; to facilitate the stabilization of the international price structure.

It is a commonplace to any informed person that the resources of the world needed for modern ways of living and for the attainment of still higher standards of well-being and enjoyment are not evenly distributed throughout the globe. Certain basic raw materials needed by modern industry are highly concentrated in a few countries. Even our own great country with its huge resources of iron, coal, petroleum, lead, zinc, copper, and other minerals is deficient in many basic materials which have to be drawn from all parts of the world: wood pulp, tin, nickel, manganese, rubber, raw silk, jute, hemp, flax and other fibers, hides and skins, foods such as sugar, coffee, tea, spices, and certain fruits such as bananas. Few people object to imports of such products. Many, however, are misled by the protestations of special interests into the belief that we can get along very well without numerous manufactured and semi-manufactured articles which we find it profitable to import. The semi-manufactures are used by American industry in the production of finished manufactures; part of the manufactured articles imported from abroad contribute to the efficiency of our industries, the rest supply demands on the part of our agricultural and urban populations which our domestic industries cannot or are not in a position to satisfy. These so-called competitive imports, in the main, are not directly competitive at all. They are rather complementary to the comfort, enjoyment, and, in many cases, the actual needs of all classes of our people. These classes of imports, therefore, do not displace similar domestic production. Moreover, the larger these and other imports are, the larger the export trade we are able to enjoy.

It has been the custom for embargo-tariff enthusiasts to appeal to various groups for support, on the basis of supposed benefits members of those groups were told they would receive.

"See how embargoism affects the farmers!" And now that the farmers see their surpluses pile up because foreign trade has been crushed under extreme trade barriers, it might be well to review statistics of the Department of Agriculture, which show that in 1922 agricultural products made up fifty per cent of all exports; in 1934 the figure was thirty-five per cent. Six agricultural products alone—cotton, tobacco, lard, canned fruit, wheat flour, and fresh apples—usually account for a full third of all exports. Since this great outlet has been much restricted by artificial barriers put in the way of commerce, those concerned should realize the utter futility of high tariffs as means of insuring prosperity. Just how vital is that concern is indicated by the fall in annual value of exports from 1928 to 1932: Cotton, $571,000,000 to $345,000,000; tobacco, $123,000,000 to $64,000,000; lard, $72,000,000 to $31,000,000.

"See how embargoism affects the laborers!" Reduction in world trade means reduction in world production. Reduction in production means, inescapably, unemployment. Yet one of the most-used arguments is that the prohibitive tariff system protects American workers against the "foreign pauper labor" and the American people generally from a low standard of living. But does it? In this discussion it of course is understood that I believe in the maintenance of reasonable or moderate tariffs which will not allow excessive or undue importations of directly competitive products. But a study recently made of thirty-six typical industries which are not on an export basis and not aided by the tariff, and thirty-six industries the products of which are highly protected, shows that in 1929 the average remuneration of wage earners in the highly protected industries was $595 less than that of the worker in the industries which received no tariff benefits. The average annual income in the unprotected industries was $1,704, while that in the highly protected industries was $1,109. Protection for the la-

borer, indeed! American labor organizations should realize that they are playing into the hands of the real beneficiaries of tariff subsidies when they advocate high and still higher tariffs the effect of which is to reduce the opportunities for American labor as a whole.

IV

Trade agreements have been signed with Cuba, Belgium, Haiti, Sweden, Brazil, Colombia, Canada, the Netherlands, Honduras, and Switzerland. The agreements with Brazil and Canada went into effect on the first of January, 1936; the agreement with the Netherlands will come into force on February 1, 1936; that with Switzerland on February 15, 1936; those with Colombia and Honduras await ratification in those countries. Negotiations have been announced and hearings held in connection with proposed agreements with representatives of Costa Rica, El Salvador, Finland, France (and colonies), Guatemala, Italy, Nicaragua, and Spain. Negotiations with a number of these countries are well advanced toward completion.

The Cuban agreement, the first one signed, indicates the effectiveness of reciprocal reductions of trade barriers. Our Cuban trade fell from an average value of $481,000,000 in the years 1921-25 to $83,600,000 in 1933. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the loss of the Cuban market for foodstuffs alone meant about 817,000 acres taken out of production in the United States. In the trade agreement we lowered our tariff against her sugar, coupled with a quota in accordance with the provisions of the Jones-Costigan Act. Concessions were granted also on rum, in conformity with the Administration's policy for combating bootlegging; on tobacco, subject to quota limitations, and, for certain seasons of the year, on various fresh fruits and vegetables. In return, Cuba made substantial reductions on tariff rates on foodstuffs and industrial products. Hog lard—for example—purchases of which had fallen from $12,000,000 to a little over $500,000, obtained a reduction from $9.18 to $2.74 per hundred pounds, with an agreement to reduce the rate further in two years to $1.45. Vegetable oils, wheat flour, pork products, potatoes, rice, stock feed, dried fruits, nuts, and many other agricultural items were granted concessions. The industrial list is equally long and important, headed by such items as machinery and automobiles, office appliances, iron and steel, wood and lumber.

And what happened? Any of the disastrous consequences to home industry foretold by the ultra high-tariff devotees? Only a steady, healthy increase in trade with Cuba, amounting during the first fourteen months of the agreement to a gain of about seventy-three per cent! Steamship lines report that freight traffic increases between United States and Cuban ports are running as high as one hundred per cent better than in 1933.

The trade agreement with Canada promises to be of major importance to the producers and consumers of both countries, and the stimulating effect on industry and commerce as a whole will be a material factor in 1936 and later years in general economic recovery on both sides of the border. The concessions made by Canada to the United States in this agreement will affect beneficially much the larger part of our total export trade with the Dominion. While our agriculture and our industry will benefit largely from the expansion of their sales both in Canada and the United States, the agreement leaves for both agriculture and industry adequate protection even from a high-tariff standpoint in the domestic market. Consumers in both countries will benefit from stabilized prices of many products.

Yet considerable outcry arose when the agreement was finally approved, to the effect that it would seriously cripple the

cattle and the lumber industries in the United States by letting down the bars to Canadian cattle and lumber. This despite the definite limits to nominal amounts of such products permitted entry at the lower rates. But many cattle men of our Western States, and many lumbermen in the Pacific Northwest now agree that the reductions made in the rates of duty were moderate, and they are beginning to see the very real benefits to American agriculture, industry, and commerce from the agreement. As the trade agreements program moves forward it is to be hoped and expected that many other groups which have placed their faith in excessively high trade barriers will come to realize that by means of their careful and reasonable liberalization foreign markets for our agricultural and industrial products can be expanded to the benefit of themselves and the entire country.

It should now be entirely apparent that the stalemate in world trade is not to be ended by good wishes or ancient political touchstones. It was largely created by the raising of trade barriers to insurmountable heights. It will be correspondingly dissipated by skillful, patient negotiations to reduce some of those barriers to levels at which mutually advantageous trade can be resumed. No one country can do the job alone and unaided. But in the belief that a great country can show the way to the council table, the United States has determined to assume the leadership.

SONG AFTER SORROW

BY DANIEL W. SMYTHE

IN THE assembled light or the gathering of the dusk
I have walked with sorrow; it has been a snarl in the mind.
But I must be done with it, the thing like the empty husk
Of the worm-probed shell flung down to the quiet and blind.

In the swift sense I have worshipped all; I had not seen
What I was compelled to lose . . . and the unlooked-for will
Broke into the space of life. So it came to mean
More than the cool, diminishing light on the hill.

Shall one be rid of it by the old nourishment of sun?
The air charged with its lightning, the course of this day
With an awakening ground move many things to be done,
I know . . . with a new and tremulous demeanor I say:

It sweeps on! Earth drowns my sorrow! I depend on space,
The wind on the meadow and clover beside the stone;
For there are stars in the grass, there are trees to face
With a laugh for composing earth when sorrow is gone.

HOW BRIDIE'S GIRL WAS WON

A STORY

BY KAY BOYLE

THERE is no sand on this part of the coast, but a shingled beach on which the sea calls deeply, loudly forever. Ah-h-h-h-h goes the long, deep sighing of the water, and the waveful of stones shudders back into the tide. Ah-h-h-h-h goes the hollow warble of the sea withdrawing, and the fishing boats return and their sails fold down at the edge like petals shrivelling in the cold. One man, or two, jumps down from them as their keels strike, leaps hip-deep into the white water, and hauls the craft up from the shuddering echo of the stones. Ah-h-h-h-h goes the murmur of the water, and as it dies the boats ride inward, their guts a-gleam with the light-bellied fish they carry. The fishermen draw them up over the golden ribbons of seaweed to where the sea no longer comes.

"They catch them in June at Shetland," the fisherman with the beaked nose said, "and in October off the North Foreland, and in November at Folkstone, and then to the southward up to the month of February."

This was the news they were waiting for every night in the pub, to come by word of mouth, or by letter even, or over the radio to them. Or in the daytime, when the nets were mended and the rain blowing as usual, the men came into the pub and sat there with their beer or without it and talked of the weather and of when the herring would be likely to come. In the summer the women had time to walk in without hats for a glass of beer or to watch their husbands drinking; but now that it was winter there were only the fishermen left and this one woman with her hair cut short like a man's and wearing riding breeches.

"We'll know suddenly like," the fisherman with the beaked nose said. He was not a young man any longer, with the texture and brine of sea in the leather of his neck, and a drop on the end of his nose, and his little eyes rimmed with red. "There may be a change in the weather," he said, "and before you can pull your boots on, the herring'll be there."

The woman was standing at the bar with the others, a smart-looking, rich-looking woman lighting her cigarette for herself under the big framed picture of the King. His Majesty was in khaki, his beard tinted almost golden, his cheeks like the petals of roses, and a travesty of Viking strength in his pretty, painted face.

"Look here," said the woman to the fisherman as she slipped her lighter into her pocket. "You have a drink with me, the lot of you."

"All of us? Everyone in the place?" asked the fisherman, speaking in reverence to her.

"Yes, the lot," said the woman. "I want to get acquainted."

"Her's giving a drink," he said, and he turned round to the others and spoke

their language to them. "What'll it be then? Her asks what it'll be."

He turned back to her, rubbing his hands together, and watched her eagerly. He watched her call the pub-keeper and order what they wanted, watching her as if in fear that a change in her face might say her mind had altered. But there was her short nose, and her good chin, and her closed mouth holding the cigarette, unflinching. She was not very tall, a woman of thirty maybe, with a head of her own and a worldly way that went well with the clothes she was wearing. Once she had opened her purse and paid the pub-keeper over the bar, the fisherman with the beaked nose looked more respectfully at her and chose his language with care.

"Word ought to be along any day now," he said to her, "and then we'll know whether to steer north or southward for them." He picked up his glass of ale and he looked at her over it with his small, red, unhappy eyes. "Cheerio," he said dismally, and all the fishermen in the bar picked up their glasses and said "Cheerio" in voices as melancholy as the weather that fell endlessly against the panes.

And another day in the week this word came to them: that the herring gulls had left the ports to the north and were traveling southward. They were thick as thieves off Weymouth, the fisherman with the beaked nose was telling her, and the next word might be that the herrings themselves were moving down the coast. The woman stood at the bar in her riding breeches beside him, and her yellow oilskin coat hung down to her heels behind. There were two dogs lying at her feet, two feathery red spaniels with their hair waved dark and drenching by the rain; and save for them and the two people standing, there was no one else in the place.

"My son, he telephoned me last night from Weymouth," said the fisherman to her. "He says the herring gulls is like a snow storm over there. Did you ever run across my son?" he asked. "A big fine-looking man with black eyes and a fine head of hair? A well set-up fellow when you see him?"

"No," said the woman, hiking up her breeches, "I don't think I ever met anyone like that round here."

There were only the spaniels tenderly licking their feet on the boards of the floor, but the fisherman hesitated a moment before speaking.

"He was going to get married," he said then, looking down at the varnished wood where his empty glass was standing, "but everything goes queer with him someway." His voice passed low between them. "Everything was set for it—the ring and the house. They were going to get married in April or May."

"Look here," said the woman sharply, and the dogs raised their heads at the sound of her voice, "what about a drink with me?"

"You see," said the fisherman when the pub-keeper had come and gone, "my son's never had a mother to look to him." He wiped his nose on the back of his hand and leaned on the bar beside her. "My wife, she died, and everything went up in smoke like, and here was this lad. Well it's always been women," said the fisherman, tasting his beer. "First one and then another. And then he took up with this girl, and she was a nice girl, and I couldn't do enough for them. I gave them the house and I got Bridie his own boat, and he was going to settle down for good and all."

The door of the pub opened in from the rain, and a fisherman, with the stench of fish on him and the crablike legs of a sailing-man, came into the bar and shook off the rain from his visored hat. The woman in her riding breeches and the fisherman with the beaked nose turned round and looked at him from the bar.

"Hello, Watrus," said the fisherman standing at the bar. He pushed his own hat back from his short, gray fringe of

hair. "Here's she as give I and all a drink of beer last week."

"Pleased to meet she," said the fisherman. He stood a little way from them in respect, and he smiled at her under his stained mustaches. "I wasn't here last week, and that's a fact'm. The skipper'll tell you that's so."

"Have a drink now then," said the woman. "My name's Stephens—I call myself Mrs. Stephens."

"Pleased to meet you," said the little old fisherman, taking his hat off. He stood looking at the rouge painted on her lips and the pure white shirt, and the yellow-satin tie at her neck with the hound dogs patterned on it, brown and white, crying after the scent.

"Been telling she about Bridie," said the fisherman with the beaked nose, and the other man shook his head and his eyes shone bright at the sight of the beer set down on the counter.

"Bridie's the finest man on the coast," he said. He smoothed back his mustaches with the crooked side of his hand and he lifted his glass up. "Cheerio," he said, and his lips closed eagerly with love upon the bitters at the brim.

"What I was saying was, Bridie's girl, she run off," said Bridie's father in a low voice. "That wasn't any kind of a trick to play on a fine upstanding man like Bridie. Everything was as good as done, and she runs off with another man."

"Why didn't he go after her?" asked Mrs. Stephens, smoking. Bridie's father thought of that for a moment, drinking slowly at his beer, and then he said:

"I can't tell you that. Bridie, he never said a word about tracking them down. Maybe it's his pride. He has a lot of pride, has Bridie."

"Oh, has he?" said Mrs. Stephens. She looked down, wondering, at the clean light toe of her leather riding shoe.

"He could have fought that man and beat him if the fellow had ever come out and said what he wanted," said Bridie's father. "But that fellow, he goes off at night with the girl, and when Bridie goes to fetch her on a Sunday, she's gone since the night before. They run off in the fellow's car."

"If he's anything like a man he ought to fight for her," said Mrs. Stephens. She snapped her cigarette case open and took one out.

"Bridie's as good as any man in the country," said his father without anger.

"His girl didn't think so," said Mrs. Stephens with a smile.

"Her wasn't near good enough for Bridie," said Watrus, and the door from the street opened fast, as if from a gust of wind, and another man came blowing in. He was tall and broad, with his eyes as black as tar in his face, and his fisherman's leather-billed cap set rakishly on his head. A dark-blue seaman's sweater was rolled almost to his ears, and his black oilskin hung careless as a cloak from his shoulders.

"Here, Bridie, when did you get in!" said his father, and Bridie came swinging across the public room with a cigarette in the end of his mouth. He put his hand down flat on the varnished bar, and the sound of money rang out, and he said:

"Here you are. Everyone has a drink with me now. The herring's come. I seen them. You," he called out to the pub-keeper who came in from the dining room, "bring us half a pint of bitters all round. What are you drinking, lady? A pink gin! Ain't you the toff now? I tell you, I seen the herring," he said, talking fast. He leaned on the bar between Mrs. Stephens and his father, head and shoulders taller than the other man, his cheeks fresh and wet from the rain, his black eyes gay.

"Saw they?" said Watrus with a burst of laughter in his mustaches.

"Thousands of them," said Bridie, flinging his arm out. "They're getting the boats out now. You drink fast. I seen them resting on the sand at the bottom, thousands on thousands of them, shedding down their roe. You and Dad'll

come with me. My boat's as good as on the water. I seen them this morning, just before sunrise. They rose up like a flock of sheep and started southward."

Mrs. Stephens stood there near to him, smoking her cigarette, and watching him: watching the beer run quickly into his strong brown throat, watching his manly, dark-haired hand on his glass, and the side of his face, and the quick, bold, flashing eye.

"They'll be up with the rising of the moon to-night," he said. "Bring us another half-pint all round." He paid his money out flat on the bar, and the pub-keeper said:

"It's five minutes to closing time."

"Five minutes is four and a half minutes too long for us," said Bridie, talking quickly. "There's a fortune out there, and we're going to bring it in. Come on, drink fast, drink fast, old men," he said. "Drink it up, lady. We're going to sweep the sea clean and pick 'em off like daisies."

"Look here," said the woman in riding breeches. "I think I'll go out there with you."

"Sure," said Bridie, but when he looked at her something like shyness altered his eye. "The sea's like glass this afternoon, and it's freshening. From the look of it there won't be rain to-night."

"This is she as give I and all a drink one night last week," said his father, and Bridie's teeth went suddenly white in his face as he looked down into the young woman's face and tilted his hat and smiled.

It did not seem as if there were clouds above their heads, but as if this were the somber color of the heavens, this wide, unchanging, ashen tide of sky that flowed without barrier into the wide, unchanging, ashen tide of sea. The air was cold and, in spite of the fact that the rain had ceased, it was wringing wet on the hair and mouth. The fleet of boats went separately out across the water, and the nets were spread and allowed to drift with the movement of the current. And then the action of the men, and of Bridie even, lapsed like a lull in the breeze.

Every plank of Bridie's boat and every inch of rope was spangled with the silvery dead scales of the fish he had taken the night before and the night before that. They were clinging even to the coats and the boots that Bridie's father and Watrus wore. Mrs. Stephens sat in the tar-stained belly of the yawl with a great fur coat buttoned up to her chin and a cigarette in her fingers. Beyond them rode the other boats, and behind stood the smoke-white cliffs of the coast with the gulls hovering high, in clear, gleaming crescents of light against the heavens' darkness.

The two old fishermen were seated in the stem, and only when they cautiously now and again pulled the nets toward the surface, was any movement made. Bridie stood not far from Mrs. Stephens, filling his pipe up and looking out to sea, and the boat rocked gently, gently on the water, gentle as a cradle rocking in a quiet still unlighted room.

"Look here," said Mrs. Stephens suddenly out of the stillness to Bridie. "What's this about your girl turning you down?"

Bridie's face flashed quickly toward her, his eyes gone sharp with wrath.

"Who's been talking?" he said. He stood holding the bowl of his pipe in his brown, bare hand, his oilskin falling loose from his shoulders, and his visored hat set sideways on his short black, lively hair.

"Look here," said the woman again, and she crossed her legs in their leather boots and stretched them out before her. "I like you. Sit down here a minute. I just got kicked into the middle of next week myself. My husband's divorcing me."

She made a little face at him, and Bridie looked at her, and then he sat slowly down.

"What's over's done with," he said in a

moment. "I'm not wasting any time thinking about her."

He put his pipe in the corner of his mouth and felt for a match in his pockets.

"Here's my lighter," said Mrs. Stephens and leaned forward with the little flame in her hand.

"Only you know how it is," he said, sitting back and smoking. "I've always given women the go-by, and here this little chit, she up and runs out on me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stephens quietly, "that's just how it is."

"She was the Queen of the Carnival this year," said Bridie, and he looked out, half-smiling, half-grieving, over the darkening sea. "She had her dress all the way down from London, from a theatrical costumer's. You've never seen anything like the way the fellows went on about her. She had them all knocked silly."

"She's a great beauty, is she?" said Mrs. Stephens a little bitterly, but curiously as well.

"That was the whole trouble," said Bridie. "I never knew where I was with her. I might have known the way things would go in the end."

"That's the way I felt about my husband," said Mrs. Stephens. "Women were always after him, damn him. He should never have married anyone. But I went through everything with him—everything—and now *he* has started proceedings! Can you imagine it? *He's* divorcing me!"

"Good riddance to bad rubbish is what I says," said Bridie, folding his arms over.

"I suppose I do too," said Mrs. Stephens. She gave a little laugh and took another cigarette from her case. "Look here," she said. "What do you think you'll do next?"

"Who? Me?" asked Bridie, looking at her in surprise. "Oh, I'll recover. Her going away hasn't made ten minutes' difference in the time I get up in the morning or the time I go to bed. I'm not losing any sleep or getting any gray hairs either over that young lady, I'll tell you," he said with a little grunt of scorn.

"Of course, you have your work to do, you have your fishing to go on with," said Mrs. Stephens. "If I had any work I might think of it that way too." She looked down at her hands, as if asking help of them. "But my husband and I, we didn't live separate lives, we just lived one life together. Whatever he did I helped him at it. We were together all day—riding together, walking together, painting together. You see, he did a little painting."

"You mean houses?" asked Bridie.

"No. I mean pictures," said Mrs. Stephens. "He loved the wind and the sun and the rain," said Mrs. Stephens in a low, pain-tightened voice. "We liked the same things, always, five years of it," she said, "and then this absurd thing happened." Bridie was looking out over the sea and thinking of the weather, and the boat rocked gently, gently on the softly running tide. "I can't get used to it, to being alone, Bridie," she said, and when he looked back at the sound of her voice, she made another small wry face at him and laughed. "What am I going to do about it?"

"Well, you just look at me," said Bridie, shifting on the seat and spreading his shoulders wide. "The first few days I took it pretty hard, but after that I pulled myself together. I won't make no secret of it. I went blotto, as they says, for five days, but after that I straightened up. They were talking about a ship up at Weymouth, and I went up there to see her. That was a sight, I tell you!" His eyes were on Mrs. Stephens as he talked, black and bold and almost merry. "She'd touched at St. Michael's on her way home and laid three weeks there," said Bridie, "and there the goose-barnacles had fastened on her and she was covered thick with them from stem to stern. You could see them all over her, good as armor, it was! Well, do you know, they hadn't been able to make two miles an hour,

even with the wind, from the weight of the barnacles on her, and they were putting her up for sale once her cargo was discharged."

"Yes, I suppose that was a great help at the time," said Mrs. Stephens, looking down at her hands. "But you see nobody ever brought a barnacled ship along to take my mind off my husband when he went away. Waking or sleeping, night or day, I can't think of anything but him. I want him back, and that's all I can think of."

The two men at the other end of the boat had got to their feet again and were stooping over in the failing light to raise the nets and peer within them, and Bridie rose uneasily and moved behind Mrs. Stephens and laid hold of the rope hanging into the water from the stern.

"Take it easy, Bridie," his father called in a low voice down the length of the boat to him, and the three men cautiously and in rhythm drew the dripping ends of the cotton nets in and folded them on the timber.

"Not a sign," said Watrus from the stem, and Bridie's father called out, "Let 'er go, Bridie." The three men fed out the nets again, in rhythm, into the lapping, quiet sea. There was the free, wild taste of salt on the air as Bridie returned and sat down again beside her.

"Sure," he said. "I know how you feel about it. But the worst of it is, I can't get it out of my head that this bloke she went off with, he was a toff. How's that going to end for her, I'd like to know? She's got the looks all right to carry anything off, but you can't tell me she could step as high as the kind of society he steps out in."

The evening was deepening now over the water, and the buoys lighting, single and clear and distant as stars. Far at the end of the land, the pale white wings of the semaphore lifted and fell and lifted. Slowly, like planets rising, the lights began burning below the fading cliffs in the windows of the town.

"I know," said Mrs. Stephens. "I'm sure they couldn't be happy together."

He was sitting so close to her, his elbows leaning on his knees and his oilskins gleaming, that she saw the smile that went suddenly white across his dark-burned face.

"I bet she could carry it off, at that," he said. He might never have known that Mrs. Stephens was there or that she had spoken. "I bet she could sit down at table with royalty even and nobody'd see the difference."

"Look here," said Mrs. Stephens abruptly. "Did you ever think of doing yourself in, Bridie?"

"Doing myself in?" asked Bridie, starting back. "Who, me?"

"I think about it all the time," said Mrs. Stephens in a trembling voice. "I take a drink to forget about it, and then I feel more like it than ever. If I don't get my husband back I'm going to do it. I've picked out the cliff. It's right over there," she said, pointing into the darkness.

"You need a change maybe," said Bridie, uneasily. "You need a change of scene, as the saying goes, maybe."

"This is my change of scene," said Mrs. Stephens. "I came down from London to get away from where we'd lived together. I came down here to the coast to think things out and try to square my shoulders." She looked toward him in the dark and tried to grin at him. "Well, I don't seem to be squaring them, do I?"

"Sometimes things like this is harder on a woman," said Bridie. Only the whites of his eyes and his teeth, white as a dog's teeth as he smiled uneasily, were left of him in the gathering dark. "Women don't take things so lightly, that is, some women."

"Oh, don't they?" said Mrs. Stephens. "Look here, Bridie," she said. "Kiss me. They can't see from the other end."

"Who cares if they do?" said Bridie, bold and reckless, and he put his arms quickly around her. He kissed her hard

and long on the mouth, and the leather bill of his rakish hat struck the top of her head and rolled off down between them.

"You've got beautiful hair," said Mrs. Stephens, drawing away in a minute.

"By God," said Bridie, breathing hard. Mrs. Stephens took a cigarette from her case and put it between her lips.

"Have you a match, Bridie?" she asked. "I'm afraid my lighter has perished."

He took out a box from his pocket and struck one on it, and she saw his hand was shaking as he held the flame from the breeze. With the light of it between them, they looked into each other's faces, and Bridie stooped forward in confusion and picked up his hat from the bottom of the boat and put it on the side of his head.

"Look here," said Mrs. Stephens, smoking. There was nothing to be seen now but the lights on land and the lights of the buoys moving, and they might have been anywhere, sitting together in darkness, except for the lapping of the cold tongues of sea. "What are you going to do about your girl?" asked Mrs. Stephens. "Aren't you going to put up a fight for her?"

"What's over's through with, like I said," said Bridie's troubled voice. "They say she went over to France or somewheres. I don't know where she went. I'm not one to cry over spilt milk," he said with a short laugh. "Not me."

"No, but if you love someone you go after them tooth and nail," said Mrs. Stephens. "That's why I came down here to the coast," she said, and lap, lap, went the cold tongues of the sea, lap, lap at the fishing-boat's side. "Look here, you're going to go after that girl of yours, Bridie," said Mrs. Stephens. "You're going to get her and bring her back to her people. And you're going to marry her. You're crazy to ever think you weren't."

"What about the other bloke?" said Bridie. "Maybe they're married now."

"Maybe they're not," said Mrs. Stephens. She sat smoking her cigarette, her voice tight and hard beside him. "I'll give you whatever you need to get her and bring her back," she said.

"I haven't the money to leave the country and go after her," said Bridie, shifting.

"I'll give you the money," said Mrs. Stephens. "I'll give it to you forever. And why, do you want to know why?" she said. He had put his arm around her again and his salty hand was cold as a sea-thing's in her coat's dark fur. "Because I believe in love," she said. "I believe in it. That's all."

The men were at the nets again, but Bridie did not move from where he was. Her head came almost to his shoulder, unseen, but the hair brushed softly against his chin and there was the odor of flowers in it.

"Look here," she said in her brief, quick voice. "Don't let them tell you anything else. Nothing matters but love. I know. I'm thirty. I'm old enough to be your mother."

"Hold on, lady," said Bridie, softly, "I'm twenty-six."

"It doesn't matter," said Mrs. Stephens. "Love matters. You're going to go after her and bring her back. You're going to do it. Do I sound hard? Do I sound tough? Do I look like a hard-boiled baby? Well, I am. I'm so damned tough that I'd cut anybody's throat for it —for love, I mean. I'd steal, lie, murder for it. And now you know."

"How do you know I'm going after her?" asked Bridie, and his heart was shaking with wonder within him.

"Because you're going to listen to me," said Mrs. Stephens. "I've got a lot of money, too much money, and I'd give every cent of it for the one thing worth being poor for. Love isn't something you meet on every street corner, Bridie."

"I know that," Bridie said.

"Then don't let it go once you've met it," said Mrs. Stephens. "Go and tell her, as I've told you, that nothing matters except holding each other in your arms forever. What good is anything on

earth going to do you, Bridie, my love, if you haven't the girl you want to wake up to in the morning and to come home to in the evening, and the kids you want?"

"Shut up," said Bridie. He jumped to his feet in his grief and stood swaying in the darkness, and she knew he was standing there still because of the skirt of his oilskin coat that moved with the motion of the water, now the touch of it on her knee, and then the touch of it gone, like a hand withdrawing and returning in the dark.

"If you're in love, Bridie," she said, "for God's sake go and bring her back to the people she belongs to and the kind of life she'll be happy in. It's for her sake as well as for yours that I'm saying this to you. You can get off to-morrow on the early train."

"Yes," said Bridie, scarcely aloud.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Stephens, and Bridie sat down beside her. "I want this so much," she said in a strong, tight voice to him, "that I'm ready to go off the end of this boat if anything interferes with it. I want to see you two married, and I'm not going to stop until it's true. If you looked at her once again the way you looked at me in the pub to-day, Bridie, she'd leave any man and follow you back from wherever she is, and she'd live and die beside you."

"Do you think so?" asked Bridie, holding her close in his arms. "Do you think that's true?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Stephens. "I'm telling you. She doesn't belong to him, they have nothing to do with each other. I know it. She belongs to that town back there and the cliffs, and she ought to be sitting here to-night in your arms the way I'm sitting, and you ought to be kissing her the way you finished kissing me." Her hand reached out as if for help, and it closed with strength on Bridie's. He was sitting there, smiling in the dark at the thought of what she said. "You ought to reach Glasgow to-morrow evening at the latest," she said. "You could be in Wick by the following day. From there you can get to the Orkneys in no time."

"The Orkneys!" said Bridie in bewilderment. "What am I going there for?"

"They're at the Ship Inn at Kirkwall," said Mrs. Stephens. "Waiting for his divorce to come up."

"How do you know?" asked Bridie.

"Look here," began Mrs. Stephens, and then the voice of Watrus called out from the other end, deep and sweet, like a song being sung in the darkness.

"Stand by, Bridie," called Bridie's father the length of the boat. "The nets is heavy as stone."

MURDER IN MASSACHUSETTS

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE MILLEN CASE

BY JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

TAXI-DRIVER Clement Molway was fingerprinted and photographed by mistake the first time. This is how it happened: A patrolman thought he was trying to steal the wallet of a drunk when Molway was really trying to tuck him comfortably and securely into a corner of his cab. Molway had picked up four passengers on Washington Street, Boston, after the Sunday law had closed taverns and bars at midnight. They wanted another drink, and he brought them to a speakeasy on Essex Street. Invited to join them, he accepted and left the fourth passenger asleep in the cab.

The passengers were noisy and boisterous when they came out. They wanted to go to Everett. The patrolman on the beat stopped to look them over with a speculative eye and when he saw Molway step into the cab, put his hands upon an unconscious passenger, and roll him into position, he decided to interfere. After they were all placed and seated, he stepped upon the running board and directed Molway to drive to police headquarters.

Molway was booked for attempted larceny and followed the routine of all defendants. He was photographed, fingerprinted. His Bertillon measurements were recorded. He became two 3 x 5 pictures, front and side views, in the sliding metal racks of the Bureau of Records, familiarly known as "Rogues' Gallery." Molway did not mind particularly. It was an interesting experience and he felt that his passengers would stand by him. They did. The next morning in the district court they were sober and contrite. There were explanations and apologies and Molway was discharged for lack of prosecution. He had lost his job. In the corridor the passengers made up a small purse for him.

Molway had been out of a job frequently before. He shrugged his shoulders and accepted the situation. He was young, only twenty-two, healthy, with broad shoulders and a strong chin. He had worked for many cab companies in Boston and its suburbs. He had been a lumper on an oil truck and a day laborer for the city. His mother and father lived in Brighton, and when he was out of work Clement lived at home. He felt sure that he would make out all right. Now that it was all over it did not occur to him to inquire about the photograph and fingerprints on file in the Bureau of Records. The question of the "right" of a police department to keep such records of an innocent person did not interest him. He was immediately concerned only with finding a job.

Molway was a casual, average newspaper reader. He liked the funnies and the sporting pages. He scanned headlines and read the printed matter beneath them only as far as his interest

lasted, whether for one paragraph or ten. If he had read three months earlier, in August, 1933, that Captain Lodge of the Cambridge Armory had been held up and robbed of the keys to the arsenal he had forgotten it. If he had read a few weeks later that the arsenal had been entered and robbed of guns and ammunition he might have been momentarily surprised and interested, but would have dismissed the news as something too remote to concern him.

II

While Clement Molway alternately considered going on public welfare and found unexpected jobs to meet recurrent emergencies, both Boston police and Boston underworld were baffled by a series of holdups which began at small outlying filling stations, garages, and chain stores and became increasingly bolder. Police were puzzled mostly by the absence of the inevitable stool pigeon, but their bewilderment was mild compared with that of organized crime. Boston, Worcester, and Providence gang leaders respected a tacit agreement never to enter one another's territory. Now it looked as if boundary lines were being ignored. At first gang leaders suspected one another, until they talked it over; and then amazement staggered them. It would be impossible for a gangster from New York or the West to enter New England and operate unknown to local gang leaders. His very arrival would be grape-vine-telegraphed throughout the area. If he came unexpectedly and without forewarning it might indicate a desire to "muscle in." Police headquarters would be advised by anonymous letter or telephone call of his presence and the address where he might be picked up. There had been no new arrivals. The agreement was still respected, and yet a gang was operating. It was unthinkable to the professional mobster that a gang could develop and operate under his very nose without his knowledge and without the approval of organized crime. When one of these holdups occurred, gang leaders heard of it on the radio or read of it in the newspapers; and called one another on long-distance telephone. When the Poli Palace Theater in Worcester was held up and robbed professional gangsters became nervous and feared that soon they would be compelled to defend themselves in crimes that they did not commit.

Tension increased as this series of crimes progressed from holdups to murder. E. W. Clark, a salesman, was shot just after he turned the key in the door of the Iver Johnson Sporting Goods store in Fitchburg on the night of December 11, 1933, because he refused to obey the command of three men in an automobile to return and reopen the store. Three weeks later, on January 2, 1934, three men walked into the lobby of the Paramount Theater in Lynn. They bore arms that might have come from a State Armory: a sawed-off shotgun, a Woodsman's rifle, and an automatic. Employees were preparing the theater for the morning performance. A girl was in the box-office. The projection-machine operator was in his booth. Ushers were in the auditorium. There were eleven persons in the theater at the time. The manager had not yet come from his home. The safe was locked, and he alone knew the combination. The three hold-up men cowed the employees with their guns. One employee was directed to call up the manager and tell him to come down to the theater. She did. All were then herded into the auditorium. There, C. Fred Sumner, a bill poster, made a run for it, down the aisle toward the stage.

"Oh, a wise guy," said the gunman with the rifle. He aimed and pressed the trigger, and Sumner fell dead.

III

Clement Molway had had several jobs since the night he was photographed and

fingerprinted. He was out of work again, broke, when a taxi-driver told him that Louis Berrett was looking for a driver. Louis Berrett was a member of the Independent Taxi Owners Association and owned two ITOA cabs. Membership in the association gave him the right to use recognized stands, the benefit of group insurance, and central offices to receive taxi calls. Molway went to the Independent garage to see him.

"You need a driver?" Molway asked.

Berrett looked him over. "Yeah. Can you drive?"

Molway nodded. "I've had lots of experience."

"Okay," said Berrett and nodded toward his second cab. "Take it and be careful."

"You couldn't stake me to the price of a couple of meals, breakfast and lunch, could you?" Molway asked.

Berrett thought it over. "Sure," he said, and flipped him a half dollar. "I hope you take in that much," he added.

Molway got behind the wheel and drove out of the garage. The contract for employment was as simple as that. Berrett followed, cast an appraising glance at the disappearing cab, and turned off in a different direction.

They met that night at the garage. Molway turned over four dollars and twenty cents, the day's take. Berrett checked the meter, figured Molway's twenty-five per cent, deducted the half dollar, and handed him fifty-five cents.

"Got a place to flop?" Berrett inquired. "We get out early in the morning."

Molway shook his head.

"Come on up to my place," Berrett invited. "I've got a room on Falmouth Street."

Molway agreed and at the end of a week the arrangement had become so satisfactory that they decided to share the room and split the cost. After three weeks they were agreeably intimate. Molway knew that Berrett was not living with his wife and Berrett was familiar with Molway's domestic situation. Molway did not tell Berrett that he had been arrested, that his photograph and fingerprints were on file at headquarters; not because he was ashamed of it, but simply because he did not think of it.

On the morning when the Paramount Theater in Lynn was robbed, Clement Molway and Louis Berrett left the garage at 7 o'clock as usual. At 8:10 Molway picked up a fare at the corner of Dover and Tremont Streets, roughly twelve miles from the Lynn Paramount Theater. She was a slight woman, elderly, lame, a maid in a men's club. From 7 until 11 Berrett was curbstone-cruising in the downtown area, looking for fares. Business was bad the day after New Year's. Neither took in enough to pay for the gasoline used and the compulsory liability insurance on their cabs. The next day was no better. The ground was covered with deep snow and the temperature hovered at zero.

Berrett turned in his cab earlier than Molway that night and went directly to their room to get warm. They would eat together when Molway arrived. He removed coat and vest, lay on the white enameled iron bed in his shirtsleeves, covered himself with a comforter, smoked a cigarette, and casually turned the pages of a tabloid newspaper. He heard footsteps on the stairs coming up; knew that it could not be Molway, and supposed that it must be other roomers.

The door was flung open suddenly and two burly men walked into the room. The first held a blue steel automatic in his hand. Berrett drew a quick breath, swallowed hard, and dropped his paper. He was sure it was a stick-up. He did not move.

"My watch is in the top drawer," he said, "and I've got four dollars and ninety cents in my pocket. You can take it or I'll get it for you, whatever you say."

The man with the automatic walked over to the bed and looked down at him. "Oh, a wise guy," he said.

Berrett shook his head, "No," he answered. "I know what's good for me."

"Get up," the intruder commanded. His companion was now rifling the bureau drawers.

Berrett got up. "You're coming with me," he was told. "We're going for a ride."

Berrett was desperate. Nobody was going to take him for a ride, drill him, and toss his body off at a lonely roadside. He couldn't figure it out. It must be a new taxi racket. There was nothing to do but fight for it. Berrett grabbed at the automatic. A stinging blow on the point of the jaw sent him sprawling back upon the bed.

"Don't get tough with me," he was warned.

The intruder felt under the pillows, jerked Berrett from the bed, and sat him forcefully in a chair. He ripped spread and bed sheets off, tipped over the mattress. The other dumped the contents of drawers upon the floor and then went to the closet to ransack his clothing.

Berrett rubbed his jaw. "I'm on the level," he protested. "I haven't got anything hidden around here. All I got is my watch and the four ninety I told you about."

"Listen." The man with the gun came over to him. "Don't pull that stick-up gag on us, Berrett. You know we're a couple of cops and you know what we're looking for. Where's Molway?"

Realization dawned upon Louis Berrett. They were policemen and they wanted Molway. He felt a sinking in the pit of his stomach. Molway must have been in a jam with his cab; the worst possible jam, a hit-and-run case perhaps. He hoped nothing had happened to his cab.

"Where's Molway, I asked you," the officer demanded.

Berrett's instinct was to protect his friend and buddy. "I don't know," he lied.

"Doesn't he work for you?"

"He did," Berrett answered, "but he left a couple of days ago. I haven't seen him since."

The trio heard the door below slam. The policemen became silent and listened expectantly. Berrett dared not cry out. Someone mounted the steps and in a few moments, Molway walked along the landing and into the room. It had been a cold, discouraging day and he had stopped for a few drinks after putting up his cab.

One of the plainclothes men grabbed him by the shoulder. Molway stared in amazement at the disordered room. "What's the idea of tipping the place upside down?" he began. His wrists were caught and handcuffs snapped upon them.

"So he left you a few days ago," jeered the officer, turning to Berrett. "You didn't know where he was? I think you'd both better come along."

They went to police headquarters in a squad car, hungry and puzzled.

IV

Eleven persons had looked into the muzzles of rifle, shotgun, and automatic at the Paramount Theater hold-up the day before. Occasionally during the twenty minutes it had taken the manager to get from his home to the theater they had lifted their eyes from the firearms to the faces of the three gunmen. One wore a handkerchief beneath his nose, covering the lower half of his face. Of the other two, one was very tall. The eleven witnesses were unquestionably nervous, but the two uncovered faces should have been stamped indelibly upon their minds.

But when the big black sedan that bore the gunmen to the Paramount Theater had roared away with two hundred dollars taken from the safe, and panic had somewhat subsided, no two of the witnesses could give the Lynn police similar descriptions of the criminals. Since Boston had the largest and most complete

Rogues' Gallery in New England, the eleven witnesses were brought by the Lynn police to Boston Police Headquarters to look through 2000 out of 150,000 faces in the hope of isolating at least one of them as a suspect. The racks are separated into divisions and subdivisions—cracksmen, forgers, auto thieves, burglars, gunmen—and so devised that by dropping each rack and moving the thumb slowly, faces drop quickly like the scenes in a penny peep machine, showing almost one a second. From out of these a couple of dozen were chosen, merely because some witness said, "That looks like him."

Out of this assortment two witnesses pointed doubtfully to the pictures of Clement Molway. The record showed that he was a taxi-driver. The bureau of hackney carriages showed that he had recently been licensed to drive for Louis Berrett. Sergeant Arthur Tiernan and special officer William Bonner were sent out to pick him up. They brought back both Berrett and Molway, two dazed and hungry drivers, for questioning.

Hours later Berrett and Molway sat in separate cells, heavy-eyed and weary, wondering what was the import of this long questioning. "Where were you at eight o'clock yesterday morning? What time did you leave your rooming house? What time did you check in at the garage? What time did you check out? How far is it to Lynn? To Lynn Square? How fast could you drive there? How fast did you drive there yesterday? You're a liar. You did drive there yesterday. Where's the gun? What gun? Don't give me that what gun stuff! You know what gun!"

Berrett shook his head and tried to clear it of the nightmare. He wondered what was the charge against him or Molway. It couldn't be a hit-and-run case. They wouldn't go to all this trouble. And why this query about the gun? He had never carried a gun in his life. Berrett could not know that it is considered good police practice to let the suspect tell himself and his questioners the charge, because when he does that he ties himself up to the crime. Berrett was told that he would be in the line-up to-morrow morning.

The line-up is a modern police institution. It is considered good evidence to have a victim pick out of a line of average men the person suspected of the crime. The line-up is usually made up of plain-clothes men, inspectors, the janitor, salesmen trying to interest the department in traffic devices, telephone repairmen, any person in the corridor who does not mind devoting ten or twenty minutes to an interesting experience in the public interests. As a reporter I have been pressed into service a number of times. I have observed that it is next to impossible not to pick the suspect out. The decoys look on with interest or unconcern. The prisoners moisten their lips, swallow, look steadily into the eyes of the witness or victim, and in trying to make themselves appear unconcerned, make themselves conspicuous. I have tried acting in a line-up as I thought a defendant must feel, and with interesting results. I have been picked out twice as a snatch thief, once as a pickpocket; and once a woman hit me with an umbrella for having attempted to assault her.

Into this line-up on the following morning went Louis Berrett and Clement Molway. The police will tell you that they were fair about it. Molway and Berrett were both permitted to shave and wash and make themselves presentable so that beards and disheveled appearances would not give them away. They were placed apart in an average line-up and the Lynn witnesses were brought in separately. Out of eleven witnesses, eight walked down the line, each stopped first in front of Molway, placed a hand upon his shoulder and declared "This is one," and then in front of Berrett, saying "This is another."

Berrett and Molway were thereupon brought to the desk and formally booked

for the murder of C. Fred Sumner, the bill poster in the Paramount Theater in Lynn. They were photographed, fingerprinted; their Bertillon measurements, their histories, and other information were recorded; and yet neither Louis Berrett nor Clement Molway knew what was the charge against him. They were turned over to the arresting officers, Sergeant Tiernan and Special Officer Bonner, to be delivered into the care of the Sheriff of the Essex County Jail in Salem. Handcuffed to Molway on the way to Salem, Berrett looked over at the arresting officers.

"Give us a break, will you?" he asked Tiernan. "Tell us what this is all about. What's the charge?"

"You know what the charge is, all right," Tiernan answered.

"You're bringing us to jail," Berrett persisted. "We know that. But it wouldn't hurt now to tell us why."

"You're charged with murder," Tiernan told him.

Berrett smiled genially. He thought it was a joke. Molway stared at them surprised and uncomprehending.

"Cut out the clowning," Berrett said. "I'm serious. Tell us! What is the charge?"

"I told you the charge," Tiernan snapped.

Berrett became silent, as did Molway. He couldn't believe it and he could not figure it out. He would wait and see what the day would bring.

Sergeant Arthur Tiernan came back from Salem that night and walked into the press room at police headquarters in Boston. He sat down, lighted a cigarette, and looked round at the reporters.

"You know," he said, "I have a hunch we've got the wrong guys for that Lynn job."

"What do you mean?" one of the reporters inquired. "Eight persons identified them, didn't they?"

Tiernan nodded. "I still have a hunch we're wrong," he said. "No two guys could put on the act they put on. Berrett really thought it was a stick-up when I walked into his place last night."

Sergeant Arthur Tiernan's conscience troubled him. He talked it over with his wife and told her of his doubts. When Molway and Berrett were about to go to trial for their lives for the murder of Sumner, Tiernan used his day off to go to Salem to tell the district attorney how he felt. He was told to go back to his own jurisdiction and police department; Essex County could very well take care of its own defendants. When Molway and Berrett stood in the shadow of the electric chair Tiernan was not called as a witness. His testimony, as the arresting officer, might strike a jarring note in what was admittedly a clinched case.

The district attorney had moved for an immediate trial, and the motion was granted. Eleven witnesses now pointed from the witness stand accusing fingers of recognition at them in the prisoner's dock. They were definitely on their way to the electric chair.

V

The Commissioner of Public Safety of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is head of the uniformed State Police Force and Chief of the Division of State Detectives. For General Daniel Needham the office was a temporary resting place on his journey up the political ladder. As a candidate for Mayor of the city of Newton, the General needed an issue which would bring him favorably, and if possible spectacularly, to the attention of the electorate. A bill filed with the legislature for the unification of State, City, and Town police departments provided an excellent issue and an opportunity for unlimited public appearances to urge its adoption. A crime wave was mounting. The bill had popular support and was fought vigorously by politicians because it would end the authority of the city police commissioners and

town chiefs and all of the political patronage and influence associated with their offices. It would end local police home rule, prevent ward heelers, city councillors, representatives and minor politicians from acting as "fixers" in drunken driving and minor misdemeanor cases, and would centralize police authority in a State Scotland Yard. Town police chiefs and city police commissioners were militant in opposition, and naturally those who opposed the bill wished to discredit the State Police as much as possible.

Berrett and Molway were on trial. The evidence of eye-witnesses pointed to their guilt. General Needham was inspired to frighten further the underworld and to keep himself before the electorate by buying exhibition space in the annual automobile show at Boston to display the modern arms, ammunition, radio, and other trappings for the apprehension of criminals employed by the progressive Department of Public Safety. Throughout the day a uniformed State patrolman was on duty to hand out pamphlets, answer questions, and give impromptu lectures. After eleven at night the arsenal was unguarded except for a lone, elderly watchman in the basement who tended the fires and made a round every two hours among the glittering cars and automobile accessories in huge Mechanics Building.

Soon after midnight on Sunday morning, January 27, 1933, three men forced the rear door of Mechanics Building and walked stealthily down the steps and through the basement. The watchman heard them, saw them, and was too frightened to move. One was tall. The other was not quite so tall, but just as strong-looking. The third was slight and wore a handkerchief over the lower half of his face. An automatic was thrust into the watchman's stomach. He was bound and gagged and a few minutes later a big black sedan roared away with all that was important of the State Police exhibit, including machine gun, tear gas bombs, revolvers, arms and ammunition, and the police short-wave radio. Not until hours afterward—when the janitor had struggled free of his bonds—was Boston police headquarters notified.

Six days later, on February 2nd, the machine gun reappeared in the rural Massachusetts town of Needham, suddenly and with devastating effect. While the 9:15 morning train standing in the station divided one side of the town square from the other, three men walked into the Needham Trust Company. Two were tall. One was slight and wore a handkerchief over the lower half of his face. The tallest carried a Thompson submachine gun; the next a woodsman's rifle; the third, an automatic. The first marched the treasurer, Arnold Mackintosh, into his own office and made him stand with his face to the wall. The second with the woodsman's rifle, blew the hand of Walter Bartholemey, an aged guard, from the handle of the iron grille gate to vaults and money, as Bartholemey tried to close it. The smallest remained on guard in the center of the banking room. A frightened girl reached the burglar alarm and pushed the button. The bell rang and Forbes McLeod, a stout, red-faced, kindly policeman, trotted leisurely around the 9:15 train to respond. The thing had to be answered although it was always going off accidentally anyway. A burst from the machine gun shattered the window in Mackintosh's office. Forbes McLeod dropped between the railroad tracks and the snow was quickly stained with crimson. The machine gun sprayed the town square, store fronts, and automobiles. Men, women, and children dived for cover. Three men came out of the bank, marching Treasurer Mackintosh before them. He was kidnapped and compelled to stand on the running board, a shield for the gunmen as they circled the town, passed the police station, and followed the patrol wagon to the square as it raced to

answer the emergency call. The sedan sped through Needham Square and through Needham Heights where Frank O. Haddock was arguing with Fireman Timothy Coughlan about Father Coughlin. Two blue uniforms became targets as the sedan sped by. Policeman and fireman dropped in the snow.

VI

The Needham bank robbery became my concern when it became my assignment as a newspaper reporter. State, City, and Town police were at loggerheads over the unification bill. When I arrived at the Needham bank at 10:10 that morning I found a group of open-mouthed, curious persons standing outside the bank, staring at it. Inside were two town policemen, dazed and still trying to comprehend that two of their companions and associates had been shot down. Boston police fingerprint and ballistic experts were scouring the bank for clues. I inquired what Boston police were doing outside of their jurisdiction and was told that they had been invited to come in by Chief of Police Arthur P. Bliss of Needham. State police had not yet been notified, although it is the common practice among town police departments to turn to the State Department of Public Safety for technical assistance or advice. Two hours later State Detective Michael Fleming learned of the robbery from a reporter in the adjoining town of Dedham and came immediately to the scene.

To the reporters who assembled in the Needham Trust Company it soon became obvious that little news concerning the robbery was to be developed by warring police departments. One man was already dead. Two were dying. The town was in a state of panic. Stores and business offices were closed. Residents barred themselves in their houses, fearing a return of the bandit car.

With police action at a standstill, the press stepped into the gap, not through any burning desire to perform public service, but to satisfy the thirst of city editors for copy. Interviews with bank employees provided meager descriptions of the trio. The bank treasurer, released two miles from town, could give no information. A fruit dealer wrote the registration number, but it proved to be that of a car which had been standing all day outside a Lawrence hospital.

The Commissioner released a statement pointing to the fresh crime as an illustration of the need for the adoption of the unification bill. Acting Governor Gaspar Bacon called a session extraordinary of the Governor's Council and offered a reward of $20,000. Meanwhile police officials were quibbling over jurisdiction and reporters were doing police work. A truck driver, unloading bananas in the town square, handed me a bullet that fell from a stalk as he dropped it from his shoulder to the floor. Captain Charles G. Van Amburgh, State ballistics expert, examined it that night under a microscope and from its markings found it to be identical with a bullet taken from the body of E. W. Clark of Fitchburg. Another Fitchburg bullet was identical with one taken from the body of C. Fred Sumner, the Lynn bill poster. The three crimes were thus tied definitely together; obviously they were the work of the same gang. Molway and Berrett were in jail when the Needham crime was committed.

Gangsters flocked to police headquarters and formed a line outside the superintendent's door, coming singly or accompanied by attorneys. Known gunmen realized that they would be picked up and hastened to establish alibis, and although the stripe of yellow among them is amazingly pronounced, no hint of the identity of the Needham murderers came from them, not because they stood in fear, but for a reason as exasperating to them as to the police. They did not know. Police waited vainly for a stool pigeon to materialize.

Needham is one of the urbane bedrooms of Boston, populated with three- to five-thousand-dollar-a-year cocktail-drinking and public-spirited business men. A citizens' committee was organized to raise funds for the widows and to provide an annuity for them at town meeting, and out of this grew an irate subcommittee known as the "Vigilantes" (and christened by us in headlines "The Secret Six"), so indignant at lack of police action that they assumed police authority independently and hired a staff of private detectives to apprehend the murderers. Panic was at its peak, and private detective organizations were doing a thriving business at ten dollars per day per operative as private home and body guards and the independent detective bureau of the Vigilantes. To the various police departments, all this was merely more "propaganda" for the unification bill.

Clues to the solution of the crimes, overlooked by police, were actually in the record. Going through newspaper files on the night of the Needham crime after the bullet had raised the first serious doubt about the guilt of Molway and Berrett, I found these:

October 2—Capt. Lodge, U. S. A. held up outside Massachusetts Institute of Technology and robbed of keys to Cambridge Armory. Three men. One wore a mask.

October 2—Brookline Trust Company held up and robbed of $35,000. Gun held to police officer's back. No shooting. Four men.

November 10—First National Bank of North Easton held up and robbed of $20,000. No shooting. Four men.

December 4—Wollaston branch of the Quincy Trust Company held up and robbed of $20,000. Four men.

December 11—Attempt made to rob Iver Johnson Sporting Goods store in Fitchburg. Ernest W. Clark shot eight times, died December 14.

January 2—Paramount Theater, Lynn, held up, robbed of $200. C. Fred Sumner, bill poster, shot dead. Three men. One wore a mask. (Molway and Berrett arrested and on trial.)

January 27—State Police exhibit at Boston Auto Show robbed of Thompson submachine gun, ammunition, and other equipment. Three men. One wore a mask.

February 2—Needham Trust Company robbed of $14,500. Officers Forbes McLeod, Frank O. Haddock, Guard Walter Bartholemey and Fireman Timothy Coughlan shot. Treasurer Mackintosh kidnapped and machine-gun volley fired over heads of C.W.A. workers at Needham Heights. Three men. One wore a mask.

The evidence up to this point led to these conclusions: 1. In four crimes, witnesses described three men, one wearing a mask. Two of the crimes were committed before Molway and Berrett were arrested; two after. 2. Sergeant Arthur Tiernan, the arresting officer, had been assailed by doubts amounting to such a positive conviction that he had gone to the Essex County district attorney to urge their innocence. 3. Captain Van Amburgh's examination of the bullet tied three of these crimes together, one committed subsequent to the arrest of Molway and Berrett.

These considerations were brought promptly to the attention of the prosecution by newspapermen, but the answer was that Molway and Berrett were probably members of a gang now using the guns they had used. This could hardly be true because: 1. Sergeant Tiernan was positive that when he made the arrest neither Molway nor Berrett knew anything about the Lynn crime. He was sent out to pick them up and did so. 2. If Molway and Berrett were involved, facing the chair, one or the other would presumably talk. 3. If Molway and Berrett were members of a gang it must be a large gang. Three men were still operating. Four had been reported in three robberies. A total of $89,200 had been

stolen. Well-financed gangs provide the best and most expensive counsel. The State had to appoint and employ counsel for Molway and Berrett. They had no money. 4. A gang of such size and importance could hardly operate without the knowledge of organized crime. 5. A $20,000 reward had been offered and failed to bring forward an informant. There is not a gang in the country that has not among its membership one who would turn up his own mother for $20,000.

Molway and Berrett were obviously innocent, but there was no way to bring these considerations before the jury. Opinions are not facts. The elective office of a district attorney or public prosecutor is not interested in evidence which breaks down a prosecution. District attorneys, in Massachusetts at least, are interested only in evidence which supports and leads to conviction. The truthful, but flimsy, alibis of Molway and Berrett were shot to shreds. Even the elderly woman whom Molway had carried as a fare less than half an hour before the Lynn murder turned out to be a distant, early acquaintance of Molway's brother. Neither had known it that morning; now it was held to prejudice her testimony. An ex-soldier in the Irish Republican army, who had been polishing brass in the lobby of the Paramount Theater that morning, now added himself to those who positively identified Molway and Berrett as the murderers. Molway and Berrett were lost unless the real murderers could be found.

VII

Three days after the Needham murders, three police departments, still quarreling over the unification bill, were acting independently—with strange results. Raids were duplicated. Suspects released by one department were immediately rearrested by another for questioning. Boston police raided night clubs, brought in 30 gun toters, released 29, and turned one, wanted by the Philadelphia police, over to them. State police gave a harrowing half day to a mild-mannered German artisan from Providence because his odd employment of shaving the tops of butchers' blocks level caused him to carry in his car a portable circular saw that looked like a machine gun. Town police picked up three men in Attleboro returning from a party, because one of them had a gun; and a psychopathic in Turner's Falls who called on long distance to give the inside story of the holdup.

With such confusion prevailing in the police departments, it appeared wise for a news reporter to cut loose from all police departments and tie up with the Vigilantes. At least there was intelligent direction and a single purpose there. The Vigilantes became a prolific source of news because tipsters, who would not call the police, did not hesitate to call the chairman of the Vigilantes. Henceforth Lawrence Goldberg, another Boston reporter, and I worked together in co-operation with the Vigilantes, tracing and checking, with private detectives, the tips they received. Most of them were wild goose chases, but I quote here from my own notebook:

February 4—Tom Norris says that he got a tip from a woman in Cambridge, client of a lawyer friend of his, that she heard three men talking in a lunchroom next door to a palmist's at Central Square, Cambridge, about burning a car because it was getting too hot. They spoke about going to the Cider Mill at the Norwood-Westwood line to-morrow night. Gave information to State police. They went there to-night but nothing happened.

February 5—18 below zero. Twenty-five troopers set out for the cider mill at the Norwood-Westwood line early to-night, but the only things they examined were the warm shacks of the gravel pits. They returned and reported nothing.

February 6—Sedan of Clara Harrigan of Newton, stolen from front of Statler last November, found burned at Lily Pond road at Norwood-Westwood line, near cider mill, this morning. Reported to police by Buck,

nephew of State Treasurer Jackson. Amelio Magaletti, Westwood cop, saw it burning last night, but did not report it because he thought they were burning railroad ties at the New Haven Yards. Needham witnesses identify it positively as bandit car.

February 7—27 below. No school. Three Norwood boys, Philip King, 19, John Maloney, 15, and Charles Parsons, 16, kicking through snow in Lily Pond road woods found number plates and name plate of State police radio stolen from Mechanics Building.

With the burned car, the first tangible clue, in their possession, State police now took over the investigation. The car was dismantled, slowly and carefully, by experts. Tires and tubes were examined minutely for repairs. The superstructure had been destroyed by fire, but the chassis and engine remained unscathed. A "Lynch" suppressor was found under the hood, and the battery was found to be repaired with a peculiar "J-type" separator. These finds indicated radio shops and battery shops for further investigation.

News reporters urged the Commissioner of Public Safety to permit them to photograph the battery and to describe the repairs in technical terms for the battery trade in the hope that any battery man who recognized his work would come forward; but the General declared that to do this would "tip off" the murderers; they might kill the battery man to preserve their own security. He favored personal visits to battery shops to check up. Reporters pointed out there were but eighteen State detectives and about 10,000 battery shops. Molway and Berrett were on their way to the chair. The General was unimpressed. He was sure that Pretty Boy Floyd did the Needham job anyway; he gave us a publicity release to that effect and pointed out the similarity to Pretty Boy's technic in kidnapping a person to use as a shield. Pretty Boy would have had to be in two places at one time to do it; however, an official release of the Commissioner was news and was forthwith printed.

Since the General was determined to send personal representatives to the battery shops, Goldberg and I decided to beat them to it by telephoning every battery shop and garage. We were half way through the D's when the General relented, convinced by his Chief of Detectives, John F. Stokes, that the quickest way to reach the battery men was through the newspapers. On Sunday morning two Boston newspapers printed the picture of the battery and its description.

VIII

Alfred LeVierge operates a battery shop at the corner of Hendry and Bowdoin Streets, Meeting House Hill. In the same block is William Greene, who manufactures hulled corn for the chain-restaurant trade. Both places are open on Sunday. At about one o'clock, LeVierge walked excitedly into Greene's shop and showed him a picture and description in a newspaper. "I repaired that battery," he said.

"For whom?" Greene asked.

"A guy named Miller on Lawrence Avenue in Roxbury," said LeVierge; and then, remembering the reward, rushed off to tell the police.

Greene walked across the street and told Mrs. Greene. Mrs. Greene called up my wife, who called me up. There was no Miller in the telephone book; but the street directory revealed a "Millen" at 39 Lawrence Avenue. The break had come. There was nothing to do now but to call the police and get a ring-side seat at the arrest. I reached for the telephone and called Captain Barrett of the State Police. "The battery in that Needham car," I told him, "was repaired by Alfred LeVierge of Dorchester for a Joseph Millen of 39 Lawrence Avenue. Better get a squad out there. Goldberg and I are leaving now."

"Okay," said Barrett wearily.

We gave the police about twenty-five minutes leeway and then went out to Lawrence Avenue.

The street was deserted when we arrived and we decided that we had waited too long. The police had been there. The arrest had been made. All that remained was to gather up such pictures and interviews as were available. Goldberg pulled up in front of 39 and we hopped out and climbed the wooden stairs to the porch. The front door was ajar. I pushed it open and Goldberg followed. A short, squat man of about fifty-five with a gray stubbly beard was coming down the stairs. He was in shirtsleeves and tugging at his suspenders.

"Hello," he said gruffly.

"Hello," I answered.

"Who are you looking for?"

This was disconcerting. It was not the expected question.

"I'm looking for Joseph Millen," I told him.

"I'm Joe Millen," he said. "What do you want?"

Goldberg and I realized now that the police had not been here. "Have you got a big black sedan?" I asked lamely.

"What kind?" he asked.

"A Packard."

"No. I drive a Chevrolet. Are you from the registry?" (Meaning the registry of motor vehicles.)

I submit that a little plain and fancy lying under the circumstances was permissible. "Yes," I told him.

"The boys ain't home," he said. "Murton, he's gone to New York with his wife. Harry, he's in New York too; and Irving, I don't know where that boy is, but he ain't in now."

"Have any of the boys got a black Packard?" I asked him.

He shook his head.

"You say Murton is married," Goldberg put in.

Millen looked at Goldberg. Goldberg is Jewish. "Yeah, he got married," he nodded and taking one of his own people into his confidence became immediately indignant and profane. "Married a gentile," he said, "a couple of months ago. Sam Thorner married them. You know Sam?"

We both nodded. Sam is an assistant district attorney in Suffolk.

Conversation became general. It developed that Murton Millen was in the radio business with Abraham Faber on Columbus Avenue. (The radio business; that was interesting.) Harry had been playing in an orchestra in New York for months. That eliminated him. Joseph Millen was too old to fit the descriptions. Murton and Irving Millen remained: Murton, aged twenty-six; Irving, twenty-one.

A door was opened and a girl yelled something in Yiddish. Joseph Millen looked up and called back to her in Yiddish. Goldberg's eyes focused on three bags in the rear of the hallway. On top of one of them was the magazine of an automatic. Goldberg nudged me and nodded toward it.

"Come on. Let's get out of here," he said.

We backed out while father and daughter carried on a screeching conversation in Yiddish.

"What are they saying?" I asked Goldberg.

"She's bawling him out for talking to us about Murton and Irving. She told him he's crazy and he'll get them into trouble. She said something about keeping out of the cellar." (Weeks later a hideout was discovered under the foundation there with enough dynamite to blow the street to bits.)

Lawrence Avenue is a Jewish neighborhood. Ringing doorbells brought no corroborative evidence except that the Millens had carried a lot of heavy stuff into their house. Nobody had seen the big black sedan. Coming back to the Millen house again, we saw a Chevrolet parked in front. In it were two men. One gave his name as "Nelson"—the alias which the Millens used in New York and Washington. The other gave no name. (Nelson was later revealed as Irving Mil-

len and his companion as George Frye, beau of one of the Millen girls.)

Goldberg telephoned Sam Thorner, and he came to his office to let us look at his marriage record. He had married Murton Millen and Norma Brighton, daughter of a Natick clergyman, four months earlier and the marriage certificate had been sent to their new home, 1175 Boylston Street.

The State police might have been delayed, we thought, in reaching the Millen home in Roxbury. We would go to State police headquarters now and clean up the loose ends. When we arrived there at 6:15 the place was deserted. We sat on a couple of desks, waiting for State detectives to bring in any or all of the suspects. At 6:30 Commissioner Daniel Needham came in, accompanied by Detectives Stokes and Ferrari. He smiled broadly in greeting and walked over to us.

"I have a statement to make," he said. "I feel that the photograph printed this morning with the description of the battery may bring to light very shortly the name of the man who repaired the battery and . . ."

Goldberg and I snapped our notebooks shut and put our pencils away.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Don't you know yet who repaired that battery?" I asked the Commissioner.

"No," he said. "Do you?"

I nodded. "Yes. It was repaired by Alfred LeVierge of Dorchester for either Murton or Irving Millen of 39 Lawrence Avenue. Goldberg and I have just come from there."

"What do you mean?" The General was indignant. "You've been there already. Why didn't you tell us?"

"I did," I answered. "I telephoned Barrett this afternoon at about 2:15 and told him to have a squad of men down there."

Needham turned and looked at Barrett, who had just come into the office. "Oh yes," said Barrett. "Somebody did call this afternoon and said something about Lawrence Avenue. I made a note of it." He shuffled the papers on top of his desk and uncovered one. "Here it is," he said. "39 Lawrence Avenue."

"You didn't do anything about it?" Goldberg asked.

"I can't send a squad of men out on every wild tip that comes into this office," Barrett protested.

"Oh, no," said Goldberg. "That wouldn't be right. You'd rather let us chase down the wild tips for you. You'd rather let us walk empty-handed into a machine-gun nest as we did this afternoon. We have every reason to believe that we've talked with the murderers."

"You shouldn't have gone there," said the General. "You're guilty of obstructing justice."

Obviously police feeling concerning the unification bill was still running high. Although LeVierge had gone directly to the Boston police to report, the Boston police—up to 6:30—had not notified the State police. As it was, with the information in their hands at 6:30, the State police did not get to the Millen home until 9:15, two and three-quarter hours later. The Millens had fled.

Goldberg and I left the State police office and went direct to the Boston police where we were sure of instant cooperation, since this information we had would give them an opportunity to beat the State police to it. To Sergeant Timothy Donovan went the tip that Murton Millen and his wife lived at an apartment at 1175 Boylston Street. We were not walking into a second machine-gun nest if we could avoid it.

Meanwhile we tried to find out about Abraham Faber, Murton Millen's partner in the radio business, and visited the Blue Hill Avenue tenement where the Fabers lived on the top floor. The Fabers were not at home, but from tenants on the first and second floors, we learned that Faber was a graduate of M. I. T. and keeping company with a Rose Knellar. The records at the college disclosed that

he was graduated in September, 1927, and from the Aeronautical School in 1931, with a degree of bachelor of science; that he was a commissioned officer in the R. O. T. C., a medal-holding marksman and sharpshooter. He was thin, dark, and wore a small mustache, suggesting that a handkerchief might be used to cover such a prominent characteristic.

The work of assembling information was now completed. The dossier on all three was impressive. Apprehension of the Millens would henceforth be strictly the problem of police; conviction of them a problem for the district attorney. Captain John F. Stokes concentrated upon the Millens and Lieutenant Detective Joseph Ferrari upon Faber.

The Millens had gone, but Faber remained. He went to his radio shop as usual the following morning, where he was interviewed by Ferrari. He professed to know nothing of the murders and robberies, but admitted that he was the only dealer in town who carried "Lynch" suppressors in stock, and finally agreed to "help" the police in the hope of earning the $20,000 reward. Faber, playing detective to throw the police off his own trail, ultimately talked himself into the electric chair.

In the Millen apartment at 1175 Boylston Street, Boston police found a letter addressed to Saul Messenger of Mermaid Avenue, Coney Island. Messenger was found to be the go-between for the Millens, in hiding, and Faber in Boston.

The search for the Millens took sixteen days. On Sunday afternoon, February 25, Murton Millen, his wife Norma, and his brother Irving were trapped in the lobby of the Hotel Lincoln, New York City, by Coney Island police officers, Chief of State Detectives Stokes and two Burns men, Hall and Smith. In the fracas the heads of both Millens were laid open with clubs; Norma's shins were bruised, and a Millen bullet punctured the trouser leg of New York Detective John Fitzsimmons.

On the same afternoon Detective Ferrari in Boston broke down Abe Faber, who led a squad of State police to the garage on Brinsley Street, Dorchester, where the big black sedan had been hidden for months. Here, piled under workbench and hidden under canvas, were the arms and ammunition stolen from armories and the State police exhibit, minus machine gun and radio; enough ammunition for a small army and enough dynamite to blow up a village. More interesting than any of these items, however, was a canvas bag plainly stamped in black, "Paramount Theater, Lynn."

IX

It might appear to the uninitiated that the innocence of Molway and Berrett was now established; that couriers would speed to the Salem jail with the necessary papers for their release. The movies would have it so. But the hard fact remained that Molway and Berrett were still defendants at the bar on trial for their lives. A district attorney had spent about eleven thousand dollars up to now to bring about their conviction, and the district attorney must go before the electorate six months hence to be returned to office.

A representative of the district attorney's office called at State Police Headquarters that night and was received by Lieutenant Detective Ferrari.

"You're not going to let these guys confess to the Lynn job, are you, Joe?" he was asked.

"What do you mean?" Ferrari answered. "The newspaper photographers were out there this afternoon. They took pictures of those Lynn money bags."

"But," protested the representative of the prosecution, "the district attorney is all ready to go before the jury with his argument to-morrow."

"Then that's just your tough luck," Ferrari answered. "I'm not going on the

spot for you. Of course those guys are going to confess to the Lynn job."

The next day newspapers screamed the innocence of Molway and Berrett, but at 9 o'clock they were handcuffed to deputies and brought as usual from the jail to the courtroom and placed in the prisoner's cage. There was a conference of counsel at the bench and they were returned to jail. Considerable red tape yet remained to be untied before they could go free. Molway and Berrett spent that night in jail. The next morning at 9:30 they were formally freed in the courtroom. The district attorney offered to shake hands. Molway did. Berrett did not. Still freedom was not theirs. They were returned to jail while Commissioner of Correction and Sheriff agreed upon procedure. They returned to their cells but the doors were left open.

At 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, Berrett lay upon the cot in his cell waiting impatiently for freedom and listening to his cell radio. A Yankee network announcer at station WNAC came on the air and in a happy, cheery voice announced:

"Louis Berrett and Clement Molway, saved from the electric chair in the nick of time, stepped out into God's bright sunshine outside Salem jail this morning, free men."

Berrett ripped the radio from the wall and was restrained by a prison guard as he tried to toss it over the railing and into the rotunda below.

Molway and Berrett were released that afternoon.

In justice to Brigadier General Daniel Needham, I must point out that he is an army officer with an excellent record, and a successful practicing attorney. He did not pretend to be a detective or a policeman. A Republican, holding an appointive office in a Democratic administration, his position was embarrassing and he became the victim of his own political issue—the unification bill, which disrupted police departments and set one against the other. The bill is, in my opinion, the answer to the Massachusetts police problem and should be adopted. He was sincere in his belief that publicity would prevent the capture of the Millens. An inexpert policeman, but a good executive, he might have made an excellent Mayor for the City of Newton, but he was defeated.

Berrett and Molway were reimbursed by the State to the amount of $2500 for their false arrest and trial. A special bill passed the legislature for that purpose. A few months ago, the Governor and his executive council awarded to Lawrence Goldberg and myself $4000 for uncovering information which led to the arrest and conviction of the Millens and Faber.

I saw Berrett on the street the other day. He was passing in his cab, yelled a greeting, and pulled up at the curb.

"I see you got a two-grand reward," he said. "How much was your cut?"

"What do you mean? How much was my cut? I got two thousand and Goldberg got two thousand. So what?"

Louis nodded. "I know," he said, "but how much did you get finally?"

"Two thousand dollars," I repeated.

Louis shook his head. "Gee, I don't see how you guys do it," he said. "I had to split my dough fifty-fifty with the politician who got it for me."

THINKING MACHINES

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

"If an army of monkeys were strumming on typewriters, they might *write all the books in the British Museum."*

—Sir Arthur Eddington

How many monkeys would be required, how many years they would take, how many tons of paper they would waste before hitting the right keys—these are not specified in the bond, and we may guess that the number in each item would be almost incredibly great. But one feature of the picture is specific, and that is the accidental nature of the process. In their monkeying with the keys the animals just happen to hit off "Hamlet," the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia,* and the other works which are treasured in Britain's greatest library. In the imagined situation the monkeys may be regarded as so many forces of the environment, like sunshine and rain. Indeed, a prolonged fall of hailstones whose masses were sufficient to depress the keys without demolishing the typewriter mechanism should do just as well as the monkey strumming. Thus it might happen that non-living matter provided the actuating control of the typewriter. Logically we could say that the typewriter itself composed "Hamlet" in response to the changing configuration of its environment. We might even describe that changing configuration as the stimulus or inspiration of the writing.

From such "nonsense"—it seems implicit in the modern obeisance of the physical sciences to the law of probability—we are led to the presumption of the thinking mind as the reacting mechanism in a perpetual give-and-take between itself and outside forces. Just as the chance strumming of the monkeys on the typewriter might produce "Hamlet," so the chance strumming of external nature on Shakespeare may have produced "Hamlet" in the first place. The peculiar physicochemical instrument which we call the man Shakespeare was necessary to the production of the poetic and dramatic effects resulting from nature's impacts, just as the peculiar mechanical instrument which we call a typewriter is necessary to the production of the typed effects resulting from the monkeys' strumming. The monkeys could produce no manuscript from sewing machines, though they might in a multibillion years produce a useful suit of clothes in the Prince Albert style. Similarly, nature could get no verses from Isaac Newton, but it did draw the *Principia.*

Some years have passed since the English philosopher C. D. Broad thought to blast the claims of the mechanists with his verdict: "If a man referred to his brother or his cat as an ingenious mechanism, we should know at once that he was either a fool or a physiologist." If Professor Broad were to pontificate to-day he might add the biochemist and the psychologist to his list of alternatives.

The biochemist proceeds on the hypothesis that mechanism is the basic principle of nature. It may be a fiction, but

if so it is a useful fiction, indispensable to a chemist—and so he proceeds to apply the law of cause and effect *as if* it were true. The behavior of salts, acids, and alkalis in the test-tube follows as if the law were true: may not the same law govern the behavior of living salts, acids, and alkalis in the bodies of plants and animals? Much evidence points that way. Biological behavior includes many properties, such as circulation, respiration, digestion, irritability, growth, and reproduction, which have been imitated quite successfully in the laboratory by non-living models. But biological behavior includes also certain other processes, such as thinking, which seem to belong in a different category. Are these mental phenomena different—are they outside the rule of chemical formulæ, beyond dominion of its "great, eternal, iron laws"?

"At one time I thought so," answers the Cambridge University biologist Joseph Needham, "and doubted whether biochemistry, the psycho-chemical study of life, could have anything to say about phenomena usually regarded as essentially not physico-chemical. It seems to me now that after its own manner it may have everything to say. Let us take, for purposes of exposition, a thoroughly extreme case. Some day some group of biochemical investigators may prove that a deficiency of sulphatide phosphorus and a high oxidation-reduction potential in a certain area of the cerebral cortex is invariably associated with the creation of great poetry. Obviously such a suggestion is as wild as can be, but it is nevertheless a legitimate extrapolation from facts already known." (The quotation is from *The Sceptical Biologist,* an exciting book in which Professor Needham explains his qualification "after its own manner" in interesting detail.)

The psychologists are less unified than the biochemists, both in method of approach to mental phenomena and in the variety of their interpretations; but their outlooks are predominantly mechanistic. One leading school, the psychoanalysts, infer a subjective mechanism in which certain subconscious desires and impulses are the mainspring of conscious thinking. The reality of mind is not denied, but its rational elements are everywhere under the drive of its irrational forces, leaving very little if anything to the free-will of the individual.

Wholly objective is the technic of another group of psychologists, sometimes known as the behaviorists. These objective psychologists do not bother to investigate subjective states, thoughts, dreams, desires, consciousness, the subconscious—all those items dear to the psychoanalyst. Their ideal is the modern physicist's attitude of considering only "observables"; and since thoughts cannot be seen, they confine their analysis to the behavior of the individual. How does he act, how does he react to certain events, how does his reaction change when the stimuli change—in a word, how does he behave? When a button is pushed and the automatic elevator stops at the floor indicated by the button, we do not say that the elevator thinks out the problem. It stops because its mechanism is set to stop. Similarly, says the objective psychologist, with human behavior: a certain sound, a certain odor, a certain sight are as so many push-buttons to the living mechanism, and the response of the man is as mechanical as the response of the elevator.

But the elevator response is completely standardized; it never varies from a fixed pattern, whereas human behavior exhibits the concept of choice. Pushing button No. 16 always results in a stop at the 16th floor, but waving a red flag within sight of a human being does not always produce the same effect. The red signal may cause him to stop short and look and listen, sensing danger ahead. Or it may cause him to run forward joyously and welcome the "comradely" symbol of communism. Or it may evoke curses and scowls and cause him to advance menacingly and

seize the "hated" flag. In the Harvard Stadium the crimson banner would inspire still different patterns of behavior; over an auctioneer's door it would carry yet another meaning and call forth other responses. Can the mechanists build a machine that will not only respond to red, but learn the different meanings of red, and respond appropriately according to the significance of the symbol?

Yes, I believe we could—answers the behaviorist.

Then you could actually build a mechanical mind—one that would exhibit emotions of fear, sentiments of loyalty, thoughts of aggression and acquisitiveness, all the roll call of mental responses evoked by the symbolical use of red?

Call it what you will—answers the behaviorist—we'd be inclined to call it a habit machine, a mechanism operating according to the laws of the conditioned reflex.

II

The principle of the conditioned reflex has been recognized since the time of Plato, but its current applications to psychology stem from the work of the Russian physiologist Ivan Pavlov. Many years ago Pavlov began to investigate what happens in a dog's body when food is offered it. The mere sight of a chunk of meat causes the gastric juices to flow, and by means of delicate operations Pavlov gained access to the stomachs of dogs and made measurements of the quantities and velocities of these flows under various conditions. Then he hit upon a more obvious and less difficult technic. The sight of food also causes the mouth to water; why not observe and measure this? So Pavlov turned to the new criterion, and his recent and more famous work has been in what an irreverent commentator calls "the science of slobbering."

It is unnecessary to recount in detail the story of these Russian experiments. They have formed the theme of writings, and discussions almost innumerable, and readers of HARPER'S, I am sure, are well acquainted with the process by which the physiologist showed the purely automatic nature of the dog's responses. Since, however, certain parallels are to be pointed out in this article, it may be well to recall very briefly a few of the fundamental definitions. The offering of the food to a hungry dog, Pavlov calls an "unconditioned stimulus"; the flow of saliva in response to this, he calls an "unconditioned reflex." The process of ringing the bell simultaneously with the offering of the food, he calls "conditioning." The sound of the bell is a "conditioned stimulus," and the mouth-watering which responds to a conditioned stimulus is a "conditioned reflex." An agreeable stimulus, such as the food-offering, is "excitatory," while an unpleasant one, such as the taste of disagreeable food, is "inhibitory." The brain is the clearing house into which continually flash these messages of the senses—some of them excitatory, some inhibitory. Whatever is learned, thought, imagined, felt, or forgotten is the result of this perpetual interplay of excitations and inhibitions.

"I write best while wearing a checkered waistcoat," confesses a certain popular author. But don't call it artistic temperament, say the behaviorists; the gentleman has simply been conditioned to the plaid vest—it might just as well have been a helmet and buckler or silk pajamas. He is like the man in John Locke's story who learned to dance in a room where an old trunk stood; thereafter his dancing was conditioned to that stimulus and he never could dance well except in the presence of a trunk of similar appearance. Many idiosyncrasies are explained by this Pavlovian hypothesis of the brain as the automatic switchboard of a completely automatic machine.

And not only idiosyncrasies, but also such faculties as reasoning, insight, purpose are resolved by this same hypothesis into conditioned reflexes. Though the difference in *degree* must be measured in units comparable to light-years in magni-

tude, this behavioristic interpretation holds that Beethoven's composition of the Ninth Symphony and Leverrier's discovery of the planet Neptune are processes of the same *kind* as the dog's salivation at the sound of the bell. Since the dog's reflexes appear to be mechanical, the objective psychologist argues that man's more complicated intellectual and emotional activities similarly are mechanical.

"It is only a question how the material is organized that determines how it will behave," explained Clark L. Hull, professor of psychology at Yale University, when I asked for simple analogies to make clear this point of view. "If material is organized in a certain way, it will fly like an eagle; if it is organized in another way, it will fly like an airplane. There was a time when the property of aerial locomotion was associated only with organic life. Suppose there had been a system of philosophy which asserted that aerial locomotion must necessarily be associated with a mysterious something called life? Such an attitude is comparable to that of the vitalist who holds that it is impossible for a thing to think unless it is alive. Leonardo da Vinci doubted the first supposition; the Wright brothers also doubted it —and to-day airplanes fly automatically under the control of gyroscopic mechanisms. Equally, some of us doubt the second supposition. In experimental support of our doubt we can point to certain man-made machines which reproduce some of the rudimentary behavior of the conditioned reflex."

III

Eight years ago Dr. Hull was conducting a seminar in psychology. The class met in the evening, a group of graduate students for the most part, and discussion was lively, ranging the frontiers of psychological thought. For several sessions the seminar had been considering the conditioned-reflex experiments, and one evening, as the discussion closed, Dr. Hull gave his class a jolt. "If the mechanistic theory is true it should be demonstrable," he proposed. "One week from to-night I want each of you to bring in a model which will display the characteristic behavior of the conditioned reflex."

He said that as a gesture more than anything else, in an effort to get them to think concretely on the subject. But the following Wednesday three models were brought to class, and all of them worked. Two were rather crude arrangements of wooden levers, but one was fairly ingenious—the design of a young physiological chemist who had come to the seminar to please his wife. She was a member and had persuaded her husband to attend. "Perhaps our theoretical speculations bored him," remarked the professor; "but my suggestion that a model might be made to test the theory appealed to his scientific imagination, and he worked the thing out on the basis of electro-chemical principles."

This guest of the seminar was H. D. Baernstein. A search through the psychological journals shows that several earlier trials in the field of simulating mental processes had been published, but Baernstein was not aware of them. And as his model is the first of a series of several originating from this chance suggestion, we may regard it as a landmark. Some newspaper man heard of it and published the thing as a mysterious mechanical brain. The news item, picked up and reprinted by others, went over the country, resulting in a number of letters of inquiry. The Baernstein device was publicly exhibited for the first time in May, 1929, at the meeting of the Midwest Psychological Association in Urbana, Illinois.

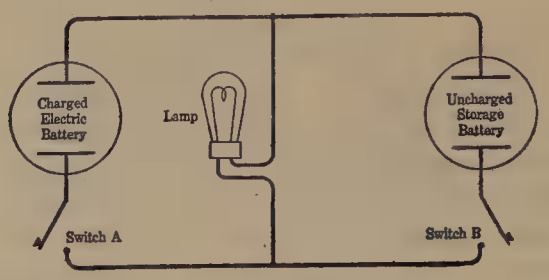
What the psychologists saw was an arrangement of wires, batteries, glass tubes, heat coils, two electrical switches, and a small incandescent lamp, all mounted on a flat wooden base. It was explained that the two switches represented two different stimuli in an analogue of Pavlov's conditioned-reflex experiment, while the lamp

was intended to provide the response.

The demonstration was simple. First, push Switch A. The lamp instantly glows—a behavior corresponding to the mouth-watering of Pavlov's dog at the sight of food. Apparently there is direct connection between Switch A and the battery which energizes the lamp. If you push Switch B, however, the lamp does not glow. Its inaction corresponds to the dog's indifference to the ringing of the bell. You assume that Switch B has no connection with the battery and lamp. But now close both switches, and hold them down for several seconds. After a few of these simultaneous closings, you abandon Switch A. You press Switch B alone—and the lamp glows! Press it again and again, it lights up repeatedly—just as the dog's mouth waters repeatedly at the sound of the conditioned bell. Switch B has become "conditioned" to Switch A, for the lamp now will respond to either stimulus. But if you keep pressing B alone for several trials, there comes a time when the lamp does not light. The conditioned reflex has suffered what Pavlov calls "experimental extinction." However, a few moments of repeated conditioning will restore the tendency, and thereafter the machine will recognize its conditioned stimulus quite as persistently as the dog recognizes his dinner bell.

As a preliminary to the explanation, let us consider first a simpler type of thinking machine which was designed later by another of Dr. Hull's students, R. G. Krueger. Krueger was a young electrical engineer before he took up psychological studies, and he seized on the storage battery (or polarizable cell, as it is also called) as the key to his conditioning mechanism. The arrangement which he set up may be diagrammed as shown on this page.

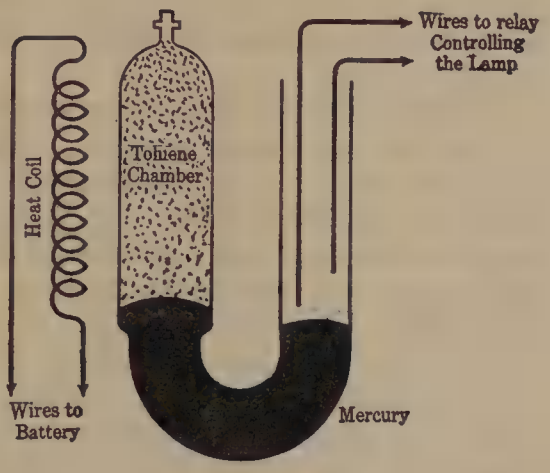
The hook-up is simple. When Switch A is closed, the entire left half of the diagram becomes a closed circuit; the current from the charged battery flows through the lamp and energizes it. Similarly, when Switch B is closed, the entire right half of the diagram becomes a closed circuit with the lamp; but there is no energy in the uncharged storage battery, therefore the lamp gives no response. When both switches are closed simultaneously, the current from the charged battery not only flows through the lamp, but it also flows through the uncharged cell, and some of its energy is stored there. Thus the process of conditioning consists of charging the storage cell, and after this is accomplished Switch B alone can invoke the light. Prolonged pressing of B will exhaust the stored energy, thus accounting for the "experimental extinction." But if you leave the exhausted cell passive a few minutes a certain internal chemical readjustment will take place, a "spontaneous recovery" such that if you now press Switch B the lamp will glow feebly—a mechanical analogue of memory.



Krueger's working model included not only the conditioned stimulus represented by Switch B, but a whole series of them. Thus, after conditioning B to A, it was possible to condition a new circuit C to B, and after that a circuit D to C, and so for a considerable sequence. This provided a chain of reactions comparable to those of Pavlov's experiments in which, after conditioning the sound of the bell to the showing of the food, Pavlov conditioned a flash of light to the sound of the bell, and then the sight of a luminous disc to the flash of light, and so on. The heart of the Krueger model is the uncharged storage cell with its capacity for accumulating energy (a process analogous to learning), and its capacity for exhausting its energy (experimental extinction), and

its capacity for spontaneous recovery (remembering).

The Baernstein model is more complicated, but the distinguishing feature of its mechanism may be easily described as a thermostatic control valve whose essential features are sketched in cross-section as follows:



This valve is in the B circuit, and since the circuit is open until the two wires in the right arm of the valve are connected, the mere pressing of Switch B will have no effect on the lamp. But when both A and B are pressed, the connection thus made allows current from the charged battery to pass through the heat coil shown to the left of the valve. (In the apparatus, this heat coil surrounds the toluene chamber.) As the coil gets warm, its rising temperature heats the toluene. This toluene is a liquid which expands rapidly with a moderate rise of temperature. As it expands, the toluene forces the mercury down into the U-tube; the mercury rises in the right arm of the tube until finally it touches both ends of the wires in that tube, and thus makes contact between them. Thereafter Switch B, through this mercury connection, is able to send a current from the battery to the lamp. But after a while the toluene cools and contracts, the mercury assumes its old level, and the connection between the two wires is broken—the machine forgets.

These two electrical mechanisms—each quite different and yet both alike in that each provides its apparatus with a means of changing its internal set-up in response to an outside stimulus—provide a clue to the understanding of all thinking machines. In each of them there is some physico-chemical provision for adjusting the mechanism to what it experiences, or, as the objective psychologist bluntly puts it, for learning.

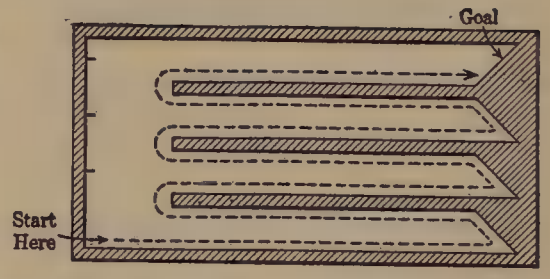
Learning is interpreted as an effect of a trial-and-error process. In 1934 Dr. Hull published a paper in one of the technical journals in which he set forth in detail a theory of the animal mechanism of trial-and-error learning. A student at Miami University in Ohio, D. C. Ellson, chanced to read this treatise and it inspired him to try to reproduce the theoretical system in a mechanical model. He set up a series of three electromagnets in circular formation, and suspended an iron bar so that it was equally distant from all. The magnets were of different degrees of strength: one measured 100 magnetic units, another 70, the third, 30. The strength of these electromagnets in each case was determined by the number of electrically active turns of wire surrounding its core. And there were internal switches providing for the automatic cutting out of a certain number of turns, thus reducing the magnetic strength, or, alternatively, for the cutting in of a certain number of turns, thus increasing the magnetic strength.

Suppose you wish to teach the iron pendulum to move to a certain magnet, to the weakest magnet, Z. You set a certain relay to indicate this goal, and close the electrical circuit which actuates the mechanism. The pendulum, under the pull of magnetism, moves first to the strongest, which is Magnet X. But that is not the choice you have indicated as the goal, and the mechanism is so set that when the pendulum reaches the point of contact with Magnet X, the electrical connection for that magnet is switched and automatically 30 of its 100 turns of wire

are cut out. Its strength is reduced by 30 per cent, and in the tug of war among the magnets Y now assumes the control. The pendulum moves to Y. But as Y is not the goal called for by the set-up, the same automatic process occurs here: certain coils of the wire surrounding the Y core are shunted out, leaving the dominance to Magnet Z. The pendulum immediately moves to Z, and, as this is the goal, a reward in the form of increased induction is given—for one must use rewards to teach magnets and pendulums as well as dogs. What happens is that the contact at Z causes a switch to close, and this cuts in additional turns of wire, thus insuring that on the next trial Z will be stronger than it was. X and Y are weaker now, and Z is stronger; but X is still the strongest, and Y is next in strength. On the second trial the pendulum again moves first to X, then to Y, and finally to Z—but this time it performs the sequence more rapidly. It is learning. At the end of the second trial, additional turns of the wire have been cut out of X and Y, and, correspondingly, additional turns have been cut in to Z. Eventually, after five trials, the pendulum wastes no time in experimenting. Magnet Z is now the strongest, and the iron bar proceeds directly to this goal. It has learned by trial-and-error behavior. Nor is the machine standardized to Z; the goal may be set as Y or X—it can learn either of them by the same process.

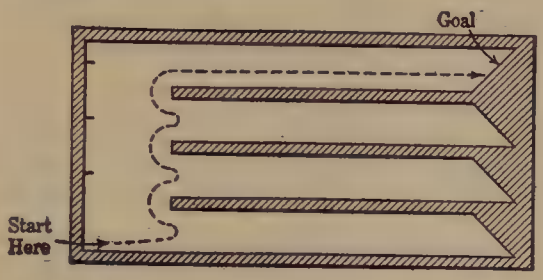
Still another episode in this narrative has its setting in the Pacific Northwest. It seems that the newspaper account of Baernstein's model of 1928 caught the attention of a young man in the State of Washington, Thomas Ross. He had an idea for an automatic typewriter, thought that the thinking machine might suggest some useful features for his invention, and so he wrote for particulars. Dr. Hull answered the letter and the boy came back with another. Thinking machines interested him: he thought he would make one himself. Eventually there arrived in New Haven, by express from the remote Northwestern village, a carefully crated package. It was Ross's thinking machine: a device of springs, levers, pinions, electromagnets, a protruding arm (like the boom of a toy derrick), and a vertical maze (a series of metal shelves suggesting a miniature cupboard). Odd scraps of material had gone into its making—whatever was available—but the thing is said to have worked.

Set the tip of the protruding arm at the entrance to the bottom passage of the maze, and start the machine operating. The tip pushes along the passage until it comes to the dead end. It can go no farther, and the obstruction actuates a switch which causes it to reverse. It retraces its steps, and moves upward to the entrance of the second passage. Here the exploratory process is repeated; the arm moves along the passage until the blind alley stops it, then reverses and, following the same procedure, explores the next passage. In this way, by trying every path, it comes at last to the end of the maze and so to the goal. The course of its journey through the maze is indicated by the dotted line:



It would require a complicated array of diagrams to picture the various circuits, switches, electromagnets, and other essential parts of the mechanism which drives and controls the movement of the protruding arm along this path through the maze. The machine is electrically actuated, and the tip of the arm carries metal points which make contacts with the metal slots of the maze and communicate an electrical current. As this electrically sensitive tip travels this circuitous route and experiences the blind alleys, these

encounters cause certain switches in the actuating mechanism to be set. The switches cut out certain circuits and cut in other circuits, as a result of which the arm is held to a more direct route on its second journey through the maze. This shorter path of the machine, after conditioning, can be made clear by revising the dotted line in our diagram, thus:



With further refinement of mechanism, says the inventor, it would be possible so to condition the machine that it would proceed by the shortest possible path, *i.e.* vertically upward in a straight line to the opening of the upper passage, and then horizontally to the right to the goal.

Since this early experience Ross has proceeded to college, and during the past two years has been working in psychological research under Dr. Stevenson Smith at the University of Washington in Seattle. For several years Dr. Smith had had in mind an idea for a maze-learning machine which would travel a track, and now he set Ross to work on the job. Last September they exhibited a mechanism which the newspaper writers promptly named "the robot rat."

Rats are favorite subjects for the experimental psychologist, and are particularly apt at learning the twists and turns and obstacles of mazes. So too with the Smith-Ross device. It might be mistaken for a toy locomotive: a vehicle a little more than a foot long and about seven inches wide, loaded with motor, solenoids, gears, all the equipment necessary for energizing and directing its movements. The mechanical rat travels a grooved track from which fork off at irregular intervals twelve open sidetracks leading to dead ends. These are equivalent to the blind alleys which the living rats encounter in their maze-running. When the mechanical rat takes a siding and bangs into the dead end, a switch is turned within its mechanism which causes the motor to reverse, the machine backs up, gets onto the main track again, and then moves forward, this time passing the fork. It has learned to avoid the useless turn. And so with each fork—the machine bumps and learns. The significant detail is that this process of conditioning alters arrangements only *within* the mechanical rat—nothing is changed in the track. The environment remains unaltered; but after it has experienced the environment the mechanical rat is so trained that it will travel the track from beginning to end without making a false turn.

"It remembers what it has learned far better than any man or animal," said Dr. Smith. "No living organism can be depended on to make no errors of this type after only one trial."

But how does it learn, and how remember? The thing is electrically activated, propelled by a motor, and its choice of route is determined by a rudder wheel which travels the grooved track. Before learning, the machine is set so that this rudder wheel will follow the right-hand branch of every fork. Every time it takes a sidetrack and bangs into a dead end, not only is the motor automatically reversed, but one flange in the edge of a twelve-flanged "memory disc" is depressed. The depression of this flange allows a rocker arm to fall into a hole, the dislocation of the rocker arm causes an electrical contact to be made and another contact to be broken, thus connecting one solenoid and disconnecting the opposite solenoid. It is these solenoids that, by their magnetic influence, steer the machine. They pull to one side or the other a lever which controls the rudder wheel, and after the first collision the flange is so depressed that thereafter the rudder wheel must take the left-hand branch of that particular fork.

In passing into the next section of the track, two levers in the machine brush against stationary outside posts and cause the memory disc to turn forward one division. Here the flange is still upright, and its effect is to lift the rocker arm back to original position and again set the rudder wheel for a right turn at the next fork. In this way, as it moves through the maze, always turning right at the first trial, the record of its collisions with dead ends is indelibly written into the memory disc. If in any instance the right-hand turn proves to be the main-line path, the machine will encounter no collision and, therefore, will not alter the flange and the position of the rocker arm in that unit of the memory disc. After the machine has traversed the twelve sections of the maze the memory disc will have revolved to the original starting position. But it is so marked by the experiences of its first journey that thereafter it infallibly guides the rudder wheel past all false turns. The living rat learns by experimenting, that is, by experiencing, and so does the machine.

IV

The skeptical bystander, watching a demonstration of one of these gadgets, is apt to remark, "an ingenious machine, truly—but *not* a rat."

The psychologist agrees. The apparatus has been designed to simulate only one kind of rat behavior—*i.e.* the behavior of learning the most direct route through a maze.

"But your robot blindly bangs into obstacles, and by these collisions sets prearranged switches in its electrical control system which thereafter turn its wheels in pre-arranged ways, and by mechanical direction steer clear of the sidetracks," persists the amateur critic. "That is not thinking—that is merely turning switches and resetting relays."

It is *merely* turning switches and resetting relays, agrees the behaviorist—but how do you know that learning is not the same thing essentially? All we see of the living rat's procedure is that it follows blind alleys at first, collides with dead ends, retraces its steps, and eventually, after a series of experiences, it makes the trip through the maze without repeating these mishaps. If it is behavior that we are judging, and if our study is confined to "observables," where is the difference, in principle, between what the machine does and what the rat does?

Admittedly the maze-running machine is not a rat—just as the airplane is not an eagle. It is only an analogue capable of simulating one limited type of rat behavior. And so with other models. The glowing of the incandescent lamp in Baernstein's model is not the same operation as the dripping of saliva from the mouth of Pavlov's dog—but the functional relationships between stimulus and response in the dog are of the same order as the sequence which conditions the lamp response. It is possible that a model might be built which would salivate at the sound of a bell or other stimulus—but so complicated a construction is not necessary to provide a test for the psychologist's theory. And that, we remember, is the practical justification of model-building: to test theory. If a mechanical artifact can be made to reproduce the conditions of the theory—no matter how crude or elementary the reproduction—evidence is thereby adduced for the reasonableness of the theory.

"But we are not deceiving ourselves," said Dr. Hull. "The model provides a test for the internal logic of our theory, but it does not absolutely prove the truth of the theory. If we have a mechanical hypothesis of thinking, and if we build a mechanical model following this hypothesis, and if our model executes behavior of a kind analogous to that which in the living animal we call mental behavior, then we can fairly claim that a machine can think—though we may be sure that the living organism is not the same *kind* of machine. Thus models check the

reasonableness, though they cannot prove the truth, of the theory."

The construction of model psychic mechanisms is a fascinating diversion, perhaps some would call it a weakness to be indulged only occasionally. For the most part the psychologists study the living organism itself. In his laboratory Dr. Hull has under way a huge program of research with living material. The theory of the conditioned reflex is being tested here through experiments on the habits of men as well as on those of white rats, dogs, and monkeys. Already a large body of data has been gathered, and it has considerable significance in practical life—but this subject-matter is too voluminous to be introduced incidentally here.

Hull has never made a model. Stevenson Smith waited for a young prodigy at mechanism to come along before he undertook to materialize his idea of the mechanical rat. Most of the thinking machines have been built by students, many of them by engineering students. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a young electrical engineer, N. B. Krim, devoted his graduation thesis (by which he completed his qualifications for the engineering degree in 1934) to an exposition of thinking machines. He made a simple working model. And in his thesis, Krim provided blue-prints for fourteen different electrical circuits, each designed to reproduce adaptive behavior, some of them promising responses of a high degree of complexity.

A conclusion one derives from observing these machines is the amount of mechanism needed to simulate even the most elementary behavior. The mechanical rat is equipped to learn a maze, and its thinking capacity stops there; but a living rat is equipped to learn hundreds of different tasks. "To make a model which would reproduce all the behavior of a rat would require a mechanism probably as large as the Capitol in Washington," said Dr. Hull. To make a model which would discriminate among the various symbolical meanings of the color red, and respond in the emotional patterns characteristic of human responses to this symbol, would require a far larger array of mechanism. What would it take to reproduce the whole behavior of man—of an average, typical, ordinary "man in the street"? On the same scale such a machine might occupy a whole city or spread over an entire State, so intricate and almost infinite in number are the cross connections, the associations, represented by ordinary human behavior.

Within the present decade Nicolas Rashevsky, mathematical biophysicist at the University of Chicago, has published the general specifications for a machine which he claims will exhibit "purpose," and in particular will "tell a lie" which "may be described as 'purposeful'." The actual construction of the machine has not been attempted. It "will be a matter of tremendous expense and labor," Dr. Rashevsky admits, but of its possibility he has not the slightest doubt. Anyone who has the inclination, the mathematical acumen, and the necessary wherewithal, to undertake the project, will find all clues freely revealed in Rashevsky's paper in the *Journal of General Psychology*.

Questions of biological mechanism came up for discussion at a meeting of the American Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia five years ago. After hearing various arguments, pro and con, Dr. Cyrus Adler threw out this challenge:

"If the mechanistic theory were carried to the extreme and there were produced, as I understand there can be produced in the laboratory, a robot that could in every way duplicate the acts of what we call man, it has been suggested, and I regret that I cannot take credit for this suggestion, that the acid test as to the identicalness of the real man and the mechanistic man is whether the latter would ever engage in the search after truth."

What say the psychologists, the biochemists, the biophysicists, the model-makers? "Stands Scotland where it did?"

THE OLD PEOPLE'S CRUSADE

THE TOWNSEND PLAN AND ITS ASTONISHING GROWTH

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER AND KELLEY LOE

THE Townsend Old-Age "Revolving" Pension organization has become the strongest pressure movement in America. It holds the balance of political power in at least eleven States west of the Mississippi River. It is rapidly attaining such a position in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. It has already demonstrated its strength by bringing a Battle Creek lawyer named Verner Main through the Republican primaries in Michigan's Third District and then electing him to Congress by a 2-to-1 majority over his New Deal opponent.

Robert Earl Clements, the "co-founder" of the Townsend Plan, places the movement's club membership at approximately five million persons. He also contends that the organization has five times as many supporters as that. Dr. Francis Everett Townsend himself declares that converts are enrolling so rapidly that it is impossible to set the number of members and adherents at any definite figure. He claims a voting power of twenty-five million people. The most conservative estimate, by the most caustic critic of the plan, admits that the Townsend organization has a minimum of ten million supporters, included in which are at least three million affiliated Townsend-club members.

This almost unbelievable strength has stunned the leaders of both the Republican and Democratic parties. On Capitol Hill in Washington the politicians are amazed and terrified by it. For a time they had hoped Dr. Townsend and his followers were disappearing from the scene; but to-day the pension movement is infinitely stronger than the combined forces of Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice, the Utopians, Milo Reno's Farm-Holiday Association, Upton Sinclair's EPICS, and the remnant of the late Huey Long's share-the-wealth movement. In the words of Frank R. Kent, "Fear of the Townsend opposition smears the whole Western political picture." Nor is this amazing power confined to the Pacific seaboard. Political luminaries in New York, Massachusetts, and other Atlantic States, who once regarded the Townsend Plan as a trans-Mississippi eccentricity, are bewildered to find formidable minorities in their own constituencies demanding the two hundred-dollars-a-month pension scheme.

Yet the development of the Townsend movement into America's No. 1 mass lobby is no surprise to those who have followed the organization's phenomenal growth ever since Dr. Townsend first announced his world-saving panacea on New Year's Day of 1934. In the two years since that time clever organizers and skilled promoters, playing on the heart strings and desires of millions of elderly citizens, have built up a movement which for hysteria and fanaticism excels even

the most fervent evangelistic religious organization. In fact, to its vast throng of followers, the Townsend Plan *is* a religion. Vast numbers of old people believe Dr. Townsend was inspired by God to bring forth the plan. Their principal argument is expressed with eloquent enthusiasm by the Townsend Eastern manager, Rev. Clinton Wunder, formerly Baptist minister in Rochester, New York, and more recently a vice-president of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. "With God all things are possible," says Mr. Wunder.

The strength of the Townsend Plan may eventually play a part in the political downfall of the New Deal. Yet it was Franklin D. Roosevelt's political philosophy of 1932 which set in motion the chain of circumstances ultimately responsible for the Townsend movement. Campaigning for the Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt contended that a change in the personnel of government was necessary to restore prosperity. The voters of Long Beach, California, heeded his advice and threw out the incumbent city administration. One of the first employees to be discharged by the new officeholders was Dr. Francis Townsend, a sixty-five-year-old assistant in the city health department. Thus deprived of the few dollars each month which sustained himself and his wife, Townsend resorted to various ways of earning a livelihood. For a time he considered selling real estate under the supervision of shrewd young Robert E. Clements, a job the doctor had tried prior to joining the city health service.

But these sporadic methods of replacing the income he had received from the municipality were largely unsuccessful, as well as distasteful to him. He looked about for some other manner of keeping off relief. One morning while shaving he glanced out the bathroom window and noticed three "haggard, very old women" clawing in a row of garbage cans for scraps of food not too decomposed for human consumption. Down the street he could see a store window packed with fresh fruits and meats and vegetables. Dropping his razor, Dr. Townsend burst into a tirade of invective. His wife, thinking he had suddenly become demented, cautioned him that the neighbors might hear.

To her warning the doctor replied, "I want all the neighbors to hear me! I want God Almighty to hear me! I'm going to shout till the whole country hears!"

The country has heard indeed—and Dr. Townsend's voice has been augmented by the thunderous shouts of millions of his devoted followers.

The picture of the old women—all three about his own age—was impressed indelibly on Dr. Townsend's memory. Perhaps he himself might be driven to such a plight. Was it necessary that the aged people of America be in such straits?

The country doctor set about to find a remedy to alleviate, if not to cure, the malady which beset millions of citizens. The result of his efforts was the famous "revolving" pension plan. Dr. Townsend proposed to levy a sufficiently high sales tax to pay two hundred dollars a month to every citizen sixty years of age and over; the pension was to be spent within thirty days, and the beneficiary must be of good character. He pointed out that his plan would not only bestow comfort and security upon the old people, but that the vast amount of money thus placed in circulation every month would stimulate a great revival of business.

Although Dr. Townsend and the majority of his adherents deny that Bruce Barton is in any way responsible for the marvelous "God-given" plan, it is difficult to believe that a satirical essay by Barton in the August, 1931, issue of *Vanity Fair* did not provide the aged physician with the skeleton on which to hang the flesh of his scheme. Barton's ironic discussion paralleled, in both idea and presentation, what now is known to America as the

"Townsend Old-Age Revolving Pension Plan."

Barton suggested that all citizens be retired from work at the age of forty-five and be paid for their idleness at the rate of half their earning capacity for the preceding five years. The volume of buying power which would be produced through this proposal, Barton claimed, would increase consumption, provide employment, and improve business so that persons under forty-five also would be benefited. This is almost precisely the theory of the Townsend Plan.

Barton wrote, "Let young men do the work and old men loaf." Compare this with the Townsend slogan: "Age for leisure, youth for work." Barton even obligingly suggested the methods which the Townsend movement now employs: "My plan would fix everything and be so grand in every way that I wonder why I ever thought of it. I pass it along to the readers of *Vanity Fair* and urge them to do something. Wire your Congressman! Vote! Organize! Orate! Write Letters!" Millions of Townsendites have used those very methods. They have deluged Congress with a torrent of letters beside which the demands for the Soldiers' Bonus and other special legislation are mere rivulets.

The doctor's plan made headway from the start. Born in that home of strange panaceas, Southern California, it aroused in the old people hope and enthusiasm unbounded. Much of its success was due to the expert guidance and supervision of Clements, the young real-estate operator whom Dr. Townsend persuaded to collaborate in its promotion. After Townsend with remarkable ease had obtained several thousand signatures for a petition favoring the scheme, Clements became convinced that the idea was a "natural."

On January 24, 1934, articles of incorporation for "Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd." were filed in Sacramento. The incorporators were Dr. Townsend, his brother Walter L. Townsend, and Clements. These men are still the sole directors of an organization to which millions of old people have pledged their votes and money. From that day the movement increased in numbers so rapidly that even the doctor was stunned. As word of the marvelous two-hundred-dollars-a-month pension plan spread throughout the West, the little office set up by Townsend and Clements was inundated with petitions, inquiries, donations, and applications for membership. In San Diego alone, eighty Townsend clubs were formed with a total enrollment of thirty thousand out of the city's population of approximately one hundred and fifty thousand.

The shrewd Clements saw to it that the organizers and proselyters from national headquarters made much of the shameful manner in which the nation had abandoned its aged citizens. This appeal struck a responsive chord. As the membership multiplied, Clements became convinced that the doctor, optimistic though he was, had underestimated the latent possibilities in the idea. Clements did not object when over-zealous speakers compared Dr. Townsend with Christ or suggested that a divine inspiration was responsible for his scheme. Enthusiastic adherents even purchased a great quantity of mirrors on the backs of which were pictures of the three greatest Americans—Washington, Lincoln, and Townsend!

II

As the organization gradually expanded from California into Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, Washington, Colorado, and other Far-Western States, Clements determined to retain a tight grip on these scattered units. He rejected all suggestions that the members in each State be permitted to elect their own State managers. He insisted that these reigning officials be appointed by the national headquarters. Thus Clements kept—

and still keeps—an agent of his own selection in charge of every district into which the organization has moved.

The "co-founder"—a title claimed by Clements because of his early interest in the plan—also arranged that the constitution presented to the clubs did not give the subordinate groups any opportunity to defy the mandates of national headquarters. Article XII of the Townsend club constitution specified that the "Area Board" of each State should have the power to demand that a club surrender its charter, records, and funds. The constitution also stated that "in no case" could Article XII be amended.

Clements further arranged that the "Area Boards" should be susceptible to pressure from him. The way in which this was arranged is too complex to be shown in detail here; suffice it to say that the Area Board (which may revoke club charters) is chosen by Congressional Boards, which in turn are selected by nominating committees appointed by the State Area Manager, who is an appointee of National Headquarters, which is managed by Clements. If this were not enough, the Townsend club manual contradictorily lists the State Area Board's duties as being "to counsel and assist" the State Manager. The arrangement still exists. Clements has the power to demand that any Townsend club surrender its charter, records, and funds. No necessary reasons for so drastic a step are specified; no trial is required.

By the latter months of 1934, less than one year after the formal opening of national headquarters at Los Angeles on January 1st, Clements had developed a smoothly working organization. With the lean, almost cadaverous doctor in the front as the messiah and leader, Clements built up a corps of highly efficient organizers. In this group were men accustomed to talking for their living. Numerous ministers and preachers joined the Townsend speakers' rolls; real-estate agents eagerly became district managers and State officials. Faith-healers and clairvoyants added their voices to the chorus crying out the gospel.

In the closing days of 1934, Townsend and Clements moved their headquarters to Washington to be on hand for the opening of the 74th Congress. At least a dozen members of the House of Representatives, with eager eyes on the doctor's following, wanted to introduce the bill embodying the Townsend Plan. The honor fell to John Steven McGroarty, poet laureate of California, who had been elected to serve his first term in Congress on a platform containing a single plank —the Townsend Plan.

The pension proposal, as finally drafted into a bill, included a number of departures from the doctor's original scheme. It provided for a two per cent tax on all transactions, instead of a retail sales tax of indeterminate rate; another very important alteration was a change in the amount of the pension from the flat, unequivocal sum of two hundred dollars to the drastically different "not to exceed two hundred dollars," which might legally mean an amount as low as ten or fifteen cents.

As an amendment to the Roosevelt Administration's social security program, Representative McGroarty's bill was supported by only about sixty members. But if the avalanche of letters and petitions did not convince the lawmakers, it at least frightened them, for the test of strength was made on a standing, unrecorded vote: they declined to place themselves on record either for or against the doctor's scheme. Many Congressmen now offer thanks for the foresight which prevented a roll call on the Townsend Plan!

One of the most important moves decided upon in Washington by the doctor and Clements was the establishment of the *Townsend National Weekly*. They realized the necessity of an official voice to reach the millions of Townsendites scattered throughout the cities and ham-

lets of the West. In January, 1935, the first issue of the paper came from the press, containing an article in which Kathleen Norris lyrically described the plan as "audacious, original, inspired." The publication was successful from the start. By the third week circulation had reached 75,000; it has subsequently increased to nearly 250,000.

Early issues of the *Weekly* carried warnings against purchasing "spurious papers . . . gotten out for the express purpose of enrichment." Dr. Townsend wrote, "The Old Age Revolving Pension movement is not benefited by one cent of the earnings of these publications. . . . I ask you to consider that every nickel that you spend for these publications is a nickel diverted from the task of supporting the Old Age Revolving Pensions Movement. Not one of your nickels ever gets to Washington or into the treasury of the headquarters at 200 Spring Arcade Building, Los Angeles."

This language on the part of the founder of the plan might seem to imply that if the funds from "spurious publications" did not go into the movement's treasury, then—conversely—those from the *Weekly* did.

But close questioning on the part of Senators Harrison and Couzens, when Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements appeared at the hearings on the Social Security bill, revealed that the *Weekly* is the private property of the founder and "co-founder" of the plan. Several months later the *Weekly* itself declared, "So you want to know who owns the *Townsend Weekly*? Well, Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements own it. . . . What of it?"

This belated admission did considerable damage. However, it is no longer necessary for the *Weekly* to warn against rival publications. A resolution was pushed through the Townsend national convention at Chicago in October of 1935, which forbids the sale of any publications or pamphlets in the Townsend clubs except those authorized by the national leaders. This action prompted a number of newspapers to reprint the charge of Frank Peterson, who resigned early in 1935 as the movement's publicity director, that the *Weekly* nets its owners approximately $2000 each week. On May 13, F. J. Elgin, the *Weekly's* editor, had hotly denied Peterson's claim, stating that neither the doctor nor Mr. Clements "ever got a thin dime from the paper."

A number of months later Paul W. Ward reported in the *Baltimore Sun*, "Data supplied by Mr. Elgin indicated that the *Weekly* is making a profit for its owner, the Prosperity Publishing Company, at the rate of $200,000 a year. . . ." And the owners of the Prosperity Publishing Company, he added, "are Dr. Francis E. Townsend and his co-founder of the Townsend pension plan, Robert E. Clements, a Long Beach (Cal.) real-estate promoter."

Ward also quoted Elgin as follows:

> As you probably can tell, it costs us less than a cent a copy to get out this paper. It doesn't cost us much, you see, because it's all bulk sales. We sell the papers in bundles to the regional managers of the OARP at 2½ cents a copy. They sell them at 3 cents a copy to handlers in the towns and districts, who retail them at 5 cents. We've got a circulation now of 250,000 copies weekly, and that's all been built up since January.

Elgin issued a denial of these statements, but the masthead of the *Weekly* has never revealed the paper's actual proprietorship. The publication is designated merely as the "Official publication of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd."

The bulk of the *Weekly's* advertising comes from concerns manufacturing patent medicines and other remedies for the ills of the aged. That it is a highly advantageous medium for the dispensers of such nostrums is indicated by this letter from the C.D.A. Products Company of Spokane, Washington (Good News! Sufferers of Rheumatism):

> We use many publications to advertise C.D.A. Products, and never before have we found a publication that has brought us leads

at so low cost, nor that furnish such a high percentage of closures, proving the high quality of the *Townsend Weekly* readers.

Where a more fertile field for bladder tablets and gland stimulants than among aged persons clinging to life and health to enjoy the promised two hundred dollars a month?

Yet though the business office of the magazine is concerned with material problems, the editorial department strikes a spiritual note. Here are a few excerpts from the *Townsend Weekly:*

> This vision given Dr. Townsend could not have come from the Evil One, but must have been God-given. It harmonizes so beautifully with "the wisdom which is from above." (James 3:14)

> Let's be determined. God is on our side. So by all means let's be united.

> Peace, good-will and universal brotherhood will be born in a day when the Townsend Plan, the plan of live-and-let-live, becomes the law of our land.

> . . . Being good its source is God and it will prosper and do that whereunto it was sent. . . . We believe Dr. Townsend's perception of such an idea is not an accident but rather an answer to the prayers of tens of millions of organized children of God lost in a wilderness of doubt.

No opportunity is overlooked to connect the plan with the Almighty or to compare Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements favorably with the great figures of history.

Nor does the *Weekly* hesitate to prophesy continually that the success of the two-hundred-dollars-a-month plan is just round the corner. On March 25, 1935, Mr. Elgin wrote, "This session of Congress will enact the Townsend bill. In my mind there can be no doubt about it. . . ." Mr. Elgin's prediction was not fulfilled; but on the strength of his optimism thousands of old people have purchased goods on the installment plan, the payments to be completed when the pension checks arrive. Dozens of merchants in Western cities have been boycotted by militant Townsendites because they refused to extend credit until Congress passed the bill.

One of the principal functions of the *Weekly* has been to encourage membership in the Townsend National Legion (of Honor). Dues in the National Legion are twelve dollars a year, payable in monthly installments of one dollar. On July 22, the Townsend National Legion was heralded in the *Weekly* as "all but an inspiration or revelation." The article continued:

> The Townsend National Legion is a Program of Proxy. It personalizes the purse that it substitutes for self. . . . Thousands of the world's best people do not possess the high qualifications for personal leadership in our great cause; yet they can partake in the program by letting their money become proxy for them. . . . Your dollars can become *you.*

Dr. George W. Bunton, the Townsend Legion's organizer, has set a membership goal of 50,000. At dues of one dollar monthly, this would amount to an annual fund of $600,000. Most of the lyrical pleas for enrollment in the Legion are written by Dr. Bunton. Recently he wrote, "To have a part in this great cause through membership in the Legion becomes romantic in its tremendous venture in human betterment."

There are numerous other ways in which the eager Townsendite can part with his money. One dollar will purchase from national headquarters a vivid print entitled "The Spirit of the Townsend Plan." For ten cents the devotee with an automobile can have a sticker ("in three beautiful colors") to place on his windshield. A Speaker's Manual costs one dollar, and a subscription to the *Weekly* is two dollars. A small booklet "That Man Townsend" costs fifty cents. The Townsend button costs a dime, and the Atlas Stamp and Badge Company will sell a pair of Townsend license plates for half a dollar. A Townsend radiator emblem may be purchased from the Lib-

erty Engraving Company for the same amount. One dollar, sent to a Townsend organizer in Eugene, Oregon, will secure a tire-cover announcing that "The Townsend Plan Will Save America from Radicalism."

The *Weekly* continually urges the members to buy such paraphernalia, as a result of which thousands of old people vie with one another to see who can carry about the most manifestations of loyalty to Dr. Townsend and the plan. Although the "official" publication is purchased by only a relatively small portion of the movement's vast following, its gospel is passed on to the adherents by the speakers and club presidents. The *Weekly* is the Koran of the organization's leaders. They read it to the members at Townsend club meetings; excerpts from its editorials are included in Townsend radio broadcasts. Mr. Elgin, the editor, confidently foresees the day when circulation will reach five million. He believes the *Townsend Weekly* is destined to become the most influential publication in the United States.

III

The repeated demands for financial contributions, the private ownership of the *Weekly*, and Clements' control of the selection of State managers have not gone completely unchallenged. Since May of 1935 internecine warfare has rocked the Townsend clubs in at least half a dozen States. Mutiny broke out on the Potomac early in the first session of the 74th Congress, when Frank Peterson, national publicity director of the Townsend organization, suddenly charged Clements and the doctor with having turned the movement into a racket for their own personal enrichment. His most serious contentions were:

1. That Townsend and Clements secretly opposed old-age pension legislation while they continued collecting campaign funds from the old people.

2. That while Clements was without funds when the movement began, he now "possesses a beautiful Lincoln car, his clothes are of the finest weave, he lives at the finest hotels and uses airplanes almost exclusively."

3. That the *Townsend Weekly*, owned by Townsend and Clements, netted $2000 profits weekly.

4. That the Townsend-plan petitions bore "only" 7,000,000 names instead of the 30,000,000 claimed by Townsend and Clements.

Peterson hurled most of his denunciations at Clements, who he declared "began to see the Townsend Plan as a beautiful money-making scheme for himself and Dr. Townsend." The "co-founder" came back with a furious set of countercharges. In an editorial on the front page of the *Weekly* of June 3, he called Peterson "A Judas Revealed," and accused him of having unsuccessfully attempted to sell his "exposé" of the Townsend headquarters to Arthur Brisbane.

Peterson, a Los Angeles public relations expert, was replaced as the Townsend publicity head by Boyd Gurley, who had won a 1929 Pulitzer award for the *Indianapolis Times*. Gurley immediately undertook to minimize the proportions of the rebellion instigated by his predecessor, and the *Weekly* launched a campaign to compare the doctor to Christ and his critics to Judas. But the insurrection did not collapse completely, and in July of 1935, a convention of all Townsend revolters and malcontents was held at Minneapolis. The result was the organization of the National Annuity League, a group working for passage of the McGroarty bill but repudiating Townsend and Clements. Glenn W. Simpson, a lens-manufacturer of Rochester, New York, was elected president of this rump movement. Its membership is almost infinitesimal compared to the vast following of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., but it has provided a voice for those dissenters who dislike the methods of the doctor and his "co-founder."

One of the leading charges of the National Annuity League has been that the

Townsend movement is run on a dictatorial basis. To a considerable degree this charge would seem to have been sustained at the national convention of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., at Chicago. Seven thousand elderly delegates from every section of the Union attended the gathering. For uncontrolled enthusiasm, this meeting was one of the most remarkable ever held in America. Weeks before the convention, the *Townsend Weekly* thus heralded it:

> Sometime in the not far distant future, the files of letters received by the convention bureau for the first national convention of Townsend clubs will be studied as carefully by historians as are today the secret archives of diplomats and governments which have changed the course of history. . . . These letters will be studied as carefully as were the letters which were sent to Lincoln before humanity had discarded slavery.

By special trains, private cars, and motor caravans, the aged delegates converged on Chicago, singing biblical hymns as they made their way across the country. Most of them were in an intense fervor by the time they arrived at the convention. They jostled, pushed, and shouted in the scramble to pay their two-dollar registration fee. They made no protest when Dr. Townsend arbitrarily appointed Frank Arbuckle, a former associate of Clements in the real-estate business, to be chairman of the convention, instead of permitting the delegates to fill the position by election. No objection was made to the fact that virtually all the key positions at the convention were occupied by Californians appointed by Townsend, Arbuckle, or Clements.

One of Clements' most valuable aides on the floor was Sheridan Downey, who had run for lieutenant governor of California with Upton Sinclair and had received more votes than the father of the EPIC plan. Downey later abandoned EPIC for the Townsend movement. He helped Clements to push through the convention a resolution forbidding any pension club from endorsing or supporting political candidates "*except upon express authorization and direction* [the italics are ours] of the national headquarters." This action gives to Dr. Townsend and "Co-founder" Clements the right to dictate the casting of approximately five million votes.

Another resolution required the clubs to pay "a quota to national headquarters equivalent to 10 cents per month for every club member." The monthly dues were fixed at 25 cents a member, the clubs being permitted to retain 15 cents for local use. If the quota is paid by the smallest number of members claimed by any Townsend spokesman—four million—the monthly income of the national headquarters from this source alone will be $400,000. The audit of the funds of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., showed that "dues and donations" contributed only about one-fifth of the total revenue in the early days of the movement. Thus if the income from other sources were to maintain this ratio to dues, a minimum membership of four million would give headquarters as much as $25,000,000 this year!

The convention was interrupted by frequent outbursts of song, and speakers were continually drowned out by "amens" from various portions of the hall. After the auditor had read his report, the aged listeners lifted their voices:

> Onward, Townsend soldiers,
> Marching as to war,
> With the Townsend banner
> Going on before.
> Our devoted leaders
> Bid depression go;
> Join them in the battle,
> Help them fight the foe.

Much of the time of the convention was devoted to deification of Dr. Townsend and exaltation of the plan as a divine revelation. Congressman Martin F. Smith of Washington described the doctor as having "an inspired brain and noble heart." A delegate from Texas

suggested that in the national capital there should be erected a statue of Townsend "overlaid with pure gold." Sheridan Downey declared that "Dr. Townsend and Robert E. Clements no longer belong to themselves, they belong to the American nation. . . . They will be known as the saviors of democracy." And Downey also told the delegates that "some day men will talk of Dr. Townsend and Robert Clements as we now speak of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton" or "Abraham Lincoln and General Grant."

This type of appeal, ridiculous as it may seem to cynical observers, has been effective. No argument, however logical, can prevail against the hysteria of the Townsendites. At their meetings they swallow every word they hear. Bulletins from national headquarters are regarded as if they were messages from Heaven. In small communities, merchants who decline to display pictures of Dr. Townsend (at 25 cents each) are subjected to rigid boycotts. Publishers of weekly and semi-weekly papers are confronted with ruinous losses in circulation if they refuse to sponsor the pension plan in their editorial columns. Men in public life who speak out against the scheme endure hooting and scorn from the old people comparable with the threats and intimidation of the War era. Converts to the Townsend Plan are seldom won away, and they vote in a solid bloc. They believe their ballots are to get them two hundred dollars a month if only they heed the mandates of Dr. Townsend and "Co-founder" Clements.

IV

The size and aggressiveness of the Townsend movement have given deep concern to some of the country's most eminent statesmen. The pension plan has been very embarrassing to Borah during the past year. He faces his most difficult fight for re-election this November, when his Democratic opponent will be Governor Ross. The Townsend Plan is tremendously strong in Idaho, and Borah needs the support of the pension advocates to win a sixth term in the Senate—or to insure him local backing as a Presidential candidate. He has attempted to gain their adherence without being forced to endorse the pension scheme. He has praised Dr. Townsend, declared there is a very sound *principle* embodied in the Townsend Plan, and has done various favors for national O.A.R.P. headquarters. Whether this friendship will suffice without complete capitulation is, however, doubtful. The Townsendites will go halfway with no one, and Governor Ross of Idaho is a shrewd politician. If Ross gives the Townsend Plan an unqualified endorsement he may defeat the dean of the Senate.

Just as Borah wants the support of the pension movement, so does the pension movement covet the assistance of Borah. The Townsend advocates placed Borah in a tight spot when he returned to Boise last autumn and introduced Dr. Townsend to a tremendous Idaho audience as "the most sincere reformer I have ever known." A few days later stickers appeared on the streets of Boise which said, "Get the Townsend Plan with *Borah*." The Democrats immediately demanded that the stickers be withdrawn until Borah came out for the doctor's proposal. The thunderer was forced to maintain a tight-lipped, awkward silence. The Townsend situation is still uncertain in Idaho and it is entirely possible that the messianic Dr. Townsend, who has not been in politics as many months as William E. Borah has been years in the United States Senate, holds the power to retire Borah to private life.

The political pressure methods of the Townsend leaders are not unlike those employed by the old Anti-Saloon League. The parallel may be partially attributed to the presence in the pension movement of scores of ministers and W.C.T.U. work-

ers who formerly were active in the crusade to rid America of alcohol. That these people have transferred their energies from the demon rum to the menace of old-age insecurity is indicated by the frequent references at Townsend meetings to the evils of cigarettes, lipstick, petting-parties, and similar evidences of depravity. One of the stock arguments for adoption of the Townsend Plan is that it will put young men and women to work and thus prevent them from spending their time in wild indulgences in liquor, sex, and tobacco. The frequent appeals to religion are another sign that the methods employed to advance the prohibition movement are now being used to give every man and woman over sixty years of age two hundred dollars a month.

Although hailed by its proponents as a "great humanitarian movement" and "a menace to the wolves of Wall Street," the Townsend organization has been opposed by most of the nation's leading liberals and progressives. Senator Norris of Nebraska, for example, is unequivocally opposed to the Townsend proposal. So are William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Louis J. Taber, master of the National Grange; and Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Jr. Congressman Maury Maverick of Texas, one of the members of the House liberal bloc, contends that the plan has diverted the attention of the people from "fundamental problems." All these men have aimed their verbal artillery at the sales-tax feature of the Townsend Plan, claiming that it would constitute an unbelievable burden on the nation's consumers.

The situation is serious for the LaFollettes, whose following has been absorbed in great numbers into Townsend clubs. The *Progressive*, the organ of the Wisconsin liberals, is flooded with letters insisting that the LaFollettes endorse the pension proposal. Thousands of these people have been LaFollette adherents ever since the elder senator was in his prime, but they will vote only for supporters of the Townsend Plan at the next election.

V

It is interesting to note that those who are pushing the plan refer to the future pensioners as "employees" of the federal government. Townsend, Clements, Wunder, and other lecturers claim that the old people will actually be rendering an invaluable service in spending their twenty-four hundred dollars annually. Placing this vast amount of money in circulation is a "task" which the elderly citizens are qualified to perform, according to Dr. Townsend. All pension speakers assert that the Townsend Plan is primarily a recovery measure and that the annuity provision is of only secondary importance.

This contention is pleasant but not convincing. The feature of the Townsend Plan which is really responsible for the vast size of the movement, for the revenue pouring into national headquarters, and for the blind devotion to Dr. Townsend is the size of the pension —two hundred dollars a month. To thousands of old people facing destitution and even a pauper's grave the prospect that each may receive two hundred dollars a month is like a vision of Heaven. Nor was the doctor himself, in the early days of the plan, unaware of this attraction. He told Clements that "the glamour of a two-hundred-dollar pension" will "compel attention" and have "great psychological value." Townsend assured the "co-founder" there would be no danger from competitors because "with our figure as high as two hundred dollars we can feel reasonably sure that no one will bring out a pension with a higher amount."

This is why the doctor and his plan have been as popular as rain in a drought season. Everywhere he has gone the old people have worshiped at his feet. Even Clements has come in for part of the

adulation. It has not been uncommon for some aged man or woman to collapse at the thought of meeting the immortal Dr. Townsend. All suggestions that Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements should not possess complete power over the organization have been brushed aside in the enthusiasm over the twenty-four-hundred-dollar annuity.

In this subservience to the movement's leaders, as well as in other respects, the Townsend organization is sharply different from other reform crusades. It is largely a lower-middle-class movement. Few proletarians are included in its ranks. Unlike the Farmer-Laborites, the Grangers, and the EPICS, the Townsend members bitterly resent being called "radicals," "pacifists," and "left-wingers." They declare that their plan will save capitalism, and are bitterly opposed to all proposals of a collectivist nature. Clements repeatedly says, "We believe the profit system is the very mainspring of civilized progress." When a red-inked banner headline in the *Weekly* of October 14, 1935, thundered "Plan Will End All Wars," the article beneath it took care to explain, "In no sense is the *Townsend Weekly* or the Townsend movement pacifist." The Townsend organizers and managers even denounce President Roosevelt as the founder of a socialized state and the ally of "subversive influences." They demand a balanced budget, and fantastically claim that enactment of the two per cent transactions tax would not only pay the vast pension bill but would also retire the national debt!

Uncounted thousands of old people have been blinded to even simple arithmetic by Dr. Townsend's promise to make the sundown of life "a delightful golden autumn instead of a bleak and fearful winter." Economists marvel at the vast number of elderly voters who accept as gospel a panacea as palpably impossible as the Townsend Plan.

Dr. Townsend himself estimates it would require between 20 and 24 billion dollars a year to finance the plan. This is more than five times the total revenue of the Federal government from all sources for the fiscal year 1935. It is equal to 40 per cent of the entire national income of the United States in 1934. It is approximately 25 per cent of the national income for the halcyon year of 1929. To finance the gigantic pension burden would cost every family in America an average of eight hundred and fifty dollars annually.

On the basis of a national income of approximately 50 billion dollars in 1934, the payment of even the minimum figure of 20 billions to eight or nine million elderly persons would mean that seven per cent of the population would receive 40 per cent of the country's income. The other 93 per cent would receive among them only 60 per cent. Inasmuch as the Townsend Plan provides no means for creating new wealth, it is obvious that the increased income given the seven per cent of old people would be enjoyed only at the expense and sacrifice of the rest of the nation's citizens. The Townsend Plan simply would starve Junior to gorge Grandpa.

Townsend writings contend that the two hundred dollars spent by each pensioner every month would create a great "revolving" fund which would continue in circulation indefinitely. This is merely a dramatic version of the old inflationist doctrine that all the world's ills can be cured by putting more money in the commercial bloodstream. The Townsendites have never paused to consider whether or not the billions being spent by Mr. Roosevelt on Public Works really "revolve." The money spent on war preparations has never "revolved" in the fascinating perpetual-motion theory outlined by the pension advocates. What reason is there to believe the Townsend annuities would do so? And if, as Dr. Townsend contends, giving all persons over 60 the sum of two hundred dollars a

month to spend will restore prosperity, why halt there? Why not four hundred dollars a month to everyone over 40, or eight hundred dollars a month to all over 20? Why not go even farther by starting off infants at birth with two hundred dollars to spend each week? Why wait until the citizen reaches 60 to precipitate the golden flow?

Both Townsend and Clements frequently proclaim their solicitude for the common people. Yet it is the common people who would bear the tremendous tax burden of the Old Age Revolving Pension Plan. The transactions tax of the Townsend scheme is merely sales tax in disguise—the most steeply pyramided sales tax ever proposed. On most articles the levy would mount to undreamed-of proportions. In glassware, for example, eleven transactions are customary between the producer of the raw materials and the ultimate consumer. A two per cent tax would be levied by the Townsend Plan against each of these transactions. The result would be a vast tower of tax collections shoved onto the ultimate consumer. In the final analysis, the tax would be closer to twenty per cent than two per cent.

Not a single recognized economist has endorsed the Townsend Plan. Even Dr. Robert R. Doane, employed by Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., to present statistics and figures to the House and Senate committees on finance, made it clear he was not appearing as an advocate of the pension proposal. The most superficial investigation is sufficient to indicate that the Townsend scheme is merely a plan to give 40 per cent of the national income to seven per cent of the population, the increase to the smaller group being at the expense of the larger one. That millions of old people believe implicitly in the proposal is not an indication of its soundness. Rather, it is ominous proof of the willingness of great masses of citizens to discard all learning and knowledge in a wild scramble after special advantages.

That the Townsend Plan is an economic impossibility means nothing to the doctor's adherents. Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements say it will work—and their assurance is sufficient. Against such oracles as the God-inspired founder and his colleague, the knowledge and wisdom of every enlightened social scientist in America cannot prevail.

VI

The Townsend Old Age Pension movement virtually amounts to a raid on the United States Treasury, via the ballot box, by an organized minority which has deluded itself into believing its activities have been undertaken for the national good. Yet it is entirely possible that the country may wake up in January, 1937, to find in Washington a Congress with a majority committed to the Townsend Plan. The proponents of the scheme form a compact, well-financed organization held together by religious fervor. Included among them are numerous young men and women who can see highly desirable advantages in their parents' each receiving twenty-four hundred dollars a year. These younger voters also have been assured by Townsend propagandists that the increased spending will end unemployment and put everyone to work at well-paying jobs.

The Townsend movement already has sufficient strength to carry the Congressional elections in at least a dozen States, the majority of them in the West. It is certain to elect at least one hundred men to Congress next fall. Some observers think it might conceivably elect a majority. It is gaining converts rapidly as its smooth-tongued organizers move into the East and South. There is no apparent reason why it should not attain formidable proportions in those sections. The glittering promise of two hundred dollars a month, coupled with spell-binding appeals to the Deity, is as attractive to old people in New England as to those

living in the Rocky Mountains. In New York State the movement has become sufficiently confident and powerful to serve notice on Senators Wagner and Copeland that they are expected to espouse the Townsend Plan in Congress.

In its early days the Townsend movement might have been stopped by effective writing and oratory from the opponents of the scheme. To-day it has gone too far. In every insignificant event in which Dr. Townsend plays a part its partisans see the Almighty moving "in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." When, for instance, the doctor escaped injury in a minor airplane accident in California many of the members claimed the Lord had spared Dr. Townsend so that he might continue "his great humanitarian work to save America."

Against this sort of allegiance mere figures offer as flimsy a defense as tar-paper shacks in the path of a tornado. The Townsend Plan has become an aggressive political force with which the nation will have to contend for a number of years. Millions of America's old people have sufficient faith in the Townsend Plan to invest in it their money, to bestow upon it their prayers, to turn over their voting prerogatives to an aged employee of the Long Beach, California, health department and a real-estate agent of the same city, and to deify these men as twentieth-century saviors.

If these old people should realize all their political objectives, where—without wrecking the fiscal policy of the United States—could the money to finance the coveted two-hundred-dollar pensions be obtained? How could business and commerce continue to function under the burden of a two per cent tax on every transfer of goods and money? Reasonable men and women may ask such questions, but not the Townsendites.

"With God all things are possible," says the Rev. Clinton Wunder.

COLLEGE TEACHING

A CHAPTER OF RECOLLECTION

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I was brought up in a Philistine community where education was one of the lesser public utilities. Teaching as a profession was regarded by my friends and family as a last resort for those who could not do anything else. An obvious explanation, that teaching was poorly paid, did not tell the whole story. The ministry was poorly paid, but met with no such mild but rather deadly disrespect; while dentistry, which could be profitable, was socially even less estimable than teaching.

There seems to have been an idea, not too clearly thought out, that the teacher, even the college teacher, did his work in a childish world from which adult men and women had escaped by taking up the really important tasks of life. The teacher lived on the margin of such vital affairs as business or running a household, and was perhaps not really an adult at all. It was always surprising to learn that a teacher had made money or fallen in love. Teachers were usually highminded and cultivated people, yet belonged, nevertheless, among the servile classes, a cut above a nurse. This was what they thought.

And yet the economic explanation was true also. By the beginning of our twentieth century the philosophy of competition had got such a grip upon the American imagination that making money and (with less agreement) spending money, had become a test of success. But a teacher ducked out of the competition at the beginning, which seemed a confession of inferiority. If the teacher was a "she" of course we were more tolerant.

My four years as a college undergraduate did not entirely uproot this prejudice, although I was shaken by my contacts with a few teachers so powerful that I was forced to regard them as I had been taught to regard other men. When, after graduation, I drifted into teaching I came into the faculty with a traditional respect for the bourgeois American's creed of business as the chief concern of normal man. (I was the first in nine known generations of a family to enter into a profession; I was the first from my circle of friends and relatives to escape from the profits system.) Something reached out from my mind toward ideals of scholarship, but on the other hand something shrank back by habit from the practitioners thereof, whose language, manners, humor, or lack of it, and ideas of success in life I was not yet prepared to understand. Gulliver felt somewhat as I did when, landing upon Laputa, he found that factories made learning, and conversation was about mathematics instead of money and love.

Very early in my career, which in its beginning was humble in the extreme—and fortunately so, since I knew just enough to keep one jump ahead of my classes—I brought my father to the club in our college town. He was to meet two

of my superiors, elder statesmen in education for whom I had a profound respect. My father was the sweetest and most equable of men, deeply cultured in simple human relationships, but not accustomed to discussions in which ideas were passed about wantonly and encyclopedic facts spilled as if everyone had plenty of them. The elder statesmen were bored and my father was puzzled, although he did his best to find something in his very American experience which would provide a meeting-place. As the talk went on he flushed, looking more and more to me for help, and at that instant a tiny idea was born in my mind of the true nature of this profession of teaching. It was a resultant of the inevitable conflict between theory and practice; it was built upon the ultimate duty of scholarship to give what was needed, and made doubly difficult by the inability or the refusal of human nature to take what it lacked and the failure of the teacher to measure his task. That day I saw for the first time the teacher's real problem.

For I think that teaching as a profession is woefully misunderstood, and frequently by its professors. Perhaps I should qualify this statement to read teaching of the humanities, which I know most about; yet I do not feel inclined to qualify it. It may be that teaching a technic such as playwriting or the building of bridges is a simple matter hard to misunderstand, yet I am quite sure that the instant the subject taught is used for training and expanding the mind the problem is much more complex than the simple formula: I know this; I tell it to you; now you know it—which seems to be what most laymen regard as teaching.

I never taught playwriting or metal work, but I have raised my temperature and strained my wits in the teaching of both English literature and English composition, with brief excursions into history and even logic. What I am surest of is that what I tried to teach was never so important as how I taught it. I can conceive of no subject of instruction so important that a pupil cannot get along without it, except reading, writing, and arithmetic, unless it be ethics and religion, which few teach nowadays. Of course the race has to have the sciences if it is to keep up its standard of living, architects must have calculus, and classicists Latin; but I am writing of the individual. What *he* needs is not necessarily Greek, or physics, or geography, but an education.

My first discovery when I began my career was that education is more concerned with ideals than with knowledge: a naïve discovery, but important. I never had the usual difficulties of young instructors, though I dreamed of them in tutor's nightmares, in which ink flew through the air while I escaped in my shirttails through a window. I was slight physically, unaccustomed to authority, unsure of my subject, uncertain in my methods. Nevertheless no class "rough-housed" me (a word of the period); when dogs were brought into my recitation they promptly went to sleep; when fisticuffs started on the back row I had only to throw a question in that direction. Yet I nerved myself for my classes as for an ordeal, and relapsed after them into limp vacuity. For I quickly learned, intuitively, crudely, yet I learned, that whether it was the history of the English language, or Shakespeare that I was trying to teach, the actual conflict was not with ignorance but with college life and all that it implied; and, behind it, with the ideas and ideals of an American society in which materialism dominated action and governed thought. One could plant facts by waving a mark book, but when it came to ideas, beliefs, ideals, the soil was stubborn.

II

There were five schools of the theory of teaching in my day: the hard-boiled, the indifferent, the idealistic, the factual, and the enthusiastic.

The hard-boiled school I respected, yet

something in their tenets made me stubbornly rebellious. There was a Cambridge graduate on our faculty, an Englishman older than myself, with whom I argued over many a stein of beer. We have the stuff, he would say; let the little lambs come and get it if they wish. If they are goats who won't eat good food, that is their affair. Why should I coddle them?

And so he saved his emotions for high struggles with figured thinking, bred a few good students, made a reputation for his scholarship, and got through his teaching with only the labor required to talk clearly for fifty minutes.

I tried to feel his way. I knew that we coddled the undergraduate. I was aware that between his hearty feedings on college life we tried to wheedle our doses of instructions, like cod liver oil, into his unwilling mouth. I felt that if I could stand on a pedestal, like my Cambridge friend, saying "I have it; come and get it or stay away," I should be more respected and so would my subject. But I believed that those I most wanted to teach would never come because they would never understand why they should come. My American tradition held me back from such downrightness. After all, our job had been, and was, to educate all of the people. What right had I to keep Shakespeare and Milton for the tiny minority of American undergraduates who would take to them naturally, who would read them with a self-determined resolve to understand? The specialist might be hard-boiled, and properly so. The Englishman might be exclusive, for in England education had always been regarded as a privilege, and hence a specialty. With us, education was what religion had been to our ancestors, something to be spread abroad to all who had minds that could be saved. This meant that those who felt as I did worked harder over a weary football player, or a perfectly cynical broker's son, than with the fine minds already lit with enthusiasm for learning which we were sure to find somewhere in our classes. The natural result was that our energies were exhausted in trying to educate the almost uneducable, while in any faculty meeting the discussion never got far from the lame ducks and the bluffers, and what to do about low marks.

The indifferent school of teachers had long since accepted the hopelessness of this endless siege of undergraduate interest. Without admitting it, least of all to themselves, they had become defeatists in education. The academic life was pleasant—long summers, short hours, easy requirements for the unambitious once they were placed, abundant opportunities for spending sensibly and agreeably a private income if you were fortunate enough to have one. Nor did a man have to teach or to write with distinction in order to get his job and hold it. There were innumerable committees needing executive talent, there were sports to be supervised, rules to be made, morale to be seen to. And there was the curriculum, which, like the power plant of a factory, had to be overhauled or redesigned every other year. A personable man of character could keep himself reasonably busy through an academic lifetime without doing one hour of really effective teaching or writing one page that lifted above routine. He became, so to speak, a dean or president without portfolio and without real educational responsibility, and was often better known, and more quickly rewarded, than the true scholar or the born teacher, whose light shone less abroad among the alumni and in the college town.

Nor was the siege of the undergraduate mind necessarily unpleasant, once the besieging became an end in itself. These indifferents imitated medieval warfare. Against a wall of resistance they threw up another wall of requirements behind which they lived very comfortably while the conflict remained in *status quo*. And if scholarship went forward never a mil-

limeter by their efforts, at least they made no minor errors, pursued no lost causes, did no damage to convention, and proved to the suspicious American world outside that a professor could be as much of a good fellow, and as harmless, as a vice president of a bank. Yet I fear they were not harmless. Their dead hand rests on many a mind yet.

As for the idealists, I wonder if I have the right name for them. Such a bull-headed generation I have never known in any other profession; for daily they went out to fight for their ideas, and daily they were defeated. And yet stupid as some of them were, and blind as to what was going on and the source of their difficulties, as were most, I cannot but feel that they were the only realists in the college of my day. Obstinately determined to make what they thought was truth prevail, they alone intuitively saw, or at least felt and dimly perceived, college education for what it essentially was—a battle with the natural cussedness, consistent short-sightedness, and obstinate resistance of the human animal to whatever uncomfortably raises him above the brute. They were much too dogmatic, much too inexperienced in life, very much too cerebral in their theories and naïve in their emotions to be often entirely right. But they were on the right side of education even when they were absurdly wrong in their estimates of what their young animals needed. They were on the only side that really wanted a victory.

I numbered my best friends among the idealists, yet it was extraordinary how widely we differed in items of belief. Some of them, having hitched their wagons to an earlier century, were concerned only with the fallacies of our own. They had certain advantages over the rest of us who felt that the nineteen hundreds were of considerable importance, since it was clear that we should have to do our living in them. A complete faith in the *mores* of, let us say the age of Dr. Johnson, produced eventually in the teacher who felt that way a character so eccentric from our *mores* as to fascinate modern youth by his very difference. His arguments also had the force of resting upon a precedent of glamorous living. Instead of feeble remonstrances against the trivial and the sensational in our college life, where football practice or trying to make a fraternity engaged our best energies, these praisers of old days could throw wits, beauties, and statesmen at the student head, and show life fully lived in a manner so different as to challenge the dullest intelligence.

Other idealists of my acquaintance were soaked in romantic moralism. Literature was written, according to them, to illustrate the vices and virtues. Shakespeare proved that character made fate, and the lyrics of Tennyson were less "significant" than his sermons in verse. Their students were not surprised; they had been taught that way in school. Yet I soon concluded that to squeeze ethics from one's teaching of literature or history was to dodge the far more difficult task of making the culture of the past at home in the imagination of the undergraduate.

The factual teachers were the happiest. They were competent men who knew every detail of their subjects. For them teaching was a job in agriculture. Break up the field of the mind by threats of plowing its wild oats under. Plant the seeds of honest fact—declensions, dates, formulas. Reap the crop at examination time, and woe to the boy with an empty basket. The system would have been perfect if it had not been for the complete lack of fertilizer. The grain came back to the farmer not hundredfold, but one in a hundred, and that one often moldy.

Nevertheless, the factual was the school of teaching most popular among the faculty; naturally so, for it could do no harm, and since facts in all subjects were the indispensable beginnings of wisdom, might do more good than the uncertainties of theorizing and interpretation. Facts

could stimulate also, and there was little danger that they would stimulate too much.

What masses of facts I have heard poured out in the classroom! How many facts, more or less accurate, I myself have dumped on my classes! What myriads of alleged facts I have read in test papers! There is something sane and sensible about a fact. Given the coefficients, can you or can you not plot a curve? Do you or do you not know the relative dates of Charlemagne and El Mansur? Why did the crustaceans fail to evolve like man? What happened when Horatio met Hamlet after the latter's escape from the pirates? If I were to go back to general teaching again I should either break my forehead anew on the old stone wall erected ages since to shut out ideas and ideals, or happily and wholeheartedly go in for facts. The teaching of linguistics must be joyful, for it is nearly all facts. An hour with a good list of factual questions to propose is like a game. I have seen one of my own professors become so fascinated with the sport of dropping queries like depth bombs here and there, that he forgot to mark, forgot to dismiss, his sweating class. For there is an immense satisfaction in the concrete for both teacher and taught. The well-crammed youngster is like a siphon bottle. Press the handle and he fizzes in a welcome relief from pressure. And the happy professor well stuffed with hard questions of fact is like the gardener who whiffs spray on a plant and sees the worm turn up his belly in a just agony.

It was facts I began to teach, and never afterward did I have more efficient recitations. There was a sporting atmosphere in the classroom life of the early nineteen hundreds. Of the "prof" it was expected that he would prepare shrewd questions touching upon hidden deposits of fact easily missed in preparation (unless by chance the student had an old book with arrows inked in pointing to the treasure). The teacher asked, the pupil replied. He said he did not know, which was zero. He gave the right answer, which in our mystic marking system counted four. Or he entered upon a rambling disquisition which was meant, and intended to be understood, as a bluff. Could teacher corner him into making a statement of fact, which was sure to be wrong? If he could, that also was zero. If teacher could not catch him out, the sporting code required that he should get a complimentary two, which was passing, and he complained if he did not receive it. The class, expert in games, if not in the subject of instruction, watched the struggle, excited sometimes to the point of groans or applause.

I was cured of the factual method as a major sport in education by a slender, sensitive youngster who had been educated by private tutors abroad. He was too intent upon his own thinking to answer directly my simple question as to what Prince Hal thought of Falstaff, by which of course I meant what he *said* he thought. Instead, as one interested mind to another, he began what was, by definition, clearly a bluff, yet soon became a query as to whether Shakespeare himself was not, like all playwrights, prone to bluff, letting speeches stand from history which he had been too lazy to rewrite. The class, which had set him down for a two, withdrew their favor when he went on with the discussion for the sake of an argument, which he seemed to take more seriously than his mark. But I, with my neat questions to test laborious reading all pat, felt like a fool, and was one. The happy solace of asking contentedly, "Was it?" and hearing "It was" or "It wasn't," the day's duty thus done, was nevermore mine. And yet I did not forget, nor do I forget here, that it is upon fact that tradition—by which alone we safely live—rides from the past into the present.

There was also the enthusiastic school of teaching. It was a school to which I would gladly have been inspired. The enthusiast was a peculiar product of the

fin de siècle—a by-product of revivalism, which the great days of Moody and Sankey and William Booth had made infectious to educated men. But the educated men in our day were not often attracted to religion. Religion was either too dogmatic for them or too emotional. Herbert Spencer had destroyed the prestige of theology, and they were well aware that William James had described conversion as a phenomenon of psychology. Hence many men with a fire of enthusiasm for the good, the beautiful, and the true turned to art, to the wonders of nature, and, most of all, to literature. One could be enthusiastic about Shakespeare when it had already become a little vulgar to be enthusiastic about being saved. Even the technic was the same. Familiar comparisons, good stories, histrionics were as effective in lectures upon Shelley as in rantings upon the Blood of the Lamb.

The students responded. In these men so fired with the excitements of their subject, they recognized a rebellion against the formalism they also hated, and a sympathetic relationship with their own easy enthusiasms in college life. And yet I could never become one of the enthusiasts, though I owed much to them. What this sort of teaching required was a special gift: not so much oratory or histrionics, although these were valuable, as an uncritical faith in the miracle of knowledge. It required a special secretion of simple, intense minds, with a genius for communication. The enthusiasts were born not made. They were our prima donnas, who triumphed even when their voices went sharp or flat of the truth.

And when they had done their work the soil was plowed up but not planted. They made learning seem desirable, but left it an emotion and a mystery. They gave their hearts, but few ideas with them. Their converts did not relapse, like the drunkards and prostitutes won by the revivalists; they remained friends to culture, but stopped there unless someone took them farther along the road. And yet in that boisterous college, with its tacit agreement that only mirth and social success really counted, to be even a friend of culture was an achievement. As a young teacher I could never let myself go in the kind of enthusiasm that sent classes home burning to read everything from the *Koran* to *Dorian Gray,* because I was uncomfortably aware of how little I knew of the realities that explained both Mohammed and Oscar Wilde. Yet I envied those who had no inhibitions in their passion for books—any books. I felt for them the gratitude and reluctant admiration of Hamlet for the actor who wept over Hecuba. That fellow got his audience, and so did they.

I cast my lot, therefore, with the idealists, which name I now discard, as being inaccurate, and call them the philosophic in teaching: a sect which has always persisted in the crooked but fascinating road of education, although many of its followers have had little claim to be called philosophers. Yet what is philosophy in practice but wondering what it is all about, with a passion for trying to discover?

III

The college teacher, especially if he is young, has a curious human experience, both intimate and remote. He sits half the day examining minds at just the age when they have reached full intelligence and yet cannot either entirely conceal or entirely reveal their texture. He has boys and girls of the best age for playing upon, and they are a picked youth, if not always picked for his especial purposes. And they are charming, more than ever before, more than ever afterward. Outside the classroom they become easily his friends, though never really intimate; inside, they are deferential, even in their determination to resist knowledge, and often frank in what they say, though their inner lives are infinitely withdrawn.

They bring their background with them, and not their words so much as their wills are intensely expressive. Teaching such a class is like lifting a thin and waving plank. It is never steady, always ready to bend and fall—an instant's release of the grip and it is down to earth.

In my day we sat on a raised dais with thirty or more youngsters sprawled beneath us. It was like an established church where the pastor, hired to save souls, faces a congregation that has come because it is Sunday. We seated the students alphabetically, making for our own use a penciled plan of the seats, each of which was numbered, and writing on it the names of the students in their assigned locations. Thus when "Townsend" was called, the six feet of shambling drowsiness which rose to its feet could be readily identified. Without this simple device there was always the chance that some little Russian Jew would grab an easy question and sell his knowledge for an A.

At first one's class was a sea of faces, pimply, vacuous, keen, sulky, and amiable, all dissolving into a blur of washed and rosy youth. But soon (and Buddhist priests and doctors of the Sorbonne must have had the same experience), the room disintegrated into familiar types. The pleasantest, I think, was the well-mannered, neatly dressed boy from the orthodox preparatory schools. He was deferential to teacher, polite to the scrawny high-school boy beside him. Yet he was still all boy and at each moment of relaxation would tickle his schoolmate on the other side, and be slyly punched in return, the two of them like puppies trying hard not to roll over and cuff and bite. Yet put those well-trained boys on the football field where serious life for them began, and they would tackle low and slug and viciously kick when the umpire was not looking. A faint aroma of cereal and cream exuded from these prep-school boys. They had nice mothers and generous fathers. Their world was already made for them, and, like blooded colts, they were expected to play, because their future work was to be a fierce competition to make the family richer. They had the arrogance and the gentleness of the aristocrat, without his detachment from life. They were being groomed for the capture or retention of privilege and its enjoyment. Every one of them expected to start in business or professional life at the bottom and to come to the top as easily as he rushed a ball past untrained opponents. The type was Spartan rather than Athenian; and, like the Spartans, they were quite inaccessible to new ideas, having closed their minds at sixteen or seventeen upon a code of success which left no room for speculation.

These fine boys with their good voices, their courtesy, and self-assurance, would sit the hour in deferential boredom, then, at the word of dismissal, crowd the doorway in a sudden release of energy, leaving the young teacher in an agony of frustration. For they had everything—health, good looks, will, character, reserves of energy—everything but open minds, everything but cracks in their stiff brains into which ideas could flow! With consummate skill gained in long experience with clever teachers and the right text books, they gave Cæsar exactly what Cæsar was supposed to get from them, the modicum of facts, the statements of the last lecture reduced to a formula, enough to get a B in Freshman year when the footing was still unsteady, just enough for a C in Senior year when the danger of flunking was past. You liked them as you liked blooded show dogs. Like show dogs, they defeated every attempt to teach their well-bred intellect new tricks.

Scattered here and there in every class were the "grinds," called by the prep-school dilettantes either "greasy grinds" or just "grinds." Actually the differences between the two varieties were subtle. The typical grind was a survival of the old college that trained chiefly for teaching and the ministry. He was usually

the quiet and bloodless member of a family, afraid of rough sports, averse to competition, seeking refuge in books. His face was blank, his mind was a sponge which squeezed dry and filled again without cellular change. The young teacher found him trying, since he did everything he was told, believed all he heard, studied everything assigned to him, and at the end wrote papers that were correct with a deathly perfection of the commonplace which showed how ineffective education could be unless it touched the emotions, of which he had none.

The "greasy grind" was a racial or social variant of the plain grind. The greasy grind seldom changed his collar. He had a sneaking cleverness which taught him to snap up the hard questions in easy courses, thus collecting high marks as a protection against a world that, quite properly, wished to keep him down. He would argue with teacher for ten minutes trying to get a B changed into an A; but he had no intellectual curiosity. Education for him was a coin, useless unless you could buy something with it. The dilettant could sometimes be shocked into a realization that there were other worlds than his, and thus other values in living; but the greasy grind was both unchangeable and inescapable, a fly buzzing about your weary head.

Another and very different type of industrious student in those classes is well recognized now, but was then regarded by the pink and well-soaped elect as just another undesirable. The second generation from the East of Europe was beginning to come to college—Polish Jews with anæmic faces on which were set dirty spectacles, soft-eyed Italians too alien to mix with an Anglo-Saxon community, seam-faced Armenian boys, and now and then a Chinese. These, except the last, were all in college to learn how to live in America. Their mien was apologetic; you could see them watching with envious curiosity the courteous indifference of the superior race; they took little part in discussions and asked for no credit. Yet often their more flexible minds could be felt playing round and round the confident Anglo Saxons, admiring, skeptical, puzzled, and sometimes contemptuous. Occasionally there would be a hint of the future, when some Chinese boy, caught off his guard, and forgetting the convention of the classroom which was to answer a question and sit down, would give a précis of the entire lesson, and perhaps the previous one and the next, which only a French intellectual could have equalled. Or some Russian Jewish exile, asked to comment on an Ibsen play, and losing control of his guarded intellect, would expound a social philosophy that made the class squirm as if a blast of fire had scorched the seats of their comfortable pants.

Every class had also its freaks, which in those college days was a familiar term with a definite meaning. And nothing could have better revealed the nature of our college community than the diversity of types which were all called, for convenience and to indicate their difference from the true-blue college man, freaks. A freak was a nonconformist. He might be a prep-school boy of good family who had failed somehow to take the right impress from the prep-school mold. He might be, and often was, a son of the very rich or of artistic bohemians, who had been educated in Europe and was ill at ease in our Philistine Zion. He might be a potential homosexual distracted by his own unrecognized perversity. He might be, but rarely was, a little crazy. Sometimes he was merely an adult intellect in the society of adolescents, who refused to waste his time in organized athletics, although obviously competent, who declined fraternity elections, and was obsessed by a morbid interest in chemistry or philology. All such were freaks.

The Spartan parallel again holds good, since the arts in this question of freakishness were especially suspect. To be

musical and indulge in music privately was a sure sign of freakishness, as bad as private drinking or the reading of poetry in seclusion. The banjo, the mandolin, and the guitar were respectable, since skilful players could "make" the instrumental clubs and so gain social recognition; but proficiency on the violin was a sure sign of something wrong, as was skill on the piano not confined to "beating the box," and also singing of "classic" music, radical ideas, a taste for the society of professors, silk pajamas, an interest in art, careful English, long hair (except on football heroes), uncollegiate clothes, and a lack of interest in sports. The freak was a person dangerous to make friends with. Only religion, thanks to our evangelical heritage, was allowed eccentricities of self-expression, for it was a part of the code.

Hence the young teacher, himself a mild nonconformist since otherwise he would never have gone into teaching, was often embarrassed by the sudden drop in classroom temperature when, misled or ignorant, he gave a freak the floor and his approval. The boy who compared Milton to Bach, the youth who knew the Italian primitives in the art school, the freak who asked whether Christ was not a good socialist, and the exquisite who actually articulated his English, and quoted French in a foreign accent—call upon any one of these, and all motion forward was stopped for that day. An Alexandrian Greek could have met with no more disapproval if asked to address the Conscript Fathers of the Roman republic.

What saved those of us who tried to be philosophers in our role of teaching was another, and fortunately unfailing, contribution from America to our college classes. I remember well those first days of each teaching year: the confident moment when one looked down upon fresh faces in the old seats and hoped that this time at last faith would be justified, and then the quick disillusion as the herd rounded up into the same old assortment of mavericks, mixed breeds, and stolid beef cattle. Yet as with ranging question and hopeful reading of test papers we sifted and searched, always in some unexpected corners would be found those quiet minds, tenacious, reserved, cautious, practical, and yet ready to sight an idea and pursue it, and apply it, and keep faith with it—not speculative, not logical, but unshakeable in confidence that most problems can be solved—which are the best products of the great American experiment. Sometimes it was character, sometimes it was sanity, sometimes it was intellectual courage which is very different from intellectual daring, that one found and relied upon to give some coherence to the struggle to civilize such discordant elements when oneself was so imperfectly civilized.

IV

I never failed to get such minds in my classes but once. Then I was assigned to a division of "repeaters," boys who were being allowed to go through their deficient Freshman work again in order that their invaluable services on various teams or managerships, or as merry drunkards, should be retained at least until Christmas. And then the issue was so clear, David against Goliath, that the class became a sparring match conducted in high good humor, and with rules observed by both sides, according to which it was agreed that if I caught them they were out; with the result that a side wave from the strenuous competitions of college life washed through that classroom, football leviathans memorized Shakespeare and liked him, and boozers defended Falstaff. A committee waited on me at the end of the year, saying that I had been a good sport, and offering to teach me an infallible method for catching bluffers before they got to home plate.

I met one of that class last year, a good-natured broker, fat now and a little seedy since 1929. "I remember your class," he

said. "It's the only one I do remember. I got to like that guy Hamlet. I meant to read more about him some time. But you know how it is—I had to work when I quit college."

They all intended to work when they left college. That was why teaching in those days was exciting. There was no belief in the student's mind that what you taught had vital relation with real work, or, for that matter, with real life. You felt, and rightly, that it might be the last chance for most of them to come into contact with any values not purely utilitarian.

I wondered then, but do not wonder now, at that excitement, which kept us, the young teachers, talking, brooding, dreaming over our job, which after all was miserably paid, little respected, and three-quarters of it a routine as dull as a clerk's—with the added psychological danger of acquiring arrogance, pedantry, and dogmatism, which are the occupational diseases of those who spend their lives directing the intellects of the young.

I do not wonder now, because it is so clear that we were on the firing line. The pre-Civil War culture of the East had grown stale or genteel. The colleges were filled with the second generation of the industrial pioneers, who had been brought up in a tradition of laissez-faire and the devil catch the hindmost. The boys we faced were nourished on a great illusion, and so well nourished that there was room for little else in their minds. They believed with that implicit faith which is so much more powerful than doctrine that the rest of their lives would be spent in a Great Struggle for wealth and privilege, where the best grabbers would win, and where only freaks and dreamers would take time to speculate upon what it was all about and whether the result was happiness. The heir to a banker's million was just as much under the spell of the necessity to be strenuous as the son of a Jewish pants-presser. Indeed if anything, it was the well-born and wealthy who were surest that making money was essential for their safety and would mean for them success.

And since the country was really behind them, and the times favored their ambitions, while the churches had lost their hold upon idealism, or, like the Y. M. C. A., praised such success as the only antidote to the vices of idleness, we young teachers, who were young enough to be sensitive to the confident materialism of those decades, were forced to play the part of Isaiahs preaching another God than Mammon. Irritated by our helplessness, we would make sermons out of poetry and tracts for the times from prose that was meant to be delightful. Or puzzled and discouraged, we would yield to the current tendency, and turn our classrooms into doctors' offices where bad children were given stiff doses that were sure to do them good. Or we would get through with the whole routine as easily as possible so that we could attend to our own affairs, which often were quite as materialistic as the steel business or corporation law.

But sometimes some of us went at it differently, and, skeptical, disillusioned, defeated, fought for our ideals again and again with an intensity that was almost lyrical. We knew that the struggle was between two views of civilization, between two ideas of living, between two types of mind, variants of the tender and the tough. It was our feeble repetition of an agelong conflict—Plato versus John Rockefeller, Shakespeare versus Benjamin Franklin, Milton against the stock exchange and the Y. M. C. A. This we felt, and that was why an instructor in English on fifteen hundred dollars a year was often a happy man.

REVOLT IN SHANGHAI

A STORY

BY EMILY HAHN

The lesson hour was drawing to a close. Henry Kung's head and his book moved nearer and nearer each other as he read aloud; the room was growing dark, but neither the student nor his teacher was aware of it. Henry read, and Arline Petersen sat and watched him instead of listening, as the darkness thickened. Outside, the harsh noises of day were in abeyance; children scampered home to supper, letting doors slam after them; the white paving-stones and walls of the narrow lane, lined with crowded seething houses, gently and imperceptibly began to give off heat instead of drawing it from the air, from which sunlight was disappearing. Where the lane joined Bubbling Well Road there was a quickening of the whole long double line of traffic as limousines and taxis and vans swept by, their horns and claxons sounding. Coolies rested and slept, their legs drawn under them between the shafts of their rickshaws. An evening breeze brought alternate whiffs of foulness and freshness from the fields outside Shanghai.

Henry was reading Keats from an annotated text-book. Within the room, cluttered with chairs and many small tables and glass objects and pictures, the muffled noise retreated and his voice was intensified. It was a light Chinese voice with uplifts in it which he tried earnestly to subdue as he struggled for a proper English monotone.

". . . Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold. Oft of one wide expense . . . I mean expanse . . . had I been told, That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his de—de—what is this word?"

"Let's see," said Arline brusquely, holding out her hand for the book, and as he surrendered it and she tried to read she said, "Good gracious, Henry, it's dark; why didn't you tell me? Turn on the light over there, please. . . . Mmmm, here we are. 'That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne.'" She rolled out the words in the exaggerated elocution of the confirmed teacher. "Demesne, Henry, is an old English word which means, well, it means something like domain, only you don't have to bother with it because we never use it any more. I think you're tired now, aren't you?"

As she asked the question her tone changed, strangely, for one would not expect that soft note from a woman who looked like Arline. She was tall and broad, with the full uncomfortable bosom of an elderly fat virgin. Her brown hair was long and untidy. Her face was mottled from the heat; her large pale arms were freckled; her hands were square, with clipped fingernails. She was dressed uninspiringly in thick white silk of a kind which is cheap in Shanghai. She wore pince-nez, the only literary and romantic touch about her, though she taught romantic English literature daily in the

classroom and privately, twice a week, to Henry Kung.

He said, "Yes, I am a little tired," and stood up, anxiously polite in a Western house where it behooves a man to be polite to women. Arline noticed the gesture and glanced at him approvingly. It came to her for the first time that Henry was graceful in his slightness. His oval face was pale and *spirituel* above the high collar of his dark robe; his hair was smooth and black and sleek. Some ardent young novice in a monastery—the thought came to her surprisingly—a medieval clerk, white-faced from long hours of illuminating scrolls.

"I have lately studied the works of Milton," said Henry with his faint accent. "It is somewhat difficult. It will not trouble you too much if I mark certain passages and present them for your help?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," said Arline abruptly. She heaved herself awkwardly from her chair and turned on a strong center light; seen from her height of five feet eight, Henry suddenly lost his fine quality and dwindled into a smallish Chinese gentleman in the usual dark robe. Arline passed dozens of them every day without seeing them.

"You are very kind. Very kind and very learned," murmured her depreciated pupil as he gathered together books and papers. "I shall work before our next lesson together, but I do not have much leisure this week. We are busy at the bank."

"How's your wife?" demanded Arline. It was her usual question at parting after these lessons. She had once met Mrs. Kung at the Chinese Woman's Club, a small earnest woman with glasses.

"Thank you, she is better. I shall tell her you inquired." He paused for more politenesses then, released, he bowed quickly and went out into the street. Arline loitered vaguely by the window, watching him.

"He shouldn't wear a straw hat," she thought.

This loitering was a symptom of something momentous, a change in Arline. It had not been like her to idle at windows musing upon æsthetics. Seven years she had been in China, and not once had she given in to the insidious casual quality of that country. She remained what she was, what she had been when as an ugly lumbering schoolgirl she had discovered that a retentive memory brought her attention and praise in the classroom if not on the dance floor. If you can remember all the forms and phrases of the code of your colleagues you need never go to the trouble of thinking. When she had landed seven years before, with a set of ideas as limited, as clean, and as commonplace as her luggage, she had made only one comment. She looked upon China as it displayed itself to her in Shanghai—the overbuilt streets, the stinking back lanes, the clanging rattling man-drawn traffic, the immense crowds of men and women sitting like patient beasts on the ground and panting through the summer nights. She had said after her first and only tour of inspection, standing at the top of an ancient pagoda, smelling joss-sticks that burnt at the door beneath her, "Doesn't it make you just *itch* to reform it all!"

She had forgotten what prompted that cry. If she had not forgotten the wish she was sedately sure that she was doing her utmost in the way of reform by instructing English-speaking students in the plots and technic of Mr. Shakespeare's better-known works. Her feelings toward the Chinese were those of a soldier engaged in a twenty-years' siege; she possessed the philosophy, amounting almost to good-humor, of that soldier toward her adversary. The entire Chinese race was represented to her in the person of her "boy," over whom she kept relentless watch, counting stray coppers on his weekly accounts and occasionally tempting him with money left carelessly in the open while she waited hopefully, like a sniper, to catch him.

With her friends, all female, she threw herself with passion into endless discussions of Chinese servants; "the girls" never tired of retailing stories of the iniquity, lack of honor, stupidity, and mystery of these enemies of theirs. When she was talking thus or listening her pale-blue eyes glistened and her face grew animated. To newcomers who protested charitably against such wholesale condemnation she cried, "You don't *know* Them. Wait till you've had to deal with Them as long as I have, and you won't be surprised at anything in the world They might do. Anything!"

She maintained a similar attitude toward her pupils. They were merely glorified house-boys, stupid and naughty and thievish. They would not behave properly no matter how kind you might be to Them. All of them were the same. All, that is, but Henry.

She had always thought vaguely of Henry as a nice boy—he was thirty-five, but they were all boys to her—since she had first replied to his advertisement for an English instructor and had met him. Really, he knew quite a lot of English, but he was ambitious. He didn't have to study, yet he applied himself most earnestly to his work. Also he seemed to appreciate her knowledge and ability. Yes, Henry was a nice boy, and she repeated the statement to herself firmly to explain and to do away with the sudden interest which rose up in her at sight of him so pale and picturesque in his long gown. A nice boy with nice manners.

It was the thought of Henry which made her a little gentler, less waspish with her class during the following few days. Henry's lesson hour was five to six on Mondays and Thursdays. Thursday morning she woke in good humor, and at five o'clock precisely she greeted him with cheerfulness. Alas, his lesson was not too good to-day, and he knew it. He apologized, gesturing with the book.

"I waste your time, I have betrayed your faith," he said shamefacedly. "I am not paying attention properly. Let us try again, if you will be so patient."

They tried again, but once more he stumbled and faltered, and his voice failed him. "It is no use," he said, "obviously I have not studied and practiced enough. I must beg you to forgive me."

"That's quite all right." There was no trace of schoolteacher sharpness in Arline's voice. "I expect they're keeping you very busy at the bank?"

"Not this time; I have not that excuse. I have allowed a small personal matter to interfere with my work, that is all. I have been wrong. It will not occur again."

"Anything troubling you?" she asked briskly. "What's on your mind?"

He waved his hand deprecatingly; his face wore a sort of pout. "My wife. She is not strong, and the weather—" He caught himself up as though he had been indelicate. "Miss Petersen, it is nothing, and I have not the right to bore you. I shall go now and on Monday I trust I shall have improved."

"Poor little fellow," thought Arline, watching him as he walked dejectedly down the lane. "Worrying about a woman like that. I always thought They treated Their women like dogs. I wonder what's the matter with her. No wonder, with that food They eat."

The boy was clearing away tea-cups when she turned again toward the room. Fumbling, he did something unusual for him—he dropped a plate. It smashed with a small chiming noise and the split fragments skidded across the carpet. He did the safest thing under the circumstances, stood with open mouth, waiting for a deluge of scolding and announcement of a fine to be taken from his wages. His ears almost shrank visibly from the storm. Arline looked thoughtfully at the broken dish, and her nerves tingled; the muscles of her throat got ready for the tirade. Surprisingly, she hesitated.

The boy still stood speechless after her first words. "Boy," she said in a voice

husky with unaccustomed mildness, "you be more careful. That plate good plate. You be more careful."

As in a dream she walked through the little room and on to the staircase, while he stared after her.

"I'll have to run along now, my dear," said Flora Steenback. "I'm driving myself to-day; aren't I brave? My husband had to fire the chauffeur only this morning; he caught him squeezing on gas. Two dollars a week, my dear, that boy was stealing. He was giving us small money change instead of big money and I never thought to ask. Disgusting, isn't it?"

"Perfectly disgusting," agreed Arline mildly.

Flora waited for some elaboration of this promising theme, but as none was forthcoming she began to talk again. "*I* said we ought to make him pay it back or have him arrested; two dollars a week since we hired him six weeks ago! It's awfully bad as an example to the others not to do anything more about it, I told Fred."

It was at this point that Arline made one of the treasonable remarks which her friends had lately been criticizing. "Oh well," she said, "after all when you remember a dollar is only forty cents in *money* . . ."

"Well, really," said Flora. The words were a faint squeal. She looked oddly at Arline. "Do you think you're quite well, dear?" she asked suddenly. "Oughtn't you be taking more of a rest? You've seemed just a little under the weather lately."

"Under the weather? Nonsense," said Arline in her old brusque manner. "Never felt better in my life. Whatever do you mean?"

Mrs. Steenback smiled sweetly. "I didn't mean you don't *look* well, my dear; you always look wonderful—goodness knows how you do it in this climate. Well, I must be getting on or I'll have to drive fast and there'll be such a rush of cars going out to Frenchtown, and the way these Chinese drive, my dear, it's an outrage. And there's no telling what sort of meal the cook will have under way unless I take a look at what he's doing, and check up. When you consider what a lot of work They are, sometimes I think I'd rather do my own housework, honestly!"

"Yes," said Arline, interested. "We all did of course at home, and we could again if we had to, couldn't we?"

Mrs. Steenback stared again, then collected herself. "Well, good-by, dear. Remember it's your turn to call me up."

Plump and powdered and daintily clean in figured voile, she trotted down the path to her little car. A crippled beggar in patched blue clothes which had faded out to gray leaned over the window of the car as she turned the key. Arline saw his horrible old mouth writhe about his yellow teeth, and imagined the familiar standardized whine in his voice as he droned out some senseless patter: "Missee, missee. Missee, missee. No Papa, no Mama." She saw Mrs. Steenback's pretty little wrinkled face set in stern lines of annoyance and disgust. The car rolled away, carrying with it Mrs. Steenback in crisp figured voile. Only the old beggar and several playing children were left in the littered lane under the bleached blue sky. To Arline's gaze it seemed that something had happened for the better in that dirty landscape; the dainty little woman and the shiny little car had been in the way in that street, a mote in her eye. They were gone and everything was natural again.

She sighed at these odd notions. "Boy!" she called, "bring tea. One man."

"Have more tea," urged Arline, but Henry shook his head. The piece of cake he had taken was broken but undevoured in crumbs on his plate.

"Thank you, I have eaten much. It is time I go. You have been most kind."

"Kind? Not a bit of it. I like these talks we have; they're interesting."

He made a modest gesture. "Why should you be interested? These are not the things to interest foreigners."

"Oh, indeed," cried Arline, leaning forward, "they interest me. Why, all that about Chinese customs in the family and all those quaint old ideas . . . and I'm so worried about your wife, poor thing. Isn't there some way to help her?"

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "What can one do? She was never meant to bear children and now she has had three daughters and it is a great strain on her, and all for nothing, as she thinks. Of course she does not complain. Chinese women," he said proudly, "are too well trained to complain against woman's fate. I think now she should never have married. With her nature she would have remained quite happy in her father's house."

"Poor thing," said Arline, almost crooning. "Poor, poor thing. I wish I could do something to help." She tried to reconstruct the small figure of Mrs. Kung in her mind. She failed. Mrs. Kung was just one of the women at the Woman's Club, tiny and neat and soft-spoken, with a small snub nose and glasses and her black hair coiled in a knot low on her head. She was an earnest little body and a good person to put on committees. Arline now became possessed of a daring spirit, and she asked a question which had been on the tip of her tongue for some days. "Henry, you married quite young, didn't you? Before you'd been educated how to look at these things, I mean. I mean, Chinese people usually marry young, don't they?"

"Yes," said Henry, "naturally we do, because we believe in marriage. I married before I went abroad for my education. My wife was only eighteen at the time. My parents were opposed to the marriage; but parents always oppose what their children want, and we were determined." He sighed. "I see now they were right. In a way I am responsible then for her illness. But she desired many children. Our wives always want children."

"Mmmm hmmmm." Arline nodded. "I can understand that. I can understand a man's forgetting his wife's side of it. A man has his own life aside from his family, especially if he's a studious kind of man who likes poetry and—all that sort of thing, the *better* kind of thing. I can understand."

"My dear lady," said Henry, very prettily, "you understand everything."

Arline flushed with delighted confusion.

"I have never talked so much with a foreigner," he continued. "It is not only that I feared to be uninteresting. But here we do not—how can I say it without offending you?—we do not feel at home with foreigners."

"Of course not," said Arline warmly. "You've been tricked and bullied and ill-treated by us for years."

"Oh, no. No," said Henry, as if in pain at such an idea. "It is only that the races cannot truly understand each other. Except such rare people as yourself, Miss Petersen."

"And you, Henry."

They both bowed with great courtesy over the teacups.

"It is so difficult to overcome the barrier of race," Henry continued thoughtfully. "I have hoped to have such a friendship with a foreigner, for I believe friendship should be possible. But I have never really expected to achieve it."

"We've done it, haven't we?" demanded Arline. Henry's pale face lit up with a smile.

"We have indeed," he said.

"I want you to promise me something," she continued. "If ever anything bothers you or makes you happy or makes any difference to you at all, I wish you'd tell me about it just as if I were your friend—another Chinese man. Do you promise?"

"I need not promise," said Henry.

"You honor me too much. I shall certainly confide in you."

"Of course I'll always have the utmost confidence in you," said Arline. Almost she dared ask him to give her his hand on it. Henry's hands were fascinating, long delicately-boned fingers, and hairless and soft-skinned but strong. They looked all that. However, she refrained.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I shall trust you implicitly," said Henry.

Again they bowed.

"I've invited Gracie and Mrs. Miller and Dorothy O'Brien," said Mrs. Steenback, "and all the others."

Arline stirred herself to show some interest. "I thought Madge had gone to Weihaiwei. I saw it somewhere in the paper the other day."

"Yes, she has." Mrs. Steenback frowned fretfully. "It's a nuisance, my dear, what with you being so *busy* lately and now Madge has gone, I've quite fallen into the habit of having Hattie Sutterlee. Of course I don't mind for myself, but some of The Girls are being a little bit catty. Only I mean to say, what is one to do for bridge if you begin to be so particular and listen to what they all say? Let *them* invite a few full tables before they begin to talk, that's what I feel like telling them."

Arline stared absently at the fly-spotted menu. She had been coaxed into coming downtown for lunch, and neither the dispirited fan that revolved above the table nor her watery iced tea was compensation. She wanted her own dark dining room where she could lunch alone and think. Still, she made an effort to catch up with the subject.

"What's the matter with Hattie What's-her-name?" she asked.

Flora glanced at her suspiciously. "You know perfectly well what I mean; I told you, though I'd never have guessed for myself if Fred hadn't put me on to it when I first came out. Not that it shows on Hattie except around the eyes if you look very closely. Her mother was probably not pure Chinese. Poor Hattie, how awful it must be. Really I think her father must have been a very thoughtless man, to say the least."

Years of hiding the fact that she was not thinking had made of Arline's face an adequate mask for thoughts. "I guess Hattie gets along all right," she said mildly.

Flora put down her ice-cream spoon and stared. "Why, Arline Petersen! Everybody knows Sutterlee wouldn't have *looked* at her if it hadn't been for the money. And you notice they don't have any children; quite right too. Of course *I* don't mind Hattie the way some people do; I always say she can't help it, and of course she can't. Only it's a pity."

"Well," said Arline, sipping at the wash they called tea, "I think she gets along. Perhaps it's interesting to have a foot in each world. This East-West business is a lot of old-fashioned foolishness if you ask me."

Flora's face became a narrow unpleasant pattern. "I've been meaning to speak to you about this for a long time," she began, crisply. She took a deep breath. "There's talk about you. You're getting some awfully funny ideas, goodness knows where. Probably in that school of yours. Any time a respectable person opens his mouth in common decent criticism of a Chinaman, you're down his throat. What's the matter with you, Arline? It's all very well, all this talk about fraternizing with Them, but let me tell you one thing, from a woman who knows this country, there isn't one of Them wouldn't sell you out as soon as look at you. Fred says he wouldn't trust one of Them round the corner. I've been making allowances for you because you're just a girl with no husband to look after you, but . . ."

Arline's mottled cheeks had taken on an apoplectic hue, and Mrs. Steenback paused in fright at what she had done.

The schoolteacher pushed back her chair and stood up.

"You—you *married woman!*" she sputtered. "What earthly right have you—going around giving advice when it's not asked—people like you—no wonder the Chinese hate us—smug, conceited, overbearing foreigners—no understanding of the troubles—Christian charity . . ." She found coherence at last. "I'm through with you, Flora Steenback," she announced. "You can get somebody else for your bridge club and all the rest of it. I may be an old maid . . ."

"Oh, Arline!" gasped Flora, remorseful.

"I may be an old maid, but I've got my own ideas and I'm going to stick up for them," said Arline Petersen, and walked out of the tea-shop.

"These people have no conception of friendship," said Arline definitely. "They can't understand that two people can have a real friendship without things like race and, well, sex, interfering between them."

Henry nodded in an absent-minded manner.

"Why," continued Arline, "what do they really know about China? They live here year after year and don't even try to understand the country where they earn their living! Or their husbands earn their living for them. . . . I can't understand these women who never think about anything but bridge; such women disgust me. No understanding, no natural intellectual curiosity."

Henry nodded again, thinking of far-off things.

"For instance if I should try to tell Flora Steenback about your marriage customs, she just wouldn't listen; she wouldn't be interested. Now I think it's one of the most fascinating things about the Chinese the way they look at marriage, almost the same as the French do. So utilitarian, so sensible. The Chinese are *practical.*"

Henry began to pay more attention. "It is true," he assented eagerly. "The modern Chinese, when he hears about matrimonial ideals in America, is—how shall I say—mystified and confused. Why this childish romanticism? Is it necessary? It is man's nature to love his wife, the mother of his children, but what has that to do with his life outside his home? He must have his friends and his interests. The Chinese wife knows this and devotes herself to her children, as she should." He stopped for breath, not for words. His English had become much more fluent since he had lost his self-consciousness with Arline; the lessons were turning into conversational hours.

"Of course, of course," said his teacher emphatically. "Mental stimulation. Fresh contacts. People who understand."

"Exactly," said Henry. "Most Chinese wives know this and are content. It works out very well. Why not? It has worked for centuries."

"Yet if I should try to tell Flora Steenback . . ." began Arline.

Henry suddenly smiled impishly. "Don't try to tell her," he counselled. "It will be our secret."

Summer grew fierce, reigned a space. Henry wore long white robes and grew more pale than ever, and in his peculiar way more beautiful. Arline, having cut herself off from most of her old circle, spent long afternoons alone in her house waiting for him to come and talk to her. She went out only on shopping trips, and discovered something interesting in the faces of people she passed in the street; the set of their eyes reminded her in swift flashes of Henry, and sometimes a voice or a strange-sounding phrase made her wonder about his household, the people who worked for him. Did his wife cook? Was he fond of his children? He never spoke of them. No doubt he loved them and was bored by them, just a little. He did seem to enjoy his visits with her; he had needed a place like that to relax in.

How brilliant he was and what a new world she had found. Poor Flora.

He came in one afternoon in late August, and there was no hint in his dignified bearing that a change was taking place in his life. However, he began speaking of it immediately, working up to it from a remark of Arline's, which she had often made before, about confidence and trust.

"Miss Petersen," he said, "I think of you as my friend, and I remember promising to tell you of any important thing that might happen to me."

Arline was gratified and said so. She loved Henry's stories. Sometimes when he talked it was as if she had left her small dark house and were moving with him through another world peopled by poets in long robes, smoking opium and having dreams which they allowed Arline Petersen to share.

"I have been a lonely man," said Henry. A premonitory thrill ran down Arline's spine.

"It would have been unbearable, save for your kindness," he continued, "and I know you will rejoice with me. Miss Petersen, I am no longer lonely. Tomorrow I take a wife."

The world, poets and all, blew up before Arline's astounded eyes. "Henry!" Her voice was shrill. "But you *are* married!"

Henry looked surprised. "Yes?" he said gently. "Oh, I see. But the law—our law—allows me concubines. My wife understands."

He went on talking, seeing that some explanation was necessary to the nice Miss Petersen, who had hitherto always understood. His wife was not well. She was tired of bearing children. The other girl was a singsong girl and he had loved her unavailingly for some time. For months he had wooed her; at last, the week before, she had permitted him to give a dinner at her house. All his friends had attended; the girl had sung for them, very prettily; they had complimented Henry.

To this wealth of ethnological detail Arline listened, but she was not appreciative. Only a very happy and oblivious man would not have noticed how unresponsive she was. Henry was that man.

"Disgraceful," said Flora Steenback. "I'd have taken him to court, I would really, Arline."

"A dozen oranges every other day," Arline swept on rapidly. "What I'd been doing not to notice, I can't imagine. Why does the International Council allow such things to go on? There ought to be some way to stop it."

"Remember, They get a rake-off from the tradespeople here when They buy from them, even when the stuff's no good; They understand one another," said Flora, her voice trembling with eagerness. "Oh, you have to watch every step, dear. I know a few of Their tricks. When you break in this new one, be sure to make it plain that he can't do all his family washing with *your* soap."

"Well, I try to be reasonable," said Arline, "but it gets on your nerves, yes it does, feeling how They're around you all the time, watching, trying to get the better of you. It's getting me so I jump at my shadow."

"Just keep your eye on Them, dear."

Arline, oddly, began to cry. "I can't help it. No one could be expected to stand for it. It's sickening. It follows you everywhere. . . . Excuse me, dear; more tea? Boy! Now where *is* that boy?" Her voice rose in hysterical rage. "Oh, where is that boy? Shall I *ever* get used to this horrible country? Boy! *Boy! Boy!*"

BOMBER NUMBER 148

BY BEIRNE LAY, JR.

I HAD lost track of the time—absorbed by the insides of a Browning machine gun—until I laid down an oily screwdriver and glanced at the clock. Eleven o'clock. Late already.

I tore out of the Armament Section of the 20th Bombardment Squadron and across the big empty hangar toward the flight locker room. Three of the huge Keystone bombers had just been rolled out onto the line, and I was scheduled to fly one of them—as number 3 in a 3-plane formation. I could hear the thunder of six Cyclone engines warming up outside. A mechanic cut the racket off short as he hauled the hangar door shut against the frosty air of a January morning at Langley Field.

I skidded to a brief halt before the bulletin board in the locker room, to make sure of my ship's number: 148 it was. Crew chief: Sergeant Eddy. Passenger: Corporal Miller.

I jerked open my locker, pulled on helmet and goggles, light leather flying jacket, and winter flying moccasins. No time for the full heavy winter-flying equipment. Better to freeze up there than to miss the flight. It's a serious matter to be absent from an ordered mission in the Army without an air-tight excuse. I seized parachute and fur gloves and ran out to 148.

Those numbers were painted white, and three feet high, on the olive-drab side of the bulky bomber; but I had no reason to give them any especial heed this morning. I didn't notice for instance that they added up to thirteen. Nor, for that matter, did I stop to recall that the date on to-day's operations order read 1-23-34, which adds to the same total. And I was ignorant of still another fact: that punctuality doesn't always pay—that punctuality on my part this morning would have provided a job for a dredge: the job of grappling along the muddy bottom of Chesapeake Bay for my body—within twenty minutes. You see, ordinarily I should have had time to climb into my heaviest winter-flying equipment—but that comes later.

Another pilot was already in the cockpit of 148, with Sergeant Eddy sitting beside him. I walked out under the nose and crisscrossed my arms at the pilot. It was Lieutenant Crain. As he unfastened his safety belt and climbed down out of the ship, I could almost hear him cussing above the explosive hum of the left engine, which the crew chief was running up. Crain stamped up to me, clumsy in his heavy winter suit; his breath came in steamy white puffs as he pitched into me for being late—forcing him to dress himself up and climb into that ship for nothing. Crain ought to have thrown his arms round me and kissed me. He would have if he had known what I didn't know—yet.

I grasped the handgrip on the side of the fuselage and swung myself up to the black corrugated cat-walk that protects the fabric of the lower wing as you walk

up to the cockpit in the nose, just fore of the broad wing's leading edge. The idling right propeller tossed a chill draught over me as I stepped from the cat-walk into the cockpit. The cockpit is between the twin propellers. It resembles an open roadster's front seat up there in the nose—a windshield in front of you, a wheel above your knees, and two pedals against your feet, like the brake and clutch pedals in a car.

On my left sat Eddy, a middleaged man with a young man's smile and blue eyes. A little fellow, but big enough to keep a seventy-six-foot wingspread bomber in top shape. He stopped beating his hands together and helped me to strap myself in.

The two other bombers of the formation were lined up on my right. Painted on their noses in red, yellow, white, and black was the figure of a pirate hurling a lighted pot-shaped bomb—our squadron insignia. Lieutenant Simons, leader, caught my eye. I finished testing my brace of Cyclones and nodded, releasing the handbrake at the same time. Simons turned his head toward Lieutenant Dietz. Dietz nodded. Simons taxied out. Dietz and I fell in behind him, taxying in column until Simons came to a stop, headed into the wind, stretched his arm to the right. Dietz and I took up our positions in a right echelon, keeping our engines turned up, so as not to be left behind when Simons commenced to roll forward.

A thirty to thirty-five mile an hour wind was blowing. As we bumped along on the take-off, and lumbered into the air, it was a devil of a job to stay in position—bumpy as hell. I found myself pulling the wheel clean from one side to the other to keep the wings level. Ordinarily, no more movement of the wheel is required than to hold a car straight on a good road. This was going to be a tough morning for formation flying.

Up above 1,000 feet, the air became smoother—and colder. My teeth went into a tap dance. They call a Keystone bomber the coldest airplane a-wing. It is. Simons led us on up to 2,500 feet; for even with Dietz and myself close to his wingtips, his ship would still drop out of sight below and then shoot up twenty feet above us from the occasional violent currents of the lower altitudes.

II

Simons leveled out and started into a gentle right turn. In the No. 3 position, on his left, I tried to follow. I was heaving sharply on the wheel to pick up the left wing, which a particularly vicious bump had just knocked down. Suddenly the wheel came free in my hands. I spun it all the way over to the left—all the way over to the right. No tension on it at all. And the wing stayed down. 148 was out of control.

I shoved the wheel forward—the flippers took hold all right—and dived out of the formation to get clear of the other two bombers. The ship continued in its steep left bank. I cut the throttles. The bank increased, so I opened the throttles wide and used full top rudder, pulling back on the wheel to check the rapid loss of altitude.

I had seen by a quick glance over my shoulder that we were well clear of Simons and Dietz. Dietz was circling us. Gradually—very gradually—the big Keystone came out of the bank and leveled out. "Altitude!" was my first impulse. "Get altitude—room to bring things under control, check the trouble, find out what the ship will and won't do—room to bail out of this damned crate if we have to."

Altitude. I maintained full power and commenced to climb. The aileron control by which the pilot keeps the ship on an even keel (or banks the wings) by turning his wheel was out of commission. However, I found that I could keep the wings level by throttling back the engine on the high wing side and by use of the

rudder, so long as we didn't climb so steeply as to bring the airspeed below 90. Up we went—steadily. Up to 5,000 feet. That altitude was like fresh air to the suffocating crew of a submarine.

Five thousand feet. Time to think. I'd been too busy to think till now, with every nerve and muscle keyed up by the uncertainty of wondering what control was going to fail next, and by the effort to find a new way to make the ship go where I wanted it to go.

Then fear hit me. It wrapped round my inwards and gave them a twist. I had a nauseated taste in my mouth.

The bomber couldn't be landed. I realized that instantly when I slowed the big fellow down to anywhere near its landing speed. Even at 5,000 feet, in smooth air, the ship would fall off into a steep bank, to stay there wheeling in a tight descending circle for ten or fifteen seconds before I could right it, if I throttled back to below 90 miles an hour. Only above that speed did its inherent stability permit any sort of control.

It was easy to imagine what would happen in that gusty air close to the ground—a wing would drop and dig its tip into the ground, and 148 would roll itself up in a ball, and ourselves with it. That happened to an Army flyer out on the West Coast, and on a calm day too. He and his mechanic were killed. Their predicament resulted from taking off with the ailerons locked. I had no idea what had caused our control failure. Neither had Sergeant Eddy. Control failures in Army aircraft are rare as a lumberjack's beefsteak.

From the time we dived out of the formation Eddy had been checking all visible cables of the control system, but he had found nothing. Not knowing exactly where the defect lay, it was of first importance for me to get Eddy and Miller overboard while the ship was still under partial control. For if the cables to the flippers broke (these are co-ordinated with the rest of the control system) we should go into a dive which might prevent us all from jumping without fouling in the tail.

I leaned over to Eddy. "We'll have to jump, Sergeant." Eddy's face was a red-blue from the cold, but it paled. I've read about people turning pale, but that was the first time I remember seeing it. Eddy had probably never faced the possibility of a jump. And he had a family. He scribbled a note on the back of the Flight Report which he drew from under his seat: *"Can't you land by using the motors."* I shook my head.

We now had the problem of getting Miller's attention. Miller was unaware that anything had gone wrong. None of the bomber's movements apparently had struck him as out of the ordinary for a ship in formation. I bobbed the tail up and down repeatedly, but he failed to stick his head out of the rear gunner's tourelle in response to the signal. Eddy solved the puzzle—the hard way—the only way.

He removed his gloves, climbed up on top of the fuselage, and wormed his way aft. It must have been twenty feet from the cockpit to the rear gunner's tourelle, the only opening through which he could reach Miller, and he was exposed all this time to the icy slipstream, maintaining a precarious grip with bare hands. He was in imminent danger of being blown off. Had this happened he would have been carried back into the high tail or into the flippers, with serious, maybe fatal, results. But he made it—disappeared inside.

I was having my hands full holding 148 straight and level; but every few seconds I peered back. Presently Miller thrust his head up. I made a sweeping motion with my arm, pointing the thumb down. Miller climbed half way out. I repeated the motion. He emerged a bit farther and gave me an imploring look. I think he hoped I'd change my mind. I motioned him again, this time violently. He swung himself over the side and hung

on the step. Eddy had given him my instructions to hang there until I pulled the ship up into a stall, which would insure his clearing the tail surfaces.

As near as I could tell, the wind was still strong on the ground. I maneuvered until I was approximately four miles upwind of the field, which I estimated would be more than enough to prevent his overshooting Langley Field, an area nearly a mile square, and pulled the nose up steeply. Miller dropped off. I tried to keep him in sight, but some part of the wings or the fuselage, between them, blanketed him from me.

Eddy crawled back safely, dropped down beside me, and gave a reassuring nod. "It opened," he yelled in my ear. I hoped that I had been a good marksman —that I'd dropped my human bomb somewhere near the field. It's hard to judge on a windy day.

But Miller turned out to be no help as a practice shot, for I never did see where he landed—what with my hands full of unruly airplane. Five minutes passed before we had completed a wide circle and were in a position to drop Eddy.

"Your turn, Sergeant," I shouted. "Dive off the trailing edge of the lower wing on your side when I give the signal." Eddy nodded. Then he did two things that would never have occurred to me. First, he reached for the Flight Report and shoved it inside his flying suit. Then he held out his hand and smiled. We shook—a quick hard shake. Perhaps that was theatrical. I didn't think so. It was real. There was a finality about it.

Eddy climbed out to his post where the wing joins the fuselage and hung there on the step. I could just see the top of his helmet. For the second time I pulled the nose up. The singing of the wind through the struts died as the bomber lost speed. The helmet disappeared. I was alone.

For several minutes more I experimented with the Keystone—trying to visualize some way to bring it down safely. I hated the idea of turning sixty thousand dollars of bomber loose to crash and go up in smoke. But it was no use. A landing that would save 148 was a hundred-to-one shot. Was it worth risking your neck, the only one you've got, on even a two-to-one shot, I asked myself. The answer was no.

And the waiting wasn't doing me any good either. When you have to bail out in a hurry you don't have time to think —to permit your imagination to break into a canter. But fifteen minutes had passed since I first realized that I was facing something outside of past experience—the Unknown—of which the end was not yet.

I looked over the side at the bleak brown earth five thousand feet below. Langley Field seemed a mighty small patch to shoot myself at. If I undershot I should land in a swarm of scraggly trees. If I overshot I should end up in the crowded building area or beyond it in the Back River, which thrust its mile-wide finger of freezing steel blue water in from Chesapeake Bay. I searched the landing field and the region round it for the white dot that would show me where Eddy or Miller had landed, to give me something to go by. But no sign of either of them.

I maneuvered to the same position from which they had jumped—four miles upwind—and headed away from the field. I snapped open my safety belt and rolled the stabilizer all the way back to keep the ship in a glide when its pilot was gone. For the last time, I reared the giant Keystone back so that its nose pointed almost straight up, and I reached for the emergency switch that cuts both engines. As I did so my stomach felt all wrong. I was physically—almost actively—sick. A brief picture came to me of the stricken look on Miller's face when he hesitated to climb out and of the grim expression on Eddy's after he had smiled and shook hands. And I understood.

I flipped the emergency switch down, placed my right hand on the ripcord over my heart, jumped over the edge of the cockpit to the catwalk, took two running steps along it toward the tail, and dived off head first.

III

Instantly my eyes blurred with tears from the frozen air, but I was able to glimpse the yellow tail flash by a safe distance above.

If you don't enjoy going off a springboard more than twenty feet high—I don't—try going off a five-thousand-foot springboard. In that first two seconds it seemed as though I was going to smack my face right into the ground. Then I appeared to be motionless—hanging by my heels head down in the upper reaches of the blank sky. Motionless, with a blinding draught blowing up into my face. Now my feet went on over, the way they do when you make a bad dive and land on your back in the water.

The ripcord! I jerked it across my chest, wire cable dangling, and without thinking what a trophy it would make, threw it away. Wham! I might as well have jumped from a second-storey window, feet apart, and landed in the saddle of a horse, without breaking the fall with my hands. That's what it felt like when the parachute opened, throwing all my weight against the legstraps, which jerked up into my groin. It hurt—plenty. But it was the pleasantest pain I ever felt.

I looked up at the big saucer of snowy silk above me, bulged out taut. It seemed huge. The air whistled with a soft eery note through the vent in the top. The absence of the Cyclone engines which had been roaring in my ears accentuated that peanut vender's thin whistling in the sudden hush of the great silence of the sky.

In slow motion, the earth came up closer to me, and as it did so my first relief evaporated. I was drifting too fast. My angle of descent was pointing at the center of the building area beyond the landing field. I realized that the wind must have been much stronger than I had figured. It must have been round fifty miles an hour at five thousand feet. I knew that it was about thirty on the ground.

The thought of striking the side of a tall structure or a chimney going thirty miles an hour forward speed, plus the speed of vertical descent, touched off a new powder train of alarm. Fear had relaxed its grip only to tighten it again. An icicle formed in the pit of my stomach.

You can understand the sensation if you will take your car to an open field a mile or two wide and set the steering wheel and throttle so that it will roll along in a straight line at thirty miles an hour. Then climb out over the hood, sit on the radiator, and wait for the car to propel you into a cluster of buildings at will, on the far side of that field. Who said that your troubles are over when your 'chute opens?

I sat there in that oscillating swing-chair, with the peanut vender's whistle overhead, and waited. And then I saw that I was wrong again—that the wind was going to carry me beyond the building area and into the midst of the whitecaps that frothed across the Back River. Thank God, I wasn't wearing that bulky winter-flying suit—it would drag a man to the bottom like an anchor. And I was a good swimmer. I knew that I had a chance.

Although I was still above two thousand feet, as near as I could judge, an overwhelming instinct seized me to strip for action. I drew off my fur gauntlets and tossed them away, then unbuckled the chin strap of my helmet and let the helmet and goggles drop. The speed with which the helmet resolved itself into a speck as it plummeted toward the red pump of a filling station situated beside a creamy strip of concrete highway far below showed me what an effective job the panel of silk was doing as a sky hook.

I continued to undress, in my singularly public boudoir, unstrapping my sheep-lined moccasins and kicking them off.

Yes. It was going to be a January salt-water bath all right unless I could slip the 'chute far enough over to my right to land on a thumb of marshy land that jutted out into the water. I pulled the shroud lines toward that side to tilt the 'chute up so that the air would spill out to the left and slip me to the right.

The 'chute slipped all right, but it wasn't slipping enough to aim me anywhere near that point of land. I gripped the shroud lines again, both hands this time, and gave a great heave. I got results. The air spilled completely out of the 'chute, which collapsed into a shapeless rag. I dropped as though a seat had been pulled out from under me. How far I fell free, I don't know, but it must have been several hundred feet. It was like the jump from the bomber all over again.

And then . . . the 'chute opened. The same jerk. The same yank of the legstraps. I looked up to see if the shroud lines were fouled. No. They radiated up from my shoulders to the edges of the white saucer as before. We were in line with the sun. It blurred yellow through the silk of my billowing umbrella. I decided to discontinue the slip experiments—there seemed too much chance of a fatal slip.

I was right over the field, now, at 1,000 feet. The showdown was near. I could see Simons shooting 142 in fast for a landing. Dietz, in 143, was already taxying to the line. I was low enough to read the numbers on the sides of their ships and to hear the siren note of the crash whistle blowing. I could see figures rushing toward the boathouse on the far side of the building area on the edge of the Back River. And meanwhile my speed forward and down was accelerating with a will.

Several men have drowned fighting the harness of a parachute. I was going to make no mistake about clearing myself from this rig just before I struck the water. I undid the chest buckle. Then the right legstrap—with great difficulty. The realization came with a shock that my hands were already *numb*. So numb that the strength was nearly gone from the fingers. I tugged at the left legstrap buckle. I couldn't bend the metal tongue of the buckle in far enough to release the "D" ring at the end of the legstrap. All my weight was on that one strap now.

That was the trouble. The legstraps had been adjusted too loose, so that when the 'chute opened the second time, it yanked the seat half way up my back. I placed both hands behind my back and tried to shove the seat down to relieve the tension on that legstrap. I tried to haul myself up with one hand by the shroud lines and unfasten the buckle with the other, but it was no go. The grip left in those wooden fingers couldn't have hurt the fist of a little baby.

The water was underneath now—sliding past and coming up fast, spray whipping along the crests of the whitecaps, laying streaks of foam parallel to the sweep of the wind. The 'chute slowly revolved a half turn, so that I found myself riding backward, facing the boathouse, already a quarter of a mile behind me across the waves. I saw a small boat pushing out from the dock, and then . . .

IV

A great splash of ice water hit me in the back. A cloud of spray whished past my head and sparkled in the sun. The sun dimmed. I was looking at it through two feet of green-yellow water. For a brief second the stinging chill of the river reached only my hands, neck, and ankles. Then, like an electric shock, it poured down my collar and flooded over every pore of my warm skin.

That legstrap had a death grip on my left thigh. It was hauling me along feet

first, head and arms trailing. A twenty-eight-foot diameter 'chute makes a powerful sail before the wind. It was towing me at a fast clip, head still under water. We must have been making fifteen knots in that thirty-mile wind. I clawed at that damned buckle. I worked my hands forward on the shroud lines and jerked on them in a desperate effort to collapse that infernal sail. But the pressure of the water was too great. It forced me back. Again and again I fought like a wildcat to collapse that 'chute by the shroud lines, but always the water forced me back—trailed me out by that leg.

It is said that nature releases an emergency jet of energy in an insane man or in a man fighting for his life. I could feel that emergency shot all through my body. With violent contortions and thrashings of my arms I contrived to force my head above water and draw in a great gulp of air before I was pulled under again. I held it—held it until my throat was a choking stopper against the pressure in my lungs, then let it go—gulped in the salty sweet ice water—pints of it, before I was through. I couldn't help it.

Gradually the emergency energy was spending itself. I fought to maneuver my head above the surface again, made it, and swallowed, not air, but a throatful of the wave crest that broke over my face just as I exposed my mouth. Strength and will to struggle weakened fast now. I couldn't fight much longer. A great sob welled up inside me—an agony of self-pity—a sort of burning, tragic self-pity. And then . . .

My silken tug stopped tugging. I slid my leg through the suddenly limp leg-strap. I thrashed to the surface and heaved air down into my lungs, treading water feebly. The 'chute had slowly wetted itself at the bottom from dragging along the water, and had finally collapsed.

My right toe touched something. Bottom. I let the other foot down. I was standing on a muddy shallow, up to my neck. It was impossible to hold a footing though. The current of the tide forced me slowly along. But the water became shallower. The waves were down round my chest now. I could stand my ground. I waited.

V

Over there a couple of hundred yards away came the rescue boat—a two-passenger speedboat the size of an outboard racer. And there were *two* passengers in it. Where in hell did they expect to put me?

They could see me and were headed right for me, splashing out clouds of spray from the flat hull, but I didn't have much respect for their speed. Why I must have been gaining on them before my power plant fizzled out on me.

Soon they were alongside. They hauled me aboard and I spread-eagled on the tiny deck fore of the cockpit in the stern, hanging onto the sides of the bow. One of them offered me his place, but I was too weak to get up.

We started for the boathouse, against the wind, and once more the waves were breaking over me, abetted now by a cooling breeze that fanned my soaking clothes. A terrific shivering began to vibrate my body from toe to head. The physical work of such shivering produced real exhaustion. My breath came and went in groans. The water I had swallowed deluged out of my mouth—without the customary spasm of vomiting.

The regular crash boat, larger and slower, pulled up to us. It was down to the gunwales with its load of flight surgeons, rescuers, and spectators, but somehow they found room to squeeze me inside the cabin. Blankets were thrown round me, but the shivering increased. Someone crammed a corner of a blanket into my mouth to keep me from biting my tongue off. Major Brooke grinned at me.

"I would have bet a million against a

dime," he said, "that you were a goner when you went under—and stayed."

They hustled me into the ambulance, into a warm bed in the hospital, and padded me with searing hot water bottles—two on each foot—eight of them altogether. Colonel Cooper, Senior Flight Surgeon, furnished quick evidence of his resource. He produced a pint of bonded whiskey and a water tumbler, into which he poured half of the liquor. I swallowed it like milk. Then he gave me two cups of boiling black coffee. I chased the coffee with the remaining half pint of bonded. And I felt better. Warm inside. But it was an hour and a half before my feet thawed out, despite the renewal of the two hot water bottles on each foot, at intervals.

"Where are Eddy and Miller?" I asked.

"They both landed without injury in the trees on the other side of the Back River," said the Colonel.

"And the bomber?" I asked Major Dargue, my Group Commander.

"The wind carried it clean back to the field, Lay. It crashed into the 59th Squadron Barracks. Broke all the windows on the second floor. Nobody hurt. They found that the aileron-control cable had frayed through, inside the control column, where it couldn't be inspected. You're cleared on that. But you gave me a scare. I was sitting in my car in front of the 59th. It splashed mud on me when it hit."

Presently Sergeant Eddy came in. He was still in his flying cover-alls, and his face was scratched up a bit. Eddy waited until there was no one else in the room. Then he approached my bed and drew the Flight Report from inside his cover-alls.

"You forgot to initial the back of the Form No. 1, Lieutenant," he said. It was a technicality. The pilot was supposed to initial the Form No. 1 before take-off. We usually did it after the flight, when we were making out the rest of the report. But it was the kind of technicality that might have made trouble for me in the investigation of the crash. I signed it and Eddy stuck it back in its hiding place. I'll remember Eddy for that.

The exposure treatment Colonel Cooper administered must have been a good one, for I acquired not so much as a sore throat for a souvenir of the cold bath. However, I have one souvenir of the game besides the conventional gold Caterpillar pin from the Irvin Parachute Company. It's the inspection card of that trusty silk life preserver. The latter was picked up from the Back River and reconditioned for me to use again. On this card they keep a record of the inspections, drop-tests with dummies, and repackings of the parachute.

Somehow, I can't help feeling that there is a lack of imagination in the Langley Field Parachute Department—an arrested sense of the dramatic; for, on examining the card of my 'chute some months later, I found this cryptic entry: "1-23-34:—DROP TEST."

BRAINS IN WASHINGTON

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

NO NEWS from Washington is so certain to arouse the rage of conservatives as reports of the latest increase in the army of Federal employees that is already bursting out of the boundaries of the District of Columbia. "Number Of Federal Workers Reaches War Time Peak." Such a headline is sufficient to send the emotional temperature of guardians of the Constitution shooting dangerously upward. Particularly as the November election draws near, the conservatives see behind such a report only a vast political machine greased with the millions that each month go into the pockets of Federal job-holders. It was at the rate of nearly $1,400,000,000 a year, according to the latest monthly report of the Civil Service Commission.

And, to be sure, the efficient Mr. Farley, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee and Postmaster General, has overlooked few opportunities. At the top most of the fat jobs have been awarded to political hacks from Mississippi, Arkansas, South Carolina, California, Iowa. A great mass of the faithful, thousands upon thousands of them from every part of the country, have received the minor rewards—clerical posts, inspectorships, secretaryships. But between these two levels, which differ from similar groups in previous Administrations only in their exaggerated size, is a middle stratum that has no precedent.

It is made up of intellectuals, using that unsatisfactory word in its most generous connotation—not necessarily experts, specialists in a narrow field of knowledge, although some of them may be that—but brain workers, men and women trained to think in abstract terms, concerning themselves by preference with social and political problems not only in their chosen field but in a larger sense as well. They have been drawn from universities and colleges, from advertising agencies and newspapers, from publishers' offices and co-operative colonies, from labor organizations and large metropolitan law firms. They have little relation to the so-called brain trust if only because their work is done for the most part in obscurity.

Nor have they any relation to Mr. Farley's cohorts. Most of them are as innocent of political connections as children. When recently Harry Hopkins issued an order that all Works Progress employees should secure political endorsements to be placed on file, presumably to protect these innocents from the menace of Farleyism, they were at a loss. The idea of a political endorsement had simply never occurred to most of them before.

Just how large this intellectual sector is it would be impossible to say. But it constitutes an important part of the New Deal. And while there are occasional deserters, most of whom return to the academic groves, the intellectual stratum is enlarging. It is interesting to watch the way in which these intellectuals multiply in kind, bringing new recruits to fill

new posts, even building up their own patronage machines. One woman alone has to my knowledge filled more than fifteen jobs, paying from twenty-five hundred dollars to five thousand dollars, with friends and acquaintances and even friends of friends.

It is certain that Washington never before enjoyed the benefit of such a concentration of intellect; for it is hardly less than that. Mr. Hoover had his "experts," but they were isolated and unhappy in the bosom of the Federal bureaucracy.

The new recruits to government have come from Oxford and Mallorca, from Paris and Carmel, from every major university and a great many minor ones. Distributed from one end of the New Deal to the other, one can scarcely generalize about who they are or what they do. A few examples, however, may show how these brain workers are faring. I have chosen these case histories, slightly fictionalized as to names and geography, from a limited number of acquaintances. It is a list such as anyone who goes out in Washington at all might duplicate.

II

Francis Fieldman was a teacher in English in a large Middle-Western university until the depression deprived him of his job. With the aid of a fellowship from Yale and a small private income, he obtained his doctorate, writing a thesis on the imagery of Andrew Marvell. While at Yale he was married to a graduate student at Columbia. Again with fellowships and with a small income, they were able to spend two years at Oxford. Compelled at last to return home, they came to Washington because there were no teaching jobs available and because friends were already established in the government. Fieldman's friends wangled him a position in the Division of Self-Help Co-operatives, FERA, supervising the groups that received Federal aid for co-operative development. With the four billion dollars and the advent of Works Progress, he was transferred and given the title of regional supervisor of professional projects. Now Fieldman travels through a half-dozen States, passing upon the various schemes that local administrations have devised to occupy white-collar workers. A certain cynicism colors his attitude toward his job, a certain hopelessness as to the significance of what he is doing; but he accepts the routine and has in a sense made a new kind of life for himself with a new set of friends, all of them in government.

At thirty-two Robert Johnson had had considerable success in advertising, both on the technical, layout side and as an account man. With 1933 he came to loathe his job with an especial loathing —the scramble was more and more on a cut-throat basis. He did what advertising men always talk about doing: he went abroad for a year to pursue the study that had occupied a great deal of his leisure time, fine book-making. Unmarried and with money in the bank, he could afford to do this. At the end of the year he took another six months off and went to Bermuda where, in a desultory way, he wrote short stories. But all this was not what he wanted. It was not employing the skills he had acquired. Through an advertising friend who had preceded him to Washington he heard of a possible opening as director of visual propaganda for the Resettlement Administration. He seized the chance. It seemed to him in the first glow of his enthusiasm an opportunity to put everything he had learned in the advertising business to a social use. And he still hopes he will have that opportunity even though, secretly, he is a little disillusioned by the delay and the confusion he has encountered. When he meets friends in New York and they make sarcastic remarks about the inefficiency of the New Deal he is quick to remind them of the faults in private business. Johnson has

brought into his unit two or three former associates, a brilliant young copy writer who had retired to Mallorca to write a book on economics, and a skilled photographer.

Helen Harcourt came to Washington with her husband when he took a position as attorney with the labor division of the NRA. In New York she had been the editor of a statistical-financial journal published by one of the large banks. Well-trained and with a broad background of experience, in a very short time she had obtained a government post, salary $3,500 a year, with the division of research and statistics in the Relief Administration. She was given charge of a study which it was believed would show the extent to which relief was underwriting low wage levels. This accorded with one of Mrs. Harcourt's pet theories —that business is all too willing under certain circumstances to rely upon government—and she undertook this assignment with great eagerness. Her work in the field, in the mill towns of the South particularly, yielded a wealth of evidence showing that mill owners looked upon relief payments as part of the worker's pay and that his private wage was correspondingly lowered. Back in Washington Mrs. Harcourt with a staff of three assistants worked tirelessly putting the material in statistical form. When the job was almost finished suddenly an order came down from on high to abandon the study. The real reason for this order Mrs. Harcourt could never discover. They were afraid of the conclusions, the study was "dynamite," so the rumor went. Mrs. Harcourt has never brought the same eagerness to her job since. She has done the work assigned to her, purely routine work, but with the sense that she was not being honest with her employer or herself. Occasionally she threatens to resign, but it is much easier to stay on, especially since the Harcourts have adopted a rather spacious way of living, in a pleasant Washington manner.

George Nelson in the spring of 1933 had a comfortable and relatively secure position with a large drug-manufacturing firm in Philadelphia at $6,000 a year. He was a kind of business engineer and his most important function during the depression years had been to pare expenses by lopping off workers. This was deeply repugnant to his every impulse and desire. Having taught economics for two years in a Middle-Western college, he had looked upon himself always as more of a scholar, an intellectual, than a business man. Came the NRA, yes, like the dawn. Business acquaintances were drawn into the formation of the Recovery Administration during the frantic summer of 1933. They wanted Nelson to come to Washington to be an assistant deputy administrator in charge of certain of the drug codes. It was, he felt, a tremendously exciting opportunity, and his wife, a liberal and champion of numerous lost causes, agreed even though she knew that the reduction in income, from $6,000 to $4,500, would make life in Washington rather difficult for a family of five. Nelson has lived the whole history of the NRA from the crescendo of the parading era to the dull thud of the Schechter decision. During the long uncertain lull that followed the Supreme Court decision Nelson, with hundreds of others, divided his time between the most patent kind of boondoggling and just playing chess. He said, humorously, during this period that he was rapidly becoming unemployable, and one felt that perhaps this was true. And yet he continues to cling to Washington, carrying out a technical price study which he takes more or less seriously, feeding secretly on the hope that Congress will authorize a new kind of NRA. Occasionally he resolves to stop being a government playboy—his own phrase—but actually the thought of returning to private business, the harsh reality of the competitive world, is repugnant to him.

Ernest Stein is one of the most brilliant

of Professor Frankfurter's protégés in Washington. He came under the influence of Professor Frankfurter's intellectuality and charm particularly during his last year at Harvard Law School when he was making a distinguished record for himself as one of the editors of the *Law Review* and an all-round honors man. That was in 1927–28. Upon his graduation Stein went into a large New York firm where he gained a reputation for broad knowledge and hard work. The junior partners learned they could count on him for a quick but always thorough job on a brief. He found the work in a sense uncongenial but he accepted it with a philosophic detachment while he continued in his leisure to study the law. In his background and in his temperament there is the profound seriousness of the Torah scholars of old and he has brought himself to a mastery of certain higher phases of the law. Through Professor Frankfurter he was appointed to the legal staff of the RFC even before the New Deal. In the spring of 1934 his brilliance was recognized and he was transferred to the Department of Justice. There he has written, or has helped largely to write, some of the most important briefs filed by the government with the Supreme Court. He has not thought of reward, in the worldly sense, either in terms of fame or of money. One reward perhaps has been the thought of the importance of the work he has been assigned to do at an important, a critical, period in American life. And there has been in his mind the thought that he is following, however modestly, in the pattern of the three contemporary Americans whom he most admires, the late Justice Holmes, Justice Brandeis, and Professor Frankfurter. The recent attacks on Professor Frankfurter have aroused in Stein grave concern. That kind of obscurantism, he says, makes him physically ill. And what, he asks, are we to do, we who are suddenly told that we are "alien"? Are we to retire into obscurity? But he holds the deep conviction, in part imparted by his two living heroes, that now is a time of transition when, if ever, one may effect worthwhile change. He will stay at his job, one feels, to contribute all that he can toward that change. One suspects that now and then he despairs; he confesses that he sees the period of orderly transition passing and with little accomplished.

Margaret Adams could never by the wildest stretch of imagination have found a place in the government of any other Administration than the present one. Originally she was taken on with about ten others to do a confidential study and report on certain sections of the relief population. The ten were chosen for the study because they had none of the ordinary social-worker outlook on the "relief load." Certainly Margaret Adams has scarcely a single quality in common with the traditional social worker. Fresh from a venture in fashion journalism in Paris and a broken marriage with a young French nobleman, her career up to the age of twenty-six has included a study of the functions of the International Labor Office at Geneva. It was this last which, with the aid of friends, got her the government assignment. Her chief equipment for her job seemed to be the smartest haircut this side of the Rue de la Paix and a rare collection of Schiaparelli and Molyneux gowns. She learned with great rapidity. Although she had been employed ostensibly for six weeks or two months, at the end of this time she was put on the "permanent" relief staff, in the division of research and statistics. This was partly due to the devastating nature of her reports on the plight of relief families, but also it was because she was blonde and brash and the most amusing and charming person an assistant relief administrator had seen in nearly a year. She created her own task, which was to do a book on relief that would jar hell out of the populace (her own expression), a book that would shat-

ter their smug complacency. In proof of her ability to write she exhibited a novel which a reluctant publisher had brought out, a novel which the reviewers found a little shocking but not nearly so shocking as Margaret Adams had hoped they would find it. To gather material for her book on relief she had the privilege of roaming practically at will over the entire United States. That is what she is doing now. Her notebook is full of the most withering and pitiable case histories and, more important, what she has seen has given her an intense desire to shape the material into a form so vital and dramatic that people will have to read it. But there is a large question whether she will be allowed to remain on the government payroll; for after she has visited a city numerous complaints come in to relief headquarters. She has the indiscreet habit of making friends with the more articulate and embittered of the unemployed and, far from assuring them that Mr. Roosevelt is in the White House and all is right with the world, as is the custom of visitors from Washington, she advises them to raise merry hell on every possible occasion. That is almost literally her advice and, having been warned twice and defiantly refusing to mend her ways, it is probable that she will be quietly dropped.

George Schmidt was one of Professor Tugwell's most brilliant protégés at Columbia. He was twenty-four years old when Professor Tugwell brought him to Washington to be an adviser on "professional projects" on the work relief program. While he would have qualified by the standards of the Hearst press as a "starry-eyed idealist," he thought of himself as essentially "hardboiled" and "realistic." The last word in particular he is given to using. "We've got to be realistic about this." But at times his "realistic" attitude was resented by painters, writers, nurses, years older, who mistook realism for downright rudeness. It is not surprising that he developed a buoyant love of authority, placed as he was for the first time in a very brief life in a superior and independent position. Long-distance telephone calls became a habit and so did sudden and dramatic sorties into the countryside, the remote countryside, often by airplane. On one occasion he flew to Los Angeles on a Monday and flew back on a Saturday, and when it was pointed out to him, more in sorrow than in anger, that the junket appeared on mature consideration to have been scarcely necessary, he made a flippant reply. "Oh, well!" he said, humorously, but one felt with a certain determination, "the sooner this government goes bankrupt the quicker we shall have a better one." Schmidt is of the school which believes that he and his kind are putting over something pretty big on the "Tories." Or at times he cherishes that belief when his favorite projects are flourishing. Again he is cast down by restraints from above and is given to disgust with "temporizing" and "compromise." If one could strike an accurate balance, it would be probable that young Schmidt's service in the government would show a distinct loss, both for him personally and for the government. He will stay on in Washington as long as possible, having established an agreeable routine that takes in work of a sort, cocktail parties and dinners, with frequent week-ends in New York.

III

These seven, as I have said, have been plucked at random from out of the teeming hive of the New Deal. If they are all too individualistic to be types, it is true that they typify the activities of the intellectual sector of the Roosevelt Administration. Obviously they have few traits in common and yet, with the exception perhaps of Schmidt, they have brought to their new work a serious desire to be socially useful, to contribute the best that they have to the job. The Schmidts, al-

though numerous and particularly in one or two agencies, are the exception rather than the rule. The average of fools, poseurs, and dilettantes would surely be no higher than in any private organization of equal scope. And it is a curious fact that their errors, their egregious blunders, their stupid posturings have been largely overlooked by that very section of the press and the public that would most delight in discovering them.

Most of the intellectuals in the government could be put down as "liberals." A few, partly as the result of their Washington experience, have moved farther to the left. And from the beginning there have been cynical radicals who have, a little contemptuously and indulgently, consented to see this brief phase of history through to its conclusion. But it is a curious fact that certain of these radicals have become so enchanted by authority and privilege that they are now wedded to the service of a middle-of-the-road government bent on saving capitalism from its sins. Here again the reactionary press has wholly missed fire. Sheltered in the bosom of the government have been anarchists, syndicalists, I.W.W., communists, but they have been so well and so long sheltered that they have long since faded to a pale pink color and are now quite safe.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the great majority of these minor brain-trusters have worked to little purpose. Too often adequate direction has been lacking. Too often there has been a confusion of purpose. Too often their efforts have been restricted by what politicians have considered expedient and necessary. Conflicts of authority and duplication of endeavor have given rise to the more deadly diseases of bureaucracy—intriguing, inner politics, jockeying for place.

And these brain-workers have been haunted by the uncertainty of their own position. They are neither fish nor fowl, without the cloak of respectability that goes with the Civil Service or the security of the political appointee who feels he is safe so long as the voters return the party to power. The whims and caprices and sudden shifts of a volatile Administration have given most of them a deep sense of insecurity. And they are human, they have families, they are reluctant to exchange a bi-monthly government check for a slim chance at a private job. Although many of these intellectuals speak with contempt, or a weary disgust, of the Administration of which they are a part, they add, as a devout person would cross himself, "but of course Mr. Roosevelt will be elected again." This is an election year and these new government servants well realize that they would be swept out of office with unseemly haste if the Republicans were to return to power.

One must always remember that much of what they have done has been sheer improvisation. They have had to do intensive foraging in a social desert, improvising tools as they went along. There has been no social background, very little tradition or precedent, to call upon. On the piano in the Western gambling hells, or so the legend is, was a sign that said: "Please don't shoot the pianist. He is doing the best he can." It is a sign which, with some slight alterations, might well be placed on many Washington desks.

OLD YELLOWSTONE DAYS

BY OWEN WISTER

In the American we speak now they would have called us a bum bunch of guys. But this was 1887. I don't know what words those dusty tourists in the stagecoaches (whom we haughtily ignored) applied to us when we met them on the road; but we heard their sightseeing screams, we saw them stare and crane their tame citified necks after us. Had we been bears or bandits (I am sure some of them took us for the latter) they couldn't have broken into more excitement. The bears in 1887 mostly kept themselves out of sight; they had a justifiable distrust of human nature, at least the black bears and silver-tips had; they had not yet learned that shooting in the Park was forbidden. But bandits you might see—possibly; there have been hold-ups in the Park. And there is no doubt that the Park with its violent phenomena could throw some visitors into a very special state of mind; they became ready to expect anything, they were credulous to the point of distortion.

We were merely five white men and one Indian, on six horses, with eight packs, in single file, riding at a walk, perfectly harmless, and as new to the Park as were the tourists who leaped from the stagecoaches to snapshot us. Variously scattered among these United States, our cavalcade may still be enshrined in albums of photographic souvenirs. Of course we were not the sort of spectacle you are likely to see, unless the circus or rodeo comes to town. At the cañon, a well-to-do youth whose acquaintance I had made the year before at Jackson in the White Mountains, recognized me, came up, shook my hand with solicitude, and said that if a hundred dollars would help . . . And they put us all safe and far at a side table at the Mammoth Springs, so as not to alarm the tourists. I find in my diary that my spurs jingled so boisterously upon the wooden floors in that hotel that I removed them, blushing the while.

My diary reveals to me that I had forgotten more than I recollected of that first camping trip; so novel, so vivid, so charged with adventure and delight and lusty vigor and laughter, that to think of it makes me homesick for the past—and the past comes to be the mental home of those who can look back a long way. Weeks before we had excited the tourists, or washed our underwear in a geyser, other experiences had marked that summer as a high spot among holidays. George and I had swum naked in the quiet edge of the whirlpool below Niagara Falls; we had ridden on the cowcatcher all through the mountain scenery of the Canadian Pacific (you couldn't do that now, the cowcatcher is shrunk to a mere shadow of its former self, but it's the best seat in the train for a view). We had seen Seattle as a ragged village of one lumpy street and frame houses, reached by steamers alone; a short railroad with a long title—Seattle Lake Shore and Eastern—carried lumber only, and soon terminated at a place called by humorists (I must suppose) Stuck Junction. The University, into which I wandered through a wooden gate swung shut by a chain weighted by a tin can filled with stones,

matched its large name as imperfectly as the railroad. In an upper room I found a blackboard and a stuffed owl; and in this company sat a lone young woman reading *Les Misérables*. She asked me what the word in queer letters on a front page meant; and I could tell her, because Greek was required when I entered Harvard. Presently followed seven glorious days and nights in San Francisco, the High Jinks of the Bohemian Club among the great redwoods—but I am meandering; I must get back to the one red man and the five whites and the Park.

The red man was Tighee, a full-blooded Shoshone, speaking English incompletely, and seldom speaking at all. He was our huntsman. Two of the whites were cook, packer and horse wrangler; we were the other three; and in my pocket I carried a letter from General Sheridan, recommending me to all officers of the Army. Thirty-six hours in the stage from Rawlins on the railroad to Fort Washakie on the Shoshone Indian reservation brought us to our point for outfitting. Once outfitted, we started northwestward, and reached Wind River the second day. And here goes my diary:

"This afternoon George saw about six wild geese waddling about in a stream. He was desirous to test his horse's taste for shooting, so he fired from the saddle, thereby adding one to the number of geese. Nobody hurt." I had forgotten this.

It was the Sheridan Trail we followed up Wind River. Four years before us, General Sheridan, with President Arthur and a large escort, had taken this same route. It was nothing but a trail; solitary, wild, the Divide to our left, buttes and sagebrush to our right, and the streaming river beside us. Up the river 90 miles or so, and over a low part of the Continental Divide a bit south of Two-gwo-tee Pass, and down the Gros Ventre into Jackson's Hole, after lingering and killing bear and elk on the Divide. (It was curious to ride by, in 1893, the site of that camp two miles down the Pacific side from the summit of the Divide, that place which had been our headquarters for ten days, and find the stakes we had stretched our bear hides on in 1887 still in the ground, not one missing.)

Again my diary: "Sunday, Aug. 21. Camp 10. Head of Jackson's Lake, 7 p. m. Got here last night after 32 or 33 more miles. . . . The Tetons across the lake magnificent. I hunted all day for elk with Tighee—9 till 4—in cross timber. Awful. Tracks everywhere. Only 2 elk—which I missed like a fool. Our friend the horse thief joined us yesterday. He turned out a harmless shepherd with a nice dog, who eats your supper when we are not looking."

Of course I had forgotten about missing the elk; any thoughtful man would. But why forget the dog?

And here let me pause to lay my ineffectual but heartfelt curse upon the commercial vandals who desecrated the outlet of Jackson's Lake with an ugly dam to irrigate some desert land away off in Idaho. As that lake used to be, it narrowed in a long bend by degrees, until placidly and imperceptibly it became once more the Snake River sliding out of it below as the Snake River had flowed into it above. Serenity and solitude everywhere; antelope in herds like cattle in the open spread of sagebrush between Snake and the Tetons; these rising from the dusky blur of pines to steeps of grass, slants of rock, streaks of snow like linen drying away up, and at last the far peaks. At sunset they turned lilac, and all their angles swam together in a misty blue. Just below the outlet among scattered pines near the river, an old cabin, gaping to the weather, roof going, each year a little less of a shelter, made the silence seem more silent, the past more distant, the wilderness more present. And there among the brush was a tattered legend in print: "This very fine old rum is widely known." This relic of man crashed into the quiet spell of nature not nearly so

harshly as does that disgusting dam. There is more beauty in Jackson's Hole than even such a beastly thing could kill; but it has destroyed the august serenity of the lake's outlet for ever; and it has defaced and degraded the shores of the lake where once the pines grew green and dark. They stand now white skeletons, drowned by the rising level of the water.

The Sheridan trail left the lake and the river and crossed three miles of level, turned up into timber, ran through a valley of young symmetric spruce like a nursery; cold air came up to us from a stream flowing invisible in the depths of a little cañon; and by and by we descended to a flat of thick willows that brushed your knees as the trail sneaked through them till you came out on Snake again, forded it, and met discipline and law at the sergeant's cabin. Our packs were proud with trophies, heads and pelts; lucky that we needed no more of these to justify our wild and predatory aspect and prove our competence with the rifle; for here we crossed the sacred line, the southern boundary (as it was then) of the Park; and all shooting must cease; we had entered the sanctuary. The sergeant sealed our rifles. We took our way into the haunted land, the domain possessed of devils, shunned by the Indians of old.

II

Strange how readily the American mind swallows whole the promises in a political platform, and believes so little in any other statements, unless it is those of quack medicines! Vesuvius and Aetna had been heard of in the United States, long before John Colter of the Lewis and Clark expedition came back from his wild explorations and told the people of St. Louis about the hissing and rumbling and boiling phenomena he had beheld during his wanderings in the region of the upper Yellowstone. They set him down for a liar, and as a liar he passed for a matter of fifty years. During these, James Bridger got the same reputation. There's not a doubt that other white men saw the wonders of that weird country during those fifty years. Their traces have been found. But they were Hudson Bay fur trappers, and because of the fur they kept the secret. Not until gold-seekers rushed into Montana and parties of them (in 1863) actually saw much more of the wonders than even Colter had, were his words substantiated—or they might have been had gold not so utterly obsessed the minds of these prospectors that they hardly noticed the geysers. It was in 1870, through the official reports of a special expedition, that the whole country knew and believed for the first time that the hissing and boiling, with many other strange things, were no myth—realized this too soon for vandal exploiters, like the builders of the Jackson Lake dam, to grab and spoil; for the Government took charge of the place and by law set it aside for the recreation of the people.

As we rode into it from the sergeant's cabin through jack pines and fallen timber, at a walk, "haunted" did not seem a far-fetched expression. Mud spots of odd hue and consistency were passed; one's horse went down into them deep and suddenly; once through the trees we saw a little pond steaming; stealthy, unusual smells prowled among the pines; after skirting Lewis Lake, the trail diverged from where the present road runs north across the Divide to the Thumb, and after going northwest along Shoshone Lake, went over the Divide at a rockier place, and so down the Fire Hole River through the trees toward the geysers; and my diary says:

"The Basin came in sight over the tree-tops below us—merely a litter of steam-jets. It might have been Lowell." Yes; the prospect suggested to my modern mind a manufacturing center in full swing. No wonder those shooting columns of steam scared the Indians of old.

The hotel at the Upper Geyser Basin was chiefly of canvas, walls and roof; and to

sleep there must have made you intimately acquainted with how your neighbors were passing the night. We didn't sleep there, we camped within the trees a short ride away; but we rejoiced in the blackberry brandy we bought from the hotel clerk; it was provided to check disturbances which drinking queer water from highly chemical brooks often raised in human interiors. And we also rejoiced in a bath the soldiers had constructed in a cabin by the river. The cool river flowed into the wooden trough one way, and through another spout, which you let loose with a wooden peg, astonishingly hot water poured from a little boiling hole in the formation above the cabin, and brought your bath to the temperature you desired. Both brandy and bath were a source of rejoicing; and after emerging clean and new from the latter, the spectacle of a little gray bird, like a fat catbird, skimming along the river like a bullet and suddenly dropping below the surface where it was shallow, and walking along the bottom with its tail sticking out in the air, filled me with such elation that I forgot the geysers and watched him. Where it was deeper he would plunge wholly out of sight, run along submerged, reach a shallow place, with his tail again sticking out. Then he would take it into his head to float on top and swim. I came to know him well. In 1896 I took his photograph high among the Teton range. I was washing at the creek before breakfast. He was sitting on a stone covered with snow in the middle of the creek, singing blithely: the water ouzel.

But I do not think that anybody there rejoiced quite as utterly as a boy employed in the hotel. He must have been somewhere in his 'teens; he was like the true love in "Twelfth Night" that could sing both high and low. In calm moments he would answer you in a deep bass. In excitement, into which he periodically fell, the bass cracked to a wild treble. He would be called a bell-hop to-day; in that day no bell was there, but the boy hopped a good deal. We would be sitting tilted back, reading our mail, the tourists would have ceased talking and be lounging drowsily, the boy would be at the door, motionless as a set steel trap. Suddenly the trap would spring, the boy would catapult into the door, and in his piping treble scream out:

"Beehive's a-goin' off!"

at which every tourist instantly started from his chair, and a leaping crowd gushed out of the hotel and sprinted down over the formation to catch the Beehive at it. Beehive finally quiescent, they returned slowly, sank into chairs and exhausted silence; you could have heard a mosquito. But the steel trap was again set, sprang soon, and again the silence was pierced:

"There goes Old Faithful!"

Up and out they flew once more, watched Old Faithful, and came back to their chairs and to silence more exhausted.

Was the boy exhausted? Never. It might be the Castle, it might be the Grotto —whatever it might be, that pre-Ritz-Carlton bell-hop routed those torpid tourists from their repose to set them trooping across the formation to gape at some geyser in action, and again seek their chairs, feebler each time. Has he in his mature years ever known more joy? I doubt it.

An Englishman, who sat with me (it may have been that year or a later one) on the hotel's narrow porch, had evidently had his credulity so distorted by the freaks of nature he had seen that everything amazed him. Had I seen any gray geese? Yes, I had. But large flocks? Well, I didn't know.

"There are large flocks of them, sir. Gray geese. Large flocks. God bless my soul! I saw them yesterday."

And just about then, Old Faithful played.

"How high do you take that column of water to be?"

I told him the number of feet I had been told.

"Dear me, no. You must be wrong. I

understand that ridge over there is the Continental Divide?"

I believed it was.

"Well, sir, are you aware that the Continental Divide is some six thousand-and-odd feet high, and that geyser is rising into the sky clear above that ridge?"

My diary: "Friday, August 26. Washing clothes at a small geyser. . . . We steep the garment in a quiet blue pool, deep, and shaped exactly like a great calla lily, filled to the brim and some ten feet across. Then we soap and then with a pole poke it down a spluttering crevice that foams all over it until it is ready to take out and dry."

Have you ever soaped a geyser? Then you know it is true. If you have not you may think I am taking advantage of your credulity. Science explains the matter; I need not. But to soap a geyser is very bad for it; disturbs its rhythm, dislocates its circulation, makes it play when it isn't due to play, has killed one important geyser, I have heard. Before 1887, and before the effect of soap on geysers was widely known, a Chinaman had set up a laundry above an unemployed and inconspicuous vent in the formation at the Upper Geyser Basin. Hot water boiled in the vent, steam rose from it day and night, and the Chinaman was happy in the thought of needing neither fire nor stove nor pots, since he had taken Mother Nature into partnership, and she would wash his linen with her own hands. A few seconds after the first bundle of soaped clothes was stirred into the vent out jumped the geyser, hissing and spitting, and away blew the roof. The Chinaman escaped. That is the story; and early in my western adventures, when what they were telling me grew very remarkable, I always said, "Let me assure you that I make it a rule to believe everything I hear." But when they told me of a hole into which you could toss your soiled handkerchief and have it disappear and in a minute be thrown out washed, ironed, folded, and with a laundry mark, I drew the line. That Chinaman in 1887 had an establishment behind the hotel, where I saw the huge unnatural cucumbers he had raised with the help of hot moisture from the bowels of the earth; but his laundry was now beside, not above, Mother Nature's boiling water. By the time I had camped several times through the Park the uncertain temper of these bubbling holes had been more generally rumored. Not far from the Mud Geyser one day, I was passing a little girl who was poking one of them about the size of a soup plate with a stick, when a loud voice, which I presume was her mother's, shouted behind me:

"Louisa, quit fooling with that thing or it'll bust!"

Why will people scrawl their silly names on the scenery? Why thus disclose to thousands who will read this evidence that you are a thoughtless ass? All very well if you wrote your name, your address, and the date on the North Pole; but why do it in some wholly accessible spot where your presence represents no daring, no endurance, nothing but the necessary cash to go there? Around the base of Old Faithful (for example) are little scoops in the formation, little shallow white saucers into which the hot water has flowed and remained. Well, beneath the water on the bottom of these saucers the names of asses were to be seen, written in pencil. I doubt if this often happens nowadays; it doesn't pay. It was a deep satisfaction to talk of the vandals with Major Harris, or Captain Boutelle, or George Anderson, or Jack Pitcher, military commandants of the Park before it was turned over to the Department of the Interior. The opinions they variously expressed about those who defaced nature were to the point. And they devised punishment for the offenders before punishment was provided by law. The soldiers patrolled the places where vandalism was likely to occur. If they caught a tourist writing on the formation or breaking it off they stopped him, compelled him to efface the writing

and give up the specimen. If they found a name after its writer had gone on they rode after him and brought him back to rub it out. It has happened that a man, having completed the round of the Park, has been about to take the train when his name, discovered on the formation by a soldier and telephoned to the Mammoth Springs, has led to its being duly and fittingly effaced by himself, escorted back clean across the Park. Captain Edwards (not a commandant, but on duty there in 1891) told me this:

A soldier at the Upper Basin had reported a clergyman as having broken off a bagful of formation. Edwards found him seated in the stage, about to depart from the Fountain.

"You have taken no specimens of course?"

"No."

"You give me your word as a preacher of the Gospel that you have nothing of the sort in that bag?"

"I do."

Edwards let him go.

"But why?" I asked.

"I couldn't humiliate a minister in front of the crowd."

Boutelle had a hard time to stop a commercial clique from installing an elevator at the Lower Falls. Politics was behind it, as usual. To put a lot of machinery by those Falls at the head of that cañon, where the sublime merges with the exquisite, and which alone is worth crossing the continent to see, would have been an outrage more abominable than the dam at Jackson Lake.

"But why should your refined taste," objected a lover of the multitude to whom I told this, "interfere with the enjoyment of the plain people?"

"Have the plain people told you or anybody that the one thing they lie sleepless craving for is an elevator to go up and down by those falls the way they do in hotels?"

"They would like it if it was there."

"Of course they would. Is that a reason to vulgarize a supreme piece of wild natural beauty for all time? How are the plain people to learn better things than they know if you lower to their level everything above it?"

But who could convince a female philanthropist?

The would-be exploiter of the Park never dies. It may be a railroad, a light and power company—anything. It is a ceaseless menace, invariably supported by plausible argument and political influence. Had the language of the original act setting the Park aside in 1872 for the benefit and enjoyment of the people been so phrased as to bar exploiters as it was phrased to protect the game and fish from capture or destruction "for the purposes of merchandise and profit," safety from the despoiler would be better assured. Boutelle staved off the exploitation during his term as commandant. But George Anderson related many tales of poachers and attempted exploitation. None of them was quite so evil as the way the army canteen was abolished; but as that concerns not the Park, but the enlisted man, and a clique of distillers, and the Federated Spinsters of Uplift, it does not belong here; I doubt if it is ever told.

My diary: "Monday, August 29. West, George Norman, and I are having a hell of a time trying to get down to the bottom of the cañon with ropes. . . . I am at present sitting about nowhere, halfway . . . George is above, undecided whether he'll untie the rope from the last tree, or not."

As I read this over—it was written forty-nine years ago—West's remarks at various stages of our descent come back to me: (1) that he would give ten dollars not to have started, (2) that he would give fifty, (3) that he hadn't enough cash in the world to give what he'd like to. We got all the way down and back without hurt. It was somewhere between Inspiration Point and the Falls. Farther down there's no trouble, there's a trail to the water, where you can catch trout.

III

When we returned to the Park in 1896 many changes had occurred in it since our first sight of it in 1887. The stage road now went from the Upper Basin to the Thumb, no longer (as we had gone then) from the Lower Basin up Nez Percé Creek and over the Divide by Mary's Mountain along Trout Creek in the Hayden Valley to the Yellowstone River between the Mud Geyser and the Sulphur Mountain. There you met the road between the Cañon and the Thumb; and the hotel at the Cañon could easily have been dropped whole into the great reception room of the present hotel there. Its site was not at all the same—it was about at the junction of the road to Norris; it had but one storey, and its shape reminded you of a bowling alley or a shooting gallery.

We didn't go to the Lake in 1887. I have often seen it since, and once camped and fished at the outlet for a number of days. Not much to record of that, except the occasional wormy trout—you know them by their feeble fight, their unwholesome color, and their emaciation (I believe their state is due to a parasite peculiar to the waters of the Yellowstone Lake, I never caught any elsewhere than in the Lake or the river below it) and the reprehensible conduct of the sea gulls one day: that is unforgettable. I was catching many fish and cleaning them, and the cleanings attracted some dozen gulls. They hovered in the air, swooped on the guts I cut out of each trout, gobbled them and were ready for more. There was a young gull among them, and he was never quick enough for his parents, or his uncles, or his aunts. They always got there first, sometimes only a second ahead of him, snapped it from under his callow beak, and left him sadder and sadder. At length in pity I threw a large meal close to him; he got it, made off along the shore by himself a little way, and had it partially swallowed, when an adult relative spied it, dashed down, dragged it out of his poor little throat, and it was gone. He acted precisely like a child of three in a parlor car. He threw his head up to the sky, beat his wings, shut his eyes, opened his beak, and bawled and bawled.

Long before 1896 the hotels were larger, and the education of the bears had begun. They were now aware that man did not shoot them and they had discovered that campers carried good things to eat. One night in 1891 our sleep was murdered by sudden loud rattling and clashing of our tin plates and other hardware. We rushed out of the tent into silence and darkness. In the morning our sugar sack lay wounded, but still with us. Macbeth while dragging at it had tumbled the hardware about him. He was not educated enough to stand that and had taken to the woods. Another bear took to a tree that week. As dusk was descending, campers found him in suspicious proximity to their provender and raised a shout. The shouting brought us and others not to the rescue, but to the highly entertaining spectacle of a tree surrounded by fascinated people waving their arms, and a bear sitting philosophically above their din. Night came on, the campers went to bed, and the bear went away. Many years have now gone since the bears discovered the treasures that are concealed in the garbage piles behind the hotels. I walked out once in the early evening at the Lake hotel and counted twenty-one bears feasting. I saw a bear march up to a tourist and accept candy from his hand, while his wife stood at a safe distance, protesting vainly, but I think rightly. I saw the twenty-one bears suddenly cease feasting and withdraw to a short distance. Out of the trees came a true grizzly, long-snouted and ugly; and while he selected his dinner with ostentatious care and began to enjoy it, a cinnamon bear stole discreetly, as if on tip-toe, toward the meal he had left behind him. He got pretty near it, when the grizzly paused in eating and merely swung his head at him—no more than that; in a flash the cinnamon

had galloped humpty-dumptily off and sat down watching. He came back presently; and the scene was re-enacted three times before I had enough of it and left; each time when the cinnamon had reached a certain point the grizzly swung his head, and this invariably sufficed. It is my notion that the cinnamon was a bit of a wag.

As our outfit rode into the Mammoth Springs, Tighee at sight of the hotel made (I think) his first remark that day:

"All same one big mountain."

What would he have said to the present hotel? It dwarfs the old one, which is where the stage-drivers and various employees live—or did on my last visit there in 1916. What would he have said about the Old Faithful Inn, which has long replaced that primitive canvas affair where the blackberry brandy and the bell-hop once flourished, and the Englishman had been amazed at the gigantic height of Old Faithful in action, and the flocks of gray geese? These birds have amazed me, but not in the same way. Dawn after dawn in camp above Crawford's shack by Jackson Lake, two of us left warm beds for the freezing air, and crawled like turtles towards a flat where the geese were feeding. We sneaked along, so close to the cold earth that the brush hid the geese from us. Every day the flock saw us first, flapped up far out of range, and departed. I am certain that they had a sentinel posted and enjoyed us as the cinnamon did the grizzly.

"To call these birds geese," I said to my companion, "is an outrage."

"Or rather," he corrected me, "the term is misapplied to foolish persons."

What do you think of that?

Upon another occasion, while at breakfast, I contemplated a pot of preserves made in Dundee, and remarked:

"Who could have expected orange marmalade to come from Scotland?"

And he explained: "They import the oranges, you know."

Eight weeks of that. It came near to aging me.

Something worse—no, almost as bad—happened during those same eight weeks. I cannot tell if Tighee would have treated us so had we taken him away from the beaten track. We never did, in the Park or out of it; for though we had hunted and fished in a virtually untenanted wilderness, the Sheridan Trail ran through it, familiar ground to Tighee; and in the Park we followed the conventional route and visited none except the regulation sights. But with Dick Washakie (our hunter on this later excursion, another full-blooded Shoshone, who spoke a little more English, having once been at the Carlisle school) we struck off the beaten trail. I was anxious to get mountain sheep after visiting the geysers and Cañon; so I turned our backs on the known and our faces to the unknown, using maps, and no longer consulting Dick Washakie about where we should go next. I wished if it were possible to get into the high country eastward, where three ranges of mountains may be said to collide and produce steep and complicated results, far from tourists, far from everybody. The third morning—we were nowhere near the high country yet—West came and told me Dick Washakie was leaving us. So I went to him. His horse was packed. Nothing availed. Not our predicament, not the wages he would lose, nothing. He gave so many reasons—his father was old—he must cut his hay—I forget the rest—that I knew he never gave the real one.

A previous experience with another Indian, Paul La Rose, made me certain that West had guessed right: they distrusted country where they had never been. With Paul La Rose we had forded Snake below the outlet. He objected to fording it at all. At every step we took on the far side he objected more. I kept on. From the Sheridan trail on the east side of Snake. I had stared too many days across the spread of land at the Tetons: I intended to get close to them. We should find no water, said Paul. Look at the

snow up there, I said; that must melt and feed some creek at the base of those big mountains. We'd better turn back, said Paul. We'll go on, Paul. Well, you'll have dry camp to-night. Paul, we'll go on. You take the lead then. He dropped sulkily away from the head of our procession, I took his place, and in about an hour we heard the quiet sound of a waterfall and came to an opening in the narrow belt of pines to which I headed, and found the stream that flows between Leigh's and Jenny's Lake. At that camp we fished and hunted for a week in solitude unbroken. That was 1888. Since then the dude ranch has been established in that country, Snake is bridged.

But Dick Washakie's desertion changed our plans; we needed a hunter. We renounced that high country where the mountain ranges collide and journeyed back into the known; and so began my acquaintance with Yancey. Yancey was of that frontier type which is no more to be seen; the goat-bearded, shrewd-eyed, lank Uncle Sam type. He and his cabins had been there a long while. The legend ran that he was once a Confederate soldier, and had struck out from the land of the Lost Cause quite unreconstructed, and would never wear blue jeans because blue reminded him of the Union army. He was known as Uncle John by that whole country. One of his cabins was a rough wayside inn for miners traveling between Cinnabar and Cooke City at the northeastern edge of the Park. Yancey did not talk much to mere people; and I should have been mere people to him, but that I knew Boies Penrose (later Senator from Pennsylvania), who had camped more than once on Hell Roaring Creek nearby, and for whose good shooting, fishing, and horsemanship the old timer had warm respect. He unbent at the name of Penrose. What could he do for me? I told him of our hunterless plight. James Woody was due to-morrow. He would guide us to a sheep country. And then Uncle John led me across the road to—not his wine, but his whisky cellar. Handsome barrels. I came to know it well. He had some sort of fermented stuff made from oranges, which he obtained from California. Mingled properly with whisky, the like of it I have never elsewhere tasted. Woody didn't want to go. He was waiting to join Theodore Roosevelt; but on Yancey's persuasion he would go with us, leave us where sheep were to be expected, and send Donohue in his stead. I had no money for wages here; it was in a safe at Fort Washakie, where I had expected to pay Dick off. I wrote East and, just like a play, an old Cinnabar acquaintance of 1887 turned up and was glad to convey the letter to the mail. Joe Keeney was his name, and we became acquainted thus:

My diary, Sept. 1: "A lucky chance made us cared for at Cinnabar. When we were some 500 yards from it (it is merely a railroad depot, one saloon, a hotel, and some sheds) a little child passed us full tilt. As there was a ranch behind us we did not stop her, but supposed she was going there. Then far ahead we saw a man beckoning violently. When we came to him he said, 'Damn it, I signalled to head her off.' 'Well, I didn't see you. Get on my horse and go after her.' Which he did, catching her and bringing her back in his arms. It appeared he had sent her with a message to some men in a buggy who were stopping at the ranch but started away before she could get to them. 'And she'd have run till she ran them down in the mountains,' her parent added. He turned out to be the landlord, Joe Keeney, who became our friend, gave us drinks, and turned his family out of their room and made us sleep in it."

Joe Keeney rode off from Yancey's with my letter under his hat, so as not to forget it; James Woody guided us to the Hoodoos (which are pillared erosions of sandstone, and look like a church organ that has met with a railroad accident); Donohue arrived in his place and took us to Saddle Mountain; I got a black tail, but never

a sheep, nothing of interest save petrified fragments of wood and seashells lying over a region at present six or seven thousand feet above sea level; we returned to Yancey's where a letter was put in my hand. It was muddy. It was my own. Joe Keeney must have scratched his head on the way to Gardner (to which the railroad had now been extended from Cinnabar). I was penniless. As I lay in camp in the meadows toward Baronet's bridge next morning, Yancey came by.

"What can I do for you?"

"Whisky and that orange shrub. And lend me a hundred dollars."

He did.

Back home, I sent him a flask engraved "John Yancey, from the Dead Beat," with the date.

He was at Livingston the next autumn when I stopped off with the skins of white goat I had shot in the mountains of Washington territory. Those skins increased his respect for me; we went to a show that evening, and through the night I was introduced, I think, to the whole town, male and female.

In these days, the Park bear has almost completed his education. His children for generations have known the way to the garbage pile. And all have learned the hour when the train of stages passes along the road through the various woods. Along the road they wait, begging; and the tourists place chocolate and other dainties in their paws and maws. They have gone on the dole. The one step remaining is for them to take charge of the hotels and expel the management.

Yancey is gone, Beaver Dick is gone; awake at night sometimes, the tide of streamline thought sets West, and I recall that porcupine tastes like roast pig it was a hornets' nest in that tree across the trail the pack horse trod into and the dutch oven fell off first and he bounced down through the timber with the tin plates rolling every which way the roll of bedding stuck in a bush but you get tired of trout we caught little minnows thick as mosquitoes in a net in that camp above Jenny's Lake for white bait I shouldn't want to see Brook's Lake now any fool can go along the road in a car and find his way there just below was where we clubbed those young geese they couldn't fly yet swimming Wind River was just a creek very good tender eating so was the sand hill crane Copley Amory shot but not like the young geese the white columbine at that camp larger than the garden sort and there was a white swan out on the lake gosh how good it used to be to swab up the melted lard off your tin plate with a lump of bread and swallow it was it wild carrots or parsnips that would poison gosh those miles of flowers in the big meadow below the scoop in the rocks where Grant La Farge found we could get out and cross the Divide . . . and so on, and so on.

EMPLOYEES' EXIT

BY ROBERT LITTELL

EMPLOYEES might reflect, as they nibble their cheese, that the job which provides them with the cheese is singularly like a mouse trap—with one important difference. A mouse trap is easy to get into, and very hard to get out of. A job is very hard to get into, but if there is anything in the world easier to get out of I have yet to see it.

Much has been thought and written on the art of getting the right mice (or employees) into the right traps (or jobs). Much has also been written, and even legislated, on the subject of how much cheese the mice must be fed if they are to work hard and be contented. But practically nothing has been written on the art of firing the employees out of the traps. Libraries are bursting with treatises on the technic of hiring. Ambitious young men take courses in hiring from learned professors who were hired to teach because they knew all there was to know about hiring. When they graduate these young men get jobs in big companies and spend the rest of their lives hiring for hire, and going to conventions attended by others whose life-work, sole interest, and chief claim to fame is their knowledge of personnel methods and vocational psychology.

But are there any specialists, any courses, any treatises, on the technic of firing? No. Why not? Because hiring is a matter of vast importance to companies and corporations, while firing is of importance only to the individual who gets fired, and industrial treatises are not concerned with individuals. Hiring affects output, efficiency, and earnings, and has, therefore, achieved the status of a science, while firing, stripped of its occasional refinements, is really not much more than a kick in the pants—a gesture which almost anyone can perform without having received high honors in the seminar on personnel of a graduate school of business administration.

To sensitive persons, being fired, especially after long years of apparently satisfactory work, can be as shocking an operation as the amputation of one of their legs. When it is all over, when they have recovered from the helpless, angry nausea they feel toward themselves and the world that did this to them, they must still cherish a special resentment against the surgeons who botched this job with the axe and did it without an anesthetic. Of course people must be fired from time to time. And so must legs be cut off from time to time. In total pain one operation can be quite as cruel as the other. Often, because of the incapacity of the surgeons, and the lack of any code of human decency in the matter, the mental operation is the harder of the two to bear.

Consider for a moment, in somewhat more detail, the contrast between the difficulty of getting a mouse into that industrial trap and the ease of getting him out of it. At the entrance there is a formidable and increasingly scientific series of

turnstiles: application blanks, preliminary interviews, letters of recommendation, references, educational certificates, secondary interviews, vocational tests, medical examinations, tertiary but still not final interviews, intelligence tests, employment psychologists. (In the invisible recesses of the personnel department of some companies, there is even a graphologist with a magnifying glass poring over the candidate's handwriting in an attempt to learn whether or not he crosses his t's with sufficient character to deserve a place in the shipping room.) And then there are the periods of apprenticeship as a learner or "student employee," the weeks and months punctuated by superiors telling the employee that they are watching his work, by those deft little talks about salary during which he is told that he must "grow up with the company."

And at the exit end of the trap? A few blunt words from a foreman, or a politer, chillier, more baffling interview with an assistant vice-president, or a printed slip. In effect they all say the same thing: "Your connection with this company terminates as of Saturday the 18th."

I am sure that some of the victims must take refuge from this blow in day-dreaming about a possible state of society in which these two processes, the one so long and difficult, the other so murderously brief, might be reversed—a society in which the exit from one's job was also a long line of turnstiles barring one's progress toward outer darkness with a series of what the personnel men sometimes call "exit interviews," with lay-off blanks and exit medical examinations, with demands for letters testifying to one's fitness to join the ranks of the unemployed.

But this is a long way off, and—saith the early American—it is monstrous besides, for if the sword didn't hang over us all, none of us would do any work.

There are still many things to be done, however, this side of Utopia. One of them, clearly, is to develop a code for firing as scientific, and much more humane, than the code for hiring.

There isn't any code now. With a few exceptions, American employers bring to the process of separating their employees from themselves a repellent combination of heartlessness and slapdash. I wish someone (what a ghoul he would have to be!) had collected all the stories to prove this statement which were current during the depression. Here are some of them. I recall them not out of any desire to compete with the hyena, but because much the same sort of thing is still happening now, every day, all over the United States.

A clerk in a large store went home on Christmas Eve and handed to his mother his unopened pay envelope. Inside, with the money, she found a slip of paper saying that the store regretted that it was forced to dispense with his services.

A large bank swallowed a smaller one, and three hundred men and women found themselves on the street. In the case of a merger, it appears, financial assets and liabilities are scrupulously taken over by the new owner, but the responsibility for human lives vanishes into thin air.

A newspaper fired a dozen old men who had toiled and dry-rotted in its corners for twenty or thirty years. They were inefficient, perhaps totally useless; but do not even the inefficient acquire rights through their employer's inability to discover their inefficiency after so long a time? Should not an employer set up a fund to write off human depreciation and the mounting burden of his own inertia?

Another newspaper turned turtle over night, and its employees floundered about with two weeks' pay as a life belt, while the owners floated safely to shore on the not uncomfortable raft of the paper's profits in former years.

A distinguished physician who had left his private practice to do research in a large, new, endowed hospital, was told by the banker who ran the hospital's

affairs that the proper relationship between employer and employee was for the latter to expect dismissal at any time.

The young dean of a college was given by his more elderly and perhaps less courageous superiors the job of discharging a professor. He called the professor into his office. "Blank," he said, with what the victim regarded as unnecessary vim, "you're fired."

In a certain automobile company there was (at one time) a tradition to the effect that no one was ever fired. The chief executives put their heads together and decided that the legal department was useless and must go. The next morning the young men of the legal department turned up to find that the desks and files had been removed from their offices. When they sought an explanation they were told that the legal department had been abolished, but that, in view of the tradition that the company never fired anyone, they could all have jobs in the blacksmith shop.

But enough. The imperfections in the morality and technic of firing are gross, and would long ago have been removed by any society which cared as much for its own members as it does for dogs, whose ears it is in many States illegal to clip, and whose feelings (as well as those of horses, cats, canaries, and tadpoles) it is in all States dangerous to outrage in the presence of members of the S.P.C.A. Outrage upon the feelings of employees, however, is not only punishable by no law that I know of, but even encouraged, as a precious "incentive," by many modern unofficial spokesmen for the Founding Fathers.

There is in the jungle of American industry a great lack of uniformity in the technic of firing. As the jungle animals destroy their prey in different ways, so do employers discharge their employees with a variety of methods. Some animals slay with swift brutality, others with lingering refinements. The technic of firing ranges from the axe, cold, sharp, and sudden, through subtle shades of unconscious cruelty, up to elaborate fictions and window-dressings which try to conceal the bare fact as much as possible, and by trying too hard, fail to conceal at all.

Let us look at some of these methods, from the top of industry down.

Upon the loftiest heights of business and finance such a thing as firing is practically unknown. When it does happen it masquerades as a "resignation regretfully submitted for reasons of health." More often the men at the top, if the men below the top and the men beyond the top known as directors want to get rid of them, are elegantly kicked upstairs, into a chairmanship of the board; into an office where a man can console himself for a noticeable decrease in work and responsibility by an immense increase in the size and splendor of the office furniture.

Still farther down, but high enough up to prevent sudden and unpleasant surprises, the actual firing is preceded by many little private talks with the big boss which begin, "Old man, we're all very fond of you here, but . . ."

A glimpse of the higher brackets, followed by a view of what happens near the bottom, would prompt cynics to say that they who when fired get the most consideration, moral and financial, are the ones who need it least.

It is also interesting to observe the admirable and discreet clannishness of the higher-ups when in the act of mutual extermination. Unless there is a fearful row, the officers of the industrial army make it a point of honor, or policy, to screen one another's cashierings from the public gaze.

The procedure changes gradually as we go down the ladder. The amenities diminish, the words of the "exit interviews" are fewer. We can catch some of the words as they drift through the transom of the office where sits the executive, talking and fingering a cigar he has forgotten to relight, while the subordinate,

with ice forming on his spine, sits silent on the other side of the big walnut desk. "Circumstances compel us. . . . In times like these we must pare to the bone. . . . We have postponed this decision for many months. . . . You'd do the same thing if you were in my place. . . . Keep in touch with us, you're still one of the family. . . ."

Still farther down there are straw-bosses and foremen. "Well, kid, it's the axe for you. . . . Report to the office. . . . Go get your money and the hell out of here. . . . Meet you on the bread line one of these days. . . ."

At the bottom of the pile is that meanest axe of all, the printed slip. "Your services will no longer be required." A cold, anonymous little piece of evasive cruelty, laid on a desk or inserted into a pay envelope. An impersonal executioner, against which healthy anger and indignation beat in vain. How much better to be fired by a human being, at whom one can curse and rage. The duller, colder anger roused by the printed slip can find no target, it cannot spend itself; it turns to slow poison and corrosive disillusion. We have too many laws, but if there are to be new ones, I should like one of them to require that all firings, discharges, dismissals and terminations of employment be made in person, face to face.

The paper slip is sometimes a product of size and efficiency—another cog, in a vast impersonal machine, which some thick-skinned official has put there to save time, trouble, money. But sometimes the slip is the product of sheer cowardice. It takes more than normal courage to fire people, as those who have ever had to do it will agree. Some of the coldest and most tactless face-to-face firings are really the result of soft hearts that steel themselves, and in the unfamiliar effort become disagreeable rather than firm.

And what about the effect of the firing on the people who are fired? Anger is of course a universal reaction. Anger, and a desire to break something, preferably the face of the man who is doing the firing. Another wider effect is anger at what people at such moments call "the system"—frequently only another name for everything outside of themselves. When professional people are fired—the kind of people who have taken pride in their work, and done much of it for its own sake—they often feel, besides anger, a sudden horrible suspicion that the fault is in themselves. They too question "the system," but they also hear, deep within them, a whisper which says, "there must be something the matter with me."

And in a great many people the ordeal of being fired sows the seeds of communism, social credit, Townsenditis, and other twentieth-century religions.

II

Nothing, except occasionally a sense of human decency, or a hard-headed realization that decency often pays, tempers the American employer's use of the axe upon the defenseless necks of his employees. We have no laws to govern this neglected department of human behavior, and few codes—even unwritten ones. Such codes as we have vary enormously.

As private citizens we agree in observing many rules of conduct which affect the lives and feelings of our fellowmen: if they are women we take off our hats in their presence (especially in elevators); if they are children we do not beat them; if we play cards with them we do not cheat; if they win from us at cards we pay them as promptly as possible. These and a thousand other social relationships are governed by codes which most of us accept. But in putting an end to our relationship with an employee we are governed by no standard of honor or fair dealing. In this dark corner it's every employer for himself and his own conscience—if any.

I doubt very much, for instance,

whether the readers of this magazine, whom I take to be humane and liberal-minded people, would agree as to what is fair—as distinguished from what is possible—when discharging one's own stenographer or cook for reasons other than incompetence or misbehavior. Should one give the cook or the stenographer notice, and if so, how long a notice? Should the length of the notice bear some ratio to the length of service? And if so, what is the proper ratio? Should discharge, as a matter of social justice, be softened by a cash payment of some kind? If so, how much? Should this payment be regarded by both parties as a generous gift or as a compensation duly earned or as a rightful contribution to the smooth working of the world we live in?

There will be nearly as many different answers to such questions as there are people to whom they are put. If the questions were put to Abstract Justice, she would probably answer that upon this subject she was ill-informed, and would have to study it farther. But does Abstract Social Justice exist? I doubt it. Justice is not marble-perfect, changeless, but relative and evolutionary. She is a quotation on the ticker tape of men's emotions. She is not in fact a goddess at all, but something much more like a mule, which must be whipped once in a while if we want it to move along.

The mule-goddess of Justice has moved along several inches since 1929. Since 1929 millions of Americans have received, together with their economic wounds, the rudiments of an education in social justice.

Some years ago if Sadie Smith was my stenographer, and if I fired her (kindly I hope, though in such cases kindness is never enough), and paid her two weeks' wages extra for every year she had worked for me, she would have shown a surprise and a gratitude that was less a comment upon my "generosity" than upon the rapacity of all her previous employers.

There are still Sadie Smiths who would regard such a cash payment as something more like orchids than like justice, but there are new thousands of Sadie Smiths who would regard it as a right. They haven't thought it all out very clearly, but they have felt about it, deeply and bitterly.

The art, the technic of firing probably can no more be improved by legislation than can the relations of men with their own wives. But aggrieved wives have financial rights, and there is a growing recognition that aggrieved employees (almost all discharged employees are aggrieved), have a right to heart balm of some sort. It is not yet a legal right in this country, as it is, and for some time has been, in other countries. This balm for the fired usually goes by the name of "dismissal wage," meaning a cash payment, normally in multiples (or fractions) of weekly wages, to employees who have been discharged through no fault of their own. About two hundred American companies have worked out "dismissal wage" plans.

As each company has its own plan, so each plan has its own name. I have collected specimens of this curious terminology, not only as examples of sociological jargon, but also because their grim and dusty flavor expresses what I see when I think of the soul of the personnel department of a great corporation.

Allowance at Termination
Discontinuance Allowance
Service Reward
Salary Dismissal Scale
Special Compensation Allowance
Discharge Bonus
Exit Allowance
Plant Gratuity
Pre-Pension Plan
Wage Settlement

But one company official's unofficial name for them is much the best—"industrial alimony."

Though the vast bulk of American employers still fire at will, there have been several hopeful instances of intelligent

industrial alimony wisely administered. For example:

Owing to the installation of labor-saving machinery in a certain clothing factory, a large number of cutters were faced with the loss of their jobs. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers—one of the strongest and most far-sighted unions in the country—agreed to the cutters' discharge, provided that each one who was discharged was given five hundred dollars and in return promised to take up some other kind of work. Two hundred and thirty-six cutters agreed, and got five hundred dollars apiece.

A rubber company of national dimensions was forced to close two of its plants. It softened the blow by placing as many employees as possible in other jobs, by treating all of them to free want-ads in the papers, and by paying those of more than fifteen years' service a week's wages for every year, up to six months' total wages. In one of these plants the "termination bonuses" amounted to one hundred thousand dollars.

A rolling mill, after trying hard to find superfluous men other jobs in or outside of the company, gave them half pay for as many months as they had years of service.

Company X paid sixteen men three-quarter wages for several months, while they were looking for work.

Company Y pays one month's wages to men of from 5 to 10 years' service, two months to men of from 10 to 15 years' service.

A steel company (whose president received a bonus of $1,623,000 in 1929), pays to discharged employees not eligible for a pension a week's wages for every year of service.

An oil company compensates discharged employees according to this complicated formula: the employee's age, minus twenty times the sum of: 3 (representing himself), plus 2 (if he has a wife), plus one for each of his other dependents, divided by 175, gives a total which, when multiplied by the maximum cash settlement which any one employee may receive, equals the dismissal wage—which in this case is called an "adjusted cash settlement."

This is one of the very few industrial alimony plans in which the bonus, or wage, or settlement, or allowance, is affected by the size of the employee's family.

Only two considerations move the great majority of companies when they are discharging men: efficiency and length of service. It is a very small minority indeed that worries at all about the employee's age (as distinguished from the age of his job), or the chances of his finding work elsewhere, or his financial condition, or the number of his dependents.

In fact the example of these companies seems bright only if we think of the countless hordes of companies which do nothing of the sort, and don't ever intend to. American industry is still largely ruled by the conviction, admirably expressed by one of its representatives, that "justice to the stockholders must come before sentiment."

A man not easily ruled by sentiment, as those who have followed his pronouncements will agree, is Leonor F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad. Yet Mr. Loree is the author of a dismissal wage plan for his railroad which, in one feature, makes all the other dismissal wage plans seem very backward. A Delaware and Hudson employee gets a dismissal wage of fifteen dollars a week for six weeks. He gets it no matter why he was discharged, he gets it if he was discharged for cause—he gets it, I infer, even if he was fired for going on a bender, for slugging a foreman, or for reading aloud during working hours from that Declaration of Independence in whose "pursuit of happiness" clause Mr. Loree seems to be one of the few visible practicing believers.

As to the motives of those companies which, while many miles short of Mr. Loree, have traveled some distance on the

road of "industrial alimony," I have no direct knowledge. A few profess "sentiments" which are quite possibly revolting to their stockholders. Others are moved by a sense of fairness and social responsibility, or by a recognition of the obvious fact that all business is inter-dependent, and that one's own discharged employees, if penniless, make poor customers for the other fellow. But many, I suspect (one company has admitted as much quite openly), are well aware that nothing travels faster than ill-report, and that employees who feel resentful when they are fired become centers of a revengeful boycott which is quickly reflected in the total of gross sales.

III

And now let us see how our treatment of discharged employees compares with the treatment they get in other parts of the world.

Even in Tzarist Russia the law required employers to give their employees either two weeks' advance notice of discharge or two weeks' pay.

In South America, which most North Americans think of as chronically disorderly and chiefly occupied with revolution, ten countries have passed legislation which would startle our Liberty League. Bolivian employers must give their salaried workers ninety days' notice or compensation at an average ratio of about one month's salary for every year of service. And in Brazil, if you please, employees who are fired for joining a union or for "expressing ideas unfavorable to the employer" are given an indemnity of six months' pay.*

Enlightened Americans probably have even less regard for the Balkans than they have for South America. But consider the intelligent and humane treatment of the Piraeus longshoremen. When the Greeks installed loading machinery at the Piraeus docks in 1928 many of those longshoremen were out of a job. A government commission (on which they were represented) gave them compensation, which ran as high as $520 in some cases. The few private American employers who have done anything like this were commended for their generosity and public spirit. If it were proposed to do anything like this publicly, by law, there would be howls of socialism.

The French have a profound, almost racial respect for the rights of the individual. In France there are many laws, customs, and collective agreements protecting an employee from sudden discharge. French office employees, for instance, are by custom entitled to a month's notice, during which period they may leave their work two hours a day in order to look for another job.

Germany (before the great Aryan renaissance) was a hotbed of workers' rights and privileges. A man who was fired could appeal to his work council, from there to a labor court. If the court found in his favor, his employer could either reinstate him or pay him an indemnity, which (with modifications depending on his own financial condition and that of his employer) usually came to about one month's wages for every year of service. Over forty years ago, the Zeiss optical works at Jena inaugurated their own dismissal wage plan, and paid to veteran employees when discharged a minimum of one-sixth of the wages earned during the time they were employed. This high rate would strike American employees as more than generous, but the minds of Zeiss set it high for a very good reason: if it was very expensive to discharge men, then perhaps the management would take greater pains to keep the labor turnover as low as possible. For labor turnover is often more expensive to the employers than would be a dismissal wage system.

The farthest north, however, is sur-

* For these and other data on foreign laws and customs relating to dismissal wages, I am indebted to various pamphlets by G. T. Schwenning, Associate Professor of Business Administration at the University of North Carolina. No one else has studied this neglected subject as thoroughly as Professor Schwenning.

prisingly enough to be found among the Japanese. Japanese labor is notoriously cheap, Japanese labor is flooding the world with goods at Woolworth prices. But Japanese labor, though by our standards miserably paid, enjoys certain compensations. Under Japanese law an employer must give two weeks' notice or two weeks' pay, and must pay the discharged workers their fare home if they originally lived outside of the city where the factory is located.

But Japanese employers do not stop with the law. Many of them voluntarily go to lengths which would bring ostracism, perhaps even tar and feathers, to an American employer. Japanese employers actually indemnify workers who have gone out on strike against them.

In 1927 there was a famous strike at the Noda Soy Brewing Company which lasted 217 days. A thousand workers were fired. Three hundred were taken back. And now listen, you American Vice-presidents-in-charge-of-personnel. The 700 who were not taken back received an average of $200 apiece. Forty thousand dollars was paid by the company into the strike funds of the striking union. All this in spite of the fact that the strike failed, and that the company refused to recognize the union.

It is obvious that, compared with many other nations, some of which we have been taught to think of as less enlightened than our own, we are still in the dark ages so far as the rights of discharged employees are concerned. How can our boasted civilization justify this backwardness? How long will American employers go on behaving as if our frontier still existed, as if every man who was let out of his job could immediately carve himself a new life west of the Mississippi? A sprinkling of intelligent employers realize the justice and common sense of easing the shock of dismissal. What is going to bring the others up to a standard which Europe set, and which in some respects imperialist Japan greatly exceeded, many years ago? Public opinion? Or a growing recognition on the part of the employers themselves that fairness is good for business? Or will nothing but a new batch of Federal laws and regulations draw the teeth of our ancient, sacred, savage doctrine that there must be, in the interest of efficiency and individual initiative, no restraint upon the employer's freedom to fire anyone, at any time, for any reason, and without any compensation?

The Lion's Mouth



I RESIGN FROM SOCIAL LIFE

BY ELMER DAVIS

I HAVE determined to resign from social life; and following the distinguished examples of General Hugh S. Johnson, Sir Samuel Hoare, and everybody else who has resigned from anything in the past year or two, I feel that a decent respect for the opinions of mankind impels me to state my reasons. Also I trust that this blanket explanation will square me with the various people who hereafter invite me to cocktail parties; for if I have to explain to each of them in detail they will all say, "Don't be foolish; you won't meet anybody like that at *my* house."

They will be wrong. I meet people like that at anybody's house; I appear to have some baleful attraction that draws them to me, irresistibly. Perhaps I even exude some chemical aura that changes normally companionable people into such persons as I shall presently describe; and thus, by resigning from social life, I confer a benefit on society by no longer creating social menaces. (Does somebody say I confer a benefit on society anyway? Come out in the back alley, fellow, and say it again.) And at any rate I know I confer a benefit on myself.

Time was when I enjoyed cocktail parties—not for the cocktails, which were seldom so good as those that I make at home, but for the company. Old friends I hadn't seen for years would come up and tell me everything that had happened to them in the meantime, and display a proper interest in what had happened to me; they would grow reminiscent and sentimental and say "Who would have thought?" etc.; they would wonder how old Joe was making the grade these days, and speculate as to whatever became of that blonde from Kansas City. Not just the conversation you might have got in a French salon of the eighteenth century, if the conversation of those days has been correctly reported (as to which I have always had my doubts); but the sort of thing you like to hear when you meet an old friend over a couple of drinks.

Lovely women used to talk to me too—and I don't mean what you may think I mean. Lovely women used to be in the habit of telling me the story of their lives, long before that habit became universal. When I was young, I realize in retrospect, they did it because I had no small talk, and they had to fill in the cavernous gaps of silence somehow. I know now that when a lovely woman tells you the story of her life the synopsis of previous installments implies that she expects you to figure largely in the next chapter; but I still don't think that was the reason for the autobiographies that I used to hear twenty years ago. The girls talked because somebody had to say something, and I looked young and innocent enough to be trusted.

All at once time took a leap, and I became old enough to be trusted; the girls took a look at my gray hair and concluded that they could safely tell me the sad story without any personal implications. Talk that was confidential and intimate enough to give you a sentimental glow

and still far enough within the frontier of safety to satisfy the most prudent of middle-aged bourgeois. Such was the talk I used to hear at cocktail parties a few years ago; but not any more.

The turn came last winter, on an occasion when two or three hundred people had assembled to celebrate the birthday of a foreign potentate. Dozens of them were persons I hadn't seen for years; and I was looking forward to getting together with this one and that one to fan over this and that, when all at once I found myself backed into a corner by the man with the Vandyke beard. Now the man with the Vandyke beard had always been a serious person; still, in the old days he had had a sense of the proprieties. As we stood there with cocktail glasses in our hands I expected him to ask me if I ever saw Charlie any more, and if I remembered that time when, etc., etc. Not so. He made sure that he had me in a corner where I couldn't get out, and then he began:

"I don't suppose you appreciate the wonderful work that is being done for public health in Russia!"

I told him that I was sure I didn't; and what of it?

"My dear man," he exclaimed warmly, "you cannot afford to be ignorant of that wonderful work! You owe it to yourself to become informed about it! Why, when I was there last summer . . ."

So we stood there in the corner while he paid my debt to myself. Over his shoulder I could see men I hadn't had a chance to talk to for years, and lovely women who, if given an opportunity, might seek me out to tell me the strange and rather tragic story of the things that had happened to them since last we met. And then, as that relentless voice droned on with the history of public health in Russia, I realized that they had had the opportunity and had not sought me out. Nobody had sought me out but the man with the Vandyke beard; and of all that gathering, I alone had been selected as the fit receptacle for the big news about public health in Russia.

Well, I thought that was just a piece of bad luck; it wouldn't happen again. The next time I was caught completely off guard. It was a small party, not more than twelve or fifteen people; and all of us old friends—in the Manhattan way of friendship, even if we don't see one another oftener than once a year. I should as soon have thought of taking precautions in that company as of wearing a shoulder holster to church. And, indeed, everything went well until the man with the glistening bald head caught sight of me across the room and yelled a cheery, "Hello there! I want to talk to you as soon as I've collected a drink."

There were plenty of things he might have wanted to talk to me about, so I felt no alarm when he collected his drink, backed me into a corner, laid a detaining hand on my shoulder, and fixed me with his glittering eye. And then, in a stern and purposeful voice:

"Few people," he said, "appreciate the fine points of the City Charter."

Few they are, no doubt; but before he let me out of that corner, I was numbered among them. And I looked wildly round over his glistening bald pate at that assemblage of old friends (including lovely women, none of whom had sought me out to tell me about the strange and tragic course of her life since she had seen me last); and it struck me with a cold chill of despair that there was no one else in the party who would have been selected, even by a man with a few drinks in him, as likely to appreciate the fine points of the City Charter.

What has happened to me? I look into the mirror and see no evidence in those too familiar lineaments that I have changed as much as all that; that I look like one who wants to hear, at length, about the City Charter, or public health in Russia. And as for the lovely women . . .

Well, not long ago I went to another

cocktail party—a big one, a mob scene. Still there were plenty of people whom I used to know, lovely women included; I was looking forward to a lot of fanning over old times and to the bringing up to date of a lot of personal histories. For quite a while nothing in particular happened—and then a lovely blonde accosted me. I hadn't seen her for three or four years; I had no doubt that things had happened to her, for she is the sort that things are going to happen to till she is sixty; and from the confidential look in her eye, I felt sure that I was going to hear all about it. Especially when she said:

"I can't talk to you in all this mob. Let's get off in a corner by ourselves."

This was like old times. City Charters and Russian public health were negligible misadventures; I was still recognizable, to lovely blondes, as the one all-receptive ear, fit to listen to the strange and rather tragic story. So we got off in a corner by ourselves, and she said:

"I wanted to tell you some things about rural resettlement and rehabilitation."

A shiver ran down my spine. She, of all people, whose feet had never left the city sidewalks except to tread the hot sands of the beach, wanted to talk about rural resettlement and rehabilitation—to me, of all people! But then came an extenuating, an exculpatory reflection.

"You are a press agent for the resettlement administration," I deduced, "and you hope I will write something about it. Well, I won't; I know even less about the countryside than you do."

"I did have some such idea," she admitted, not without confusion. "But really, the sort of thing we're doing is right down your alley."

"It's not, and you know it! But if," I said, "this new job has contributed to your personal resettlement and rehabilitation—tell me all about it."

"Oh, that sort of thing wouldn't interest you," she said, her eyes roving past me. "Eric!" she called. "Excuse me, won't you, Elmer? There's a boy I've got to see. But I'll send you some of our press releases; I know you'll be interested in our work even if you don't write about it."

Oh, she did, did she? At that moment, I resigned from social life.



LADIES' FATE

BY JANE A. NON

"DON'T expect me to move, Alida!" Mrs. Merton greeted her visitor by simply turning her head on the *chaise longue*. "I'm floored, absolutely floored. That's why I sent for you. I felt I must talk to somebody or go wild!"

Mrs. Latting advanced, wearing an expression of blended concern and curiosity.

"I suppose it's Waldo?" she said, seating herself beside the prostrated Mrs. Merton.

"Of course it's Waldo! Have I had any trouble for the last twenty years that didn't begin and end with Waldo? There's never any need to ask a harassed woman what the matter is! If she has a husband, he's it! I often wonder, Alida, why a widow ever gets gray. There doesn't seem to be any excuse for it when her worries are all over."

Mrs. Latting murmured sympathetically.

"I suppose it's another woman?" she hazarded again.

"It's another bracelet," Mrs. Merton returned, grimly, "so I presume there's another woman. I found this bracelet in his coat pocket. I saw a moth on his coat and slapped at it and hit the box."

"And you're sure he's not intending . . ."

"To give it to me? Quite sure, my dear. Once I thought that was going to

happen, when I stood on the stairs at Jacoby's and watched Waldo selecting a bracelet, but that was the only glimpse I ever had of it! And once I opened a bill that I supposed was for having my watch repaired and was greeted by the pleasant item—*sapphire bracelet!* And I never saw that one either!"

"Fanny! It's too outrageous!"

"That was some time ago and no bills have come since, so I imagined Waldo was cured. Instead of that he must have been just p-paying cash!" She pressed her handkerchief against her quivering mouth.

"Well, you just be thankful, Fanny, that he's not paying *your* cash!" Mrs. Latting cheered her briskly. "Think of Willard Thorndyke. He's a perfect fool over women, and Ella has to pay the piper. He bleeds her for money all the time."

"What a contemptible hound! I've noticed how Ella's mouth has begun to droop and I've wondered . . ."

"Oh, he's a perfect scoundrel! People can't understand why she doesn't get a divorce."

"And who wants to be a divorced woman," demanded Mrs. Merton, "floundering around alone while some impudent bracelet grabber takes your husband and goes on to glory?"

"She *might* marry again," considered Mrs. Latting, somewhat doubtfully.

"And put her head right back into the noose with another man! That's jumping from the frying pan into the fire. I tell you, Alida, a married woman is between the devil and the deep sea. That's all that makes me put up with Waldo's falseness for a minute!"

"Well, anyhow, Fanny, I'm not sure but what you're better off than Ethel Mowry. Her husband is making her life a perfect hell. He's a jealous fiend, suspects every Tom, Dick, and Harry. If she so much as goes to the dressmaker's for a fitting he calls up to be sure she is really there. So humiliating! And you know it's all out of whole cloth; she never looks at another man."

"Poor Ethel! Isn't it *sickening* when she used to be such a pretty, spirited girl?"

"Well, that's where Tom Mowry has landed her! And have you heard about Jerry Bennett? There isn't much question but what he has helped himself to the bank's money. The examiners have found some pretty suspicious items. Julia Bennett is simply heartbroken. She trusted him absolutely. She doesn't leave the house nor even speak to her friends on the telephone."

"Mercy! And if he goes to jail, she'll be left with five children to support!"

Mrs. Latting nodded. There was somber silence for a while, then Mrs. Latting rose to go.

"I'm afraid I've been a Job's comforter, Fanny, telling you all these doleful things, but it does show that every wife has something to bear. If it isn't bracelets, it's something worse. If I should tell you what I have to put up with from Alfred!" she sighed.

"You don't need to. I can imagine. And you've only confirmed what I said to begin with," Mrs. Merton added wearily, "that a married woman is between the upper and the nether millstone. She'll be ground to powder either way."

Mrs. Latting nodded again. She moved slowly toward the door. Then she turned. Her face had become animated.

"Oh, I do know one cheerful bit of news, after all! Kitty Mattoon has announced her engagement!"

Mrs. Merton sat up straight.

"You don't say so! Isn't that fine! Who's the man?"

"I don't remember the name. Somebody from out of town. Nobody seems to know anything about him. I guess she hasn't known him very long herself."

Mrs. Merton swung her heels to the floor and rose in rejuvenation.

"Well, I'm just delighted!" she beamed. "I've always been so fond of Kitty Mattoon. She's *such* a nice girl and it certainly did begin to look as though she were going to be an *old maid!*"

TERWILLINGER IN PLATO'S DREAM

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

With his customary intuition in such matters, Mr. Sinclair Lewis found the name for it: Terwillinger College. It exists most plentifully in Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, and Kansas; but you can find it nearly anywhere in the Middle West or the South, at the end of a branch line which the students used to batter pretty badly after football victories in the days before they clubbed together to travel in old Fords. Old Academy Hall whence the Reverend Abijah Scoggins went out to carry God's word to the Manchurians who finally murdered him, from whose steps Senator Cowan read to a seething crowd a telegram announcing that John Brown had been executed—Old Academy, in whose lines the English Gothic mingles with the baroque and the M., K., & T., molders quietly under trees that ought to be elms but are only cottonwoods, and looks three ways across the lawns to the half-dozen other buildings that compose Terwillinger. Perhaps it is a tax-supported particle that somehow got left out when the legislature made the State University concentrate fifty years ago. More likely it began as a land-grant college in the days of national hope and was saved from dissolution when some Harkness of the creeks bequeathed it the seventy-five thousand dollars he had made from preemption rights. More likely still it was founded and has been maintained by some evangelical sect "dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches."

Terwillinger had six hundred students at its apogee, just after the Civil War. Twenty years later it was down to the four hundred that remained constant till about 1910, then the curve sank toward to-day's three hundred. No one you have heard about ever taught there, unless your taste runs to sermons on election by faith or baptism by immersion, or unless someone now prominent in the universities paused there inadvertently for a year while working for his doctorate. You haven't heard of any of its alumni either. Fifty years ago you might well have heard of some of them. A Terwillinger man turned up occasionally in the upper brackets of industry or finance, following the tradition that Theodore Dreiser has charted, or put his training in homiletics, exegetics, and rhetoric to good use in the National House of Representatives, following what may be called the James A. Garfield tradition. But when middle America shook down into permanent shape, the universities drained away this particular kind of energy. Terwillinger found its own level as a guardian of orthodoxy, a forcing bed for the missionary field, and a humble but satisfactory stamping-press for instructors in crossroads high schools.

At that time it ceased to have any direct relation to the higher education in America, but for at least two generations more it performed an ancillary service of the greatest importance. The American race being so mixed and so widely dispersed

over its countryside, every so often some unkempt but dream-crazed young man came charging out of the brush and headed for Terwillinger, as the nearest educational institution, the only one he could afford, or the only one he had ever heard of. When he had been halter-broke and curried below the knees, it was discovered that he had a first-rate talent for physics or philology, anthropology or the Code Napoleon, metaphysics or mathematics or chemical engineering. The faculty made much of him, did what they could on his behalf, and pulled wires, interviewed patrons and evangelized graduate deans, so that talent was passed on and upward toward the laboratories, libraries, and first-rate instruction that could develop it.

Even that function, however, has been taken from Terwillinger now. The big universities recruit directly, combing the brush and the river-bottoms and the sandhills for Steinmetzes of every kind, and competing with one another to discover and endow all genius, however uncouth or limited, that the back country may hold. Terwillinger used to be a conduit to the free circulation of the *élite:* nowadays that circulation has been organized and needs, so far as the higher education is concerned, no flag-stops or pumping-stations. It is so efficient that it draws into its machinery of scholarships, prizes, traveling fellowships, and graded appointments not only all the discernible *élite* of the colleges but a good deal more material as well.

So Terwillinger slumbers on among its ancient cottonwoods and tumbleweed, no longer priming the universities with distinguished students, no longer sending its Seths and Tubals into industry and its Davids to the Senate, hardly even supplying its quota to the mission fields. Its curriculum is nothing much—just about what it was fifty years ago, except for an "orientation course" that compresses the whole expanse of civilization into two hours a week during the second semester, a few inadequately equipped and badly taught science courses, and, be very sure, enough courses in "The Psychology of Education" to qualify its graduates for teaching-certificates under the State Board. Its scholastic standards are wretchedly low: they have to be, for not a very high grade of student ever ventures there. Its faculty is dreadfully bad: the trustees put such restrictions on the private life of its teachers and pay such miserable salaries that no one will teach there who can possibly get a job anywhere else. It is in fact governed, staffed, and attended by inferior men and women. Scores of metropolitan and suburban high schools have better faculties, give their students better training, and carry them farther toward an education. There are—shall we say?—some two hundred Terwillingers in this country, accredited institutions of collegiate rank—and at least that many secondary schools which have higher standards of education and a closer connection with the intellectual life of the times.

Do not, however, conclude that Terwillinger and its two hundred sisters are socially parasitic or that the service they perform is not vital to education. Terwillinger is flourishing in its own terms, thank you, and if America were forced to choose between Old Academy and the collegiate Gothic of, say, Yale, long-range wisdom would probably circularize the wrecking companies of New Haven for bids. For these fresh-water colleges, these branch-line academies, these Harvards of the canebrakes and the short-grass country were evoked by a genuine need in the national culture. Nothing comparable to them exists anywhere else; they arose—and continue—out of necessities peculiar to American life. They have responded with remarkable effectiveness, and nothing suggests that either necessity or response to it is going to change.

The first great service they perform results from the heterogeneity of the American race. In spite of the gloom of our

intellectuals, society in this country remains fluid and mobile, sometimes dangerously so. The immediate necessity of thousands of the young men and women who go to our Terwillingers is not to be initiated into the intellectual life—most of them are incapable of understanding it. Their need is much more primary: to be initiated into American society itself. They have to learn not only the social myths and traditions, they have to learn the very rituals that enable people to get along with one another. Coming from the farm, the section gang, or the garage, they have shattered and abandoned one set of choices and decisions, one ritual; bound, with whatever modesty of ambition, for the bookkeeper's desk, the sub-high faculty, and the Sunday Evening Men's Club, they must acquire another set of decisions, another ritual, or shrivel in the loneliness of the uprooted. The Americans are far more in need of this kind of education than any other people on earth—for their classes are far less fixed and their environments far more easily changed. Terwillinger endows them with the organized responses of their new class, and in so doing proves itself an integrating force of the very greatest importance, an indispensable element in cultural stability.

A maximum social elasticity is essential to democracy, as a condition for the effective use of superior men. Yet the very ease with which a man or woman can pass from group to group, from class to class, from occupation to occupation has been in America one of the greatest dangers to the state. Many more than are ultimately chosen will always think they hear the call, and if the genuinely superior person acquires a higher potential by his advancement, the wide mesh of the sieve lets a good many slip by who are likely to suffer impairment. In a more rigid society these are restrained, organized, and given integrity by sentiments, patterns, and imperatives which in the Republic hardly exist at all. The free movement of a frontier society still conditions us, so that an American may easily attach himself—precariously—to the cultures of Spokane, Tallahassee, Bangor, and El Paso in a single lifetime. In a provincial European town he would inherit an entire organization of preference and decision, giving him a cultural identity that the wide-roving American cannot have. In that town also he would find ready-made the sentiments and rituals of a trade or business from which only the extreme exception ever departs; here he may well have a dozen occupations one after another, which, however desirable, also involves anarchy. Ways of compensating for this social lack must be found, and hence the American multiplicity of special groups. Hence the Red Men, the Beavers, and the Moose; hence Sigma Chi and Delta Upsilon and Phi Beta Kappa; hence the Optimists and Kiwanis; hence Rotary and the King's Daughters and I Will Arise; hence the D. A. R., the Wednesday Bible and Browning Society, Christian Endeavor and the Junior League. Hence also Terwillinger: to confer membership on its miscellany, endow them with a consciousness of one another, give them a skeleton of automatic identity which will solve for them problems of choice that, in other cultures, are solved by institutional habits never native to American soil.

Again, Terwillinger is an implement in another tradition, as important as any we have. Tell any American that the time has come to limit education realistically and to select those whom we can educate in accordance with their capacities, and you will be committing a heresy that calls for the fire. Anyone born or naturalized within the limits of the American empire has an inherent right to an A.B. if he wants to work for it. The force of this myth cannot be overestimated; it is so intimately mixed with the cement of our society that to dispute it would be to reverse the Monroe Doctrine, overthrow the Constitution, and bring the house down about

our ears. It is, therefore, very convenient to let A.B.'s differ absolutely as well as relatively. Richard Roe, A.B., Terwillinger, '36, probably could not get his degree at any of the six leading universities which are currently quarreling about their respective ratings, or at any of the next sixty. But he gets it at Terwillinger, and so it is, nationally, safe to lay in next winter's coal. Furthermore, Richard really is an educated man: quite apart from his social conditioning, he has had some intellectual training.

Finally there is the group that founded Terwillinger, supports it, and is in part replenished by it. Conceivably, the more devout Baptists are not heartened when they think of the University of Chicago, which once appeared to have been founded in their interest. In forty years it has skyrocketed to a high place among the leading six, which is fine for the Republic but may be a betrayal of the Baptists. To be sure, emancipated thinkers who write editorials find little difficulty in obliterating the Baptists: a forthright manifesto, some severe syllogisms, a wave of the hand, and all this reactionary piety and superstition will be done away with, certainly no later than August 10th. But the Baptists have withstood some twenty waves of emancipation in the past century; so have the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Campbellites, and a good many other disciplines that maintain Terwillingers. They are pretty vital groups, with a highly organized life; they will probably survive a lot more enlightenment in the next century, and, such is the sadness of the world, they will probably be surviving it generations after *The New Masses* has joined Amelia Bloomer's *Lily* on the shelves of antiquarians. The health of the nation is the vitality of its groups, and Terwillinger ministers to that vitality in two ways. It is a combustion chamber or buffer state between the culture of its group and that of the Republic at large, a place where adjustments may be made non-explosively, a two-way valve or filter which enables each to act on the other to the benefit of one and, it may be, of both. That is certainly a valuable function, but the other one is more valuable—that of heightening and confirming the sentiments of the group itself. It is not bad for the Republic to contain simultaneously both Baptist and emancipated-young-editor cultures, both Terwillinger and Teachers College ways of life—it is as desirable as possible. In so far as it enhances the self-consciousness of its culture, Terwillinger is an instrument of American society quite as important as the drama, poetry, or the Guggenheim Foundation.

That, in fact, was in the Founders' minds when they met in 1841 to lay the cornerstone of Old Academy—then no doubt known as Henry Clay Hall, or, with an affectionate glance eastward at another small college, Dartmouth Hall. In the more arrogant air of the leading six universities we often hear an assertion that is fundamental in their faith, that there can be no great civilization without great scholars. Surely the development of great scholars is one of the primary goals of American education; but it was not foremost in the ambition and vision of the people who founded Terwillinger, and we should be unwise to condemn them. No doubt among their objectives was a desire to leave a literate ministry to the Churches and to provide the kind of education that would enable a man to get ahead in the world. Both objectives have in great part been taken out of Terwillinger's hands. But it was also in their minds to help integrate a nation extraordinarily diffuse and unorganized. Terwillinger has been helping to do that for nearly a century now. Let us, therefore, salute it as an institution that is, as institutions go, indispensable. And let us remember that few of the undertakings so confidently entered upon in the Republic a century ago have held so closely to the dream or done their work with such indisputable success.

Among the New Books

By Harry Hansen

Literary Editor of the New York World-Telegram

LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S visit to the United States after an absence of twenty years has given us another glimpse of a member of that talented generation of English authors now reaching the twilight of old age. But Mr. Housman, at seventy-one, is anything but old. "When I came here twenty years ago," he said recently, "I was known as the brother of the Shropshire lad." To-day he is the author of "Victoria Regina," a play that has achieved a great success on the New York stage. That part of that success is attributable to the splendid acting of Miss Helen Hayes does not detract from Mr. Housman's creative work. It is about the book of that play that I wish to speak.

When Mr. Housman published *Victoria Regina* in September last he called it "a dramatic biography." He actually assembled the separate episodes from earlier volumes and added a new one; for the career of Queen Victoria has engaged his attention for many years. Knowing that his play could not be produced in England, and possibly never dreaming of its validity in the United States, Mr. Housman wrote dialogue with an eye to the reading rather than the acting of his lines. It is to the credit of the American public that it is many-sided; it absorbs vast quantities of drama in which sentences are flung at characters in short, clipped prose; it revels in the poetic qualities of "Winterset" no less than in the deliberate conversations of "Victoria Regina," in which the author is concerned more with character than with effective lines.

Those who enjoy reading plays will have a double pleasure in perusing *Victoria Regina*, for in book form it is more a biography than a play. The acting version does not include all the incidents in this book—some of the best have not been produced. The reason is apparent; several of the episodes, such as the interview with Kitchener, detract from the dignity of the Queen and put her in comic attitudes. In the stage version the character development is uniform and dignified throughout.

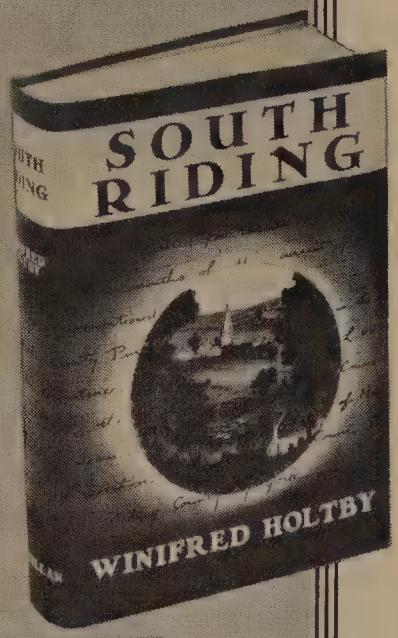
It is worth pointing out that many of the episodes are based upon fact. One of the most affecting is the one in which the old Queen, seated in her wheel chair, recalls that during the Diamond Jubilee procession someone yelled: "Go it, old girl! You've done it well!" This shout was actually heard by Mr. Housman as he stood watching the procession, and he observed how happily the Queen responded with laughter and tears. The book, illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard—who originated the drawings for the books about Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh—is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"HURRICANE"

There is much that is refreshing in the simple manner in which Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall tell the story of a great storm in the South Seas. They tell it in the form of a novel called *Hurricane*, which deals with the effect of the storm on the human beings of a small Polynesian settlement lying between Tahiti and Pitcairn's Island, but the storm is the real hero and the most interesting event in the book. Apparently the storm took place in 1925 on the atoll of Manukura, in the Tuamotu group.

The French physician who tells the story as an eye-witness also recounts the career of an able Polynesian named Terangi, who became involved with the law six weeks after he married Marama. When he escaped from jail his sentence was increased; finally murder was chalked up against him because he had struck a blow that killed a guard with a weak heart. To escape from Tahiti he operated a canoe over six hundred miles of the Pacific, arriving at Manukura to join his wife and their child just before the great storm broke.

The story of his action in that storm, in which he managed to save lives by superhuman efforts, will give motion picture directors a great film; but their chief ingenuity will be shown when they have to depict the storm. Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall have described it so carefully that the reader's imagination is carried forward with their text, and one shudders as evidence of the coming disaster arrives on the wings of the wind. The four Europeans are described in characteristic attitudes: the French governor, De Laage, is a martinet, determined to do his duty and observe the letter of the law; his wife is won over by Terangi's heroism; Father Paul is an old priest, generous and steadfast, unable to desert his church and hence lost in the storm that destroys the building. The novel reads like excellent reporting. (Little, Brown & Co.)



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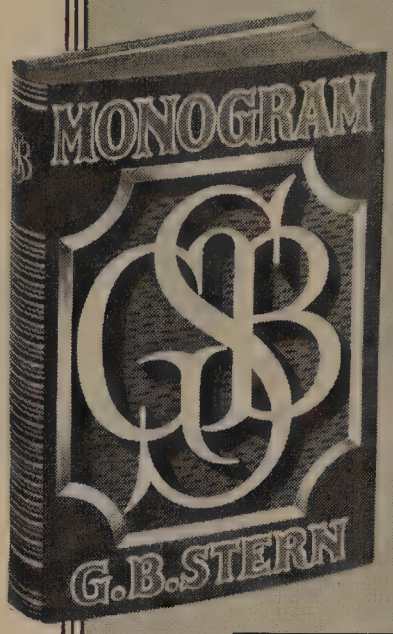
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MAUGHAM'S "COSMOPOLITANS"

W. Somerset Maugham has used the first person singular to such an extent in his short stories that one is apt to look upon all his tales as excerpts from a personal diary or notebook recalling actual events. Mr. Maugham has explained elsewhere—in the preface to *East and West* to be exact—that his stories are not his own experiences merely because they are told in the first person. But it is difficult to see anyone but Maugham as the story-teller in *Cosmopolitans*, a book of short short-stories, written to order for a magazine editor and elaborated from notes. Many of them report confessions made by travelers to the author; all are informal, chatty, intimate; devices used are unobtrusive, so that the legacy of De Maupassant is almost obscured. In the preface Mr. Maugham reiterates his belief that a story must entertain—no matter what other function it serves. "The novel may stimulate you to think. It may satisfy your æsthetic sense. It may arouse your moral emotions. But if it does not entertain you it is a bad novel." Here we may interpose a question: Is entertainment fixed or variable? Some people are entertained by jazz; others cannot tolerate jazz and demand the symphony. What's entertainment for one is just noise for somebody else. There are twenty-nine sketches in the book. Some are episodes, some are brief character revelations. None of them can stand beside the truly great stories that Mr. Maugham has written in "The Letter," "Rain," "The Alien Corn," and other longer and more ambitious works. But to his readers they will be authentic fragments, and no Maugham bookshelf will be complete without them. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

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which circulate freely in New York. His story of how convicts are treated in Mississippi, where the lash is used, and how women visit them on the fifth Sunday of every month that has five Sundays, is horrible to read; one hopes it is untrue. But Mr. Street vouches for it. He tells his stories informally and gives us the creeps. (Viking Press.)

AN ARCHITECT'S LIFE STORY

Some of my most profitable reading in the field of art has been stimulated by Elie Faure's famous four-volume *History of Art,* which is less a history than a philosopher's commentary on civilization as it expresses itself in painting, sculpture, and ecclesiastical architecture. For a similar reason I find Ralph Adams Cram giving me much more than autobiography in *My Life in Architecture.* Mr. Cram, who has not only possessed a genius for erecting beautiful buildings but has been able to describe them in lucid prose, here reveals that his fifty-four years as an architect, from 1881 to 1935, have given him more than specific tasks: he has carried with him an expanding philosophy, a belief that though art is not the object of life, "it is an evidence of flourishing life. It is also a test and a judgment. It may be made one of the creative energies of redemption." Closely allied with life, architecture either follows custom slavishly or leads the way to beauty—and it is the architect, as an individual, who brings this about. In the first five thousand years of man's historic existence it was the community that raised magnificent edifices (see also Elie Faure on the medieval cathedral); in the last five hundred years, says Mr. Cram, individuals have determined the course of architecture. With the growing love for traditional forms Mr. Cram finds great satisfaction, for to him the Middle Ages offer the finest type of building for northern latitudes; beauty in architecture, for him, has been guarded by the orthodox church and damaged by dissenters. He rejoices in the freedom given him in the erection of the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, in Pittsburgh, Pa., which is free from "Protestant inhibitions" to such an extent that "in half an hour, by the addition of a crucifix and six candles on the communion table, the church could be prepared for a pontifical high mass, either of the Roman or Anglican rite." This convinces Mr. Cram of the conclusion that the Presbyterians are about "the most ambitious and forward-looking of all the Protestant denominations," although he admits that Calvin and Knox would have been horrified. Mr. Cram also believes that art as expression is an incomplete doctrine resulting in utilitarian buildings without beauty. He has been associated with the erection of many great structures—buildings at West Point, Princeton University, Rice Institute of Houston, Texas, St. Thomas's Church in New York City, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and he is happy when one of these monuments is honest architecturally, even to the extent of praising the use of solid masonry according to the old medieval methods, rather than modern steel and reinforced concrete construction. To ask why he holds this stand means that you must read this book; he states his case clearly and,

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while I do not share his enthusiasm for great cathedrals built according to pure fourteenth-century methods in the twentieth century, when they do not express the spiritual exaltation of the whole community, I am not here to discredit his point of view, which is based on study, research, and vision much wider than mine. Biographies and autobiographies of architects are always most stimulating and often exciting reading. Mr. Cram offers us not only an autobiography but a philosophy of life with a rich sense of obligation toward society. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"PREFACE TO THE PAST"

It's James Branch Cabell once more—he dropped the James for a brief period in which he closed his mind to the life of Manuel. But he restores the full name in writing *Preface to the Past,* which deals with the characters of his famous series as well as comments on the fortunes of his works. This book contains prefaces taken from the Storisende edition and proves anew that Mr. Cabell is one of the few authors of our time who have built an imagined world, peopled it, and rejoiced in its existence. This is extraordinary in our time, which worships external events, lives an objective life, dismisses spirituality, and in the subjective sense is aware only of its diseases and lapses. Mr. Cabell is still mildly amused by the misunderstanding and abuse that enveloped his writings ten or more years ago; but his detachment and wit have never failed him,

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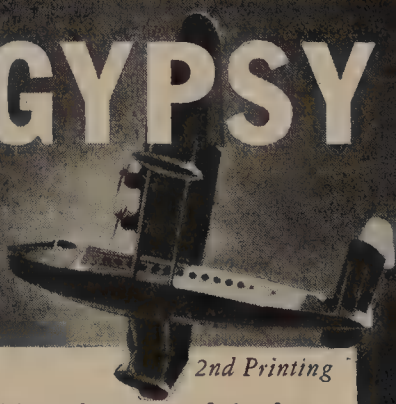
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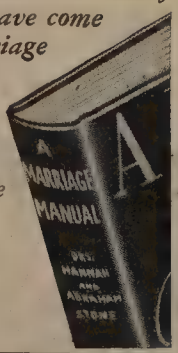
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and there is much evidence in these pages that he still looks ironically at the antics of men and denies that he is an embittered romantic—for "it is not easy for an embittered romantic to maintain the appropriate atmosphere of despair and frustration in his private and social life, with any real comfort to himself." Of his generation he says: "It was the first generation which criticized the polity of the United States. It was the first generation which said flatly: All is not well with this civilization." Mr. Cabell had his part in saying that, and in bringing to earth some of the taboos and routing the hypocrisies—at least in reminding us that they needed routing, all of which has helped both our laughter and our satisfaction. (Robert M. McBride & Co., $2.50.)



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but he does not change. When his daughter Delight elopes against her mother's wishes, he is wholly sympathetic with her, yet unable to act resolutely for himself. One must agree that the ending is logical and clairvoyant and that we may expect Miss Herdman to become a realist with no mean knowledge of the ways of men. (Harper & Brothers.)

A REMINDER LIST OF BOOKS WORTH READING

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Personal History, by Vincent Sheean. The foremost autobiography of 1935 reveals an adventurous young man studying his world. Filled with travel, personalities, and stimulating thought. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

Letters to Harriet. The personal correspondence of William Vaughn Moody and his wife, with a biographical memoir of this gifted couple by Percy Mackaye. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Mark Twain; the Man and His Work by Edward Wagenknecht. A well-rounded memoir and critical study, with a perspective on the theories of Mark's dual personality and no axes to grind. (Yale University Press.)

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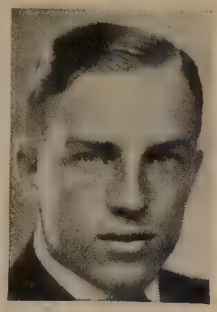
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Look Away! by James Street. A young Southerner describes the comedy and drama of life in Mississippi, telling the tale of lynchings and convict life so objectively that a reader is both enlightened and horrified. (The Viking Press.)



ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES
By H. C.



We are pleased to report that two of our readers responded promptly with the answer of the source of "Most men lead lives of quiet desperation." Mrs. Walter D. Warwick, Evanston, Ill., who states that Thoreau is one of her great loves, has given us the quotation in full which we quote as follows: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate cities you go into the desperate country and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind." This appears in Thoreau's *Walden* editions of which may be obtained from any bookseller at $1.00 up. Evalene Kramer, a librarian of Urbana, Ill., has given us a sidelight on the quotation, saying that Philip Barry uses it in Act I of his play "In a Garden." We know that Mr. F. J. Bohl, Peoria, Ill., will be grateful to the senders of this information. . . . And now we try our luck again and ask if our readers know of a French book, *Les Felices,* and its author. This information was requested by someone in Arkansas



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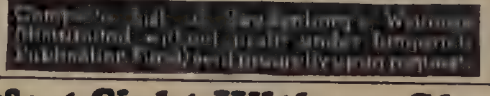
whose name is unknown to us. . . . In reply to the request of Josephine L. Johnson, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, we suggest that she read up on the various prison scenes as described in almost any of the books of Charles Dickens, the plays of John Galsworthy, particularly "Justice" and "The Silver Box," the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the American classic, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* all of which as works of fiction helped arouse people to do something about the evil treatment of the downtrodden and the poor. In addition, the *Reader's Digest,* Pleasantville, N. Y., may have printed some articles on this subject and can suggest them to our inquirer. . . . Four questions are asked by Mrs. Mark Disosway, Des Moines, Iowa, and we answer all four in the order requested: J. B. Lippincott Co., East Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., will tell her whether or not E. J. O'Mcara, author of *I'd Live It Again,* price $2.50, lost his leg in a train wreck. Mark Twain was both a humorist and a satirist. Walter Winchell did not have a book published last year. And lastly, although we are not the literary critic of this magazine, since the request has been sent to us, we feel it our duty to answer. We believe that *Honey in the Horn* has every chance of being rated as high as *Roll River* ten years hence. Indeed, if pressed hard enough, we will state that we believe it was rated even higher at publication and will continue to be so judged. Perhaps this is because it is one of our favorite books; but we consulted other readers of both books, and since they felt the same, we decided we might speak out. . . . We suggest to the following persons —Mrs. H. A. Berry, La Grange, Ill., Mrs. Robert Coleman Taylor, New York City, and Walter Brown, Kearney, N. J.—that they consult any of the book dealers we now list or any rare-bookman in their vicinity. The book dealers are: James F. Drake, Inc., 24 W. 40th St., Thoms & Eron, 89 Chambers St., Argosy Bookstores, Inc., 114 E. 59th St., and Carnegie Book Shop, 105 E. 59th St., all in New York City.

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Harpers Magazine

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION

PART I. WHAT ALL MEN SEEK

BY H. G. WELLS

This is the first of three installments which will present—in abridged form—what purports to be a summary and critique of the life-work of one William Burroughs Steele. Steele (according to the opening chapter of Mr. Wells's manuscript) was an American business man who retired after the War to a villa near Bandol, devoted himself to a comprehensive study of mankind and its aspirations and follies, and produced a huge treatise called *The Anatomy of Frustration.* When the supposititious Steele died—of heart-failure induced by an overdose of aspirin, which may have been suicidal in intent or accidental—he had published ten volumes and several further volumes were in various stages of preparation. This mammoth treatise had been begun by Steele, it appears, as a sort of modern counterpart of Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy.* But Steele was not convinced, as was Burton, that the world's madness was hopeless. Rather he was convinced that it was trying desperately to be sane; and he set himself to diagnose the malady which brings mankind to frustration, and to show how this malady must be attacked. Mr. Wells explains that he himself has decided to publish an account of Steele's little-known treatise "in general terms and for the general public." Then he plunges into the account.—*The Editors.*

WILLIAM BURROUGHS STEELE, in his ambition to create a companion piece to *The Anatomy of Melancholy,* went so far in his imitation as to sketch out a schedule of frustrations closely similar to Burton's classification of the varieties and remedies of madness and melancholia. He was never altogether satisfied with these schedules he made; he was altering, adding to, rearranging them to the end of his life. There are several folders full of these revisions and there exists a copy of his first volume, black with corrections and plump with inserted pages, from which ultimately we may be able to reprint this, the opening, most labored, and least satisfactory of all his volumes. He was dissatisfied even with its title, *Frustration through Confusions in Thought,* but he never changed it.

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"Before we can deal with frustrations," he begins boldly in his Chapter I, "we must ask what it is that is frustrated. What is the end at which life thrusts? What is this Will in things that is always striving and never getting there?

"What is wanted? What do we want?

"As individuals? As communities? As a species?"

This is a brave opening of the inquiry, it subpœnas practically all religious and philosophical statements of the nature of being, and puts Steele in the role of a sort of one-man Royal Commission of inquiry into the significance of the universe, as it has been understood and stated hitherto. His examination of his witnesses is encyclopædic. They profess to tell us "Why" and "What for." Let us, he says, get all the precision we can. He takes creed after creed, religious cults one after another, barbaric usages and maxims, systems of philosophy from Heraclitus and Lucretius to Nietzsche and Schopenhauer—the mention of these names as cardinal is his own—and of each he makes the same hard and elementary inquiries.

First: *What is assumed?* What does this start from? For instance, he points out that among other assumptions of Islam, God the Father-Creator is assumed, defined to a certain extent and, for the rest, indicated.

This preliminary inquiry into assumptions is very characteristic of Steele's method. It has the simplicity of a very original intelligence. Upon what implicit beliefs was the mind floating, he asks, before it began to state this or that positively? His courage and industry in assembling this collection of "points of departure" and in attempting a digest of it must have been enormous. He tried, not very successfully, to train several assistants to help him. But the clear sharp slash of his mind was part of himself and he could convey it only very partially to others. He slashed anatomically; the other fellows hacked. His analysis is at once so good and so unsatisfactory that it sets the sympathetic reader agog to organize a means of doing it over again better.

His firm belief that men have no right to a thousand contrasted faiths and creeds and that the multitudinousness of people in these matters is merely due to bad education, mental and moral indolence, slovenliness of statement, and the failure to clinch issues, is in itself an inspiration. He has no tolerance for loose-mindedness. Men have brains that are closely similar, he argues, they are moved in a similar way to these fundamental questionings, their inhibitions are of similar kinds; it is just laziness and untidiness, "mooning and wambling," that makes an "account rendered" of what people believe so like a museum after a riot. "They abstract to different degrees, they use differently conceived sets of symbols, they start in at different points, they fog and fumble here or there, but that is no excuse for never tidying up the mess." And this amazing man really started attempting to tidy up the mess of fundamental thought throughout the ages! And there are times ever and again and here and there when he really seems to smite lanes of lucidity through that jungle.

He makes a classification of religions and philosophies according to what he calls their "depth of assumption." The simple savage sets his gods and spirits on an unquestioned land and sea and sky. He assumes also a system of purposes and motives like his own. That, says Steele, is "assumption at the surface of life." At a slightly profounder level someone makes the daring assumption that these things also have not been here always, sky, land, and all the rest of it, man and his motives; dogmatizes that they had a beginning, and so invents a Creator. The Creator begins by being an Old Man like Father and expands very slowly toward abstraction. Presently the assumption, the plausible, rash and fatal assumption, is made that things present a dual

system, spirit and matter; and presently, pursuant to that assumption, the Creator is disembodied. He becomes the Great Spirit and soon He is no more to be put back into any sort of body than the fisherman's djinn could be packed back into his jar. One must resort to the hocus-pocus of an incarnation to do that, and from that assumed embodiment He is always breaking out again. A divine mind and will which are consecutive in time in their action presently follow the divine body to the limbo of lost things. So assumptions go deeper and deeper below superficialities and become more and more abstract.

Steele's exploration of all these superimposed systems of apprehension, summarized with a certain pithy precision and compared relentlessly, is like a man with a small, very bright electric torch exploring vast caverns beneath the foundations of the many edifices of Belief on which our race lives. They are not separate excavations, he insists. They connect, do these sustaining vaults, like the catacombs of Paris. The deeper one goes, the plainer it is that they all rest on elementary psychological necessities or upon natural fallacies closely associated with and arising out of these necessities. Differences of creed are seen to be differences of phraseology and mental idiom. The more penetrating their psychological analysis, the less men will trouble whether it is "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord" or Creative Necessity or simply Necessity that encloses and carries them on.

What is the end to which life drives? What is the purpose of being? We do not know, probably we can never know fully and comprehensively. But the thing of real practical moment is this: that while *on the whole* we don't know, yet, nevertheless, to a certain limited extent we *do*. The exciting, the exalting, idea in our minds is that there are very considerable possibilities of knowing better and more precisely, and of bringing together into more effective co-operation a great multitude of aims in life that are at present, merely through lack of lucidity, divergent and conflicting.

Here Steele develops his essential thesis, and most of the rest of this big volume, *Frustration through Confusion in Thought,* is a copious and searching attack upon the needless personifications, dramatizations, false classifications, tautologies, and mixed metaphors that at present, he holds, waste an enormous proportion of our mental energy. Much more agreement is possible among men upon this question of ends than is generally supposed.

II

Abruptly in the middle sections of this first volume, Steele passes from his wide survey of religions and philosophies into an heroic attempt to cover them by a common statement.

Let me try to summarize here, as compactly and clearly as possible, the way in which he sets about this task. All living substance, he presumes, is aggressive. In that it differs from the inorganic. It has within itself an urge to live more, to increase, extend, prolong itself. Even when it rejects, avoids, escapes, it runs away only that it may fight again another day. And as consciousness appears in the ascendant scale of life, it "appears associated with a process of inhibition and of the organization of impulse, which conduces to the prolongation and extension of the individual."

Steele is very insistent upon this idea that originally and generally speaking, consciousness is preoccupied with individual self-preservation. Only in the case of many birds and mammals and a few reptiles and fishes does any conscious solicitude and devotion to offspring or species appear. To provide for the continuation of the species through mechanism or by affording passionate sensuous gratification was Nature's easier path, and generally she took it. Passionate intellectual gratification was a harder thing to

build into the primitive self-seeking organism. So the lustful individual is unconscious that he serves the species in his gratification. The normal individual animal is conscious of the urge to live only so far as that concerns its own self.

Now this was all very well, it worked throughout the evolution of animal forms upon this planet until the mental structure developed so much intelligence and foresight as to look beyond to-morrow. Then trouble began. This, Steele thinks, has occurred only in the case of the human brain. And it has been only very gradually realized by that brain that the more powerful its headlights of intelligence are the plainer it is that this conscious individual life on which its solicitudes center drives past the culminations of its powers to enfeeblement and death. Man alone of all animals looks beyond the lures of nature and becomes aware of death waiting for him at the end. All religions, all philosophies of conduct, stripped down to their bare essentials, express the consequent impulse to escape this inherent final frustration.

And when you come to clear up the fog you find, says Steele, that the real attempt life is making in all these conscious processes, is an attempt to raise and extend the originally quite narrow and finite self-consciousness so as to lift it over this primary frustration, to enable it to turn at last upon the king of terrors and say:

"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"

Bodily immortality, immortality of the soul, the oversoul, the overman, the superman, the mind of the species, Nirvana, return to the bosom of god, undying fame, progress, service, loyalties, are all expressions at various angles and levels of the same essential resolve—not to live so as to die. Almost all of these death-evasive systems, since they are primarily escapes from self-concentration, imply co-operations. Something outside the individual life cycle is brought in, with which the individual motives can be blended and identified. It is a reaching out to greater entities, if you will, or an attempt to annex fresh territories and establish reserves of imagination and purpose and satisfaction beyond the reach of personal death. But as long as these reachings out after immortality remain various in their imaginative and intellectual quality, some antique, some modern, some epic, some lyric, some gross and some fine, vague or delicately definite, prosaic or poetic, their mutual contradictions so work out in conduct that we are all at sixes and sevens. In the increasing light of modern psychology, he asks, is it not possible to reduce an enormous proportion of these divergences to a common denominator?

III

Steele concluded his first book with a classification and scrutiny of what he calls "immortalities": the various systems of mental escape from a brooding preoccupation with death to which people in our present world are found to be clinging.

He distinguishes two main classes of immortality, as immortality has been imagined. There are the immortalities that merely extend the individual self in time, extend even the bodily self, retaining all its definiteness, all its idiosyncrasies for ever; and the immortalities that merge the individual in some greater entity, real or imaginary, which is not subject to the personal cycle of birth, growth, maturity, decay, and death.

The first of these two classes is the cruder and earlier. The naïve imagination of the child, the savage, or the simpleton cannot get far beyond its current state of mind. When Mrs. Bloggs sits in her back pew and hears the blessed hope of immortality coming from the pulpit, it is Mrs. Bloggs herself, body and soul, thirty-five, a little faded, kindly, and tending to put on weight, who is to live,

she understands, eternal in the heavens. Dressed rather differently perhaps, more in the bridesmaid style, but otherwise the same. Going on and yet staying put, for ever and ever and ever.

It is outside the scope of these simpler minds, Steele remarks, to reflect that an individual life is a cycle and not a static state. It is an incessant movement from a birth to a death and a dispersal. Its pace may vary but the movement never ceases altogether and its direction is constant. It is not to be arrested; it is not to be reversed. Its end is as essential to it as its beginning. Where there is no "What next?" there is no life. We pass from state to state, forgetting something and taking in something at every stage. The old man is not the same thing as his boyhood's self or his adolescent self; he is a continuation of that. He has lost powers and gained them.

By insisting upon this idea that the individual is a succession of phases and can never remain in any single phase or be represented by any single phase, that he or she evolves and decays continually, that either the whole cycle must persist or none of it can persist, Steele gradually crumbles down all imaginable conceptions of personal immortality. In a crowning section he sweeps together, in all their vagueness and sentimentality and imaginative poverty, a multitude of descriptions of the future life—from the Semitic Paradise and a variety of ancient religious writings and visions to the strange inventions of our modern mediums. It is wonderful how poor in the way of objectives and activities is the content of these future lives. Their appeal to the imagination is extraordinarily feeble. We can indulge in reveries about living at the North Pole or in Mexico or Arabia, but who in reverie has ever lived the future life? The imagination falls for sheer lack of nourishment. These personal immortalities, he concludes, are premature and quite futile efforts to satisfy this craving to escape individual death. And they are all inherently unsound, they are fallacious fantasies, bankrupt propositions.

"One is not dealing here with something that can be considered a matter of opinion. One is dealing with a confusion of thought that dissolves to nothing under a lucid scrutiny."

But the case, he insists, is very different with his second class of immortalities. He calls these "merger-immortalities." There one deals with psychological possibilities. If one calls immortality the soul then, he suggests, it is true that a man may save his soul by losing it. The breaking down of the physical and mental isolation of the self-seeking individual is in accordance with the practices of nature. We see this in all the offspring-cherishing creatures and still more so in the family-forming and social animals. They think nothing of self-sacrifice for the herd or for their young. Even in the lowliest types of men there are great systems of personal abandon. There are love loyalties, family loyalties, group loyalties, tribal loyalties. Steele goes on in his sweeping way to declare that all morality, all religious theory, amounts psychologically to this: that it is a systemization of the relationship between the self-seeking ego and these outer less egoistic motivations, so that interests far transcending mere individual survival take over the will and consciousness and direct them to ends that go far beyond the limits of the individual life. In these respects man can go off at a tangent from the cycle of the individual life, and that tangent may be produced indefinitely.

So far as a human being transfers his will and hope to those tangential ends, he may, says Steele, escape ultimate frustration. If he can really believe in a deity who lives for ever, or in a nation or an interest—scientific research for instance, or intellectual progress or what not—which may go on indefinitely, and in so far as he can identify himself with it, he reduces death to secondary importance in

his scheme of things. He has found deliverance from "the body of this death."

Steele's examination of the religions that seem to promise the common man an endless personal immortality is very acute and searching. The crude promise seems to be made to, and is certainly believed to be made by, the common believer in such religions as Islam and Christianity, but directly one passes from what one may call the street form of the faith, qualifications and ambiguities creep in. Steele cites St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians (XV) as a typical instance of this disposition to whittle away the crude primary promise. "All flesh is not the same flesh. . . . There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one and the glory of the terrestrial is another. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. . . . There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. . . . Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption."

Plainly there had been mental troubles at Corinth and Paul, troubled perhaps himself, deals with them with extreme caution and extremely little confidence.

And having shown that the only completely reasonable way in which the individual can escape from the conclusive frustration of death is by merger into some greater being, Steele goes on to a survey and tabulation of the main sorts of these "merger immortalities." They are of all shapes and sizes, simplicities, complexities, inadequacies, and satisfactoriness. They vary with the critical capacity and imaginative powers of the individual. He shows that there is no essential difference between the devotion of patriotism and a religious devotion, that every sort of disinterested preoccupation is a form of escape from the frustration terror, the terror of being left lonely before the advance of inevitable fate. Socialism and especially its exaggeration, communism, stand on a footing of entire psychological equivalence to religion. "Service" is an almost empty phrase with the same intention. The sweated worker, the humiliated Christian, the unsuccessful business man can get away from inferiority and defeat and live triumphant again in his sentiment or his faith.

So the rational way for the intelligent man, assailed and beleaguered by assured individual frustration, is to set himself to discover the completest form of "merger immortality" available for him and to shape and subordinate his conduct to that.

IV

Is the statement of a *best* merger-immortality possible? Steele asks, with the answer "Yes" plainly in his mind. He would never, I think, have begun the *Anatomy of Frustration* if that had not been in his mind. Are all the mystic gods and all the great causes and loyalties only different and imperfect formulæ for some more comprehensive flux of effort and desire into which they can all be melted?

Yes, says Steele. He believes himself that there is no truly rational objective, no sound and sure merger immortality, enduring and practicable and satisfying, for any intelligent human being except a thorough-going self-identification with the human will and intelligence considered as a synthesis of the will-drives and the mental-drives of the entire species. He rarely writes it Humanity; he writes it Life; but he admits that outside the human range consciousness of, much less participation in, anything of the sort is negligible.

He evokes this Life Being of his with such a strength of conviction, he holds it so firmly, that it is difficult to keep in mind how modern and experimental is this general statement of his. Without the biological and psychological thought of the past third of a century it could not have been made.

The only way of escape from ultimate

frustration for every living intelligence, the only way that opens a vista that can remain an open vista, lies now through this formula: "I am Life"—or what is practically the same thing: "I am Man."

But this is not a new faith and conception of conduct that replaces outworn and discredited faiths. "A new faith now and thus, and everything wrong before," would be altogether contrary to Steele's line of thought. Nearly everything was right or in the right direction before, but insufficient and prematurely conclusive. He unrolls a vast panorama of all the gods and divine chiefs, the mystical interpretations, the causes and devotions, the churches and organizations, the *patrias* and gangs, the family honor and the caste duty to which the imagination of man in his fight against the dark flood of loneliness has clung. Steele examines them without impatience. Minds at every stage of development, in every age, have been driven to these types of resort by the same psychological need. From that point of view they are the same thing. The seeking tentacle grips this or that, but it is the same tentacle.

And even if the gods are found to be incredible, if they fail the votary in the hour of need, if the dogmas lead to mutual destruction and the devotions become a trap for fruitless self-immolation, that does not end the quest; the demand remains. A multitude of solutions that do not go far enough, nor wide enough, that betray their own unsoundness, is no demonstration of the impossibility of any solution. Put your explored God in a museum or your illusions in the discard; you will be driven to try again. And so, taking an indication from this source and a phrase from that, Steele, through a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of all preceding finalities, emerges with his own modern solution, which is, to put it simply, self-identification with the whole of life.

That means, in conduct, that behavior is shaped so that its main conception is the co-operative rendering and development of experience, and the progressive development in the whole race of a co-ordinated will to continue and expand. This gives very clear and definite conceptions of what is right or wrong in the social, economic, and political organizations which hold us together. And it gives equally clear indications of what is permissible or unjustifiable in personal behavior. It takes world peace and social justice in its stride; it makes world peace kinetic, a clearance for action, and social justice a scheme not of rights but opportunities.

In expounding this, which he offers as the latest and best of all statements of immortality, Steele reminds one not a little of Paul on Mars Hill: "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." There is the same confident striving for an immense simplification. I suppose every man who has ever sat down to tell his religion to others has something of the same feeling, that at last he is out of the estuary marshes and channels and making for the sought-for open sea.

"And now," says Steele, "we can really open up this subject of man's frustration. For with the broad tablelands of our common human opportunity, widespread and inviting before us, seen plainly, stated clearly, why do we not go on to them, why are we not hurrying toward them, why are we not in fact already there? Why does our species—which is I—which is you—still live in division and confusion? Is this now no more than a temporary state of disorganization, the old confusions still going on, because of the extreme newness of the new ideas, or is the fog a permanent condition of human life? Shall we be for ever a medley of individuals striving to escape from a frustration that will at last close in upon us all?"

For Steele at least the answer was No. He insists that he as Man is the unending Beginner. That a full and happy phase

of living as individuals and as a species is now within our reach—at hand. What delays us? What hampers us? These become the master questions in life now, and the Anatomy of Frustration the supreme study for mankind.

V

Steele sets himself to present in considerable detail the possible world community toward which life is thrusting now, the sort of All in which the individual is to live. Just as in his big first volume he made a very respectable attempt to get all the gods and philosophies of mankind into one great boiling, so in his third volume he gets together a very impressive mass of Utopias, revolutionary plans, reconstruction plans, social criticisms, and does what he can to make an extract that shall be the quintessence of the desire behind all this discontent, all this hope and scheming for change. He rejects what he calls "mere envy and vindictiveness systems," mere reversals of conditions by which the mighty are to be laid low and the humble and meek exalted, and he concentrates on substantial proposals. His purpose is to find what is wanting positively, what is wanted positively.

He makes a shrewd criticism of Utopias generally. They do not, he points out, investigate what is desired by men; they assume—often very rashly—what is desired by men, they leave that unstated and implicit, and merely set about showing us ingenious ways by which these unformulated ends are to be attained.

But if we read between the lines we can, nevertheless, bring out from the implicit to the explicit in this mélange of projects and dreams, the real ends which are "commonly acceptable to the human imagination." That is as much unanimity as he feels is possible for any human beings, and it is as much as he requires. Impulses purely personal and anti-social, will always, he admits, be flaring out in human conduct. That does not matter so far as a general statement of purpose goes. If such impulses can be kept to individual limitations and prevented from running over into contagion and social complication, they will by their very diversity and discordance neutralize one another. When he says what is "generally desired" by men, he means no more than this, "what *most* men, *most of the time,* if the thing is put to them, will agree should be achieved and which they will even profess themselves willing to assist in achieving."

From this he goes on to find the most general formula for the common desire.

Freedom, Steele begins, if you use the word broadly, is the primary desire of living things. Almost all that they desire either individually or in common, can be expressed as a freedom, as an escape from a limitation. When they want peace it is really freedom from the intense preoccupation and danger of war. When they want plenty it is freedom from the irksomeness of want and toil. When they obey, it is to relieve themselves of the immediate penalties of compulsion. When they dance or drill or sing or shout in unison, it is to free themselves from the lonely conspicuousness of initiative, the essential agoraphobia. "Men will only willingly place themselves under the disciplines of organized effort in order to remain, in some nearer and more essential respect, free." This is a fundamental paradox in the structure of human communities. We consent to a common social order in order to preserve our freedoms, just as on the wider basis of religious conduct we dissolve ourselves into merger-immortalities in order to save our souls alive.

We can now go a step farther in our examination of the general desire of mankind.

Man desires peace upon his planet. He desires release from the perpetual anxiety of impending violence, compulsion, conscription, discipline, effort,

destruction, waste, and death, which the organization of his affairs into war-making societies and states involves. And he lives now in a world in which peace and a general release from these obsessions could plainly be attained and secured by the practical fusion of the foreign offices of quite a few "Great Powers" in the world. Every main line and structure of a World Pax has been thought out and projected. There is no other method of peace. The plans for an eternal world peace have been convincingly sketched in outline by a score of thinkers and writers. The deepening horror of the alternatives to such a settlement, the horror of air-warfare, gas warfare, the habitual practice of treacheries and cruelties, social disorganization, economic dislocation, social and biological degringolade has been made plain to the general imagination. Peace ballots and suchlike canvassing of the popular mind show an explicit realization of the situation.

For all that, we prepare steadily for war and drift toward war. Yet there is the desire. There is the broad conception of a method for its satisfaction. Why is it frustrated?

There can be no other answer than that, for all its wide distribution, that desire for peace is too weak, too discontinuous, and too unco-ordinated for the adverse impulses.

Moreover, man desires plenty, which again has become now—whatever the conditions of economic life may have been in the past—a reasonable and feasible desire. He desires release from preoccupation with sordid needs, anxieties, and uncongenial toil. There is the completest justification for that desire. The thing could be arranged. Whatever may have been the case in the past, it is now a commonplace that "men starve in the midst of potential plenty." And they go on starving! We have had the possibility of economic abundance and the necessity of a World Pax plainly before us for two whole generations at least, and we have scarcely budged a step toward their realization in spite of that worldwide desire.

And having reiterated these commonplaces of our time, Steele opens out what is destined to become the ruling thought of most of the rest of the *Anatomy*. It is that motives are things of deeper origin than intellectual convictions and that the real will of *Homo sapiens* is still largely unaffected by his conscious and formulated wishes. His intentions are one thing, his behavior quite another. The world's expressed desire, its conscious desire, is such and such; the total complex of human impulses is quite another system, darker, deeper, and profoundly more real.

These desires for world unity and sane economics are conscious and intellectual desires, he says, and they scarcely penetrate at all into that more primitive and substantial mental mass which is the true reservoir of motives and impulses. It is only in its conscious lucid region that the mind of man has yet apprehended his new conditions. The unspoken is far more potent than the spoken. Our religions, our philosophies, our creeds and faiths and loyalties, float unsubstantially upon these inarticulate and potent realities of our lives. The latter affect and confuse and frustrate the former. They split them up; they misdirect and misapply them; they sterilize them. The reciprocal action of the former has still to be made effective.

Unless that can be done complete frustration lies before mankind. . . .

(*To be continued*)



HOW DR. FAUSTUS CAME TO ROCHESTER

BY PAUL HORGAN

WHAT there is about the Genesee Valley of upper New York state to invite witches, I don't know. It is a pastoral terrain, with low green hills, and lovely little rivers, and the frankest kind of houses, and almost no cattle with sinister deformities. Yet the metropolis of the region, Rochester, has a certain curious fame as the seat of occult influences. In the last century phenomena occurred which were afterward famous as the "Rochester Knockings," and by their means the Fox sisters became the founders of a spiritistic religion, which still flourishes; though it is said that one of the foundresses confessed on her deathbed that the "Rochester Knockings" were hoaxes. This did not lessen the zeal of her followers, who deplored that Sister was maundering toward the end.

And there have been other occult disturbances in Rochester. Something about the city and the land induces people to arise and prophesy and cock their ears toward the invisible powers. It is a lovely city, and anyone who has ever lived there will probably love it to the end of his days. It has a civilized inheritance from its great benefactor, Mr. George Eastman. It believes in education, and has a university. It believes in nature, and has beautiful parks. It believes in industry, and has model factories. It believes, or did once, in art, and underwent a renaissance. And, as I have already suggested, it believes in witches, and has had them. I am interested in describing an occult event that occurred one time during the Rochester Renaissance, in which the great sources of the town were all contributing to the same end, which was the production of opera in English at the Eastman Theater.

The American time was very happy for a renaissance. It was in the early half of the twenties. We were getting over the War and were still sensitive enough to use our imaginations. The arts seemed to be a happy outlet for that future civilization we were going to have, in which there would be no more killing and exhausting of a whole race. The first step toward the new Golden Age was culture, and *instant* culture. It was the time of Babbitt, and everyone remembers Babbitt's most charming trait, which was his receptivity to proposals that involved doing something new and honorable and hopeful with money. It seems now, ten years later, a little cruel of us to have laughed at Babbitt so much, when he was above all a kindly man, hell-bent on doing something for somebody else.

Mr. Eastman, of course, was no Babbitt. He was a brilliant man full of respect for the exact things in this life. Art is inexact, but traditions had long ago indicated that art was valuable. As one of the most socially conscientious citizens we have ever known in America, Mr. East-

man sought ways constantly to share his wealth with his fellow-men.

He built the Eastman School of Music and gave it to the University of Rochester. Adjoining it was built the Eastman Theater, surely the loveliest theater in the country. And in the autumn of 1923—a very lovely season of copper smoke and crisp chill in the air—he mobilized at that theater the Rochester American Opera Company.

The Opera Company was established as the result of a conversation between "Mist-Eastman" and Monsieur Vladimir Rosing on a ship headed for Europe a few months before. Rosing was a small sturdy Russian with a beautiful tenor voice which had brought him celebrity abroad and a tour of this country. He couldn't believe that we had so little music of our own. He was positive America was dying for opera in all its inland capitals but didn't know it. How he would love to found a marvellous opera company—somewhere—which would give opera to Americans in English, and with fine ensemble! Rosing was always eloquent. He had a well-shaped head with short hair and a sensitive bony dome and deep little eyes. He was almost physically shaken by an idea when it hit him, which was frequently. He was perhaps the most complete artist in his personality whom I ever knew. His charm, his talent, his earnestness, his passion, really, together with the excellence of his plan for Rochester, won Mist-Eastman, and he agreed to establish the opera company and back it for three years.

The operatic personality must be something born and bred into the bones of those who have it.

Rosing went across the country and listened to nine hundred singers from whom he picked about thirty as the nucleus of his troupe. They followed him to Rochester, and though those youngsters came from American institutions like church choirs, banks, embalming jobs, school teaching, store clerking, etc., they were all ready in that autumn to wear the mantles and the auras of Nordica, Caruso, Lehmann, the de Reszkes, and Mary Garden.

Rosing, whom we all called Val by now, had asked his friend Rouben Mamoulian to come from London to undertake the dramatic direction of the company and, giving up a contract with the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in Paris, he came to Rochester. Ten years later, of course, he is one of the great men of the American theater. He was entirely different from Val. He was tall and dark, with open, speculative eyes very dark, behind pince-nez which he early discarded for American bone-rimmed spectacles. He was severe. He dressed superbly. He held himself and his affairs *en prince*. There was a dignity about him which everybody thought melancholy and romantic, and on him instead of on Val was showered responsive sympathy for the plight of the Russian exile after the Bolshevik upheaval. Rouben had deliberate manners that seemed to conceal the tragic experiences he had seen. He was remote and still friendly. He was as stern in rehearsal as a Russian Imperial army corps commander. His mind played charming lights through this attitude, and time and again the mark of his wit and his theater style would accent not only his work but his friendships. Val, on the other hand, was volatile, impulsive, never prepared in advance but always improvising, sometimes with genius; skating in his suede shoes across the rehearsal hall to show a position, he was like an inarticulate poet trying to translate his thoughts into a tongue he only heard but did not speak.

The two men were co-directors. Everybody admired them both very much, and very much relished their idiosyncrasies. . . . Val carried dried cranberries and raisins in his pockets to eat. He wore two monocles until they got broken at rehearsal, after which he took to wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, which in a week

were wrecked and mended with adhesive tape, string, hairpins, and glue.

Rouben always had a walking stick which he exchanged for a baton at rehearsals. He could give a marvellous impersonation of a conductor and a whole orchestra playing the overture to the "Barber of Seville," producing the illusion of the whole band and parodying both the music and the performance. The presence of the Russians—one a severe, wise, unemotional, intellectual artist, the other a vagrant of inspiration, credulous and appealing—gave the whole operatic atmosphere, already unreal enough, a soupçon of the fantastic.

Yet there was also a certain air of pioneering about the whole venture, and that was where the American virtue showed, I suppose. In the noble auditorium of the Eastman Theater the proceedings seemed full of promise and dignity, the wholeness of a beautiful idea; and the absurdities and discouragements were forgotten in the fact of production.

The scene is now set for my occult relation. As I remember it, the episode cannot be separated from the atmosphere which spawned it, or from the kinds of people upon whom it was to be visited. A Witches' Sabbath in Rochester in the time of the Renaissance had to have much to do with opera. After it all happened I remember how we would remark the earnest and whistling awfulness of having it happen as it did, to people like us, in the capital of the "Rochester Knockings."

Most actors and singers are surely the most superstitious people on earth. They become aware of their own strange powers early in life, and they know that whatever silver thread of destiny they can weave about people as artists, it is as nothing to the invisible background of magic which has given them that gift and which conceals another and more terrible power of which they are likely to remark, "No, it scares me to death. I'm afraid to play with it." Credulity is a great part of the makeup of the interpretive artist anyway. His very nature must be protean, and if he sings in opera he must be as charmed and impressed by the musty nonsense of "Rigoletto" as by the divine nonsense of Golaud.

II

In the middle of that winter, when snow lay over the city and there seemed to be an air of content, riches, and snugness about town, the opera company was preparing a production of Gounod's "Faust."

For weeks the rehearsals had been going on, and all departments had been coordinating their efforts toward the famous Thursday matinee which would see the curtain go up on our second triumph of the season. For most of the company it was touching but true that this was their first meeting with the Faust legend. Coming from the outland capitals where culture was worried out of its nooks by Women's Clubs, and the silent movies reigned instead of opera, our singers for the first time got an idea of what went on in Nuremberg so long ago, to the accompaniment of a sentimental score full of sweet charm and ingenuity that seem never to flag. There were fascinating lectures before rehearsal about the meaning of the Faust legend, and long intellectual arguments between the baritone from Oberlin College and the ex-embalmer basso from St. Louis as to whether Dr. Faustus ever really lived or not. There were lectures about the great interpretations of the Faust legend; American opera toiled on its way according to the technic of the college education. The work was very hard.

Mephistopheles always has the lion's share. The role was being prepared by George Fleming Houston, who was properly regarded as the Chaliapin of the company. He was—as he is now—tall and handsome with dark eyes full of sardonic charm. He was humorous and realistic and he could stop being a great golfer

and a proper American to become a swell devil fired with perverse grace. He sang rehearsals full voice in a cloak. Mamoulian invented marvellous things for the cloak to do.

Until the opera got to the orchestra rehearsals, the singers were accompanied at the piano by the head répétiteur, Nicolai Slonimsky, who was learning English with my help by reading the novels of Charles Dickens. He was almost insolently efficient at his job. He used to come without the score of Faust but carrying instead a fat copy of *Pickwick Papers* which he propped up on the piano and, while accompanying the rehearsals with his hands on the keys, he would read Dickens, never missing either a note, a cue, a cut in the opera; or a word, a chuckle, or a trial pronunciation of a new word in the novel.

Val Rosing at rehearsal worked by the method of demonstrating to his players how to play. He could, with no suspicion of absurdity, do all the parts in the opera, shyly graceful as the virgin Marguerite, bustling nannygoat as Martha, classic nurse, a Gothic satyr as Mephisto, and himself as Faust, passionate, credulous, fond of top notes, and inscrutably hasty.

Mamoulian created an understanding first, filling the actors' minds and willing them to know what they were doing. He seemed impersonal. He was serving a larger achievement than the company knew. If at the end of weeks, he said to an actor, "That's not bad," it was almost unbearable praise. One who earned it during "Faust" was the Marguerite, Cecile Sherman, a little Catholic girl with an adorable voice and a religious absorption in her role. She was preparing a moving study of the part.

Like people anywhere who work hard together, we found great friendships among our colleagues. Every evening after rehearsal we would gather and go to some restaurant for dinner, where we would sit for hours, playing games with pencils and paper or drawing caricatures. Many of the girls had apartments with kitchenettes where they fixed themselves meals. Most of the men ate downtown. The restaurant life of Rochester was a hardship. We would suddenly "awake" and jump to our feet, tired of the place we'd been sitting, and everybody would wonder what to do. One night Val said, "Let's go somewhere and have a seance."

"H'm," said Rouben.

"No, really, boy, dze most remarkable tsings!" insisted Rosing.

Miss Sherman, the soprano, seemed doubtful on religious grounds. It was explained by her friend, Mary Bell, of Texas, who sang Martha in the production, that it was just for fun. She needn't take it seriously. Peggy Williamson was along. She and Val were in love and planning to be married. She proposed that we all go to her apartment and have the seance. George Houston murmured:

"There will nothing good come of it, mark me," and grinning in drollery, he led the way to the street where we found taxicabs in the snow and drove away.

We drove along streets that had street cars running, and the tracks were ice-blue in the light of the street lights. So many Rochester streets are gray all year round, board houses and cobblestones, and stiff high porches and odd angles at the street intersections, and against the night glow of downtown, residential roofs cutting the sky with old-fashioned silhouettes in sharp loomings.

Our two cabs arrived and we got out at the snowy curb. A street car came round the corner just then and its cold wheels whined on the steely curve of the tracks. A bluish arc light stood before Peggy's house and flickered. It was almost one o'clock. The streets were deserted, and the packed snow hushed the occasional late walker whose heels whimpered on the unmelting walks. We went into the house and up the stairs to the second-floor front apartment. Peggy turned on the light and let us get comfortable.

The room was like any furnished room. It had dark striped wallpaper, a hanging lamp with a ruby-and-emerald glass shade leaded together and fringed with white-glass beads. It had carved straight chairs of the Art Nouveau period, and two leather and mahogany arm chairs and a green plush and mahogany sofa. It was warm and substantial and without charm. The sofa sat back in a bay window that overhung the front porch and seemed right on the street. This was because the street lamp reached almost to the bay window's level, casting its bluish light through the lace curtains. Before the sofa stood a mahogany table.

The table was long enough for four people to sit at a side. It had two heavy drawers. Its legs were three or four inches in diameter, in the form of fluted columns that suddenly changed their nature and ended in brass griffons' claws, clutching solid brass balls. There was a solid mahogany shelf over an inch thick under the table. I should suppose the table weighed several hundred pounds.

On seeing it, Val exclaimed, "No, marvellous!" and began clearing off the top of it for the table-tipping seance.

Present were Val, Rouben, Peggy, George Houston, Mary Bell, Cecile Sherman, Guy Harrison, the conductor, who was amiably scornful, and myself.

III

"No, really, I do think this is nothing to *play* with," said Cecile.

"Nonsense, darlink," said Val. "I have had dze most maavellous in seance!"

She shrugged her shoulders and we sat down. We put our hands on the table top and, by stretching, touched little fingers to one another all the way round. Val bowed his head like a man in church, inviting inner communion by making the outward likeness of it. But in a second he raised his head and squinted.

"Dze light! Put out dze light! It must be daak for a seance!"

Peggy left the circle and snapped off the ruby-and-green lamp. Now there was a satisfactory glow on the ceiling from the street light.

"Now really!" said Guy, the conductor, in his brisk British. "Isn't this just a bit *too* much of a stage-set? Nobody can be expected to accept this!"

"Sshh! How do you expect dze spirits to come if you talk all dze time."

In the semi-dark then we sat together, patiently touching little finger tips and holding our peace. Because it was protracted, the silence, and because we were concentrated on a weird mission, the little sounds of our lives in that dark became funny and I wanted to laugh: Val making noises in his mouth with his tongue, as if eating the delicious atmosphere; Cecile breathing like a kitten next to me; Rouben's pipe, not burning, but anti-boredom; George's ghost of a tune which he hummed on the breath in his throat, and which managed to suggest that he was politely attending whatever Mr. Rosing's fancy might invite; the ticking of Guy's wrist watch, a sassy and skeptical sound taken from its owner's opinion in the dark; Mary Bell's tragic sighs, a suffering that was waiting to be enjoyed in a phantom rapport. . . .

The street car came back, turned the corner again, and screamed vaguely on the ice.

"What can we . . ." began George.

"Psst!" went Val, silencing him.

Val leaned down over the table and moaned. He grovelled in humble invitation, a priest of a midnight, backstreet cult, kissing his mahogany altar from Grand Rapids.

We exchanged glances round the table in the dark, our eyes grinning at his dramatics.

He moaned again.

The table moved.

It wafted itself delicately and slowly, slowly, that was what amazed us, in a

slight tip and then it sat down again as if its fibers had never carried animate nerve messages.

"Oh my God!" whispered Cecile.

Val, sustaining his moan with his eyes squinted tight shut, said to the table,

"Who *a-r-e* you?"

Sharply Rouben broke the circuit and slapped the table.

"No, really, Val! Of all the . . . How do you supposs the table can answer you, 'Who are you!' when there is no system establishèd? Do you supposs the table can say in a polite voice, 'I am Meister Albert Dupont, of Marseilles, France?' "

"St!" went Val in hurt annoyance. "You have *ruined* it! Dze spirit will never come back now!"

"Perhaps not, but all this moaning, and who-are-you and *dying* does no good! . . . Suppose everybody lets me establish the system and ask the questions and we will read the answers back when they come in alphabet. Is that all right?"

"Da, da d'da," said Val impatiently, anxious to be back to his spirits.

Silence fell again with the effect of a light being turned out.

Val had resigned his premiership of the seance but not his anguish. He moaned and coughed in sympathy with the other world. Our world was silent and outdoors it was snowy, freezing. Lategoers must be hastening, their breaths plumy on the crystal air.

Suddenly the table rose and fell again.

"Psss!" warned Rouben in a whisper.

The table moved like the deck of a small excursion steamer, somehow taking us with it in the tilt of its wavy progress.

"My God," moaned Val.

"We are speaking to the spirit that moves this table," said Rouben in measured grave tones. "Will you speak to us? Answer *one* for yes and *two* for no."

The table tilted once, sharply.

"We will spell the alphabet aloud and you tip the table on the letter you mean," said Rouben. "Will you do that?"

The table tilted once, meaning yes.

"Who *are* you?" moaned Val incorrigibly.

The table wafted a little aimlessly and then rested dead. I must explain that this tipping sensation was perfectly discernible and, once you accepted the convention, not astonishing. It would pivot on two of its feet, lifting the other two off the floor about four or six inches. The levitation was full of motor energy. No one person at the table could have lifted the table as delicately as it moved, and all hands were aboveboard, and there were no places for knees to lift below.

"No, who-are-you, he is gone," said Rouben with toneless bitterness.

We sat again in silence and patience, for about ten minutes, I think. Again the human noises of simple occupancy seemed hysterically droll. Then suddenly the table quivered and arose and sat down again almost with a bang. We came into a tension and stared at one another. The table seemed like an animal, quiescent but charged with energy.

"Someone very strong is here," said Rouben.

"No, ask," hissed Val.

Rouben addressed the spirit and established the code.

"Will you spell us your name?" he said.

Bang, meaning yes.

"A, B, C, D, E, F," and at that the table tipped buoyantly.

"Pwa! such *strength*," said Rouben before he started again.

"A" . . . and he got no farther.

He called letters until the table stopped him at U. He called again, and at S he was halted. Finally:

"F, A, U, S, T, U, S!"

"No, really!"

"Doctor Faustus!" groaned Val. "Is das maavellous!"

The table tipped yes, violently.

"Doctor Faustus, who lived so long ago in Nuremberg?" asked Rouben.

Bang.

"Then you really did live?"

Bang! a little annoyedly, I thought.

"And all the great poems and music are written about your life . . . ?"

Bang.

We were by now genuinely excited, for no matter what your opinion was, or your explanation was likely to be on the morrow, it was disturbing and outrageous to be visited by the ghost of the man whose musical biography you were busy producing in a theater. Cecile was trembling and her lips made a little pursed shape of prayer.

Rouben could look very solemn, and now did so, consulting my face.

I must emphasize that we were all much impressed and sharing the mystery.

"You are alive in the spirit?"

Bang.

"Have you been watching us?"

Bang.

"Do you know what we are doing?"

Bang!

"Is it because we are staging the story of your life that you came to us to-night?"

Bang!

"Do you like the way we are doing it?"

Bang-*bang!* meaning no.

"Why?"

Spelling: NO TRUTH.

"You mean the facts of your life were not like that?"

Bang!

"Did Goethe tell the real story?"

Bang-bang!

"Did Marlowe?"

No.

"Did Boïto in his opera?"

No.

"Who has done so?"

Spelling: NO ONE. A pause. Then, LIFE IS OF THE SOUL AND SECRET.

A long pause.

We could think of little to say. Up to now we had been whispering questions to Rouben to ask Dr. Faustus, and he had conducted the seance with discretion and clarity. It took a long time, this spelling and tipping. We were hushed and the night seemed cracking with cold, the ice, and the invisible threads of current whose batteries we were.

"But he is so *like* Faust," Rouben murmured to us. "These answers, you see?"

The table moved as if to converse, reminding us.

"Will you tell us something of your life then?" asked Rouben.

VANITAS.

It staggered us. What could we say to such a soul?

"Then tell us something of your death?"

A pause. We thought he had left us. Then a slow bang and another wait.

Rouben finally ventured to ask:

"Did you die a natural death?"

Bang-bang!

"Were you . . . murdered?"

Bang-bang!

"Did you kill yourself?"

Bang-bang!

"You did not die naturally; you were not murdered, and you did not commit suicide?"

Bang-bang! no!

"Then how?"

I WILLED TO DIE. . . .

Again we stared at one another's faces. It was a strange statement, and the distinctions involved in it were the nice ones that a philosopher would likely relish. We collected ourselves then, and Rouben said:

"Would you tell us something about life in the other world where you are now?"

And I cannot say how gravely, with what portentous weight and repudiation, the table of Dr. Faustus spelled out over many minutes the message:

WORDS DIE ON THE EDGE OF YOUR WORLD.

This finished us. We shuddered. The literary tone of this conversation with night was more terrifying than the classical spook tone would have been. Also, the fury and dominance of the personality that had the table in its use seemed to keep us at a pitch like wire.

The table became agitated. It spelled very rapidly, M U S T G O .

"But will you come back to us again?" Rouben asked hastily.

Bang.

"When?"

T H U R S D A Y .

"What time?"

But we knew what was coming. Cecile wailed.

A F T E R N O O N .

The first performance of *Faust* was to be on Thursday afternoon.

"Will you manifest yourself?"

Bang!

"How?"

L I G H T S .

There was a strange release now suddenly, as if a switch had been closed, and a current broken. Doctor Faustus was gone. We fell away from the table, now again a wooden object with its molecular pattern undisturbed, its physics again acceptable on the basis of its surface, and no longer terrifying for the inner life of its atomic fibers. Cecile Sherman jumped up from the table and flashed the light on us, and as we looked round and saw our faces and images of astonishment and strain we found it possible, no, necessary, to laugh at one another. It was almost three o'clock, and the world was still. Coming to ourselves, we began to assume the conventional attitudes of our several types. George "swore softly," like a man in a north-woods romance. Guy said, "Now really, who did all that wangling?" which offended Val deeply, for he was nodding his head and eating cranberries out of his pocket solemnly. Rouben said, "But how can you doubt? You heard what he said! It was his very quality!" Peggy and Cecile shivered and explained nothing. Mary Bell from Texas was safely through the emotional pull, and she grinned and narrowed her beautiful green cat's eyes skeptically.

"No, you see," said George suddenly, like a reasonable man, "what happens is that a current is established between us all, something that is powerful over matter, and working in unison like that, we have some force that actually does influence objects and move them. The subconscious must enter into it. We've been thinking *Faust* for days and weeks, and we all have imagination, and it wouldn't be hard for us to get the same rhythm of thought, you see. I think this was very interesting, and not at all spooky, and I for one am full of admiration for the way Rouben handled the thing and dictated those wonderful answers and wangled the table and kept it dramatically right. They say one strong personality in a group like this can dominate and make the telepathic message come out right. And so good night, good ones."

He stood up.

Cecile was beaming with relief and gratitude for his explanation. Val said:

"Sto! *Why,* every time, must dze mystery and beauty of everytsing be talked out, in America! . . . Dze most extraordinary!"

He was furious.

Rouben looked calm and his calmness was withering.

"You are at perfect liberty to think anything you like," he said. "How could I handle that table all alone?"

"No, as George says," said Guy, "we all made it go, but you dominated and in a sense dictated, d'you see? Sounds perfectly reasonable to me, and enhances, rather than destroys, the romantic zip of the evening."

So in a quarrelsome mood the party broke up. We went our ways in the cracking freeze of before dawn, with our various opinions and reliefs much thought over. I thought George was very clever in his interpretation.

IV

The next day the story got round through the company, and seeped into the school of music and into the theater.

We told about it at lunch at the Corner Club, and to all disputants Rouben disclaimed responsibility. The week passed quickly in the last fevers of rehearsal, costume try-ons, orchestra rehearsals, scene rehearsals, and light rehearsals. The stage was beautifully set by Norman Edwards. The light rehearsals lasted until very late, for several special effects had to be perfected. One morning as I left the theater it was paling into daylight, making me think of what the lights on our stage did in the prison scene, and then I remembered other effects, and the white eloquence of the cross of light which was projected on the stage floor in the church scene for Marguerite to kneel in, praying, while Mephisto deviled her from the outer darkness.

But hard as we worked, and sensible as we strove to be, there was always that lingering nervelike feeling that Doctor Faustus had left with us.

Thursday afternoon, January 15, 1925, the Eastman Theater began to fill up with a good audience about two o'clock. The great brocaded curtain was down, and the pale stone walls reflected on it the gold light of the huge chandelier. Backstage was pandemonium. I had to go there to help with morale, make-ups, and atmosphere. There were vocalises sounding, and a couple of tantrums at devoted friends by singers of the afternoon who could hardly bear the wait before the curtain. Flowers came, and our directors made the rounds of the dressing rooms affectionately, and for them the singers were ready to die on the stage if need be. Presently the orchestra tuning up sounded from below. Ben Connolly, the stage manager, rang the fifteen-minute bell to all dressing rooms from the stage control board. We could only shake the final hand, kiss the powdered ear, murmur "Nordica! De Reszke!" and go out front to take our seats, where we sat, Rouben, Val, Guy, myself, Mr. Eric Clarke, director general of the Eastman Theater, and a few other members of the production staff, and suffered as much as the singers until the curtain was up. When it went up, accumulating dark metallic folds in itself like a great thunder cloud, we heard the first words of the opera being sung, and we relaxed. It was a beautiful performance. There were many calls for the tenor and bass at the first-act curtain. The second act brought Sherman on, and she charmed everyone in a few notes. It is a thing you can feel, that sense of a theater full of people delighted with what they are seeing.

V

The church scene opened with everyone exhilarated. Even Mist-Eastman, sitting down there in the first row of the mezzanine chairs, wearing his little black skull cap, seemed to be happy at the proceedings. He was genuinely fond of music, and the stage picture was very pretty. It must have disturbed him when the cross of light on the stage floor where Marguerite was kneeling suddenly began to shiver and dance around the stage. It flashed like sunlight off a vagrant wave, and then it danced hither and yon like a capriciously played searchlight.

Cecile Sherman lost her cue. Her voice wavered. She was kneeling and she tried to rise, but went back to her knees again, and with a little birdlike call of hope, picked up her melody again and went on. George Houston came quickly forward as if she needed him. He stayed near her frozen in his immense cloak. Offstage the sound of the church choir's singing went on. The cross of light danced for a minute or so and then lay white again where it should have been.

But by that time we were backstage.

Rouben, Val and I, and I think Guy, went down to the basement and under the auditorium through the tunnel leading backstage. The scene was still playing when we got there.

"What moved that light?" demanded

Val in a wild whisper of Ben, the stage manager.

"Nothin'!" he replied in an Irish rage. "You can go look! I got the projector over there on the other side of the stage enclosed by three flats, and Charlie was up on the prop-room steps to watch and see none of the chorus people got near to it. He said they didn't go near it."

We went round behind the backdrop and came to the projector lamp. It seemed undisturbed. There was plenty of clear space around it. Charlie, the prop man, was there.

"No," he said. "Nobody fooled with it."

The scene was finishing on stage.

It grew more and more eloquent. The singers were toiling for control, and, scared to death, they sang like morning stars. The curtain finally came down to the afternoon's peak of acclaim. We rushed on the stage. Cecile was trembling and ready to faint.

"Did you see it?"

"He *said,* 'Lights!' "

"Great God, when I saw that light begin to fly round . . . I thought I couldn't sing another note!"

The applause was rolling against the curtain like surf. Cecile was crying.

"I can't go out," she whispered.

"Come on, darling," said George. "It's all over. You sang like an angel."

The orchestra was crowding upstairs, and some of the men were asking what had gone wrong in the scene.

Other members of the company came backstage and their faces were white with wonder.

The curtain-hand pulled the rigging that opened the curtain a little way for calls, and George took Cecile out. She was still crying, but when she got out front she smiled and curtsied, and people thought it was from joy.

Meantime, "But do you suppose a truck went by in dze street backstage to make dze stage tremble," asked Val, "and dzat way dze lamp shook?"

Ben spat.

"Didn't see any other spots or olivets shivering all over the floor, did you, Mr. Rosing?"

They shrugged at each other.

There was nothing more to be said and the opera went on and ended in "triumph."

Later, I am sure, the directors were called into conference with Mist-Eastman over the merits and demerits of the production. He noticed everything, always. I wonder still what explanation they gave of the aberration of the lighting arrangements in the fourth act. He was one man with whom I don't think anyone could get very far talking about Witches' Sabbaths. I feel a little foolish even now at the implications this tale seems to pose. But in addition to saying, "Well, that's what happened!" I can say that there were no more seances.

EDUCATION ON A MOUNTAIN

THE STORY OF BLACK MOUNTAIN COLLEGE

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

EARLY last autumn—to get away for a while from the tempo and confusion of New York—I set out for the South. I had no definite plans. I thought of places to visit, but there was no "must" about any of them. One of these was Black Mountain College in North Carolina, of which I'd been hearing since it was started in 1933 by a group of teachers and students that, following a disagreement, had broken away from Rollins College, in Winter Park, Florida.

On my fifth day out, after a pleasant ramble through Virgina, I got to Black Mountain, a tiny town wedged between the Blue Ridge and Great Craggy ranges. Following a native's directions, I drove up a broad slope on the Blue Ridge side, freshly splashed with autumn reds and yellows, till I reached a great ramshackle summer-hotel-like building which, I learned subsequently, the college leases from the Southern Y.M.C.A., which during July and August uses it as a conference camp for its secretaries. Entering the vast barnlike lobby, I introduced myself to the first person I met, explaining I had heard of the place and wished to know more about it.

I had thought to stay an hour or so, then go on to inspect the TVA the next day; but the first thing I knew I was established in a guestroom. I laid it to Southern hospitality, though most of the people there seemed Northerners. I had a few talks with teachers and students, supper with the whole college, then more talks, lasting past midnight, and, to shorten a long tale, instead of staying overnight, I remained for two and a half months.

On the third day I found myself making notes about the place. And two weeks later I knew I had stumbled on what might eventually prove one of the most fascinating—and probably important—stories developing in America to-day.

II

The inception of BMC was incredibly fine. And I am not thinking particularly of Professor John Rice, who for years, while developing his philosophy of education, had openly criticized the American educational system and blasphemed the sacred cows grazing on the various campuses, and then become successively the leader of the rebels at Rollins* College and the rector of the new college. Nor have I specially in mind the handful of professors and instructors who stood by Rice after his dismissal from Rollins College as a troublemaker, thereby making the fracas national news and losing their own jobs. I admire the whole group

* The Rollins story is well known in the academic world. Those unfamiliar with its details will find a ten-thousand-word report upon it in the November, 1933 *Bulletin* of the American Association of University Professors, which fully upholds Rice and his fellow-rebels, and an almost equally long rebuttal to it in the December, 1933 *Bulletin* of Rollins College.

that left Rollins and launched the new college in the turbulent wake of the Bank Holiday.

But I wish to commend particularly the fifteen boys and girls, average age twenty, including the president of the Rollins student body and the editor of the Rollins campus paper, who joined the rebel professors in the seemingly impossible enterprise of starting a new college when none of the professors had the least notion where they were to start it or what they were to use for money. Unlike the dismissed teachers, these fifteen students were not compelled to leave their comfortable dormitories in Winter Park and go looking for a spot on which to pitch their tents. Without them, Rice and his associates could not even have thought of starting a new school. And, after the new college was announced, these students helped the teachers to raise the minimum sum necessary to rent the hotel-like building they chanced to find at Black Mountain and buy the essential equipment for classes and food for the group for a few months, and to get four more students and three more instructors; so that when the college opened the teaching staff numbered nine and the student body nineteen.

Students and teachers pooled their personal book collections and called the result the college library, and agreed to contribute manual labor voluntarily. The teachers drew out of the treasury only what they needed for clothes and incidentals, which averaged $7.27 per month per person. But even so, the college nearly collapsed twice for lack of money, and was saved by the joint resourcefulness and self-denial of both the faculty and the students.

The second year the number of teachers rose to sixteen, of students to thirty-two. This year there are twenty professors and instructors and forty-eight students. Next autumn the student body will be between sixty and seventy. It is an important part of the BMC scheme that at the beginning of each year about half of the students should be former students who can help the faculty hold together the general pattern of the place, which I shall describe. The ultimate maximum, to be attained some years hence, will be one-hundred and twenty-five students and a faculty of thirty; for such education as BMC holds up as desirable is possible only in a very small college.

The Rollins rebels were against many things in the prevalent system of education, but were unanimous on one objection—that college and university trustees, presidents, and deans, most of whom were not teachers or scholars but executives and disciplinarians, had the power to interfere with the teachers' function. The little group was determined to get back to the old American idea of "Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and the student on the other."

And so BMC has no trustees, no president, no deans. There is but one person in the office, a typist, who is not also a teacher. As rector, Rice is the head of the college; his job, however, is not office work but teaching. What office work there is is done by the registrar, the secretary, and the treasurer, who are also teachers before they are anything else. There is a so-called advisory council, which consists of friends of the college but has no legal authority. All important decisions are made by the board of fellows which includes teachers elected by the faculty and the principal student officer. There is a real student government, whose officers meet periodically as equals with the whole faculty and the rector. Once a month or so the teachers and students gather in general meeting and air their problems.

This set-up, though only in its third year, is entirely successful and has brought out unsuspected abilities. A teacher of physics has turned out to be a competent treasurer; a teacher of chemistry, an efficient secretary and superintendent of

the plant; a teacher of Romance languages, an able registrar and office-manager. And so, among other things yet to be mentioned, BMC is a challenge to the prevailing assumption in educational institutions that teachers are, as such, unfit to take full responsibility for all activities of a college; a denial of the popular notion that teachers can deal only with such trivialities as questions of hours, credits, and cuts; and an affirmation that faculties can become responsible bodies and take full charge of the business of education.

III

Aside from the purely organizational problem, the majority of the original BMC faculty had no clearly formed positive ideas, and the questions of educational policy were left almost entirely to the leader, John Rice, whose head bristled with ideas, and who said at the start that he wanted a "new kind of college." The educational policy was left largely to him, because all the fifteen rebel students liked what he taught and the way he taught it.

Since 1933 Rice's ideas of what is wrong with the prevalent educational system have receded into the background of his mind, and his positive ideas have grouped themselves into a philosophy of education of his own, which for adequate statement would require a book. He has promised to write it some day. For the time I quote from my notebook some of the things he said to me:

> The job of a college is to bring young people to intellectual *and emotional* maturity; to intelligence, by which I mean a subtle balance between the intellect and the emotions; not merely to an arbitrarily selected amount of cramming. . . . In great part I blame Hitlerism on German education, which always concerned itself only with the intellect, with stuffing the head full of facts, and thus prepared for Hitler a nation of emotional infants ready to succumb to his demagoguery. Essentially the same danger exists here, now that our national life is lurching into a general crisis, and for the same reason; our education has been powerfully influenced by Germany. Till the end of the last century the ultimate goal of an American scholar was a German Ph.D. Now look at the people that come from our "best" and largest universities. Their heads are crammed with facts, but what knowledge they possess often does not include self-knowledge. Many of them are ailing children, sore with themselves and the world, ready to turn in a moment into "infantile leftists" (calling themselves communists) and even more infantile fascists.
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> Co-education is essential, not in the sense merely of having men and women in the same classroom, but in the sense of education in relation to each other. American civilization has been an experiment in co-education from the beginning. To separate men and women in colleges is to be guilty once more of stupidly copying Europe.
>
> The constant admonition of a college should be not "Be intellectual!" or "Be muscular!" (in both cases the dividing line is the neck) but "Be intelligent!" A college should take account of the whole being and be a sort of second womb from which young people are born to all-round human maturity.
>
> The common expression "to get" an education is significant. It lights up the whole fallacy of the prevailing system, for education can only be *experienced;* one "gets" only information or "facts"—and the "facts" acquired in the average college have to do with the past and are mainly worthless to one destined to live in the future. Besides, many of the "facts" now taught in history, sociology, economics, and psychology are no longer facts, assuming they ever were, but only guesswork or wishful thinking. There are some stubborn facts in the early stages of the physical sciences, in mathematics and biology, that must be learned. But, once those stages are passed, one is in the realm of imagination, where often even professional scientists get lost because of too much education in facts and scant training in imagination. . . . I am especially opposed to mere head-stuffing in philosophy, literature, art, music, and dramatics; for these subjects are the best training grounds for imagination, the chief distinction of man.
>
> It is only through imagination that education can reach and develop the whole human being, and hope to affect beneficially the state of human affairs. In the average person, imagination needs training, *and education can give it training.* But before it can, one must realize that the deep mess in which the world now finds itself is the handiwork of the politician, priest, soldier, and tech-

nologist, whose characteristic is not imagination but lack of it, and who, as such, are in league with the past; and that the hope of mankind lies in the hands of the artist, whose characteristic is imagination. (By this Rice does not mean, of course, that educators should forthwith begin to agitate for the replacement of Franklin Roosevelt and Jim Farley by Thomas Benton and Theodore Dreiser; Bishop Manning by Robinson Jeffers; Henry Ford by Norman Bel Geddes; and General McArthur by Toscanini. Nor does he mean that we should immediately call from their ivory towers "queer" people, who are "queer" because they are divorced from the main processes of life and their imaginations can toy only with the production of pictures and poems. He knows that many of them are significant chiefly as symptoms of the deep diseases now afflicting human kind. Rice wants education to be so transformed that schools will turn out, not potential political and financial schemers and go-getters to whom politics and finance are ends in themselves, but *artists*. Not necessarily—in fact, preferably not—professional painters, sculptors, musicians, or writers of novels and poetry, but people who will have the artistic approach to life as a whole and to everything in life; whose values will be qualitative, not quantitative; who will be eternally modern and as such distinguished not by what they will know, but by what they will do with what they will know; and who will know and *feel* that life is essentially not competitive but calls for co-operation everywhere, and that, lest humanity perish, men must cease spending most of their energy scheming how to harm one another, and begin looking toward a goal, toward something they wish to become and make of the world. . . . Rice would like to see the world swarm with artists, poets; however, again, not mere Picassos and Mestroviches, but poets in the Greek sense of makers or creators; who—unlike the artists now hiding in their lonely places, where their genius turns neurotic—will go into the center of life *and belong there*.)

Nearly every man [to resume quoting Rice] is a bit of an artist, at least potentially a person of imagination, which can be developed; and, so far as I know at this moment, there is but one way to train and develop him—the way discovered, not by me but by Black Mountain College as a whole. Here our central and consistent effort now is to teach method, not content; to emphasize process, not results; to invite the student to the realization that the way of handling facts and himself amid the facts is more important than facts themselves. For facts change, while the method of handling them—provided it is life's own free, dynamic method—remains the same; and so, if stability or order is what is wanted in this world, it can only be got by putting facts, results, the alleged content of past life in second place, and emphasizing the way of handling facts now and in the future.

There are people now in universities and colleges, most of them in obscure positions, who are able to take charge of this kind of education, though most of them—unfunctioning, neglected—don't realize it. These people must find a chance to function as working artists in the teaching world; to cease being passive recipients and handers-out of mere information; to become productive, creative, *using* everything that comes within their orbit, including especially people.

There is a technic to be learned, a grammar of the art of living and working in the world. Logic, as severe as can be, must be learned; if for no other reason, to know its limitations. Dialectic must be learned: and no feelings spared, for you can't be nice when truth is at stake. The hard, intractable facts of science must be learned, for truth has a habit of hiding in queer places. Man's responses to ideas and things in the past must be learned. We must realize that the world as it is isn't worth saving; it must be made over. These are the pencil, the brush, the chisel. . . . But they are not all. There are subtle means of communication that have been lost by mankind, as our nerve ends have been cauterized by schooling. These nerves must be re-sensitized. We must learn to move without fear, to be aware of everything around us, to *feel* as well as mentally see our way into the future.

John Rice, a South Carolina preacher's son, now forty-seven, is essentially an idealist-optimist: intelligent, well-informed, fantastically honest and candid: a bit of a fanatic. Teaching, to him, is "the greatest business in life," and he believes that only a great teacher, but not necessarily one teaching in school, can be a great man. His ambition is to see BMC develop teachers in whom intellect and feelings will be more or less fused; "artist teachers," bent on producing potential "poets" in the Greek sense.

The man—his mind, his fire—impressed me on first meeting, but I smiled at his optimism. After a while, however, I perceived that in BMC these educational ideas were actually in effect and, in a

small beginning way, so brilliantly successful that the possibilities and implications were patently enormous.

In BMC there is no head-cramming. There education is *experience* that involves in action the whole person. There an increasingly successful effort is made to perfect a procedure of education predicated upon the concept that both the world and the individual who is to be prepared for it are changing, moving, dynamic—a concept which challenges, on the one hand, the unconscious notion of the great old institutions that both the world and the individual are static, and, on the other, the more conscious idea of the so-called progressive schools that the world is static and the individual is not.

IV

BMC is one of the smallest colleges in existence—at first inevitably, now deliberately so. It is not only a place where one can take most of the courses available in other colleges, but where one is obliged to live as an integral part of a close-knit social unit; so close-knit indeed that it has characteristics of a huge family—and this latter fact, as I shall show, is as important in the scheme as is class work.

Except for four faculty couples with small children occupying cottages near by, all members of the staff and all students live and do all their teaching and learning (save music, dramatics, and the dance), and all their studying, reading, and playing in the vast hotel-like structure I have mentioned. Everybody, including the families with little children, eats in a common mess-hall, connected with the main building by a passageway. Apart from a cook, his three assistants, a furnace-man in the winter, and two persons who clean the main hall, stairs, corridors, and lavatories, the college has no employees. All other chores are done by students and faculty without distinction, and altogether voluntarily. At meals students and teachers serve one another, though no one is detailed in advance to do anything specific. Food is brought to the tables, passed round, eaten; emptied dishes are taken to the kitchen and replenished, then the tables are cleared, someone brings the dessert, another tea and coffee; and all this takes place in perfect order. The students who pay less than the full fee, or nothing at all, are not expected to do extra service; the chief reason being that this is bad for those who are served—it gives them a feeling of unsound superiority.

The rebel students from Rollins were —naturally—the best sort of students. Some of those taken in during the first two years were perhaps not as good; for extreme poverty forced the college to accept nearly every applicant who could pay the fee or any part thereof. Last fall the number of applicants exceeded capacity; so in accepting students an effort was made to get a cross-section of American life by economic, cultural, and geographic distribution.

The students now in BMC, twenty-six boys and twenty-two girls, are between eighteen and twenty-five, but there is no set rule against older or younger people. Two requirements for admission are: ability to live in and profit from living in such a community as BMC (to be further discussed), and intelligence—not necessarily of a high order, but not too low. Among the desiderata are a capacity for deep dejection and a tendency to say every once in a while "I'm no good!"; a capacity for indignation and an inclination to get hot under the collar; a sense of order, a sense of form, and an inward love of truth. They take a few neurotics, partly because they feel they can help them become less neurotic and difficult, partly to give the "normal" people some training in living with difficult persons.

There are no required courses. Within his stay in the college, however, the student must, if he intends to graduate, submit to two tests of his knowledge: the first at the end of two years, the second

about two years later, both depending upon his willingness and ability to work. How he is to obtain this knowledge is a matter for which he alone is responsible. He may work "on his own," under a tutor, or in classes. In general the work of the student is at first in classes; later on, almost entirely individual.

The BMC people hold that the range of knowledge at present is so nearly infinite that it is no longer possible to pick out a number of subjects and say of them "These a man must know." But before the student can make an intelligent choice of the subjects with which he is to deal, he must explore the fields of knowledge in the junior division, in order that he may not discover his real interests as late as his third or fourth year, as often happens in college.

The initiative in passing from the junior to the senior division, and from the latter to graduation, is always with the student, who must himself decide whether he is ready to make the move. Not that he is left, at this point or any other, to flounder about alone; for throughout his stay, teachers are ready to give advice when requested. The first thing a student does during his first week, when he is not expected to register for any work but to spend the time planning what he is to do, is to choose some member of the faculty to be his adviser; a choice, however, that is not final.

The senior division is a period of specialization in a field or in cognate fields of knowledge. One of the requirements for entrance to this division is a carefully made plan of work to cover about two years. When the student thinks he has completed this work he petitions for the right to graduate, accompanying his request with a statement of what he professes to know in his chosen field. If this statement is satisfactory, the faculty invites some competent person not connected with the college to examine him in what he claims to know.

On the whole, the effort of BMC is to produce individuals rather than individualists, in the belief that the individualist is bound to be a misfit in modern life, while, at the other extreme, the subordination of men and women to a uniform and consistent pattern of action will inevitably prevent the creation of a better society than we now have. The first step in the process is to make the student aware of himself and his capacities, and a beginning is often best made by persuading him to submit himself to the discipline of one or more of the arts. For this reason no classes are allowed to conflict in the schedule with elementary courses in music, dramatics, the fine arts. It is not expected that many students will become artists; in fact, the college regards it as a duty to discourage mere talent from thinking itself genius, but maintains there is something of the artist in everyone; and the development of this talent, however meager, carrying with it a severe discipline of its own, results in the student's becoming more sensitive to order than he can ever possibly become through intellectual effort alone.

But the individual must also be aware of his relation to others. In BMC, the whole community is his teacher. Wood-chopping, road-mending, working on the college farm, rolling the tennis courts, serving tea in the afternoon, getting the mail, policing the grounds, building a shed, driving the college truck, and other tasks done by individuals and groups of students and members of the faculty, help to rub off individualistic corners and give people training in assuming responsibility. The assistant treasurer is a student.

There is, naturally, an element of fun in all these tasks (which in a measure take the place of purely artificial sport activities in other schools), but in attending to them, the students gain a sense of participating in the vital day-to-day life of the place as a whole. They feel they belong, function. They have a sense of being important.

Though he is never told so, the student

cannot help realizing that he is as important as the rector and the rest of the staff. He has all the freedom and privilege anyone else has. He is as free to criticize the teachers as they are to criticize him; free to open his mouth about anything, any time, anywhere, and take the consequences. Some teachers, including Rice, attend as students the classes which he is taking. He knows they are learning just as he is. He is an integral part of the community and, no matter what he does, he influences it. The place is so delicately organized (only "organized" is not the word) that he has it in his power to create a scandal and severely damage it. Conversely, he has the power to prevent—but only by persuasion—another student from creating such a scandal. Or he can do, or take part in doing, something which suddenly enhances the value of the place. Rice insists that the students have had as much to do with the making of the college as has the faculty.

Disagreeing with psychologists like Adler who say that everyone is trying to be superior, BMC holds that the average person is content when and where he "fits," where he functions in his unique way, when he *feels* he is in his job; and makes it not only possible but easy for a student to find out that he is not cut out to be a philosopher but a plumber; not a writer, but a scientist; not a chemist, but a grocery clerk. One of the efforts, in which the entire community continually participates, is to bring to each one's consciousness his uniqueness—and this not only as a potential scientist or plumber, but as a person who, being endowed with imagination, is an artist.

V

BMC realizes that in the past century America has undergone drastic changes and that education must begin to face the problems which have sprung out of those changes. To condense what several BMC people have said to me:

In the past the history of an individual has been that of reaching out gradually in acquaintance and understanding of people. First he became aware of his mother and began to understand humanity through her. Then came his adjustment to others in the family, all very gradual: for, fortunately, there were lots of them, and they represented, in little, what he would have to face later on. From some he could count on the necessary human emollient, unreasonable affection; from others, on guarded hostility. Old maid aunts and decrepit grandfathers were people he could begin cautiously to dislike, but with whom he had to get on. And he could count on the subtle thing, family feeling, to save him from disaster. He could escape no one; no one could escape him. He became adept in interpreting communication. The lifting of an eyebrow, the turn of a hand, every movement, every inflection of the voice had its meaning. He got ready for the village.

In the village he met open hostility, criticism unsugared by unreasonable affection or family decency, but, being not without experience, he could give as good as he got. And, as in the family, nobody could get away from anybody. There they all were, in a tight little world (and here we are, at Black Mountain, in a tight little world). Individualism had a hard time in the village, but the right to individuality was recognized *per force*. This explains why when you want to find characters you go to the village.

Now both the big family and the village have been largely wiped out of America, for even in villages that remain, those of Lewis's *Main Street*, the desire is to get to the city as quickly as possible, to escape—hence the old family and village lesson is not learned.

What we now have is the carefully restricted family, in which the child—often an only child—does not meet with open indifference, criticism, or hostility. The tendency is for him to be treated always as the center of his small world. He is intensely intimate with one or two persons who "share their every thought" with him.

Now, since the village is gone, the step he must take is from those he knows intimately to those he knows not at all. The immigrant into the world outside the home, in spite of his foretaste through schooling, finds himself among strangers; in the city, among potential enemies. He then carries on what he may have begun as a protective against too much affectionate prying in the home and against the intrusions of a schoolteacher: the building up of a superficial self to present to the world in lieu of reality. By the time he gets to college this superficial self is often a work

of art. His best thoughts and ability have gone into its making.

The big family and the village are gone, but mankind needs them, especially the village. Only it must no longer be haphazard, a product of chance, but the best possible village that can be created, free of the old village narrowness, malice, cruelties, and obscurantism. . . . And we here in Black Mountain have stumbled on the idea that the college must be this new village. It must have also some of the characteristics of the big family.

A common saying in Black Mountain is that nearly everyone who comes here has to go through hell. The hell he goes through is the desperate attempt to preserve this superficial self, and the most awful moment in the process comes when he says to himself "Now they know me!" Imagine having scores of eyes focused on you, and you alone, and as many mouths saying, "Don't think you fool us! We see through you." These eyes and mouths turn the human spirit inside out.

This happens to nearly everyone who comes here. This college is the village with a touch of the old big family. It gets to work on the student a little late, at eighteen or later; so the experience is drastic, and he suffers and in his agony wants to hide or escape.

Gradually, however, the sufferer learns that others do for him something of what he has been doing for himself, appraising his virtues not so highly perhaps, as he has appraised them, nor condemning his faults so relentlessly as he has condemned them. In other words, he at least discovers a measure of indifference, or charity, or humor, or even affection. This recalls him from his mad effort to hide or escape, or make a martyr of himself, or be a relentless judge of himself. . . .

The BMC people have a name for this process—"group influence." It suggests psychoanalysis, but differs from it drastically. It implicitly disputes the modern psychologist's mechanistic concept of man, as a result of which people have come to regard themselves, not as entities, but as bundles of things that have been done to them and now cause them to do things they shouldn't do. BMC is less interested in the students' high school records and incidents in their past than in their potentialities as persons.

The new students come, then, unknown into an unknown world, which is also strangely and excitingly free. There are no rules in BMC. This is their chance. If they have been fools before, they are free to do something different now. If they have built up for themselves a reputation of angelic virtue which has grown uncomfortable, they are no longer obliged to be angels. Sometimes these noble people make asses of themselves within a short time after arrival, and unless their asininity takes a form likely to make the place unlivable for others, they are allowed to go on making asses of themselves. Usually after a while they don't like it, and not because others don't like it (although, as already suggested, others have a share in bringing them to dislike it). The same procedure holds with those who have been fools before and elect to continue. It often takes a long time for them to realize that it is they who are the fools, nobody else.

In September the place is like a grand week-end party. Everybody is glad to be there. The place is beautiful; the view of the Craggies superb. Everybody is so free. And are they not of the elect? Have they not turned their backs on Harvard and Vassar? They feel superior. They form eternal friendships instantly, and implacable enmities: for, after all, a party is preliminary to vicious warfare—only formerly, back home, parties usually broke up before hostilities began.

Then they realize the first implication of freedom: that others also have taken the opportunity to be critical—and complaints are heard that there is too much talk about people; some go so far as to say that what they are and do is nobody's business. But no one goes so far as to say that he doesn't want his name mentioned except in his presence. This would be pressing logic too hard.

Consciousness of self begins. They don't think so much of BMC after all. At moments they hate it. Gloom descends. This is what is desired; "without acute self-consciousness," one of the teachers said, "nothing can be accomplished."

"Group influence" works from elevation to depression and back again. When they achieve elevation from depression they think they have done it, and sit back and enjoy the peace of self-discovery. They swim in intelligence and desire to improve themselves. Then uncertainty steals upon them, and they sink again into depression. Not that the process ends here. There are continuous waves. Or, to change the figure, one's thoughts about oneself are abrasive. One rubs down and down till one touches the thing which is one's real self.

This is experience—education—of the most acute sort. Students are partly prepared for it intellectually by being told on their arrival that they must expect to change; that if they do not change then it is useless for them to have come; they can perfectly well remain what they are by returning home. Of course they don't realize then *how* they are to change.

Gradually, two things occur. One is that one's interest in others increases in both intensity and intelligence. The other is that one begins to like, almost enjoy, the process of being changed. BMC people explain this as follows:

> Men suffer most from unacknowledged self-contempt. The characteristic of children, on the contrary, is self-respect. Somewhere between the kindergarten and college self-respect has been destroyed or so repressed and twisted that it is no longer evident to its possessor. But a man must have self-respect or a similitude of it to present to society. The movement is then from without. He tries to act in such a way that he will be respected by others, and he becomes confused into thinking finally that this assumed self-respect he has pawned off on others is a reality. But underneath he knows or feels that it is all a lie. Behind the front he offers to the world he is a disorderly person. He never knows when he walks into a room but that the enemy is waiting for him, ready to show him up for the liar he is. *And yet, unconsciously, he longs for this very thing to happen to him.* But at the first onslaught of the enemy he will fight as if he were a real enemy instead of a friend. He has constructed and elaborately decorated the superficial self that he is to present to society. It is as if he wore a carefully designed mask, to the making of which he has given his most tender care, and behind this lives the real man, growing increasingly chaotic, miserable, and unhappy, longing for his deliverer but ready to receive him as an enemy.
>
> The task of the college is to be his enemy-friend: the bitter enemy of the superficial self, the friend of the real self. But the real one is starved, emaciated. It must be fed back to life, while the superficial one must be attacked without mercy.

BMC has a diet for the poor "real self." There is good will. Most of the talk about people is free of malice or pettiness. There is desire to help. Except when the issue is slight, no one ever goes completely without a champion. Also, as already said, one belongs, functions, is "important" in BMC. One, too, is constantly *invited,* verbally and by implication, to be intelligent, to mature, which is slightly annoying but also rather pleasant. Older students try to find out what can be done to bring a newcomer to consciousness of his predicament. Candor, of which there is probably more at BMC than anywhere else in the United States, is discomfiting at times, yet it produces dramatic incidents which almost prove that truth *is* beauty. But the most important part of the diet for the "real self" is humor. Young students learn to laugh at themselves. And so, in one way or another, they discover that, their past experiences and a great mass of literature to the contrary notwithstanding, humanity is basically a rather decent breed.

The original BMC group began to develop this process back in 1933, mainly unconsciously and accidentally, when they abruptly found themselves in extremely tight quarters and had to *get along on a basis of freedom,* not only as students and teachers, but as persons endowed with various degrees of vitality. They had to rub the individualistic corners off one another's characters. Rice arrived at a faltering recognition of the virtues of the process and began cautiously to direct its development toward

what it is now. He is of course not satisfied with it; nor is anyone else in BMC who understands it. It is still developing. Nearly every person who comes there adds something to it. This article, which brings it more or less into the open for the first time, is likely to affect it drastically. I write of it by permission of BMC, which was given me after considerable debate.

"Group influence," as I say, is one of the most important elements of BMC education. It already is stirring interest among psychologists, here and abroad, and among people studying human relations and kindred problems. What I tell of it here is a mere suggestion. To appreciate it fully one must experience it.

I might add that almost nothing can happen in that great hotel-like building which, though no one is spying, everyone cannot know in an hour; and that it is a rare person who comes there and stays two weeks and is not better known than where he lived before, no matter how long. The BMC community, so to speak, psychologically strips the individual, and there he stands revealed to everyone, including himself—and finally likes it.

One immediate aim of "group influence" is that no student should be able to make a mistake in his or her marriage. It should make one a connoisseur of people. I think it already has made connoisseurs of several students. Some of those who have been there longest can also exchange complicated communications without saying a word. The lift of an eyebrow to them is a sentence. They are most definitely being "resensitized."

Do BMC students marry BMC students? So far there has been one student marriage at the college. The couple are still there.

Sex morals? One is free to do anything, but the admonition always is "Be intelligent!" and on that basis nothing occurs that might create the possibility of a scandal to harm the college. The moral control pertaining to everything is within the group. It is not imposed on it. It comes partly from the fact that most people there, no matter how they may have resented certain phases of "group influences," develop a passionate devotion to the place.

Have people there *no* privacy? Students are two to a bedroom, but each person has a private study, on the door of which he can hang a "Don't disturb!" sign when alone in it.

VI

Age, position, reputation are no basis for respect in BMC, and teachers are exposed to "group influence" no less than students. The result is a high proportion of effective and interesting teachers. Nowhere else do teachers work harder. In BMC they are geared to the whole purpose of the place, which is most insistent. Some students doubtless are not what they could be as students; many, however, want terribly to learn and know what they should be getting, and they must be satisfied. If they are not they speak up; the unsatisfactory instructor is discussed—but, so far, never with the idea of getting rid of him; rather to see what can be done to help him develop his teaching technic and personality. Again, there is no malice and little pettiness. Usually the criticized teacher's ego is wounded. He resents being criticized by these chits and squirts in this so-called college; resents the fact that some of his colleagues agree with them. He discovers the place really *is* a new kind of college. Facts, results are unimportant; process, method, imagination are everything. Seeing how successful some of the others are in the classroom, he begins to suspect that their way may be right. He resents that he has not been told what was expected of him. He doesn't know he wasn't told anything because the idea is to let him develop, if possible uniquely.

So he probably tries to imitate Rice and quickly discovers he cannot. More misery. He can develop only by unlearning much he had thought for a long time was all right.

He must revise his character and personality, become humble, a student more than a teacher. That he doesn't leave when this happens to him is due to the fact that, although his salary for the time is negligible, he is a free man. The most recent addition to the faculty said to me, "Here it's different. A man can stand up. He can find out why he is wrong or else go on being right. Walt Whitman might have felt at home here."

I lack space to discuss all the BMC teachers. I shall briefly describe the general methods of only three.

Rice is a natural-born teacher, perhaps one of the great teachers of all time, and intensely human. Some of his colleagues criticize him for his uncompromising candor and his inability to "sell" the place to people he doesn't like. Why can't he be nice to potential donors when the college needs the money so badly? But his virtues patently outweigh his faults, some of which are virtues carried to extreme. He insists by word and example that:

> A good teacher is always more a learner than teacher, making the demand of everyone to be taught something. . . . A man who never asks himself any questions had better not try asking others. . . . A teacher must have something of humor, a deeply laid irony, and not be a cynic. In the center of his being he should be calm, quiet, *tough*. He must have in him the principle of growth; like the student, a sense of justice and a great capacity for dejection.
>
> Teachers in a place like this, where education is taken seriously, should always bear in mind that they are the central problem; that we would provide the students with a liberal education if we merely gave them the privilege of looking on while we educated ourselves. Also, that it's wrong for us to want others to be like ourselves; that we must want to attend to being the sort of people that others ought to be like.

While he teaches also Greek and Latin, Rice's most important class is the triweekly "Plato," which has little to do with Plato and is attended by most of the senior division and several teachers. It should probably be called, as he described it to me, "Thought in Action." He starts it going with some such question as "How does individuality differ from individualism?" and then, by a deft Socratic handling of students, too complex to describe, galvanizes them into a unit bent on arriving at some answer. Occasionally he succeeds in getting the class to forget his presence and in forgetting himself in the pursuit of an idea or definition, and together they achieve

> complete anonymity, group thinking, cooperative intelligence—moments that can only be called mystical experiences, during which, when an impasse has been reached, the humblest intelligence in the room may suddenly offer the word that pushes the thing along. When we achieve such a moment one feels the joy of being a part instead of a whole. We are then in subjection, not one to the other, but to what can only be called truth.

But Rice's most important teaching is out of class. He is at it all the time. He manipulates "group influence," stirs imagination. Seldom in his office, he moves through the building, joins some group and gets them all talking of what is the matter with BMC and why, or with education in general, or politics, let us say; whereupon, as likely as not, the discussion spreads through the place, goes on at several tables during supper, and echoes of it occur next morning at breakfast.

Rice attends other teachers' classes as student; then, in his own classes or anywhere at all, he is constantly pointing out the interrelationship and interdependence of the subjects taught in the college, and integrating them in those who teach and study them. He aims to develop the idea and feeling that knowledge, truth, art, education, effort, action, experience, life are all of one piece, or at least that they can be synchronized.

Of equal importance with Rice's work

are the courses in drawing, color, and so-called *Werklehre* (work with materials and forms) supplemented by exhibitions and discussions of old and modern art, of handcraft and industrial products, of typographic and photographic work. They are given by Professor Josef Albers, formerly of the Bauhaus, in Dessau, which Hitler closed even before the burning of the books. His technic, which is a result of vast knowledge and the unusually rich and confident personality of a self-made man and a practicing artist, is basically as simple as life, but also as complex: and an adequate report of it would require a much longer article than this. His courses are "not for artists but for people." To attend his classes is very definitely to *experience* art as a process which is also life. "To us," he said, "the *act* of drawing is more important than the graphic product; a color correctly seen and understood is more important than a mediocre still-life." His instructions in class are also corrective of the student as a person. For instance, if the student's motor system is unbalanced so that he has a tendency to exaggerate the rightward line, he is asked to practice deliberately drawing exaggerated lines to the left. This eventually balances him not only in drawing but as a person. Albers criticizes the student's work as art, but also as work obviously done by, say, a timid person; then suggests corrective steps.

Possibly not more than two of his thirty-odd students this year will become painters, but perhaps all will have a sense of form and order, an appreciation of life's essences which, he says, now lie lost for most people somewhere amid the so-called "facts" and momentary "realities." All will have imagination.

Albers' classes are the largest and, with Rice's, the most dramatic, exciting, emotionally and intellectually satisfying, and important.

The course in dramatics fascinated me hugely, though previously my interest in the theater was almost nil. Under the direction of Robert Wunsch, a Louisianan who resigned from Rollins, the students and the faculty present five plays yearly; and if I may judge by the two I saw they are exceptionally well done: but to Wunsch the play is *not* "the thing." Nor is his purpose to develop actors, playwrights, or imitative technicians, or to attain external artistic perfection and provide entertainment for spectators. What "the thing" is, is tied up with "group influence," and he explained it to me as follows:

> Our method is to cast, for instance, an arrogant person in an arrogant role, in which his own arrogance stands out even more clearly than otherwise, so that not only the audience, which is the community, see it, but he himself. We try to find roles for boors, for the autocratically inclined, for rich boys and girls whose main prop is their wealth, for persons who want to "play god," for ultra-individualists, so that the place sees them, and they see themselves, in all the glory of their outstanding characteristics: which almost invariably leads to—painful, it is true, but successful—corrective processes within those persons. Mainly in consequence of this method, we think, the most unpleasant person we ever had here is now one of the most charming, effective, and well-liked individuals in the place. Naturally he went through a series of "hells."
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> Of course we put persons in roles which are opposite to, or different from, their principal characteristics and circumstances. The wealthy boy is induced to play the part of a poverty-ground tenant or worker; the poor girl the part of a miserable rich woman. We cast a young cynic in a role that helps him to know—and feel, for a while—what it means to fight and die for a cause.

VII

The weaknesses and difficulties of BMC as it stands to-day appear to one soon on arrival; if not, people there point them out.

Other colleges, with their buildings, equipment, and endowments, are concrete things. They are something everyone more or less understands. They get publicity, then more endowments, more buildings. BMC is built almost entirely

of and on ideas and idealism, and as such is tenuous, imponderable. No quantitative evaluation of it is possible. There is no present in the life of BMC. Its moments have one foot in the past, the other in the future. The people there find it hard to tell what they are about. To most people they have nothing to say; they ask them to stay and find out. Two writers before me have vainly tried to put the place on paper; and I own that this article tells next to nothing about it. One can only experience it. And to give it any sort of support is an act of faith. Rice and his colleagues promise nothing. They dislike asking anyone for money. They can't tell what they want it for so that the potential philanthropist would know what they are talking about. Some are fearful of what money might do to the place, and are almost rabid about not wanting a dollar from anyone who may wish to dictate to them how to "run" the college, or make any demands upon them other than of politeness and of detailed accounts of expenditures. So BMC barely manages to exist from term to term. And they are in constant danger that the YMCA will sell the place to someone who will not want them to be there.

Some hope that before long an angel will fly over Black Mountain and drop a half-million dollars on them. They hope to buy the place they are renting; it is for sale. They have plans for "fixing it up," which would mean more opportunities for students to assume responsibility. They need an adequate library and equipment of all kinds. Now they blush with shame to admit they are forced to prefer the boy and girl whose parents can pay the full tuition fee to the boy or girl who can pay less or nothing at all. Some day they hope to have half the student body on full scholarships. Also, if they had a moderate sum of *free* money they could establish pensions, so that a permanent member of the staff could have the maximum security from financial worry now attainable. They could free students who are ready to leave but not sure of what they should do, from family pressure to "get a job" by allowing them to remain, or, if the thing they have chosen doesn't work out, to return and make another start. They would like to have as guests for long periods writers, artists, composers, dancers, scientists who would come there to work; for to see a person like that at work is to knock romantic nonsense out of one's head.

But some of them know also that too much money might be even worse than their present poverty. Five million dollars, if it could not be laid aside for founding similar colleges in other localities, might ruin them. Greed might enter in. Trips to Europe might become necessities. Fords mightn't be good enough. And, worse yet, they could not tell whether a new teacher had been attracted by the idea or the money.

Other dangers? Complacency and dilettantism. The BMC people feel pleased about themselves, especially those who have taught or studied elsewhere; and when visitors praise them, they cheerfully agree. "But," one of the teachers said to me, "the moment we think we have arrived, we shall be dead." Dilettantism, they realize, comes through a lack of seriousness; also, when there is too much teaching and not enough learning. There is no lack of seriousness now; but can they keep it up? I think they can and will; but who knows? Their future depends too on the developments in this country, in the world. War? Fascism? Communism? When asked about this, they raise their hands in a gesture of uncertainty.

Last fall, I thought there was *relatively* too much emphasis on art, not enough on social sciences and current affairs. This was due in part to the comparative superiority of Professor Albers as teacher. Several people there were acutely conscious of this situation, and fearful that, should Albers' strong influence continue to grow, the place will become too spirit-

ual and artistic; however, the idea in this connection was not to pull Albers down, but find some way to make the social-science and current-affairs courses as interesting, exciting, and personally valuable to the student as are his, and thus balance his influence with theirs. The problem is where to get teachers who can teach economics, sociology, politics, not as "facts" or propaganda, but objectively as part of life's process, so that these subjects will stand beside Rice's "Plato" and Albers' "Art" as equals. BMC will probably have to develop them, so that they will be able not only to present the respective sides of capital and labor, of Mussolini and the League, or of Wall Street and the Western farmer, but also to get at the essential truth of the matter, upon which the student is free to swing his sympathy or withhold it.

Temporarily BMC deals with this serious shortcoming by having long Christmas and spring vacations, in addition to the summer one, and urging students to study industrial, social, and political conditions wherever they may be. On returning to the college they are asked to report on their observations and findings. Last Christmas vacation the whole college assembled for a week in Washington and held meetings with prominent politicians, government officials, and journalists. This spring they may organize tours to industrial centers.

I could give a list of lesser lacks and flaws, but by the time this reaches print they may no longer exist. Let me be as explicit as I can in saying that the place is a *process*, a way of education (which, in the BMC concept, is synonymous with life); that it is not only a process, but life's own process in miniature, with an intense reality of its own that is not unrelated to the world beneath the mountain: dynamic, creative, insistent not only on change, but improvement. It is self-corrective.

I am writing this early in February, and a friend visits me whom I ask to read my script to this point. "But," he says, "are the people in Black Mountain *average* people?" Decidedly, yes; even the two teacher-geniuses, Albers and Rice, are in some respects deeply ordinary. The place may seem utopia-bound, but it is very human, very mundane; basically, much like the places around it, near and far—more intelligent perhaps, and deliberately, consciously so, but also blundering; more serious, but not fully aware of itself or the details of the process in which it is caught, nor always cognizant that it is not so much a place as process.

The same friend says, "All that about art, imagination, and 'group influence' sounds all right; how about intellectual discipline, work, and achievement?" I have seen papers by BMC students which, by and large, are superior to several doctors' theses I have seen in institutions where the emphasis is on the intellect.

What sort of person will the BMC student be at thirty, forty, fifty? Who can say with certainty? One or two now there are in danger of becoming mere æsthetes who on seeing a starved sharecropper will think of Matisse. Most of them, however, have a good chance of becoming extremely fine, well-balanced persons, pleasant to be with, calm, but also tough inside. They will be intelligent, imaginative, effective. They will be able to tell a stuffed shirt at a glance. They will be innately at odds with the world as it is. Some will perhaps try to escape from it. Most, I think, will do their best to improve it. A few will be writers and artists. Others teachers. Several will probably go into politics. Rice is urging them to get jobs in Washington and continue to study and be honest and candid, and pass the White House once a week. He feels that an honest, intelligent man who will say exactly what he thinks, and who will look on politics not as an end but as a means, has a great future in this country, and in the world, within the next quarter of a century.

I heard another teacher say to a group of students, "Nobody can say just when America will face a great crisis—*its crisis*—but we mustn't doubt that such a crisis, more important than Secession, than this depression, than anything heretofore faced by this country, will come; and that conformists, people living their mental provincialism, will not have a chance."

VIII

For the time BMC is significant only as a beginning. It is largely an accident, but an accident that offers a suggestion of what people in colleges and universities seriously interested in education and the future can do and, more or less, how to go about doing it. BMC is almost an incitement to "troublemakers" and unhappy students everywhere to rise and do likewise. It demonstrates that such an enterprise is not beset by insurmountable difficulties; that, for one thing, it can be started with amazingly little money. The country is full of summer hotels unoccupied in the fall, winter, and spring.

I have said that BMC is tenuous. But the idea is immense. It challenges the existing chaos and the methods of fascism and communism. It goes beyond all three and has the method to get there. It has the chance of becoming deeply attractive to millions of Americans who are sick of themselves, their own corruption, the corruption about them, and the stench of dissolution now filling the world; and who, weary of individualism, wish to lose themselves in, or identify themselves with, something bigger and better than themselves. The admonitions "Be intelligent!", "Be mature!" will have an increasingly great appeal to Americans. "Group influence" will draw also. People in BMC "die," burn up with self-contempt and despair; then, changed and "reborn," rise out of the ashes of their ex-selves. It is the old Phoenix myth, found in most religions: for there is something in nearly every human breast that craves death and rebirth.

Some of the BMC people realize what they have, and are considering eventually starting autonomous branch colleges in different parts of the country. The first branch ought to be tried three years hence; the thing must not be hurried. By 1938 or '39 BMC will have produced a sufficient number of teachers to serve as nucleus for the teaching staff of the first branch college. With this teacher nucleus could go ten or a dozen of the best of the older BMC students to help lay the general pattern of the new place. Eventually perhaps one important function of BMC and each of the branch colleges should be to send out staff nuclei. How many branches might be created? No limit. It is conceivable to me that by 1940 there might be two branches, by '41 three, by '42 five, by '43 eight, by '44 twelve, by '45 about twenty, by '50 three hundred. . . . I am confident they can begin this colonization even without large financial support, and feel that twenty of these family-village-like colleges scattered over the country—all better than BMC is now and none with more than 125 students and 30 teachers—would make a good start toward revolutionizing American education, while a thousand of them would begin to affect deeply—and desirably—the whole life of the American people.

THE MAN WHO MADE MULVANEY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

In 1899, when Rudyard Kipling, snatched from the threshold of death, left America (perhaps a little petulantly) behind him, a New York newspaper set the following words to the tune of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy":

Then 'ere's to you, Mr. Kipling, and Columbia avers
You're a pore benighted Briton but the prince of *raconteurs;*
You may scathe us and may leave us, still in our hearts will stay
The man who made Mulvaney and the Road to Mandalay.

Now that death has shut the door behind Kipling, leaving his completed work here with us, ready for the passionless estimate of posterity, it is meet for critics to weigh that work in their delicate scales. Various books will eventually be written about him, and it is to be hoped that some of them at least will be composed with wisdom and with art. But there are one or two things to be said about Kipling that should be said briefly—and as soon as possible.

The first is that for too many people Kipling remains, after nearly fifty years of creative activity, during nearly forty of which his mastery steadily increased, the man who made Mulvaney—and remains little more. (Mulvaney was first invented in 1888.) In other words, though Kipling himself became adult, criticism of Kipling never did. The people who were ostensibly best equipped to appreciate his amazing art—the people to whom literature was the best of life, who trafficked endlessly with "style," who, like the French author, were willing to kill themselves if they might "conquer the rebel words and create"—not only failed to appreciate Mulvaney (for what Mulvaney was worth) but failed steadily, for nearly forty years, to appreciate the product of Kipling's maturing genius. They raised their eyebrows, they turned their backs, they would not look, they would not even listen, they sniffed without smelling. History is sown thick with authors who lived and died neglected, leaving their senseless dust to inherit. Others have enjoyed, while living, a factitious fame which did not outlast them. Kipling's is a rarer and stranger case. No English author of our day has been so widely known, or made (one fancies) more money by the mere sale of his books to the public. Yet, so far as I know, no important English critic has ever sat him down to say "the real right thing" about Kipling. Kipling has not been held material for serious literary criticism. A more than Egyptian blindness smote the highbrows for nearly forty years.

Lip-service is, just now, being paid to his memory. In deference to those who make such decisions, his ashes the other day were buried in Westminster Abbey. The Abbey was apparently (in spite of King George's death) crowded, and the choir sang the "Recessional"—expurgated. Distinguished men have contributed

their telegraphic praise. Lord Tweedsmuir, alone among them, went to the heart of fact: "Rudyard Kipling" (he cabled) "seems to me the greatest figure in English literature in our time, and to have written much which is assured of immortality." Yet even Lord Tweedsmuir goes on to say, less significantly, "He has also been an architect of our Empire and an inspiration in time of trial to his countrymen." The Poet Laureate, I am told, confessed to the American press that he had not read Kipling's later poetry. In any case, he came through (from Hollywood) with the sort of thing his inferiors have been saying for years: "Kipling was undoubtedly the best of the English Imperial poets who helped to celebrate the achievements of the great reign of Queen Victoria." The payers of tribute will continue, I fear, to body Kipling forth, somewhat vaguely, as a great national figure. This he was; but will there be no one to define his virtues more intelligently and more exactly? I have been waiting for thirty years to hear some eminent English critic call him a great writer—and I have not heard it yet from any eminent English critic. If it has been said, the saying has had no echo.

In other words, the critical tone about Kipling is, and always has been, all wrong. That is why one wishes to say a brief word at once, before the flood of critical innuendo washes one under. The British failure to bury Meredith in the Abbey (about which Sir James Barrie could be so effectively, if sentimentally, ironic) is perhaps less egregious than the British failure to bestow on Kipling, during his lifetime, even the Order of Merit. The laureateship, since Tennyson, has been more or less a joke; but the Order of Merit, I believe, was supposed to transcend politics—quietly, and without prejudice, to acknowledge achievement. The official coldness to Kipling has been variously explained. They used to say that "The Widow at Windsor" had kept him from the laureateship; now the *New Republic* says it was a bawdy unpublished ballad attributed to him. Such guesses are unimportant. In any case, the opinion of officials matters not greatly, since no one has a right to expect literary taste from politicians—even the superior British kind. What does matter is the attitude of responsible critics; for literary taste is peculiarly their job. The extraordinary case of Kipling is enough to damn all English literary criticism of the past thirty years. No careful evaluation of second-rate talents can atone for the critics' misjudgment of England's greatest living writer.

For that is what Kipling during our period has been: the greatest living master of English prose. This was the second thing that needed to be said. He has also been one of the boldest and subtlest experimenters in English verse. Pedantry itself can hardly go about to disprove those statements. If the critics had read nothing since the *Barrack-Room Ballads* and the *Plain Tales from the Hills,* then the critics (who were supposed to be deeply concerned with English letters) were not doing their duty. Had England in the twentieth century been "a nest of singing birds," a sort of Jacobean treasure-house, a land bristling with men of genius, they might have had the cheap excuse of perplexity, of bedazzlement, of not knowing where to choose. This, however, was hardly the case. Since the great Victorians died there has been no consistently first-rate prose in England —except Kipling's. I do not suppose that any conscientious critic, making ready to face his God, would maintain that Virginia Woolf or Katherine Mansfield or any Sitwell of them all ever approached the verity or the beauty of the best of Kipling's tales. (Yet the critical reviews have been littered with their praises.) As for his verse, surely no conscientious critic, at such a moment, would maintain that *The Dynasts* or *The Testament of Beauty* or *The Waste Land* was worth, to posterity, one little cluster of

Kipling's best lyrics. But one sees no conscientious critics making ready to face their God. With the Judgment Day a long way off, they have preferred the safer adventure of analyzing the lesser talents which hold no secrets. To appraise Kipling is not easy, for he was a great experimenter, always breaking new ground, practicing new methods, and fashioning new shapes. Some of the critics no doubt were too lazy to deal with him, and some, possibly, really frightened by the challenge. But a great many of them, I venture to say, had not really read him. They found plenty of easy excuses: he wrote slangy verse, he wrote stories for children, his politics were deplorable to them, he did not have "the right ideas," he refused to practice psychoanalysis, he was a glorified reporter. He was, even in the twentieth century, the Man who made Mulvaney—not worth the epigrams of Balliol and Bloomsbury.

II

I have said that to appraise Kipling was never easy. You have only to look through a Kipling bibliography to see one reason why. What are these difficulties which drove the critics back on scorn for an alibi? Long ago I had occasion to point out that Kipling's work differed from that of others in that it consisted not of a few big books but of an infinite number of significant brevities. It is easier to deal with one novel than with half a hundred short stories. Moreover, in letters, we Anglo Saxons have the superstition of the yardstick. We tend to think the short thing necessarily slight. We revere trilogies and tetralogies and sagas. So far, in their prejudice against the writer of tales, the critics were merely being obdurately British. That, however, could not absolve them; since you would always have found some of them ready enough to appraise and applaud the brevities of a Poe, a Mérimée, a Maupassant, or a Turgenev—even of a T. S. Eliot or a Lytton Strachey. Kipling's choice of form cannot, I think, be solely responsible. We shall have to look, I fear, beyond his form to his material, and acknowledge the fact that to these somewhat pallid and precious exponents of culture his material itself was not only "slight" but shocking. Here was an author who invited them to consider the histories of private soldiers, prostitutes, and pythons. They were wounded in their profoundest snobbish sense. When, in addition, he endeavored to interest them in the private, personal affairs of steam engines, they were outraged. They did not like to read about what they considered low life; above all, not about low life enjoying itself. If they must read about the unprivileged, they preferred the slow spiritual poisons of the Russians or the weighted dice of Thomas Hardy. Also, along with the flood of short stories, Kipling was publishing a great deal of verse, set to new tunes of his own, slangy and strange and upsetting. Myopic and insensitive, they felt in him a lack of "high seriousness." It did not take them long to decide that he was vulgar: as vulgar as his own banjo. To justify themselves, they pitched on the worst of his 'prentice work—the *Departmental Ditties* and the *Story of the Gadsbys*. They looked askance at the *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *Mine Own People*. At about that time, apparently, they closed their books.

Dates, I admit, are a nuisance; but in fairness we should consider a few. By 1890 this astonishing young man had published not only his *Plain Tales* and his *Barrack-Room Ballads* but "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," "The Man Who Was," "Without Benefit of Clergy," and "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney." His popularity in the 'nineties was enormous. (In 1896 there was a Yale Kipling Club. I wonder when it died?) But the highbrows were already drawing away from him. Oscar Wilde, you remember, re-

ferred to him as one who had seen marvellous things through keyholes, and even Henry James, in very early days, spoke of him as a young man who had gone a long way before breakfast. The critical tone was setting against him even then; and by the turn of the century his "imperialism" had hardened many liberal hearts against him forever. A few more dates, and we will let chronology go. *Many Inventions* in 1893 (do you remember "Love o' Women" and "the Finest Story in the World"?), the *Jungle Books* in 1894 and 1895, the *Seven Seas* in 1896, *The Day's Work* in 1898, and *Kim* in 1900. The development of Kipling's genius in that decade is one of the most exciting literary phenomena of our time. Vigor, trenchancy, wit, hilarity (I have always thought it was the hilarity they minded most) were still with him at the end of the decade; but the impertinence, the brashness had gone forever. The barrack-room ballad indeed had ceased to be his medium (it is interesting that the barrack-room ballads of the *Seven Seas* are inferior to the earlier ones); instead, he was probing McAndrew and Sir Anthony Gloster to the marrow. I believe "The Man Who Would Be King" to be an imperishable tale—one may be only twenty-three, good lack! and still be a genius—but I know that "The Tomb of His Ancestors" and "The Brushwood Boy" show a Kipling farther gone in grace, the later Kipling of the considering heart. And as his insight, his knowledge, his delicacy increased, his prose kept pace. Measure the difference between *The Light That Failed* (1890) and *Kim* (1900). By the end of the decade he had left cocky youth behind him and stepped up into the good company of the immortals.

No brief article can over-indulge in quotation. But let me bring to your recollection a single passage from *Kim*.

> They crossed a snowy pass by cold moonlight, and the lama, mildly chaffing Kim, went through up to his knees, like a Bactrian camel—the snow-bred, shag-haired sort that comes into the Kashmir Serai. They dipped across beds of light snow and snow-powdered shale, where they took refuge from a gale in a camp of Tibetans hurrying down tiny sheep, each laden with a bag of borax. They came out upon grassy shoulders still snow-speckled, and through forest, to pass anew. For all their marchings, Kedarnath and Badrinath were not impressed; and it was only after days of travel that Kim, uplifted upon some insignificant ten-thousand foot hummock, could see that a shoulder-knot or horn of the two great lords had—ever so slightly—changed outline.
>
> At last they came into a world within a world—a valley of leagues where the high hills were fashioned of the rubble and refuse from the knees of the mountains. Here one day's march carried them no further, it seemed, than a dreamer's clogged pace bears him in a nightmare. They skirted a shoulder painfully for hours, and, behold, it was but an outlying boss in an outlying buttress of the main pile! A rounded meadow revealed itself, when they had reached it, as a vast tableland running far into the valley. Three days later, it was but a fold in the earth to southward. . . .
>
> Above them, still enormously above them, earth towered away towards the snow-line, where from east to west across hundreds of miles, ruled as with a ruler, the last of the bold birches stopped. Above that, in scarps and blocks upheaved, the rocks strove to fight their heads above the white smother. Above these again, changeless since the world's beginning, but changing to every mood of sun and cloud, lay out the eternal snow. They could see blots and blurs on its face where storm and wandering *wulliwa* got up to dance. Below them, as they stood, the forest slid away in a sheet of blue green for mile upon mile; below the forest was a village in its sprinkle of terraced fields and steep grazing-grounds; below the village they knew, though a thunderstorm worried and growled there for the moment, a pitch of twelve or fifteen hundred feet gave to the moist valley where the streams gather that are the mothers of young Sutlej.

I remember trying once in England to borrow a particular book of Kipling's from a certain man of letters who, with great store of learning and taste, has given most of his life to the delicate appreciation of English style. I recall his shocked reply: "Why, I wouldn't have a volume of Kipling in the house!" That was in 1908. *Kim* (I repeat) was published in 1900.

After the Boer War, as we were saying,

hearts hardened. The people who had all "the right ideas" (but were weak in execution) did not like the "Recessional" much; still less did they like "The White Man's Burden" and "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and "The Lesson" and "The Islanders." (To "They" and "Wireless" and "Mrs. Bathurst" they evidently paid no attention.) Hitherto they had despised Kipling's form and been repelled by his material; now they began to shake their heads over his moral attitude. He still used the vernacular tongue (like Dante) and he seemed to them to be a Tory at home and an Imperialist abroad. Here was no sustenance for Fabians. (I do not know what these people ate at table; but spiritually speaking, the intellectuals of that day were vegetarian to a man.) The man who made Mulvaney meanwhile went on writing—not with the bewildering feverish speed of the boyish years, yet at a workmanlike pace: *The Five Nations* (1903), *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904), *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906), *Actions and Reactions* (1909), *Rewards and Fairies* (1910), *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917), *The Years Between* (1919), up to his last important volume, *Debits and Credits,* in 1926. Almost forty years of steady production and increasing art. . . . And still no laureateship, still no Order of Merit. Only the Nobel prize, which was not in the gift of Englishmen.

There is no space, as I said, in a brief article, for the fascinating task of showing by quotation the increasing richness and precision of Kipling's creative prose; a prose which for all its inventiveness, its free experimentation, its exotic plunder, was in the main stream of the great English tradition—the stream (as we have often been told) continually hedged and dyked and channeled by the King James Version of the Bible. It would not be amiss to read, successively, "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," "The Tomb of His Ancestors," "They," "Mrs. Bathurst," "An Habitation Enforced," "The Eye of Allah," and "The Wish-House." The implications which were once saucy have grown profound. The vocabulary, always vivid, has enriched and subtilized itself. The cadences are more patterned and complex. No one, after 1900, could equate Kipling's brevity with slightness, for every sentence carries an astonishing burden of scene, mood, or character. In nearly every tale there is stuff for a novel; and we may not regret the novel unwritten; for by some divine gift of foreshortening, compression, distillation—I know not what to call it—the master has made you read the novel he did not write. You have had as full and satisfying a vicarious experience as if your eyes had been offered ten times the number of pages. There is nothing left that you need to know about those men, those women, "those suspensions, those solutions." No, Kipling did not write novels. To communicate his profound knowledge of the human heart he did not have to. He created, you may say, a new medium; for I know of no other short stories, anywhere, that pretend to accomplish what his great short stories do. He quietly transcended the conventional limitations of what Henry James called "the few thousand words." The "few thousand words" in Kipling's hands became as noble a literary instrument as play or novel.

III

Long, long ago, when Kipling was a beginner—and a very discouraged beginner—he wrote of a dream that he imagined himself to have had. In that dream the Devil takes him to the "Limbo of Lost Endeavor where the souls of all the Characters go." His own characters meet him there and reproach him, in their several accents, for his lack of understanding. Before the dream is over, the Master (who was Rabelais) tells him: "The First Law is to make them stand upon their feet, and the Second is to make them stand upon their feet, and the Third is to make them stand upon their feet."

"Now you'd better go," says the Devil at last. "You know what you ought to do."

"I don't need all Hell—"

"Pardon me. Better men than you have called this Paradise."

"All *Hell,* I said, and the Master to tell me what I knew before. What I want to know is *how?*"

"Go and find out," said the Devil.

He went and found out. Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Vansuythen might reproach him, in that nightmare of early youth, but McPhee and Mary Postgate and Hickmot and Mrs. Ashcroft—to lift only a few from the gallery—make no reproaches to their creator. They stand on their feet forever.

There are infinitely quotable sentences all through Kipling's prose, but the triumph of the great stories is essentially a triumph of form. He learned to make phrase follow phrase, sentence follow sentence in such a way that revelation deepened with each word. In the earlier, more journalistic tales he is sometimes, for all his brevity, discursive; sights, sounds, smells so lay hold on him that in order to make you see, hear, taste, feel, he neglects, for the moment, the service of character. Sometimes the pressing faces distract him, and he is diverted from Charlie Mears to Grish Chunder, or Badalia becomes less than Lascar Loo. In the later work his mind is single. Sights, sounds, and pressing faces are rejected unless they serve his aim, concerning which, complex though it is, he is very clear. Kipling was always a man who saw more and farther than others, and, as far as the uttermost fringe of his vision, all was rich; there was no sparseness or spottiness. But the eye that saw so much learned to focus itself on the very heart of the matter.

If you know "The Eye of Allah," you will remember Stephen de Sautré's supper and the clergy gathered round the microscope which John of Burgos has fetched back from Spain—the microscope that showed him the shapes of new devils for his illuminations. The drop of slimy water, revealing the crowded bacteria, means different things to different men.

"It is a new world—a new world and—Oh, God Unjust—I am old!" cries Roger of Salerno.

"As in the water, so in the blood" (says Thomas the Infirmarian, and "this time he did not stammer at all") "must they rage and war with each other! I have dreamed these ten years—I thought it was a sin—but my dreams and Varro's are true! Think on it again! Here's the Light under our very hand!"

"My trade's the outside of things." (John spoke quietly.) "I have my patterns. . . . In my craft, a thing done is a thing done with. We go on to new shapes after that." He alone does not protest Stephen's decision to destroy.

"It would seem," says Stephen of Sautré just before he shatters the microscope, "the choice lies between two sins. To deny the world a Light which is under our hands, or to enlighten the world before her time. . . . But this birth, my sons, is untimely. It will be but the mother of more death, more torture, more division, and greater darkness in this dark age. Therefore I, who know both my world and the Church, take this Choice upon my conscience. Go! It is finished."

"The Eye of Allah" is much shorter than "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" or "Without Benefit of Clergy," but in those few thousand words Kipling manages to incarnate four great abstractions: pure science, applied science, art, and statesmanship. Art's whole case is stated by John of Burgos in twenty-seven words.

"The Wish-House" is some thirty-five years later, and two thousand words shorter, than "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." Both are dark with shadow; both deal with lives magically influenced; between the Black Curse of Shielygh and the London "wish-house" there is little, as superstition goes, to choose. The greatness of "Dinah Shadd" (and it is, I believe, a great story) lies in the one big

scene when the Curse is laid. The end is only hinted; indeed, the end is not yet. Because Mulvaney's head was full of Dinah, he dallies with Judy, and the Curse ensues: it is the familiar Maupassant formula of "The Piece of String" and "The Necklace," the special irony-of-fate motive. "The Wish-House" cannot be thus reduced to formula. We are here dealing with life richly on the tragic plane. The conflict between the individual and all that is not the individual (which is the whole human story) is fully set forth. When you have finished it there is nothing left to know about Mrs. Ashcroft, how her character has shaped events and been shaped by them. Mrs. Fettley is the lesser person of the two, but she is precisely the one whose counter-confidences can help elucidate Mrs. Ashcroft's case in all its cruel subtlety. Mrs. Ashcroft, to be revealed, needed a deuteragonist; moreover, for deuteragonist, she needed Mrs. Fettley and no other; therefore, we have Mrs. Fettley—who also stands upon her feet. I cannot find a wasted word in "The Wish-House," nor yet a word lacking. Most people would have made a novel of it, yet the novel would have been a lesser thing—since, when you add to sufficiency, you detract from perfection.

Kipling throughout all his career wrote humorous stories. These, there is certainly not space to discuss. Yet it might be noted that between the earlier and the later hilarity—between "Brugglesmith" and "The Puzzler" or "The Vortex"—there is a sensible difference. In his later years, he could seemingly never get away from human character; even when he wants chiefly to make you laugh aloud, the people he involves in ridiculous plights are realized. The humor of "The Vortex" is indeed humor of incident and circumstance; yet if the human beings had been other, the incident and circumstance would somehow have been other. The stuff of "The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat" (which you may find brutal, as many people find "Stalky" brutal) is character and nothing else—even to the real Geoplanarians.

The echoes of "Gunga Din" and "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" and "Danny Deever" still, no doubt, disturb ears attuned to *Ash Wednesday*. I do not, myself, care to lose those echoes: they have their part in one's memories of Kipling's virtuosity—a virtuosity that one can really begin to apprehend only by spending many hours over the nearly five hundred poems in his *Inclusive Verse*. To ears thus disturbed, however, I would recommend a few, a very few, of the poems in *The Years Between* (1919). These poems, it is true, are chiefly concerned with the War; but they could never suggest a banjo, even to the most depraved. There is no "tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink" in "My Boy Jack":

"Have you news of my boy Jack?"
Not this tide.
"When d'you think that he'll come back?"
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide. . . .

"Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?"
None this tide,
Nor any tide,
Except he did not shame his kind—
Not even with that wind blowing, and that tide.

or in "The Song of the Lathes":

The fans and the beltings they roar round me.
The power is shaking the floor round me
Till the lathes pick up their duty and the midnight-shift takes over.
It is good for me to be here!
Guns in Flanders—Flanders guns!
(I had a man that worked 'em once!)
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!
Shells for guns in Flanders! Feed the guns!

or in "Zion":

But we will go to Zion,
By choice and not through dread,
With these our present comrades
And those our present dead;
And, being free of Zion
In both her fellowships,

Sit down and sup in Zion—
Stand up and drink in Zion
Whatever cup in Zion
Is offered to our lips!

or in "The Craftsman":

So, with a thin third finger marrying
Drop to wine-drop domed on the table,
Shakespeare opened his heart till sunrise
Entered to hear him.

London wakened and he, imperturbable,
Passed from waking to hurry after shadows....
Busied upon shows of no earthly importance?
Yes, but he knew it!

Kipling could be purely lyrical when he chose; sometimes he did not choose. It must be remembered that Kipling, like other men of letters, wished occasionally to write an essay; to develop, that is, a proposition. When he wished to develop a proposition, he was apt to do it in verse. Sometimes his proposition was political, sometimes social or psychological, but often purely literary. One reason, I am convinced, why he irked the intellectuals is that his short poems are so packed with criticism. Nothing is more irritating to the humorless critic than to have his enemy sing his argument at him; nothing more disconcerting to the dilettante than to have lyrical poetry made the vehicle of reasonable remarks. *"Litera scripta manet,"* said the Devil in the early nightmare; and Kipling never went the sorry way of that other great master, Henry James, who tried to change the written word and to explain, when he had grown old, what he thought his youth ought to have intended. Kipling never deleted from his collected verse "The Conundrum of the Workshops" or "The Three-Decker" or "The Story of Ung" or "In the Neolithic Age," though they were essays of his youth. But "The Craftsman" is a far better essay; quite as important indeed as that other good essay, Henry James's "The Art of Fiction."

Increasingly he cared about the artist's task, and increasingly he rejoiced in the English language. What he thought of "the miracle of our land's speech" you may read in "The Birthright." He was, from first to last (I take the phrasing from an address he gave in 1906) "afflicted with the magic of the necessary word." Beetle, at Westward Ho, had foreknowledge of that affliction. The man who made Mulvaney felt it. For the man who wrote "The Craftsman," to be thus "miraculously afflicted" had been for decades the familiar habit of life. The "young man who had gone a long way before breakfast" had put almost astronomical distances behind him by the time he found his respite in the Abbey.

Who, now, will speak to us in equally "necessary" words? Let the critics tell us.



SCIENCE AND PROFITS

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

It is related of Louis Agassiz that on a certain occasion a friend pointed out to him a tempting opportunity in a legitimate financial scheme. "I have no time to make money," was the retort of the naturalist. That expresses the traditional attitude of the research worker toward the profit motive. Time is precious, money is secondary, the adventure of discovery is more pleasurable than the pursuit of its material rewards. And also there is in many a scientist's attitude a gesture of repugnance toward money-making as a practice inconsistent with intellectual integrity. This is well exemplified in the reply of Pasteur to the suggestion of the French Emperor that the founder of bacteriology should patent or in some other way seek to profit financially by his discoveries. "Men of science would consider that they lowered themselves by doing so," responded Pasteur. Later, in a conversation with Lady Cavendish, he reverted to this judgment with a personal avowal: "I could never work for money, but I would always work for science."

Working for science often turns out to be working for money, however, and this quite irrespective of the desires and ideals of the scientist himself. No matter how "pure" the laboratory discovery may be, it issues sooner or later in practical applications, and these applications find commercial sale through their exploitation by entrepreneurs. Pasteur and his clan eventually find somebody profiting somewhere by the new knowledge which they have opened up. It was so of James Clerk Maxwell's discovery of the law of electromagnetic radiation and of Heinrich Hertz's discovery of the radiation itself: all wireless and radio developments rest fundamentally on the work of these two pioneers who patented nothing. A modest professor of mathematical physics at Yale discovered the phase rule and other thermodynamical laws of heterogeneous solutions, and to-day these laws are the very cornerstone of modern processes of petroleum refining and of other chemical industries. It would be not inappropriate if the oil barons and motor magnates celebrated the birthday of Willard Gibbs as the most important anniversary in their calendar—for the billions of gallons of gasoline which last year activated the millions of automobile motors were distilled, not only out of the refinery stills, but also out of the mathematical equations of the meditative professor. On his visit to America Lord Kelvin remarked that in one hundred years Yale University will be chiefly known for having produced Willard Gibbs, and Yale has paid recent tribute to the memory of her greatest savant by calling one of her new residential colleges by his name. If sentiment counts for anything in business, the Willard Gibbs College ought to become the most richly endowed educational foundation in America.

But what shall we say of the sentiment of Gibbs and Pasteur and Agassiz and

their kind—this strange indifference to the profit motive? Science is dependent on wealth for its material support, laboratories cost money to equip and maintain, and lately it has become increasingly difficult to obtain this necessary wherewithal. Endowments have shrunken, gifts for research are on a reduced scale, the appropriations of the governments for pure science have been curtailed, many scientists have been separated from their jobs as an economy measure, and others have seen their meager salaries cut. If the laborer is not deemed worthy of his hire, may he not set up in business for himself?

Science creates wealth; why then should it not turn its talents to a program of self-support? If some perspiring inventor can take the discoveries of a Faraday, a Maxwell, a Hertz, and other frontiersmen of the laboratory, and by harnessing these gains into practical applications can found new industries or reshape old ones and derive a harvest of profits, why cannot the laboratory take a leaf from this example and do some useful inventing and patenting on its own account?

The answer is that it can—there is no legal barrier to such action—and that several laboratories do. Indeed, many years before there were any signs of the present economic emergency, university research workers were making useful inventions, sometimes patenting them, occasionally selling the patent to the personal profit of the inventor; in some cases offering it for the endowment of other research. The early efforts at this last-mentioned practice met with discouragement—not, so far as I know, on grounds of professional ethics, but rather on the objection that the research institution had no means of utilizing a patent without involving itself in business details outside its function. How that early objection was met and the patent made use of provides the chronological starting point for this discussion.

II

In 1905 a young instructor in chemistry at the University of California was having a hard time to make financial ends meet. If he had been an instructor in English it would have seemed only natural for him to try spare-time writing as a means of picking up extra dollars. An instructor in law would have turned appropriately to legal chores in a law office. Frederick G. Cottrell was a chemist; he felt that his specialty should yield the income needed to eke out his slender salary, and so he began to canvass the field of the chemical industries for a likely opportunity for a patentable improvement.

The sulphuric-acid manufacturers were troubled with a wastage that seemed inevitable to their processes. In the course of its distillation certain mists of the acid went up the flue, were dissipated into the air, and thereby valuable material was lost. Young Cottrell considered possible ways of precipitating these gases and recovering their chemicals, and finally developed the electrical process. By this system an arrangement of metal bars or wires is set within the flue, and when these conductors are electrically charged they attract fine particles and cause them to adhere. Eventually Cottrell found that his process was successful in recovering not only the mists of sulphuric acid, but also the chemical fumes of smelters, the dust of concrete plants, the smoke of furnaces, and other particles incidental to industrial manufacture. Thus a wide range of usefulness opened up to the invention. But these extensions came later, and for the first five years the inventor and three associates of the University of California were struggling to get the thing on its feet in a small way. Cottrell contributed the patents, his associates contributed the money, and before the project was definitely productive some twenty thousand dollars had been put into it. Eventually the invention returned to the promoters their money

twice over, and at the end of five years they found themselves possessed of a promising business. But the very prospect of its expansion became an embarrassment, as the enterprise made more and more demand on the time and thought of its originator.

This may seem a strange reaction to success. Its explanation lies in the fact that Cottrell had never regarded the invention as anything more than a potboiler. During all the period of its development he had clung to his university work. He had no thought of sacrificing his professional future in chemistry to a lucrative commercial opportunity.

Moreover, he has told me, there was in his mind all along a feeling of obligation to the University of California in whose laboratory he had worked out this invention. He and his associates early agreed that the University should share in the ownership of the patents. They considered assigning rights to the University, and conferred with its authorities. But the idea of an educational institution engaging in the business of developing an industrial sideline involved practical difficulties that seemed insuperable.

The inventor, who at an earlier date had prospected the field of industry in search of a patentable improvement, now found himself in the curious position of prospecting the field of science in search of a beneficiary willing to accept the gift of his invention. He offered it to the American Chemical Society, but the organization could see only the difficulties. He tried in turn two of the national engineering societies, asking if they would become trustees for this scientific property and utilize its proceeds for the advancement of technology; but they were equally unwilling to break unplowed ground. At about this time Director J. A. Holmes, of the United States Bureau of Mines, called Dr. Cottrell into consultation on a technical problem, and the inventor took the opportunity to offer his gift again. Dr. Holmes could see no way by which a government bureau could make use of the property, but he suggested an alternative: "Have you thought of the Smithsonian Institution?"

Charles D. Walcott was head of the Smithsonian at this time. He was instantly sympathetic with the idea of the young chemist and submitted the offer to his board of regents. The legal minds there promptly pointed out legal objections: the Smithsonian could not go into the business of manufacturing and installing electrical precipitators. But, suggested one of the business minds on the board, it would be entirely feasible if those interested in the idea were to organize a corporation, turn the patents over to it, let the corporation exploit the patents on a strictly business basis, and contribute its earnings to the Smithsonian treasury.

Out of that suggestion came the founding, in 1912, of the Research Corporation. A group of seventeen men—most of them big business executives, with a sprinkling of engineers and scientists—were the stockholders. Each chipped in to provide a total of ten thousand dollars as the capital stock of this strange corporation which was organized to make money and yet was pledged by its charter never to pay a dividend. All earnings above operating expenses were to be given away for the encouragement and support of scientific research. And, as the charter was drawn, it provided that grants might be made to *any* scientific or educational institution. Thus, instead of being a subsidiary of the Smithsonian, the Research Corporation was launched as an independent foundation empowered to receive patents from any inventors wishing to bestow them, and to employ the returns for the advancement of science. During the period of its existence the corporation has received in this way other patents, and some are now in process of development and utilization.

In its first fifteen years the Research Corporation made only a few small grants

to science. The World War, with its demands for industrial speeding-up rather than of industrial economies, delayed rather than accelerated the progress of this business. Beginning about 1922, activities picked up, and by 1927 earnings were such that the Corporation was able to make its first substantial grant for scientific research, and since then annually it has contributed financial support to investigations in several fields. Thus a grant from the Research Corporation provided equipment for the atom-smashing program which E. O. Lawrence is directing at the University of California. Another grant financed the construction of R. J. van DeGraaff's entirely different atom-smashing machine at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Other awards have gone to J. J. Abel at Johns Hopkins, to Bergen Davis at Columbia, to A. E. Douglas at University of Arizona, to Werner Heisenberg at Leipzig, to Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, and others. Out of its receipts from the Research Corporation, the Smithsonian Institution established in 1929, and has operated continuously since, a new laboratory for study of the influence of radiation on life. Altogether, up to the beginning of 1936, the Research Corporation has distributed more than $750,000 for the furtherance of the sciences.

Dr. Cottrell, I should add, had no official connection with the Research Corporation from its inception in 1912 until its first major grant was made to the Smithsonian in 1929, when he was drafted to serve as consultant in this new project in Washington. Side by side with, but entirely independent of, this Smithsonian activity, there soon grew up under his guidance a technical laboratory and branch office of the Corporation in Washington to give attention to new projects. By 1934 this work had become so distinct from the Corporation's other activities that the latter suggested to the Washington group that they organize themselves into a company and incorporate as such, whereupon the Corporation would make a grant sufficient to provide the capital stock. This was done in 1935. The Washington group, under Cottrell's presidency, organized as Research Associates, Inc., have set up a laboratory on the grounds of the American University far out on the edge of the national city, and already are at work on half a dozen projects. I predict that some enlightening results—not only in the physical and biological sciences, but also in the borderlands of sociology and economics in which this experimenting group also is working—will issue from the unique outpost. The project is exciting on its own account, and interesting also as the most recent product of Cottrell's pot-boiling experiments of thirty years ago. Electrical precipitation has precipitated more than the mists and dusts of industry. It has brought ideas also to materialization. And fundamental among them is this idea of delegating to a separate business corporation the function of owning and commercially exploiting inventions for the support of more research.

III

Functions somewhat similar to those of the Research Corporation have been performed by the Chemical Foundation of New York, and work in several educational and scientific institutions is being supported by grants from this Foundation. The idea moreover has been applied by many universities themselves. At the beginning of 1936, separate patent-holding agencies were operating at the University of Cincinnati, Columbia, Cornell, Iowa State College, Lehigh, Pennsylvania State College, Purdue, Rutgers, University of Utah, University of Wisconsin, and Wittenberg College. In addition, at least a dozen universities were prospecting the field with a view to setting up foundations of their own.

Meanwhile certain other institutions have made their charters broad enough to

permit them to hold patents directly or through committees of their boards or faculties. Thus when Dr. F. G. Banting and his associates of the University of Toronto developed the process of extracting and using insulin in the treatment of diabetes the business management of that invention was turned over to a committee of the University. Similarly, at the St. Louis University Medical School the control of the pharmaceutical substance known as theelin, developed there through the investigations of Dr. E. A. Doisey, was assigned to a committee of the faculty. The Scarlet Fever Committee of the McCormick Institute for Infectious Diseases, at Chicago, holds and licenses the process of immunization developed by Drs. George and Gladys Dick. The State Universities of Illinois and Minnesota, the California and Massachusetts Institutes of Technology, and the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia are among this group in which the institution itself controls, either directly or by a committee, the patents contributed by its research workers.

Thus we find in current use these three contrasting methods of financial control of university patents: 1, the method of the general holding company; 2, the method of the university holding company; and 3, the direct or committee method. Within each grouping many variations of policy are found, the details of administration are by no means standardized, but the three methods are one in their general purpose to make useful inventions of science mother more science.

There may be, and generally are, other purposes. Thus in all these patent policies a foremost objective is the desire to protect the public against spurious substitutes and careless makeshifts. In the case of a new drug or process the possibilities of dilution or contamination or distortion are endless, and by means of a patent the inventor can insure that whatever is offered as the invention is technically right. Indeed, this purpose is implicit in every scientific advance. Accuracy, fidelity to formulæ, purity of ingredients, exactness of processes—these standards are of superlative concern to the scientist. There are instances in which bungling copies of an unpatented invention were made, the effect being to delay for years the full benefits of its use. A patent gives a control over manufacture which mere publication of the invention cannot give; therefore, in cases in which the new device involves the purity of a process or of ingredients it seems reasonable that the public interest is best served by patenting.

But patenting for protection of the public is one thing, and patenting for profit is something quite different—though both ends may be served by the same act. In spite of the critical emergency created by the depression, in spite of the legal right of the scientist to commercialize his inventions, in spite of the fact—which most thoughtful minds recognize, and especially in view of recent revelations of the salaries paid to publishers of tabloid newspapers, editors of digest magazines, moving-picture actresses, advertising agents, cigarette makers, and other caterers—that no compensation can be too great for the wealth-producing and health-conferring activities of the men of the laboratories, in spite of all these considerations there is a stalwart body of opinion among the scientists themselves which opposes any commercial exploitation of the fruits of university research.

The propriety of using research activities as a source of revenue, either for a university laboratory or for its staff members, has been a subject for discussion in scientific circles for years. In 1933 the American Association for the Advancement of Science appointed a committee to study the problem, and its report of forty closely-printed pages, published in 1934, presents a readable summary of the arguments for and against commercialization of university patents.

Again last year, in March, the question was the focus of an all-day conference of scientists at the headquarters of the National Research Council in Washington. The Council has a committee on this vexed problem, and it is understood that the committee's recommendations may be expected to be made public some time in 1936. The present policy of the National Research Council, adopted in 1924, declares its intention "to dedicate to the use of the public, in such manner as the Research Council may deem most effective, the results of such discoveries as are made in the course of investigations conducted under the auspices of the Research Council."

Patent policies are responsible for a considerable wordage in the scientific journals of the past five years. Sometimes the debate waxes hot, and I have even heard of a retraction being demanded and a libel suit threatened—so you may be sure that the argument is not a pacific one. Three years ago Dr. Alan Gregg presented the case against university patents in an article in the weekly *Science*. Many reverberations of his thesis are to be found in subsequent issues of the scientific press, both of America and of Britain. In a later issue of *Science* there appeared on one page a letter from Dr. Yandell Henderson under the title "Patents Are Ethical," in which the author contended that it was entirely proper and equitable that the individual scientist should patent his inventions and profit personally therefrom; while on an adjacent column of the same journal there appeared a letter from Dr. Abraham Flexner under the title "University Patents," in which that author argued with equal conviction against the propriety of any utilization of research as a source of profits. Thus the issue is sharply drawn, and sometimes with strong emotional emphasis, and with eminent protagonists on each side.

The ethical aspect is perhaps the one most frequently argued. It is pointed out that a university derives its support from the public. In the case of a State university or city college, this support is directly received in the form of appropriations from the legislative authority. In the case of an endowed university or research institution, it is indirectly received in the form of exemption from taxation. How much of an obligation to the public do these grants and exemptions involve? Every now and then there is agitation in Cambridge, Mass., for a change in the law which exempts Harvard, Radcliffe, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and other endowed and privately controlled institutions of that city from paying taxes on their real estate —an item representing millions of dollars of assessed valuation. I suppose the same opinion expresses itself in other university communities; and a principal argument against this clamor is the claim that the university is a non-profit institution whose members and whose activities are dedicated to the public services of education and the advancement of knowledge. But if the university is deriving royalties from patents on inventions made in laboratories which constitute part of this exempt real estate the argument loses some of its force.

Not only is there an implicit obligation to the public, but there is an obligation to the donors who supplied funds for building, equipping, and manning the laboratories. Did these contributors of endowment and other financial support understand that they were providing the capital for competitive business enterprises?

Even more fundamental is the obligation to the pioneering professors and the pioneering institutions whose work blazed the trails. It is exceedingly rare that an invention stands solely on the achievements of its inventor. Each culmination in science rests on the contributions of preceding experimenters. Therefore, it is argued, the end man or the end institution in this chain of discovery exhibits an

extreme of presumption, not to say acquisitiveness, when he or it claims an exclusive right to the result. Dr. George R. Minot and Dr. William P. Murphy of the Harvard Medical School discovered the dramatic beneficial effects of feeding liver to victims of pernicious anemia; and as a result of their studies a process of extracting the potent substance from the liver was developed, and the present efficient and convenient method of treating the disease was demonstrated and established. But Minot and Murphy's results were built on the findings of earlier clinical and experimental investigations, including those of Dr. George H. Whipple at Johns Hopkins, California, and Rochester; and Whipple's work in turn rested on other physiological and biochemical discoveries. In strict accounting, a long line of scientific ancestry should be recognized in assigning responsibility and in distributing credit for this recent victory over a disease. The process was given to the public without patenting. And when the Caroline Institute at Stockholm made their appraisal of this contribution, it was Minot, Murphy, and Whipple jointly and equally that they recognized by their award of the Nobel Prize.

Perhaps these distinctions seem finespun. In this world of clamorous property rights, in which the unearned increment is customarily claimed as a matter of course in commercial transactions, it may appear strange to expect the research institution and its members to bend over backward in their appreciation of and conformity to community interest. Certainly every inventor has the *legal* right to patent his invention and to derive from it any financial profit that he can. And if he assigns ownership to his university or any other institution, it has the *legal* right to exploit the property commercially. Ethical standards are internal questions, beyond the strict letter of the law, and can be discussed by outsiders only by way of observation, report, and comment, never by way of recommendation or advice. Science is exacting as well as exact, and we may safely leave the question of their code of ethics for the scientists themselves to decide.

IV

But there are practical aspects to this subject. I think we may rightly identify the public welfare with the welfare of education and research, and proceed on the basis that whatever is best for the real growth and full functioning of the university and the laboratory will be best, in the long run, for man and his civilization. The success and future of these institutions thus become matters of practical concern to all people. And while we may grant that questions of ethics may be internal and professional, we must distinguish a difference between them and questions of efficiency, of productiveness, of the purity and permanence of the output. These latter questions are rightly to be rated as external and public and, therefore, as fit subjects for outside discussion.

Adequate equipment, adequate materials, and adequate staffs of workers are necessary to the efficiency, productiveness, and sustained output of a research institution; and these essentials require financial support. It is also known that even in the most munificent years the total funds made available for the support of scientific research have been puny when compared with such staple items as our annual expenditures for battleships or for whisky or for the services of "beauticians"—to name but three out of scores of statistical headliners. Administrators of research have become accustomed to the role of mendicants, begging from door to door, as it were, for the bare support of scientific work. Sometimes this technic wins a handsome response, frequently it gets some sort of grant; but then again it often fails—for even a generous philanthropist or a rich

foundation must draw the line somewhere.

The dilemma suggested in the foregoing paragraph is one that is faced each year by some of the most competent and high-spirited minds; and a moment's reflection will suggest the incongruity of the situation. Some months ago Dr. Herman Schneider, director of the Institute for Scientific Research of the University of Cincinnati, tellingly presented a research administrator's point of view on this predicament, and through Dr. Schneider's kind courtesy I am permitted to quote from his letter:

> What is one to do if he has a sound basic research program for which he cannot obtain funds? Abandon it—or do as Copernicus did, practice astrology—or, as Pasteur did, go to work for the wine growers? And there are many more examples. I tried hard to get money from foundations, from individuals, from the university budget, but with no success at all. I don't know how it is with other university men, but I do know that to go asking for money is to me a very trying task; and to be turned down makes me want to crawl into a hole. Personally I have a better feeling inside if I can provide the funds myself.
>
> And after all, isn't the spirit of the thing the answer? Sperti and I have got just nothing at all out of this. If anything, we are both out of pocket. The plans we developed in the sale of patents prevent public exploitation. And our whole motive was to further research along paths which were new and, in addition, to give opportunity to other young minds, as well as Sperti's, to whom the good Lord had given research abilities.
>
> And speaking of Tweedledum and Tweedledee—a host of university scientists have patented their discoveries and put the returns in their own pockets, and many others in the humanities have written books and copyrighted them (which is the equivalent of patenting) and they also have kept the returns. And this seems to be entirely ethical—at least I have never heard any flurry about it. But if any of them, through sentimental instability or idealistic idiosyncrasy, spontaneously gives his all to his university, there is a raising of eyebrows here and there and a passing by on the other side. I must admit I am too dumb to get it.

Dr. Schneider's statement puts the case very strongly for university patenting, and has the added force that it is born of experience. For he has demonstrated that fundamental science can produce profitable results. This is the work that was carried through to success by Professor George Sperti, experimenting in the Basic Science Research Laboratory of the University of Cincinnati. Through studies there of the quantum theory of light and the trying out of certain consequences of that theory in biology, Professor Sperti discovered certain facts about irradiating food with selected rays of ultraviolet to produce vitamin D. The process was patented in 1928, was sold to a large manufacturer of foods for a flat sum plus royalties, and during the ensuing years the proceeds from this sale provided the principal financial support for the Basic Science Research Laboratory at Cincinnati.

Even earlier than the Cincinnati patent, was that taken out in 1925 by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation also on a process of irradiating food to produce vitamin D. The invention here was the result of studies made by Professor Harry Steenbock in one of the laboratories at Madison. By 1930 the Wisconsin Foundation was receiving from licensees of the Steenbock patent nearly $1,000 a day—its total royalties for that year were $354,590. The original plan of this Foundation was to allow the royalties to accumulate as an endowment fund, and to use only the investment income derived from this endowment. Such was the procedure followed in the first few years, but in 1933 the whole research program of the University was threatened with drastic curtailment through reduction of State appropriations. In this emergency, $147,500 was made available to the University, and in the following year an additional $177,000. "It is safe to say," writes Mr. W. S. Kies in the *Wisconsin Alumni Magazine*, "that these contributions by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation saved Wisconsin as a great research university."

V

There is no dearth of exemplary demonstrations. But what of the practicability and feasibility of the practice in the long run? Laying aside all questions of tradition, all quibbles of sentiment, what can we conclude as to the ultimate value of university patenting for revenue? Is it efficient? Is it good business?

One answers such questions with other questions. What are research universities for? What is the relationship which they sustain to one another and to the outside world? What is the status of the university scientist in society, and what are the grounds for his right to that recognition?

Several years ago Mr. Gerald W. Johnson, in an unusual newspaper article published in the Baltimore *Evening Sun,* described Johns Hopkins University as "an institution whose energies, in overwhelming proportions, go into unproductive labor, destructive criticism, futile endeavors, bad technic, faulty methods." Extending this startling picture, he ventured, "It is probably conservative to guess that for every successful productive experiment the Hopkins doctors have conducted, they have produced 999 futilities and failures. Once in a thousand times they are right; yet with a batting average of .001 they come very near to leading the league."

And why? Because their search is disinterested, their seeking is for the truth of nature irrespective of its possible utility, and the game itself is more precious than the goal.

More intimately, scientific research is a pursuit to be likened to that of the artist. It merges, to quote again Mr. Johnson, "if not into art, at least into something curiously like the spirit which animates the artist. The scientist, if you please, measures, while the artist creates —but each does his work, *not in order to possess the product,* but simply in order to be working, and working well. Each tries also to do something which has not been done before, which makes for extreme individualism."

A research university is a place which grows this type of mind, which nurtures and facilitates this extreme individualism.

But coupled with the individualism is a collectivism which is just as truly the seal of the scientist and equally indispensable to the full functioning of a laboratory. For science is not only a body of knowledge; it is also a great community, a true internationalism of men and of institutions. "Amid all the sneers at the impracticability and visionary character of communist schemes," remarks Frederick Soddy, "let it not be forgotten that science itself is a communism, neither theoretical nor on paper, but actual and in practice. The results of those who labor in the fields of knowledge for its own sake are published freely and pooled in the general stock for the benefit of all. Common ownership of all its acquisitions is the breath of its life."

Would not a general adoption of the practice of university patenting for revenue stifle this breath of life? The probability that it would seems an inescapable conclusion. Would not secrecies be engendered, and a furtiveness in the relationships between institutions and between investigators become the prevalent attitude? Common sense suggests that they might. The following incident is an instance of an actual outcome.

A professor of science in one of the large universities was visiting a colleague at a distant university. In the course of the visit he was introduced to a young research worker in the latter institution. The young man's researches were in a field in which the professor himself specialized. And as the young man showed his results the professor saw in them something that dovetailed beautifully with a discovery that he himself had recently made at his own university but had not yet published. Normally he would have told the young man about it

then and there. But—this young man's university practices a policy of patent exploitation, and already was deriving considerable income from that source. The bit of knowledge which the professor had turned up, if pieced together with the work which the young man had done, would provide the complete basis for another patent which might considerably enhance the reputation and personal income of the young man—for in this university a percentage of the royalties from productive patents goes to the inventor. Was it unnatural if the professor in this situation kept his results to himself? Sharing of new knowledge becomes a one-sided game when patents are in the reckoning.

Coupled with this threat to the cooperativeness of science is another possible consequence, a hazard that was pointed out by Sir Walter Fletcher, speaking at the Celebration of Medical Progress at the University of Pennsylvania. "If financial gain comes to a university in that way," he said, "there must arise, moreover, the grave dangers of a vicious influence affecting the outlook of all the individual workers within it. It will be difficult for them not to feel that the university will be more inclined to reward by pay or promotion him who makes some addition to knowledge of an immediately profitable kind rather than him who works for the sake of knowledge itself. Nothing could be more disastrous than this, as we know, to the advancement of knowledge itself, and in the long run, indeed, to the material gains of the world."

I make no distinction in this article between medical research and other scientific research, because our premise admits of no such distinction. The physicist needs the interchange of knowledge with his fellows equally with the surgeon, and the chemist no less than the medical researcher finds joy and satisfaction in following his bent. The investigator of nature, whatever his field and wherever his specialty, must be untrammeled, free, free to drop a project or a result when it turns out to be of less value than his judgment in its early enthusiasm supposed, free to use any other worker's result with the confidence that he can never be reproached for exploiting it to selfish gain, free to follow his curiosity and to apply his talent wherever they may lead.

Society grants the university scientist this freedom in the expectation that he will give himself unreservedly to the sort of seeking that university research has come to mean. As Dr. Alan Gregg has put it, "The honor of professional status rests precariously upon a tacit understanding that in exchange for his liberality and unselfishness the professional man will receive from society the freedom of protection and support. It is the strength and well-nigh the glory of the university as an institution that it has found a means of reconciling and adjusting the precious qualities of individualism with the claims of society."

Scientific research, as a recognized full-time occupation, is one of the youngest of the professions. It has come up out of the basements and garrets of the early experimenters, and has attained status among the most honored of the callings of man. Perhaps the laboratory *is* pressed with economic necessity—but is that warrant for changing its charter? Possibly it *can* support itself handsomely and independently—but can it survive the shiftings of bases and the readjustments of outlook which commercialization entails? One of its greatest glories is its intellectual integrity and independence—but can this reputation continue unsullied in the clash of competitive sales campaigns of patented commodities, infringement suits, and other contentions of the marketplace in which the financial interest of the research institution is on one side of the dispute?

This question of patenting must have been suggested to Marie Curie, as it was to Pasteur, the friend of her husband.

For in her autobiography the explorer of radioactivity and the discoverer of radium and polonium has this to say: "So it is a fortune we have sacrificed in renouncing the exploitation of our discovery, a fortune that could, after us, have gone to our children. But what is even more to be considered is the objection of many of our friends that if we had guaranteed our rights we could have had the financial means of founding a satisfactory institute of radium, without any of the difficulties which have been such a handicap to us—and are still a handicap to me. Yet I still believe we have done right. Humanity surely needs practical men who make the best of their work for the sake of their own interests, without forgetting the general interests. But it also needs dreamers for whom the unselfish following of a purpose is so imperative that it becomes impossible for them to give much attention to their own material benefit."

Here we have the whole problem in epitome. A scientist who had known what it was to be handicapped by insufficient equipment and meager support—the question of personal profit weighed —the question of institutional support considered—and the decision to renounce exploitation and struggle on for some better answer to those questions. I still believe that her decision was right.

SUDDEN SPRING

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

NOW at the end of winter I turned the corner
And there was spring! There spring had suddenly lit
Spearheads of green on the hills, and I was the mourner
At one more resurrection, beholding it.
Though I saw a thousand springs and a thousand summers
Dying before the glory they promised began,
With the frost lopping petals and wings from the eager comers,
I would know no better this punctual vigilant span.
There have been amulets made against the winter,
And talismans cunningly wrought for the dolorous season.
There is no charm, no sorcerer's spell to stint or
Take away this terror that has no reason,
This turning the corner and finding a sudden spring,
And knowing that it will die, and that death is no such thing.

A LETTER FROM HITLER

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

IT BEGAN in Berlin in August, 1931. A newspaper syndicate offered me a bonus for a series of signed interviews with Dr. Bruening, then Chancellor, Ernst Thaelmann, head of the Communist Party, and Adolf Hitler, on the outlook in Germany during the next months. The first two interviews were not difficult to secure, but at that time Hitler was flitting from Munich to Berlin and back, giving no interviews, keeping both his whereabouts and his opinions secret. It did no good to point out to his lieutenants the desirability of wide-spread publicity through an American syndicate. Herr Hitler was giving no interviews. He would give no interviews. He did not want publicity.

Without that interview the series had no point; Hitler's opinions were the most important of the three.

"Brown might be able to help," one of the correspondents said. "He has more contacts than anyone in the city."

"A German?"

"No, an American. I'll have him call you if I run into him. I don't know where he lives. He's always dropping in with some information or other or a tip for a story."

Every journalist who has worked in foreign capitals knows the type of tipster who brings rumors and rumors of rumors in exchange for a little spending money. He is usually a native, often titled. He seems to know everyone and everything that goes on and he is always glad to supply whatever is wanted, whether introductions or information. He asks little money. No gossip escapes him. What someone said to the Foreign Minister and what he replied can be turned into a few dollars, a few drinks, or a meal. He is an amateur and he is almost always a gentleman. Very seldom does he touch the harsher and more professional business of supplying secret documents or papers stolen from the Chancellery safe.

The hotel porter had a message for me a few afternoons later. "A Mr. Brown called. He waited several hours and while waiting he had lunch. He said you'd pay the bill." He handed me a luncheon check for four dollars. "He said you could find him at five at Café König."

Three men sat at a corner table in the König. One of them rose and came toward me as I entered and looked round. "I'm Robert Harris Brown."

A first glance at him turned, unconsciously, into a stare. He was past fifty, tall and slender. The skin on his face was drawn as tight as the covering on a ball and it had a purplish tone like flesh to which a tourniquet has been too long applied. Every bone in his face stood out, making it a strange relief map of ridges and hollows, of shadows and highlights. His bony chin bristled with a two-day gray stubble. His clothes were neat but gave the impression that they were the last of a wardrobe.

"I'm glad you've come," he began.

"I'm with a couple of important men you ought to know."

He introduced me to his friends. I recognized both by name. They were high in the Nationalist party, the now defunct group of Hugenberg. When they spoke to Brown they used the intimate *du*. Brown spoke fluent German and in a moment the conversation was back to politics. Then they began an argument and Brown turned to me.

"I get tired of this endless chatter about how to get the party in power out and themselves in. Are you long from the States? I haven't been there since 1916. Married a German lady in China and after the War we came here. I'd love to go back for one reason, to see a football game! I was Harvard, 1902, and I played a bit. I'll tell you about it some time." He turned again to his friends.

"Hitler has no chance of coming to power," one of them said.

Brown smiled. "He will be in power in the next three years."

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"No, but I know many people who do. You'd like to meet him?"

"Very much if I could get a signed interview."

"That can be arranged, I think." He dropped his voice. "By the way, will you take the check here? I brought these men as my guests and I—uh, left my wallet at home."

I paid the check, for seventy cents. The group broke up and Brown walked with me down the Linden to my hotel.

"Why don't we have dinner together?" he suggested.

I agreed. He took me to an unfamiliar restaurant where the food was excellent, the prices high. He acted the generous and expansive host. He knew Rhine wines and he ordered a magnificent dinner. The check, later, came to me.

He talked entertainingly of people he knew in Berlin and he seemed to know everyone. He dropped several casual remarks that sounded like leads for good stories. Only at the dinner, after he had argued with the waiter over the brand of *Danziger goldwasser* which he wanted for a liqueur, did he mention the Hitler interview.

"It can be arranged," he said slowly, "but not without cost."

I waited, wondering how much he would ask.

He read the look on my face. "Oh, no, I don't mean that—it's my pleasure. I mean, you'll have to make a contribution to the funds of the Nazi Party. I'll find out how much by to-morrow and call you during the day."

I asked questions about Brown the next morning. He was a Harvard graduate and the black sheep of a once-wealthy family. He had married a German and come to Berlin from China, but his wife had soon chased him out. For some years he had had a monthly remittance from home, but that had stopped. He had once put his passport up for security at a tailor's and had lost it and he would not go near the Consulate to apply for a new one. What papers he carried or where or how he lived were all unknown. He did know the Germans he claimed as friends. Possibly he did small favors for them; possibly he was a good audience; perhaps they too profited from his stock of gossip. They were not fooled by him but, accepting him for what he was, they seemed to like him. For services rendered his charges were small: a meal here and there, drinks, a five-dollar "loan."

"And is it customary to pay Hitler for interviews?" I asked.

"It may be a new ruling. I know that some news photographers who wanted shots of the Nazi leaders were asked to contribute to the party fund."

Brown came to my hotel at lunch time. "Just happened by," he said with a smile. He joined me at lunch. "Thanks to some friends of mine the interview can be arranged if you'll contribute two hundred marks to the Nazi Party."

That was only fifty dollars. I agreed.

"If you'll let me have the money now, I'll have a receipt for you to-night. You will have the interview before the end of the week." Then he began to talk of football. He knew the details of every game Harvard had played in the past ten years.

That evening he sent me a receipt, signed by one Schmertz, treasurer of a Nazi fund, for two hundred marks. A few days later he 'phoned, "You are to see Hitler at the Kaiserhof at four to-morrow."

Hitler's secretary, a nervous little man who clattered like a teletype, introduced me. Herr Hitler paced back and forth in an almost unfurnished room. He wore black, which set off rosy cheeks against a dead white face. A lock of hair over his forehead frequently got in his way and he pushed it carefully aside. In civilian clothes he appeared far slimmer than in pictures in uniform.

The secretary read to him from my list of questions. None of them was particularly provocative. Hitler answered like a man who has lost all conversational tones. Everything was double or triple forte except the greeting and the farewell. *Er brillt,* as the Germans say.

"A Fascist government in France and a Nazi government in Germany—then the two nations would understand each other. . . .

"The Jews? Can you shoot flies with machine guns? By the way, you aren't Jewish, are you? Your name is the same as that of the Jew police commissioner here. . . .

"Put the unemployed on the marginal land. . . .

"Between Germany and the United States there should be nothing but increasingly good relations. . . ."

The secretary said softly, "That was your last question."

"Thank you."

"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

I added, "I shall write this and send it over for your signature."

"Certainly. With pleasure."

I sent a copy of the interview and felt satisfied. Hitler had said nothing startling but it was the first interview he had given for many months.

Four hours later a messenger brought me an envelope. In it were the pages of the interview. Every line and every paragraph was crossed out, not neatly but savagely, with many blurs and blots. One line remained: "Between Germany and the United States there should be nothing but increasingly good relations." Signed, Adolf Hitler. For that astounding fact I had paid two hundred marks. Possibly some of the things said did look brusque on paper but I had written them as they were spoken.

I wrote Herr Hitler a note, stating that, having paid money for an interview, I should like one worth printing.

The answer to that note came fast. In an hour the toughest looking gentleman I have ever seen was in my room, backed by five others who looked as if their faces had been stepped on and they had enjoyed the experience. The leader was Ernst Roehm (shot in the "blood purge" in 1934).

"What is this insulting note?" Roehm snarled. "What do you mean, you paid for an interview?"

I explained.

"*Quatsch!* Herr Hitler does not sell interviews like a Jewish scientist. Give me that receipt." He tossed two hundred marks on the table. "There is your money. That is all. There will be no interview."

He called me the next day. "That receipt is a forgery. There is no record of such a payment and no one named Schmertz. Please return the money I gave you yesterday to the Kaiserhof. You must get your money back from Brown."

I wanted very much to see Brown. None of the correspondents had seen him.

No one knew where he lived. He had mentioned a café near Potsdamerplatz that he liked, and I dropped in there each day at five. After a week I found him, discussing politics with three friends.

He smiled when he saw me. "Sit down. Here are three very important people you ought to know. Tell me, did you have your interview?"

"Yes, I had it. And I want two hundred marks back."

The color left his face and it was white as lard. I told him what had happened.

"My God, this is awful. I thought everything would be all right. I needed that money for a lady friend, you understand. No one in Berlin would ever give me fifty dollars. I'll pay it back somehow."

"Why didn't you ask me for fifty dollars to arrange it?"

"I'd never ask a thing like that from a fellow-American." His hands were twitching and his long white fingers fluttered like castanets. "This is the first time— I'll try to arrange another interview. Or is there anybody else you'd like to meet?" He piled apology on apology. Then he smiled. "Come over to the table and meet a man you ought to know, formerly first secretary of the German embassy in Paris."

I sent two hundred marks, with a note of apology, to the Kaiserhof the next day.

I left Berlin for Latvia, to do a series of articles on the Baltic states. After two weeks in Riga I was about to start for Warsaw and a vacation. In my mail were two letters, forwarded from Berlin. One was from my editor, suggesting a series on the Polish corridor. The other was in a brown envelope, postmarked Munich. The inscription on the envelope, "N.S.D.A.P.," the abbreviation for the full name of the Nazi party, I did not notice closely.

"Herr Hitler has received your note of apology," that letter said, "and the two hundred marks. He wants it understood that under no circumstances will he give you an interview. A draft for two hundred marks is herewith enclosed."

I regretted that such a mistake had occurred and returned the draft to the Munich address with a short note. Then I left for Warsaw.

The officials in the Polish Foreign Office were very hospitable. They furnished all available statistics on the Corridor question and each day sent to my hotel a package of books on various phases of it. I told them I wanted to travel through the Corridor, and they seemed pleased that an American correspondent should take that trouble. When I was ready to leave I went to the Foreign Office to speak my thanks.

"We would like someone from our office to accompany you through the Corridor," an official said politely. "You will learn more."

"It's really not necessary."

"Oh, we insist." I did not like his tone of voice. "We wouldn't think of anything else. Our Mr. Bron will meet you at the station to-night."

I returned to my hotel and found a letter, with N.S.D.A.P. on the brown envelope. "Herr Hitler wants it understood for the last time," the letter said, "that under no circumstances will he give you an interview. The draft for two hundred marks is herewith returned to you."

I wondered whether the inscription on the envelope had had anything to do with the tone of voice at the Foreign Office and the insistence on a traveling companion. The envelope showed no signs of having been opened, but the hotel clerk would notice any mail from the Nazi Party. I sent the draft back to Munich.

Mr. Bron was waiting at the station. He was a very charming young man, seemingly glad of a chance to travel. He was very talkative so long as we discussed two subjects: facts about the Corridor to prove that it was indisputably Polish and that

the Germans had no claim to it; and my activities in Berlin.

"Take a telephone directory in Bydgoszcz. You'll find few German names in it. Where's the German population? What right have the Germans to a city almost completely Polish?" He could blow himself white-hot at the idea. Then, a little later, "You must meet a lot of interesting people in Berlin. Have you ever met Bruening? Do you know Dr. Schacht?" And, casually, "Have you ever, by chance, met Hitler?"

"Yes, I've met him." I added no details.

"Indeed! How did he impress you? We shall have trouble if he gets into power." He glowered at the idea. "Perhaps you know Ernst Roehm?"

"I've met him."

"Indeed!"

After a week in the towns of the Corridor we reached Danzig, a free city where Poles and Germans live in the tension of a prize fight in its fifteenth round. After a week with Bron I knew the Polish side of the Corridor story backward. He had written several books on the subject and I knew them too. And Bron knew the name of every person I had ever met in Berlin, where I went, what I saw, and what I wrote.

I thought we should part in Danzig, but Bron took the hotel room next to mine. Each day he arranged excursions and provided automobiles and motorboats to see the city, its environs, and its harbor. A group of Poles accompanied us, and statistics on the rights of the Poles now came in chorus.

I wanted to hear the German side of the story. Across the border, in East Prussia, are the little towns of Marienburg and Marienwerder. I meant to stay in each town a few days and then go on to Königsberg. The Governor of the district, Dr. Behrend, lived in Marienwerder and I wanted to talk with him. When Bron was not about I called long-distance to the Governor and was told that if I wished to see him I should have to come down the next afternoon.

I explained to Bron that I was about to leave for East Prussia and Königsberg.

"Excellent," he beamed. "I will come with you as far as Marienwerder. I have not been abroad for so long." Then, innocently, "By the way, do you know Dr. Behrend, the Governor?"

"I expect to see him," I said bluntly, wishing I had not used the telephone.

"I'll go with you to Marienwerder. I'd like to see the Polish consul there. He's an old friend of mine."

There was no way to get rid of him. Together we crossed the ten miles to East Prussia and walked the streets of Marienburg. We went through the ancient castle of the Teutonic Knights while the German guide pointed out the damage to the castle caused by the Poles in their attacks in the fifteenth century, "those same filthy scoundrels who have our Deutschland in their corridor." Bron seemed unhappy but he was in a foreign country now.

I remembered that I had given Marienburg as one of my forwarding addresses, and before we took the train to Marienwerder, twenty miles away, I stopped at the post office. Bron followed.

"Is there any mail for me?" I asked the old postmaster.

"Oh! Oh, you've come!" The greeting was surprisingly warm. "There is mail and there is one telegram for you."

He pushed a parcel of mail under the grille. "The telegram is a money order, forwarded from Berlin. Wait. I took good care of it."

I was expecting no money. Bron was busily reading the public notices on the board by the window.

"Here it is, two hundred marks," the old man smiled and sputtered. "You must sign here. Pardon me, but I couldn't help noticing that the money was sent by the Brown House in Munich. Tell me, do you know *Der Führer*? Have you seen him?"

I nodded. I signed his book but my hand shook.

"There was no message with the money. I must shake your hand. Some day perhaps I shall shake His hand."

He pushed two hundred marks under the grille and extended his hand.

I took the money as calmly as possible. Bron, two feet away, could not conceal what went on in his mind. He had been traveling for ten days with a man who received money by telegram from Hitler! There was nothing to say and I said nothing. Bron asked no questions, feeling sure that he knew what he wanted to know, but we were far from the Polish police now.

In silence we rode to Marienwerder. An automobile was waiting for me at the station and I had to say good-by to Bron. I thanked him for the many courtesies.

"Don't mention it," he said and walked away. I drove to the Governor's residence.

For three hours Dr. Behrend talked about the Corridor, insisting that it was German and had always been German. He had a series of maps on display showing the results of archeological researches in the region.

"Remains two thousand years old show that this land was inhabited by Germans, long before the Poles ever emerged from their swamp. That's the best argument." Then a flood of statistics followed.

I was confused.

At the end of the interview the Governor said graciously, "My chauffeur will drive you to the station."

I thanked him and we started to the railroad. Since leaving Bron I had felt unhappy. I did not want to be blacklisted in Warsaw. Yet the explanation of that telegram was so complicated and so ridiculous . . . I decided to attempt it.

"Instead of the station," I called to the chauffeur, "drive me to the Polish consulate."

He nodded.

I met Bron again and told him the story. He smiled and insisted that such misunderstandings are always possible, that they are sometimes embarrassing, "and, by the way, what did Dr. Behrend have to say? The Germans are such liars!"

I returned to Berlin.

"You'd better hurry down to the Foreign Office," a journalist told me. "They've been hunting all over for you. They had a rumor that you were spying for the Poles in East Prussia!"

I hurried to the Foreign Office. An official whom I knew slightly was very cordial, with that sort of sticky cordiality that means to stay close by until it gets what it wants.

"You've been in the Corridor and East Prussia? Charming country, isn't it?" Then, bluntly, "You saw Dr. Behrend? Then you went from his house to the Polish consulate where a member of the Polish intelligence service was staying." He stated it as a fact, not a question. "So we heard."

"Listen, I'll tell you a story." I repeated the details about the two hundred marks.

"Oh, of course, those misunderstandings occur." He did not believe the story. "By the way, what did the Pole tell you? Those Poles are such liars!"

"I'll tell you later. Do you believe what I told you?"

"Why—my dear sir—"

"Do you know any of Hitler's associates?"

He nodded.

"Then take this two hundred marks and see that its gets to him and stays there, will you?" I handed him the money.

He smiled. "With pleasure. And may we have the pleasure of sending you a few books on the Corridor question?"

A letter reached me three months later, in a brown envelope, with N.S.D.A.P. on the cover. ". . . thanking you for your contribution to the party fund . . ." It was signed by Hitler's secretary.

TO LIVE ALONE

A STORY

BY NANCY HALE

JULIA LEIGHTON had been in New York for more than four months before she found anyone to be her friend. By the time she met Abel Cram and his wife she was almost crazy with loneliness, fatigue, distaste, and the cancerous doubt that had driven her to the verge of going back to Salem and giving up all idea of trying to be an artist.

The night she met the Crams might well have been her breaking-point; Mrs. Crystal, whose secretary she was by day in order to study art in a night-class, asked her, near dusk, to fill in at that dinner party. Julia went home to her wretched little room on Thirty-Sixth Street to dress. Something about the docility with which she had said yes to her employer, and the shameful eagerness she felt to skip, for once, the weary three hours at the night-class suddenly made her lean in her pink silk slip against the painted window-frame and look out in despair at the night scene that was for her a portrait of disappointment and impotency: the Chrysler Building, the Chanin Building, black bulks of other buildings, their blurred lights shining cold and meaningless against the hard night sky.

She knew how much she needed a friend. Gradually she had had to face the peculiar lacks of her own nature, although in Salem she had felt omnipotent.

She knew, now, that she was not self-sufficient. She had all the talent she needed, but without someone's close interest, without encouragement, it was a talent that turned feeble and sick; it did not nourish itself. She was too pretty to have learned to rest with an iron weight on talent, as a sole salvation.

Four months' loneliness had destroyed her spirit, and all she wanted now was to live pleasantly and have friends. She went about her dressing feeling numb, realizing that she had lost, taking a warm bath, shivering under a cold shower, drawing on her only good pale stockings, the pattern of her four months in New York flickering through her mind dully. Deep and sharp in her heart she really knew that she could not stand any more of it, that now soon, perhaps to-morrow, she would buy the ticket, take the train, go back, and for the rest of her life defend her pride by calling it a lark.

It had never been a lark. It never would be.

With sureness and enthusiasm she had quickly laid out her life on arriving in New York. The job as secretary to the editor of a fashion magazine, that paid for the room which wasn't nice at all (but what would she care for a room when she was working so hard, at last, at painting?), that paid for the three-hour class every night under Bertram Worden, the particular man she had wanted to learn from, and that filled her day with work, work, hard work. Work had been all she

thought of greedily in those days that were so curiously far away. . . . Work, work, work, she thought now, buttoning the three buttons of her pink silk drawers, one, two, three. Work, work, work.

She had known very soon that the daytime job was something to hate. Hard, clever women, obsessed with the particular cut of articles of wear—waved, red-fingernailed, a little hoarse, overbearing, immaculate, and quite fanatic; it was something so foreign to Julia that she was made sometimes aghast, sometimes horribly amused, sometimes sick. But there wasn't any time to look for another job; besides, it shouldn't matter; besides, she might not find another; besides, she must simply learn not to care so much; besides—and in the meantime the diseased quality of the atmosphere infected her and helped to destroy her spirit, make her weary and afraid and ill as she was now. . . . There had been no friend there.

By seven o'clock in the evening she used to be at the studio. It was an immense, echoing place at the top of a great office building, glaring with glassy radiance, high and filled with the tiny absorbed sounds of work: the scraping of an easel along the concrete floor, the hitching of the model's chair as she adjusted it on the stand, the thin long drag of sharpened charcoal along paper, the sudden tramp of someone's feet across the room, an asthmatic cough, someone breathing through his teeth. The students worked in a broad ragged semi-circle, all in that large strange void, the lower part lit with harsh blue-white light and the upper part dim and high and intangible where the skylights slanted against the gray New York night.

The students were a tired, intent lot, breathing hard as they worked, not joking or singing together or taking a little time off for a smoke, or making friends in any of the ways that other classes in other places at other times of day would. These worked with a sort of weary determination. They shifted their feet heavily under the easels, not glancing at one another. Sweating, soiled, wearing clothes harsh with the day's dust, they worked as if they were working against time. They had only those three hours at night to give.

Almost none of them was very good. Most of them seemed self-taught. Their faces were almost agonized; they smeared and grunted and scraped out and looked unhappy and desperate as the round electric clock above the door went click . . . click . . . click. . . .

Julia used to work intensely too, and all alone. In that class they could do as they wished, paint or draw in any medium they chose; and with that sense of hurry and fatigue which was in the air she used to set up a small painting one night, look at it with terrible disappointment the next, and do a series of red-chalk drawings, tear those up the next night, and spend a quarter of an hour feverishly sharpening charcoal. There was such a sense of oppression and panic haste. . . . Far away there was the steady moan of rushing motors, the sad sound of the horns, and the occasional insistent whistle in the night. Something was pushing at them, pushing at them, so that nothing they did ever seemed very good.

Twice a week round nine o'clock Worden would come in to give criticism. That tiny door in the great high wall would creep open and the little tired man would come in. They hardly looked, they were hurrying so, they were so impatient and discontent. He would go around the semi-circle from one to the next, and in that room his voice could hardly be heard by the others; besides, they never listened, but worked, worked, because the clock went on, tick . . . tick . . . toward ten o'clock when they had to stop.

He would sit in front of Julia's work; he seemed pleased with it, but he was tired, and he never picked flaws; he did not really help her. He stared at the easel, his legs planted apart, nodding a

little, nodding, holding the brush and making little dead gestures, saying "Yes . . . yes . . . you seem to have it right." Once he said, "A little bit the quality of a Rembrandt etching," and nodded, got up, dragged on to the next student.

When it was ten o'clock none of them would move immediately but go on working, quicker, their heads still nearer to the smeary canvases; but then someone always came and snapped out the big strong lights, so that there was only a little dull light beside the door. Their work disappeared into shadow before their eyes; their hands fell against their thighs, interrupted and exhausted. Then they all stretched and lifted their pictures down from the easels slowly, and put them away in stacks next to the green tin lockers that belonged to the students who painted in the daytime, by daylight, when these night students were working. They all went home then silently.

They had no energy to give to friendships or to singing in class or to any of those things.

Julia, in all those four months, felt herself being made sick by this hopelessness and exhaustion. She knew she was not learning anything. She knew she ought to change, that there must be something better for her in this city. But somehow the work of the day and the work of the night seemed to have drugged her, so that she could feel that they were wrong but did not ever know what to do about it. Less and less she knew what to do. She was only lost.

She used to walk home slowly along the bright cold sidewalks, with her feet heavy and her back sore from the three hours' intensity. The little spots of mica glittered in the city pavement under the arc-lights, that glared without flickering. She smelled the dead gassy smell, walking slower, slower, so as not to come home too soon to that room.

Then she used to realize dully what was the matter with her. She was not complete alone. She had the talent, the things she needed, but all alone she could not aim them, refresh them; she could only go on working in the way she had begun. She needed someone to help her. She needed someone to tell her. She needed someone to make her mind fresh again when it had gone stale from work and loneliness.

She knew she needed a friend, but there did not seem to be a friend anywhere. There was always Salem.

The room when she went into it was large and warm and bright with soft light; a great many people were sitting in it, the women in deep warm colors of wine and purple and yellow. This was the first party of any sort that Julia had been to in four months.

She felt awkward and suspicious, principally because she was so deeply distrustful of Mrs. Crystal, and dreaded an enlargement of the brittle, tinny atmosphere of the office. For all she knew, these would be people who twittered at her and raved of the divine and the amusing. She went away from Mrs. Crystal's hospitable, patronizing handshake and sat down in a miniature gray-silk sofa before the fire that snapped and twinkled in a tiny gaiety. Inside, secretly, she felt herself surrounded by a new safety; she found she was saying to herself: None of this matters, for I am going home to Salem, where it is pleasant, where it is kind, where it . . .

Mrs. Crystal introduced Abel Cram. Someone handed her a cocktail in a glass with a fantastic long stem. In four minutes she was happy and gay as she had not been in so very long.

He was exaggeratedly thin and pale; he had dark good brown eyes and his own way of laughing. He was not young, but he had a deep sympathetic curiosity; she was telling him everything, all of it, as she had thought she would never tell anybody. Not sighing over it, but joking at her misfortunes, and then she was asking him, and laughing, whether he didn't

think it was shameful for one to work on a fashion magazine—I mean, one who pretends to care about things that are supposed to be better.

He laughed too, but so gently and as if he knew just why she had asked, as if he were in on all the secret of her particular loneliness and her particular distaste for that particular kind of office—somehow with more sympathy than she had ever felt before.

"Oh, no, not shameful, just awful," he said, lowering his voice and making a face at Mrs. Crystal's lovely back. "Sometimes you find yourself doing something like that. Mallarmé used to work on a fashion magazine—the *Bon Ton.*"

They both laughed.

"It's all in planning one's life to avoid those things," he said. "You can't always do it for yourself. People need friends to help them out of holes like that."

"I know," she said and stared at him breathless. She did not know what was happening but she knew she had a friend now.

By the end of the evening she had two. Abel and his wife Anita, the tall, still woman who seemed to be older than Abel, but was curiously like him, as if perhaps she had copied his sympathy, or he had copied hers. They seemed to be very close together, they spoke in "we's," and they sat after dinner and talked, gently, affectionately, to her and had her whole story out of her in no time. She knew they liked her; they watched her together, as if somehow they needed her as much as she needed them. They took her home from the party in a big shiny car; they said good-by and made dates for approaching days. "It will make us feel good to have someone as young as you around," Anita said.

In bed she lay, without once having stopped to stare out of that dreary window, and thought to herself, smiling in the dark, about the liquid, clear look of friendship in Abel's eyes. And of course, Anita, too. She didn't like Anita quite so much, she was horrid not to. But she was too wise, too helpful, and too sure to be right. It was not something you entirely trusted. Suddenly she felt it was because Anita would always be right about things, that if you did what Anita said you would succeed at what you did; but Abel knew what the special thing was that you wanted, he knew that although he might not always be able to tell you how to get it. . . . She went off to sleep and she did not think of Salem at all any more.

Late in the afternoons she would go round to the Crams' cool white apartment, after her office work was over, and talk and drink a cocktail, and they would give her a plate of hot nourishing little sandwiches before she had to go away to her night class. They would receive her so warmly, so affectionately; there was no doubt of how glad they were to see her.

She grew prettier and gayer. They used to sit opposite her in their long, white room, slumped comfortably in their rough white chairs, and watch her, both of them looking happy, and make her talk of what she wanted to do, about her painting. A little at a time, they began changing things in her life that had made her miserable.

"Worden isn't honestly the man you need," Anita said. "He's a good painter but too burnt out by his own work to give anything to teaching. Naturally you are unhappy there. There's nothing to lift you. Now if you will let us we are going to make arrangements to have you enter Rampe's class. It's at night too, darling, if you *must* work at night."

They did that for her.

A little later they did still more.

"There would be at least two groups that want to work from a model," Anita said. "Perfect dubs of course, society ladies who want to say they draw. You're just what they need to run their classes, see to everything. And of course they would be evening classes. Then you

could work in the daytime, in Rampe's day class."

They changed her whole life into something that moved swiftly, whose beautiful current she would not have altered for a moment. Anita thought of so many things, found the other pretty room at no more a week, the lovely little cheap dresses. Anita really did all of it.

Abel would only sit there, slumped down in the deep white chair by the fireplace, and smile across at her, from his eyes into hers, and ask her the right questions, make the right, the true answers, as somehow Anita never could. But Anita was more than an angel. She was sure and practical and always right, and she made Julia's life from something that had nearly finished her into something that was moving fast, fast, toward wonderful things. . . . She was the best pupil in Rampe's class and she knew that Rampe was pushing her. The days of Mrs. Crystal's office and the sad little room, the dreary black nightscape of skyscrapers and all the bitter loneliness —all of them were very far away now.

She almost never saw Anita and Abel separately. They were always together and they did what they did together, Anita always close by Abel's side. They were, together, her good friends.

But once she went round there in the afternoon and Anita was alone. It seemed strange with Abel not there, and Anita seemed nervous and not her whole self with Abel away.

Julia had to say something then about what she felt about all they had done for her, and she said a little, stumbling over her gratitude. It was hard to talk to Anita alone . . . and so easy to talk and talk when Abel was there.

Anita looked at her so quietly; she felt something suddenly that was almost pitiful in Anita.

"We love to do anything we can," she said. "We love to . . . We like to watch life, you know. We like to watch people like you going on and doing things; that's really our life, and it's all we want to be able to help you. We sit together and talk people over, and watch . . . that's really all our life." Anita was not young. Julia wondered how much older she was than Abel. Five years or perhaps ten. It was amazing how much Anita loved Abel. You could see it in her eyes and in her calm when he was there, and you could see it in her painfully lost look and the way she watched the little white metal clock on the mantel when he was not there.

And yet she had not anything to make her sad or restless when they were always close together and devoted. No matter if she were a little older, Anita had Abel for her husband, and nobody could want more than Abel, Julia thought. She sat in her chair with her cocktail, one afternoon a little later, and wondered, looking across at Abel smiling, why Anita was restless when he was away and uncertain. Nobody could want more than Abel for a husband, just to have him, because he was true and right and his eyes were so gay and brown.

"I think it's wonderful," Anita said, and her voice was sharp in the warm softness of the lazy room. "You've only been with Rampe for a little more than three months, and he thinks—I wonder if you know all he thinks, Julia. We saw him at a dinner last night, didn't we, Abel?"

"Yes," he said absently. He squinted up his eyes and threw a cigarette stub, ping, into the precise center of the red-and-yellow fire. "Yes. The old boy appears to think pretty damn highly of you, Julia. I don't know . . ."

Anita leaned forward and laid her hand on Julia's arm. She was a very handsome woman, thin and tall, and fine-drawn in her face; a little tired-looking all the time, as if she used herself up in some eternal effort.

"Darling, I think he would move you into the little painting class—you know, his special one that has only the James man and two others. You know what

that means. You'd be ready to show, he'd make you ready to show and help you to arrange it—oh, in a few months. I know he's going to invite you. You're on your way, darling."

Julia drew her breath in quickly. Her mind reeled a little at the rhythm she felt herself moving in, faster, faster, all the longed-for things opening up to her in a twinkling. There seemed to be no stopping now. The Crams were her friends. Abel jumped up on his feet with a harsh movement.

"You ought not to do it. Refuse him if he asks you. You're not ready for it. He'd push you too quick—you need another year of grinding away in the mill. You know you do. Don't let yourself rush at things. There's no hurry. If you once get started showing, being known, you'll never get a chance again to learn the long slow fundamentals, learn them slowly. You've got to move slowly, thoroughly. Rampe's good as hell. He can teach you all you need. But he'll hurt you if you let him push you too quick, and he will; he gets too enthusiastic and spoils some of his best pupils that way."

Julia looked at him. He stood in front of her, thin and stooping in his intensity, staring hard into her face with those brown eyes. All of his face was twisted and strained with feeling. Julia felt something jerk at her heart.

"You're so good to me," she stammered. "It upsets me so—to see you really care about me. I don't see why you do. I don't know what I'd do without you."

She was almost crying. It was Anita who pulled things back into lightness and laughter.

"Darling! What should we do without you? You're our little career. We're just selfish as the devil. A lovely young brilliant thing like you in the house all the time—think of all we get!"

But Abel went on standing there, tense and staring at her, his hand pushing so hard against the mantelpiece that the thin bones stood out in it like the spokes of a fan.

"You won't do it, will you? It would spoil so much for you in the end. You'd never be as good as you might be."

"I won't," Julia said. She smiled up at his face with tears in her eyes; she smiled with everything she had hard into his eyes; he looked so dear and . . . he always knew the thing you really wanted, he understood what you wanted.

She had to go soon. She went out into the dim hall and Abel went with her, and held her coat. She turned round from his hands on her shoulders and looked up at him.

"Abel. Have you any idea how much difference it makes to have a friend who really cares about you? I can't tell you how I feel."

He put both his arms around her, tight, and kissed her as if he could not bear to stop.

"It's not what I wanted," he said. "It's a lot like being sick and knowing that you've got to live with your sickness all the days and all the nights for the rest of your life."

He had called for her at Rampe's class at noon. The sun was high and yellow and the day was cold and they walked down Fifth Avenue together, arm in arm, to lunch. He wore a bowler hat and a dark-blue coat, and she looked at the blue cloth beside her glove and thought how she would love to kiss it because it was his coat.

They went into a warm little restaurant and Abel ordered them hot soup and eggs that bubbled when they came in a casserole. They sat side by side on the leather bench and ate ravenously.

"I've got to live with being in love with you, whether I like it or not, all the rest of my life," he said.

The sharp little needle of despair jabbed her heart. It had been stabbing at her suddenly during all the days since the evening when he kissed her.

"I don't see how I can get along without you," she said. "If you knew what it was like before I knew you."

"Don't try."

"I don't see what else I can do."

"Look, my darling, I love you so terribly much. I should think you would have known that I have ever since I saw you first. I fell in love with you. Don't you understand that? I love you, Julia."

"I love you," she said almost whispering.

"And I want you."

"What . . . about . . . Anita?" she said, whispering it word by word. It was the first time she had made it into words.

"Anita," he said. He began to eat his dessert slowly and he did not say anything.

They walked out into the dazzling daylight again and walked and walked, slowly, keeping step, holding each other's arms.

"Just to-day don't go back," he said. "Come up to the apartment, and for God's sake let's talk together in peace."

"Anita"—the name ran round dizzily in her mind.

"We'd be alone."

They sat down on the broad, rough white sofa. There wasn't any use; in less than a minute she was in his arms and kissing him; she could feel him breathing close to her ear, warm and sweet, and she loved him so much that she shook all over.

"I love you so."

"I love you so."

"I always have."

"I always have."

"Julia, will you live with me?"

The sunlight came streaming in the slatted blinds. The yellow afternoon sun came streaming in.

"What about . . . Anita?"

He sat up. His face was thin and beautiful.

"I don't know what about Anita. She's—quite a wonderful woman."

The yellow sun streamed in. All the rest of Julia's life, the past and the future, seemed improbable, and there was only this moment, these moments, sitting close to Abel and touching him and smelling him, and the yellow sun in stripes upon the floor. . . .

"She . . . does me the honor to be a great deal in love with me, Julia. She's . . . older than I am. I feel like a damned fool. I don't think she could stand it if I left her. She's . . . a queer sort of woman. I don't quite know what she'd do. I'm afraid of what it might be. She seems to have made me her whole life. I've got to make you understand."

"You mean you couldn't marry me." The yellow sun . . .

"I mean I don't think I could humanly let her know that I love you. It's not a usual, normal sort of thing, the way she feels."

The stab hard in the heart.

"I don't see how I'm going to live without you." I don't see how, I don't see how, I don't see . . .

"We mustn't try. It would be just as wrong. We've got to take all we can."

"I don't see why I have to love you so."

"You darling fool, didn't you even know we fell in love with each other that first night at dinner? You're so young. You're too lovely and young not to have everything. I can't give you everything. But I have to have you. You realize that, don't you, we love each other too much not to have each other?"

"No. No. Listen. Don't you see, Anita has been my friend. She has done more for me than anybody ever except you."

"Darling, I have to say the most awful things to make you understand. But I have to. Anita does those things. Anita does anything she thinks I want; she outdoes me twenty times over in the things I do, because she loves me, because she wants me to see how much what I want to do matters to her. Oh, Anita. . . . I'm so sorry. She saw of course how

much you interested me at once. She couldn't let me think she was jealous of it or didn't want me to do things for you. So she did them—more than I could have done—everything she could think of to do."

"You mean it wasn't me at all, to her."

"Not really—you understand. She—I wouldn't tell you this except to make you see, but sometimes I have waked up in the middle of the night, and what waked me was Anita, leaning over my bed, crying so horribly."

"Crying?"

"Because I'm—younger, and because she knows inside that it can't ever be what she wants—some wild, lovely dream of loving tremendously and passionately. But you can't do anything if it isn't there. She's so heart-breaking. . . . I need you so. I have to have you."

"She'd know." Everything inside Julia ached slowly in a kind of aching rhythm. Life, after all, life was all wrong. Life would always be all wrong because Abel . . . because she loved Abel.

"She needn't. That's it."

"She would. If she loves you that way she would. I know. I know."

He leaned to light a cigarette from the table in front of the sofa. Julia's head leaned against the sofa's back. The sunlight on the floor flickered and grew longer. Anita came in, with a click of the front door, the steps sharp in the hall; her tall, whittled-down thin figure in the doorway, and her face looking at them.

"Julia! How pretty you look!"

The words were as light and laughing as birds flying from her lips, but her face and her eyes, and her hands pushed against the door frame, were more terrible than anything Julia had ever seen. Wild longing, love, defeat, desire, terrible, tragic, consuming desire, that burnt like a deep hot fire, deep with inextinguishable coals, forever and ever, that would never go out.

Julia took a long breath.

"I hoped you'd come in, Anita. Can we have some tea? I'm starved."

"Poor little waif! Right away. You're a fine kind of host, my darling husband."

Slowly, the fire sank back into the eternal coals that smoldered forever. Relief and calm glazed Anita's eyes over. But the way she had looked—Julia could never forget that as long as she might live.

She would not even stir from the door step of the building when he came again at noon the next day to take her to lunch. She would not move. She stood there because she did not dare to go to any warm little restaurant or walk along the frosty sunny streets with him. She talked in that corner of the hallway, and the other students hurried past on their way out, people came in, the glass doors swung shut with a thud, swung shut again.

He leaned against the wall beside her. It hurt her to look at him.

"I couldn't do it to her. I couldn't do it to her." There did not seem to be any other words for her to say. Only those words, over and over, that she had thought over and over, all night, all morning; that she would always have to think.

He looked as if he were sick. He was so gray and so thin.

"I need you, Julia. I need you terribly. You need me too. Don't you understand how much you need me? My darling, Julia, you need a friend who loves you so much. Darling, there are some women who are absolutely helpless alone and yet who can be so much if they have someone. You know you're one of them."

"I couldn't do it to her." She needed more air to give her strength to go on saying it. But she did not dare go out.

"If I could . . . ? Can't you trust me? You're so young. Can't you trust me, that it's wrong to let this go, not to get all the wonderful, lovely things we could?

Don't you think I've thought my bloody brains out over it? . . . I can't get along without you."

"I can't get along without you." It was a mistake to let herself say it. She looked at his face and his eyes and the shape of his shoulders, and felt her heart faint.

"Of course you couldn't. Oh, my poor, sweet little darling, you do need a friend so. You need so much help. You know you're lost when you're alone; you can have so much in life, but you need a friend to help you. You *need* . . ."

She started forward, as if she were wild, and gave him one more quick glance and looked away.

"I couldn't do it to her. It's wrong. It's *wrong*."

And she was running down the street, actually running, without looking behind her, with her heart pumping madly, running like a child, running away from him because she wanted to stay so much.

It did not matter what Anita thought, when she refused to see them any more, when she made up silly excuses as shallow as water. Nothing Anita thought, nothing at all, would be as bad as what Anita might have known.

One year, and then two years, Julia lived, wanting Abel a little less and a little less, but always with her whole heart. She met nobody that she could conceivably fall in love with. She saw nobody that even had the faintest quality of actuality for her. Abel was as alive in her mind as if he were with her—but he was not, and she wanted him, desperately sometimes and sometimes pitifully. She was lonely. There were plenty of people to meet, but she did not need people; she needed a particular person to give her the particular understanding she must have. And there was nobody else who could do that in the world.

Sometimes she wanted Abel so much that she was frantic; the thing was absurd, walking round and round a little room aching for another human being, who was alive, somewhere else. They were both alive. But she never doubted, not once, that her decision had been right. There was nothing she ever felt as terrible as Anita's face in the afternoon sun.

She kept herself busy. She made herself busier still, working with all of her energy and moving, she knew it, forward. She did well, and then she did better. She was easily the first among Rampe's pupils. She worked hard for two years.

All that time she was oddly conscious of being guided by the things Abel had told her in the old days. Sometimes she could hear his voice in her ears, telling her how to work, telling her again just what it was that she wanted from her life. For two years she was sure of herself; what he had told her carried her along.

Then Rampe told her she was ready to have a show. He said he would help her, even hang the exhibition for her. He beamed at her like a swollen red cupid. "Of course, you'll have to make up your own mind about it. I can't tell whether you *feel* ready or not. The real decision's up to you."

She had to make up her own mind. And she could not. She was not sure, she felt first one way and then the other, violently. She knew Rampe must know. Wouldn't he know such a thing better even than Abel? There was no reason on earth why she should have this feeling that Abel knew everything in the world better than anyone else, that his advice was all that counted for anything to her.

And Rampe was her teacher and ought to be her guide.

Her work was all that she had left in her heart. She wanted that, to do good work and be known for it. She would like to show her work really. She thought of the exhibition with a hurry of the pulse at the thought of the critics seeing and judging what Julia Leighton

of Salem had painted. The work was good, she knew it was. If she didn't trust Rampe she ought to, because he must know; her doubt was nothing but that crazy ache for Abel, that ridiculous superstition that nobody knew but Abel what was right for her to do, nobody, ever, in the whole world.

That was absurd.

One morning she woke up and knew she had to ask Abel what she should do. She must.

She called him up on the telephone, after two years, and asked him to take her to lunch. His voice was remote, tiny on the other end of the wire. He said, "Certainly," and asked her how she was. "Are you still painting?" he asked.

The sun was shining and the day was frosty as she walked alone along the streets to the restaurant. The sun was shining, yellow and bright, and the beams lay in stripes where they fell between the buildings upon the sidewalks, in stripes that flickered like a little fire.

"How are you, my dear?"

He was just the same, and thin and beautiful, but he spoke to her pleasantly, practically, of the weather and the town, and when he looked at her his eyes were pleasant too, pleasant brown surfaces that looked toward her.

Eating eggs that bubbled when they were brought in, she asked him what she ought to do. She leaned forward anxiously, and her eyes searched all the surface of him, needing something of him.

"Julia, I don't know what I can say. I'm not in touch with your work, I don't honestly know whether you're ready to show yet or not. I can't very well know, can I?"

He looked at her kindly and ate his eggs.

"I . . . I don't know why, I felt that you would know what I ought to do, I thought you'd just . . . *know*."

"Julia . . . I know what you mean. I used to *know* things about you, the way you mean, because I was so in love with you that some crazy instinct came into being that told me. People can do that when they're in love. If that particular thing happens, people in love can tell each other things that they couldn't possibly be expected to know with their minds. That's the way I knew things about you when I was in love with you."

"You . . . aren't in love with me any more?"

"Well . . . you didn't want me to be, did you?"

"No. I didn't."

"You see that's the way things are. I wanted to be your friend. I'm fond of you now of course. But I was in love with you—that way I couldn't have been just your friend. It had to be the other thing, friendship and all that other too. But you didn't want that. So there had to be nothing. You see why, don't you?"

"Yes."

They went out later into the glaring daylight, and they said good-by on the curb. A little way down the street she turned and watched him walking up toward the corner, thin and a little stooped, walking away from her toward whatever he had next to do in his life. She went home.

A month later she had the show. Rampe worked hard over it for her, and everything was done that could be done, but the notices were somewhat condescending. "Miss Leighton," they said, "seems to be a young woman of some talent, ably instructed, but her work is hardly to be considered mature. Perhaps with time more will come to be expected from this young . . ."

One of the critics embodied his review in an article discussing the hurry young painters seemed to be in for public exhibition. He deplored the immature tendency toward rushing into galleries, from, as he expressed it, the first-year painting class.

"Awfully too bad," Rampe said. "You'd better come back to the class next year and do some more hard studying.

Don't get the idea you're through. A couple of years of work will fix that immaturity business. Maybe I shouldn't have let myself get so enthusiastic—but you know the way I've always felt about your work."

It was late that night, and she stood in her room, looking out at the big, heavy masses of buildings against the gray New York sky. From this room she saw other buildings than she had seen from her old room, her first room; but they looked very much the same somehow, dark depressing silhouettes, immobile, that painted a portrait of futility and frustration against the weary sky. She leaned against the window-frame. She was very tired, and her loneliness ached inside her. No one knew about her and, alone, she did not know about herself. She was too close to her own heart to see into it. The image of the lovely, shining thing she wanted from life escaped her when she tried to catch it, and nobody in the world was there to tell her what it was.

If she had had a friend. . . . She had all the talent that was needed to procure her own right future if she could ever be quite sure of what it was, of how it must be approached. She was the kind of woman that cannot be great alone. She ached for the thing she needed: the strange understanding from another person, the perception which could clarify her own confusion, and make her know what she wanted in that way that made her want to cry "Of course! That's always been it exactly!" She needed that so, whatever it was. A friend. Perhaps it was not called a friend. She wanted it.

She pressed her hot cheek against the window-pane. New York lay huge and empty and impotent, in bulks and streets stretched out beyond her eyes. There was nothing in it, there.

"Why wasn't I right?" she murmured, and her breath made thick white fog on the window pane. "I must . . . I must have been wrong."





HOT MUSIC

REDISCOVERING JAZZ

BY REED DICKERSON

THIS is the story of "Red" and "Miff," of "Duke" and "Sonny," "Jelly-Roll," "Bix," and "Hoagy"; of "Wang-Wang Blues," "Oodles of Noodles," "Muskrat Scramble," "Stevedore Stomp," and "Milenberg Joys"; of "dog-house," "nigger harp," "cat-time," and "swing." In short, this is the story of present-day jazz.

The word jazz has been used to describe every disagreeable phenomenon since the year 1916, when it came into common use. First the label for music like that played by Brown's Band from Dixieland, which Joseph K. Gorham introduced to Chicago, it has come to be identified with the whole era in which we are probably still living. Nor, after twenty years, has the term taken on exact meaning even within the limits of its musical connotations.

Popularly, the music of Ray Noble or Paul Whiteman is either "sweet" or "hot." But however apt metaphorically, these adjectives are misleading, for beyond them there is nothing to set off jazz from the music of the ballroom. True, jazz is dance music, but so also are "Goodnight Sweetheart" and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The recent booing of several persons who attempted to dance at a Sunday afternoon jazz concert held in a Chicago hotel may be attributed to the tastes of an audience that preferred to listen to a music whose appeal was quite as much to the head as it was to the feet. One must, therefore, distinguish a utilitarian music that accompanies an activity from a derivative art which as an end in itself merely suggests it.

So far as jazz is concerned there has been little in our vocabulary to honor this distinction. We have our "hot" and "sweet," and the current word "swing" is the latest attempt to name an art which is struggling to emancipate itself from the narrow limitations of a mechanical and banal ballroom music. But new labels are quite unnecessary. If "jazz" is restricted to that music in which it appears in its purest form, the so-called "hot" or "swing" music, and if "sweet" music of the "Goodnight Sweetheart" variety is understood as dance music in which the jazz component is found in only diluted form, the first step toward ending a miscegenetic alliance with Tin Pan Alley will have been taken.

With this in mind, let us look at some of those elements which go to make up that stirring music called "hot" (an adjective which the French have adopted without translation), at the same time discarding several features associated with jazz which through popular misconception are often identified with it.

Perhaps the most obvious feature of jazz is its emphasis on rhythm; for although cadence is common to all music, we find

here a recognition and exploitation of beat for its own sake rarely present outside the idiom.

Genetically, rhythm is the basis upon which most art forms are built, including at least music, dancing, and poetry. Primitive music, whether from the islands of Indian Archipelago or of the African Damaras, is almost wholly rhythm, and the explanation lies in the close emotional and physiological relation between it and the functioning of the nervous system. But if jazz is primitive in this respect, it is also civilized and intellectual. The pure emotionalism of rhythm begins and ends with simple measured accent and tempo. Where the measure takes on internal complexity, the variations of which are almost unlimited, there is a corresponding demand upon the intellectual processes; and in the hands of one who possesses a keen perception of æsthetic values rhythm becomes a further tool for the expression of delicate symmetries and subtle antithesis. Further, the complex development of both melody and harmony in modern jazz marks it as far removed from the savage expressions to which it has often been compared.

The second characteristic of jazz is its fusion of beat with tone. Although some music employs beat as merely the accompaniment of unaccented melody, jazz achieves much of its rhythmic effect through the very instruments which carry the melody. Thus observe Bix Beiderbecke's cornet as both tone and percussion in "Singin' the Blues" (Okeh)[1] or Coleman Hawkins' tenor saxophone in the more recent "Nagasaki" (Columbia). Because of the definite connection between choice of pitch and musical accent, this fusion has had a pronounced effect on the melodic development of jazz.

Historically, one finds helpful comparisons with the Brandenburg concertos of Bach. A simpler analogue is found in "Turkey in the Straw." However, it is not sufficient to say that jazz is only highly accented melody; for, as Mendl wrote in 1927, " . . . if a jazz band plays without ragging (syncopating) the rhythm, its effect somehow fails to come off." Syncopation and jazz are closely identified not because jazz is syncopation, but because jazz is to be defined in terms of beat; and the most effective rhythms, which jazz seeks to achieve, are based on syncopation. "A silent accent is the strongest of all accents. It forces the body to replace it with a motion," says Dr. Goldberg. There in a word is the whole explanation of the tremendous force of syncopation. But jazz does not have to be pure syncopation to be jazz. As such it would lose force by overstatement. The most effective jazz is rhythm which is based on a predominance of it.

Several writers, early and recent, have pointed out that the effectiveness of jazz lies to a great extent in the plural character of its rhythms, adding as a necessary element "polyrhythm" (Copland), "a counterpoint of rhythm" (Goldberg), or "*un rythme binaire*" (Panassié). But is this not expressing what syncopation necessarily implies? Recognizable syncopation is of itself a polyrhythm, for, being a shifting of the normal accent, it assumes a regular rhythmic background[2] from which it (as a second rhythm) is being continually displaced.

II

Besides these elements, there are various trimmings which enhance the jazz picture, but which are probably not necessary parts of the music itself. These are factors which belong in a description of the general product, hardly in a definition of it.

One of these is the so-called "blue" note, upon which rest to a great extent the harmonic connotations of jazz. It is found mostly in that branch of jazz from

[1] The parenthetical references are to phonograph records. Okeh pressings are at present being issued under the Vocalion label.

[2] Jazz is played in strict, 4–4 time. However, experiments with a 3–4 beat might prove interesting.

which it gets its name, the slow "blues," where it often carries the melancholy meaning. Here it is probably a necessity, but in the faster stomp tempos, as in the well-known "Tiger Rag," where a different mood is solicited, the "blue" note becomes more seasoning than meat.

Much the same comment may be made of color in jazz. As even the most casual listener rightly perceives, the jazz artists have richly flavored their medium; the use of mutes in the brass, supplemented with hats, handkerchiefs, rubber plungers, and other devices running the gamut of human invention, has widened the tonal horizon considerably. But this may be considered a collateral contribution of musicians, who, being already musical prodigals, had little fear of losing caste. To appreciate the dispensability of the so-called jazz color one has only to hear the early Brunswick recordings of famous Red Nichols and his Five Pennies. Nichols himself rarely used a mute, and of the others perhaps only trombonist Miff Mole played his instrument in any radically advanced manner. Always spirited, their music shows a strict adherence to the musical orthodoxy that music is made up of combinations of discrete and complete little atoms called notes.

It may be observed, however, that syncopation, "blue" harmony, and trick tone color often serve in analogous ways essentially the same function: the achievement of surprise through eccentricity. In fact, it is this similarity that tempts one to simplify farther and say that jazz is nothing more than eccentricity, manifest in rhythm through syncopation, in harmony through unorthodox chords, in tone through brilliant color. To disprove this one can only point out that it gives a distorted and incomplete explanation of the subject. In their true roles, these factors serve not as ends in themselves, but as methods of emphasis. Besides, to say that the goal of jazz is to startle is to assure to it a stilted emptiness, a forced effect that robs it of its buoyancy.

Further, jazz is not the peculiar or best way of expressing any particular mood or feeling. In his book, *Jazz,* Paul Whiteman indulges in some very expansive but misleading generalizations on the spirit of jazz. He says (this is often quoted):

> I think it is a mistake to call jazz cheerful. The optimism of jazz is the optimism of the pessimist who says, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." This cheerfulness of despair is deep in America. Our country is not the childishly jubilant nation that some people like to think it. Behind the rush of achievement is a restlessness of dissatisfaction, a vague nostalgia and yearning for something indefinable, beyond our grasp. . . . That is the thing expressed by that wail, that longing, that pain, behind all the surface clamor and rhythm and energy of jazz. The critics may call it Oriental, call it Russian, call it anything they like. It is an expression of the soul of America and America recognizes it.

Perhaps Mr. Whiteman was only describing a personal musical hangover. A plethora of stimulation would tend to leave anyone in this state. At all events it is like saying, after an afternoon of church music, that the Gregorian chants express the human need for sleep.

Of course jazz can be dissatisfied, pessimistic, and even morbid. That whole category of "blues" is supposed to be the expression of the primitive Negro in the throes of depression. But this is only one side of the polygon; jazz can also be completely carefree and happy, at times gloriously exuberant. The thing to be emphasized here is that it is not to be identified with any one message or mood, although in practice it has been confined to three or four.

In this connection, one cannot but pause to note the tendency of many persons to associate jazz with sex, a tendency which usually means the relegating of jazz to a position where it serves only the "baser" tastes. For its redemption, therefore, the point must be made that one cannot identify sex and jazz without closing his eyes to a substantial part of the medium. The recent "Merry-Go-

Round" and "Showboat Shuffle" (Brunswick) of colored maestro Duke Ellington are good examples of jazz that, for me at least, carries no sex connotation. Except for a loose analogy based on rhythm and climax which may be drawn between the two, the sex element in jazz is no part of the music itself. It is attributable largely to a greater frankness of the Negro in such matters, the pecuniary alliance between jazz and dance music (social dancing is for the most part a mild sex experience), and the fact that the humorous possibilities of jazz have made it susceptible to a certain amount of surreptitious obscenity.

III

If one stopped here he might have some conception of the basic mechanics of jazz. But until he knew the "how" of jazz, the way in which those mechanics were put together, he would never be very close to the real thing. In elucidating this, the generally accepted critics have failed almost completely, and it is only through the efforts of the newer crop, like Robert Goffin (*Aux Frontières du Jazz*), R. D. Darrell, Wilder Hobson, Hugues Panassié (*Le Jazz Hot*), and John Hammond, that anything has appeared in print at all.

Going back several years to one of the first works attempted on this subject, one gets slight inkling of the real gist of jazz besides the obvious element of syncopation. Whiteman, writing in 1926, said, "It (jazz) is what I call unacademic counterpoint. It includes rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic invention." However, the significant word was left hanging in the air unexplained.

Mendl, for all his vagaries on the subject of ragtime (jazz in rompers), does bring out the point that Goldberg forgot and Whiteman slighted. "One of the essential features in jazz orchestration is that each instrument is made to go its own sweet way—so long, of course, as it does not thereby destroy the whole fabric. Wandering off on its own, it is at liberty to take liberties with the time, and frequently avails itself of the privilege."

It would be amazing, indeed, for all the raucous flights of fancy that have unsettled the composure of America and half of Europe, if no one had noticed the large part that performing "ad lib" has played in jazz music. Few, however, have been consciously aware that it was the very essence of jazz.

The quotation from Mendl's book explains only crudely the most vital aspect of jazz, and although a full appreciation of its worth and effect can be reached only through a firsthand acquaintance with a Beiderbecke, Teagarden, or Hawkins, the phenomenon is not beyond examination and perhaps exact description.

"Jamming," "cat-time," "swing," "riffing," "getting off," "going to town," "ragging," "gut-bucketing," and all the rest are names for the *hot* performance, which is the heart and soul of jazz. This is built round the hot solo (its structure, the jazz structure, we have already considered), and the misunderstanding of it has largely been due to a failure to recognize the importance of the individual musician and to an overemphasis of the written notes.

Improvisation, old as music itself, is based upon the desire for *self*-expression. All primitive music was originally improvised, but because of repetition it assumed definite shape, and with the introduction of notation the crystallization of one performer's ideas became available for those who were less articulate. But the impulse to make personal contribution survived. Thus, even though the early ecclesiastical plain-song (sung in unison) became standardized, the Descant came into being because exuberant singers persisted in adding ornaments and contrasting melodies of their own invention. This tendency was so pronounced that the fear of an invasion of secular ideas brought on the famous edict of Pope John XXII (1322) forbid-

ding the addition of all except a limited number of embellishments.

Handel wrestled with his singers and Bach contrived to ornament his instrumental obbligati beforehand, but extemporized ornamentation was still recognized as a natural adjunct to many branches of music. Thus it was felt to be a legitimate part of harpsichord interpretation, and most accompaniment during the 17th and 18th centuries both in the opera and in concerted chamber music was left to the invention of the performers. Further, the demands of church music made extemporizing almost a necessity in that field. What singers did to the plain-song in the 14th century, organists did with the Lutheran melodies in the 17th. The "St. Matthew Passion" of Bach is said to be a result of this. The toccata and fantasia forms also owe their genesis to performances "ad lib," and in the sonatas and arias of the 17th century, the written notes were often a mere sketch of what the player should do.

By Mozart's time the freedom of the singer of an aria or the player of a solo concerto was confined largely to passages marked "cadenza," but within these the performer had almost complete charge of what was played. Handel, Bach, and Beethoven were all great improvisers, and the year 1781 found Mozart and Clementi competing at Vienna. Improvisation continued from Mendelssohn and Hummel to César Franck and Saint-Saëns, although by the end of the 19th century it had dwindled to such an extent that even cadenzas were written down.

There is ample justification for improvisation, both historically and artistically. Emotionally, it is the most natural way of composing and performing music, and when ably done perhaps the most vital. This gives us the key to jazz.

True, the traditional view of jazz as a sort of musical perversion and of the jazz performer as a crackbrained melodic trapeze artist is not without foundation. And whenever the playing of jazz is thought of as a stunt, it deserves to be placed, along with many an operatic aria, in the same class with the musical enormities often perpetrated in the name of technic by first cornetists in Sunday afternoon band concerts. But there is another side to the picture; at its best jazz can rise above mere doggerel to the level of valid music.

In its less significant form, the jazz solo, as with most improvisation, is merely the ornamentation and variation of a given melody, and its adaption to the basic jazz structure. However, at its best it goes beyond mere embellishment and becomes creative composition.

Of course the ultimate justification of jazz lies not in its display of the virtuosity of the performer, but in the artistic values attained. When the Negro trumpeter Louis Armstrong played "West End Blues" (Okeh) he was not only displaying phenomenal technical agility but creating at the same time a passage of great beauty, one of the most moving in modern music. On the same occasion Earl Hines achieved a similar result in his remarkable treatment of the piano passages.

Thus it is not the purpose of the jazz soloist who is "getting off" merely to distort. A musician who gives this effect has failed in his art. In numbers like "Dinah" and "Nobody's Sweetheart," which originally as songs had a definite melody, the performer is called upon to compose extemporaneously an original rhythmic and melodic pattern, one which is an expression of his own feelings and, if possible, sounds richer and finer than the melody which suggested it. In his art, he is guided only by the limitations that the composer has placed upon him. The composer—often with the aid of an arranger who adapts the work for jazz use—sets up the general theme or subject. This is defined by the written notes, which usually mark the beginning, transitions, harmonic and rhythmic background, and end of the work. At its simplest, however, the jazz material may be only a

melody, everything but the chord progression being improvised.

The more serious jazz works, unlike the two mentioned above, are no mere adaptations of dance or ballad numbers. They have been conceived with jazz directly in mind; and excluding many of the brilliant compositions from the keyboard of the prolific Ellington, many of them have only the barest melodic themes in those parts in which the soloists are invited to play. Such compositions include among others "Tiger Rag," "Clarinet Marmalade," and "Jazz Me Blues." These are often a stricter test of jazz musicianship because the performer has little more than a chord sequence to lean on and what he plays stands or falls entirely on its own merit.

Here is the crux of the whole matter. Like Corelli's sonatas of the 17th century, the jazz composition in its unplayed state is only an *unfinished* work. It is the stoneless setting for a ring. The shape of the setting suggests the type of stone that ought to go into it; the artist who plays the work is the final craftsman. It is left for him to choose the stone, shape it *ex tempore* according to the best dictates of his own taste, and give the jewel its finishing brilliance.

Given a good setting, an artist like the late great Bix Beiderbecke can fill in a syncopated melody that would, in a single phrase, have leveled the walls of Jericho. Exquisite melody streamed from his cornet and, although he died several years ago, many examples of his faultless taste live with us in his recordings. One who can describe the playing of Beiderbecke has pictured jazz at its best. With a rarely equaled sense of melody and cadence, Bix turned out impromptu solos which are a marvel of inspiration and expression, although strangely enough he played some of his most brilliant passages to his least appreciative audiences. With Paul Whiteman, he and Frank Trumbauer contributed passages which stood out clearly in a rich orchestral background. That was the day of "Sweet Sue," "Oh, Miss Hannah" (Columbia), "Sugar," "Lonely Melody," "Love Nest," and "Changes" (Victor). With small units largely recruited from the bands of Jean Goldkette or Paul Whiteman, Beiderbecke has left behind him other gems in "Riverboat Shuffle," "Jazz Me Blues," "Clarinet Marmalade," "Three Blind Mice," "Mississippi Mud," "Sorry," "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," and "Royal Garden Blues" (Okeh).

And so the best jazz strives to maintain the standard that Beiderbecke has set. Though none ever has, it is conceivable that some genius might, in the privacy of his library, jot down or plot out solos such as Frank Trumbauer played in "Ol' Man River" (Victor) or Mannie Klein in "By Heck" (Brunswick) or Benny Goodman in "Chinatown, My Chinatown" (Brunswick) or Miff Mole in "That's a Plenty" (Okeh). But it would be as if a dinner-table Woollcott wrote out beforehand everything he said and read it to his listeners. Jazz is just not the sort of thing you want to write out ahead of time. The average solo may not be as artistically symmetrical as one conceived on paper, but the development of jazz has not been guided by the average solo. Those which have been milestones have been composed in bursts of inspiration possible only in performance.

Where written notes aid a feeble imitator they inhibit the creative spirits of which jazz has many. Jazz lives and breathes through these artists and will die only when they die. A sterility in soloists and too much reliance on the arranger result in mechanized syncopation, which simply is not jazz. Anyone who wants to experiment on this question would do well to compare Casa Loma's recent "Who's Sorry Now?" (Decca) with the informal "After You've Gone" (Victor) of the Benny Goodman Trio. This will proclaim the triumph of simple and unfettered swing over ponderous, though precise, orchestration.

Perhaps the closest analogy to the hot solo is speech. Just as the best oratory in expressing the thought of the speaker is extemporaneous with regard to its final form, jazz is able to adapt itself to the occasion because it leaves the final statement of the thing to be said until the last moment. True, the composer-arranger sets up the general theme, but the individual performer is invited to state his own views on the subject and couch them in words of his own choosing. Jazz, in short, is free speech in music.

The preacher or orator whose message is canned beforehand never reaches the emotional heights of persuasion that his "ad libbing" brother does on a rival rostrum. In the same manner the best jazz strikes a nice balance between adequate preparation and fresh delivery. It is also true that jazz can be under-orchestrated as well as over-orchestrated. This, in fact, is the chief objection to many of the "unimpeachable" Armstrong recordings. However brilliant Louis may have been, his records for Okeh suffer, with a few exceptions, from a slipshod choice of material and poor planning of that material. Too often he was saying nothing at all in a very exciting manner.

Of course, little is proved by metaphor. On the other hand, the question can be raised whether our analogy is not at least historically sound. The earliest Negro performances, from which modern jazz is descended, were no far cry from the vocal testimonials of the plantation revival meeting. Nor, at the other end of the line, has the vocal element died out completely. We find remnants in "West End Blues," where Armstrong carries on a wordless dialogue with a clarinet, and in Ellington's "Ring Dem Bells" (Victor).

IV

Simple in its essence, jazz has now become an intensely complex, highly developed art. Built around the hot solo, jazz is rarely pure solo, for syncopation played against syncopation is jazz in the form most usually heard (this is Copland's polyrhythm with a vengeance). Here the syncopated effect is heightened by the addition of new rhythms, usually expressed by the percussion instruments (in jazz, piano, guitar, drums, and bass). In the hands of talented artists these create a rich background, and the solo melody instrument is left free to devise at will.

Whatever the instrumentation, it is usual to take turns playing solos among the various instruments (generally melody, although percussion solos and "breaks" are common). Niles calls this the "take your turn," or "Memphis," school of jazz. Nine-tenths of jazz is in this form. Though the written score may weave instrument against instrument in elaborate counterpoint, treating the reeds as one unit, brass as another, and so on, there is rarely more than one melody instrument "playing hot" at any one time.

The second type is the polyphonic ("New Orleans") school. Although never popular, and recently almost obsolete, this is the most exciting and interesting music of all. Here practically no orchestration is used, and the gist of the affair is that three or four melody instruments are allowed to improvise at once. And the result is no mere hash.

It is difficult for any layman, or any "legitimate" musician who is unacquainted with this phenomenon, to understand how four men playing melody instruments and four others playing percussion, each going his own way, can play anything but a frightful hodgepodge of noise. Individually, each man is playing what might otherwise be a subdued hot solo. The difference here is that each is making his impromptu contribution to the main pattern with a nice sense of balance and understanding of his part in relation to the other instruments. There is no repetition, no duplication, and only complete sympathy and understanding.

The composite effect is primarily rhythmic, and melodic only in the sense that a Bach concerto is melodic. The best recorded examples available are to be found on the early Beiderbecke and Trumbauer discs for Okeh ("At the Jazz Band Ball," "Sorry," "Clarinet Marmalade," etc.); and besides the many recordings of Nichols for Brunswick (see especially "Bugle Call Rag" and "Hurricane"), Columbia, Harmony, etc., an outstanding example is the "Nobody's Sweetheart" of McKenzie and Condon's Chicagoans (Okeh).

For the same reason that the Bach concertos have never enjoyed popularity, jazz polyphony of this type can never be widely favored. Even more restricted in appeal, this type of jazz should not be set apart from the simpler jazz polyrhythm, but should be used to supplement it, though only in small doses, since the only variations perceptible to the ordinary ear are in the direction of volume and rhythm. Without the aid of orchestration the total melodic effect is not susceptible to wide change. "Jamming," as this is called, is used to best advantage in conjunction with the hot solo. Frequently played as a background for such solos, it more often precedes and follows the solos of the individual instruments. Thus in a typical "jam session" one instrument will lead off with a slightly modified form of the general melody, the other instruments "faking" the harmony. At the end of the first chorus a clarinet may launch off into an excursion of its own, followed by a cornet, then trombone and saxophone. When each instrument has had its say then the jamming begins. First a quiet discussion, it ends as heated argument or stirring accord.

It is unfortunate that so much reliance has been put upon expert arrangers (like Glenn Miller and Fletcher Henderson) for the complex swing effect that the best jamming gets. Every jazz composition seeks to build up to a climax of syncopated rhythms. And every arranger who writes this into a piece is only borrowing a few of the "licks" that were originally conceived in performance. Of course the explanation is that only a few of the many persons who think they can play jazz know how to jam effectively, and unless each does his part perfectly the effect is apt to be muddy, especially in the larger orchestras. For this reason, few arrangers have been willing to let more than one melody instrument go free at a time, the jamming effect (impromptu syncopated polyphony) being achieved by writing in fixed counterpoint, usually for the entire instrumentation. The only notable exception to this among the larger bands has been Duke Ellington.

When one begins to dissect beauty the beauty fades, not so much because beauty is unanalyzable as because a thing is beautiful only while it rests unanalyzed. So with jazz. We may tear it down and look at its mechanics, but when we do so we are only missing the spirited message it conveys. And however accurately we pigeonhole the various elements that go to make up the true jazz experience, we are left gesticulating when asked to describe the single effect of the composite whole. As with capturing the psychology of blue, one can never get very close to the vibrant and dynamic force which is the spirit of jazz.

But this much may be said of the best jazz: that it possesses all the elements found in any valid work of art, whether a poem of Keats or a canvas of Manet. And in the deft hands of a Goodman, Armstrong, Teagarden, or Rollini it becomes a pliant and rich pigment embracing the virtues of strength without overstatement, cadence without monotony, and above all an intense feeling of aliveness and beauty.

BORAH AND '36 AND BEYOND

BY WILLIAM HARD

I DO not know if Mr. Borah will be a powerful candidate for the presidential nomination in the Republican Convention at Cleveland. I do know that in that convention, and after it, for our whole immediate national future, he will be a powerful influence. I can already observe certain of his basic ideas penetrating and permeating considerable sections of the Republican Party—usually through those subterranean channels journalistically denominated "conferences in smoke-filled rooms."

One of the greatest journalistic difficulties, by the way, about the Senator as a politician is that he does not smoke. Nor, for that matter, though, does Mr. Farley. Nevertheless, and all because of fairy tales and bedtime-stories about the Republican Convention of 1920, it has become an established political myth that rooms have to be filled with smoke if they are going to produce presidential candidates—anyway Republican ones. But Mr. Borah has not honored that myth even to the extent of buying an ash tray for his visitors. We need go no farther in order to see why most Washington correspondents doubt him as an "insider" in Republican presidential politics.

I incline to believe, just the same, that in certain circumstances there may be many delegates at Cleveland who will wear "Borah for President" buttons. I dismiss them, however, from consideration here. I shall discuss neither them nor their maneuvers. My theme here is certain other delegates—delegates who will not desire Mr. Borah as a presidential nominee but who will ardently desire him as a subsequent supporter of the platform and of the candidate among the rank-and-file of the voters.

Such delegates will constitute a large majority of the convention. This will be particularly so if Mr. Borah goes to the convention as a delegate from Idaho. His fellow-delegates from that State will then name him to represent them on the Resolutions Committee. And Mr. Borah will then address the convention on the subject of the resolutions which should go—or not go—into the platform.

The prospect of that speech, from the party's nonpareil debater and orator, impels virtually all prospective delegates to inquire even now:

At what price will Mr. Borah stump the country for the party and the ticket this summer and fall?

In general terms the answer is well enough known. The platform, says Mr. Borah, must be "liberal" and the candidate must also be "liberal."

But where are we then?

Most of the New Deal alleged brain-trusters call themselves "liberal." Most of the Republican alleged conservatives—as, notably, Mr. Hoover himself—call themselves "liberal." Most of the alleged "Young Republicans" throughout the country demand that the older Republicans—like Mr. Hoover—get out of the way and leave the field to a Republican

children's crusade that will be "liberal." Mr. Borah's followers then indignantly reiterate their claim to being, above all things, "liberal." One is driven to feeling confident that this year is going to witness a great triumph for "liberalism," no matter what happens.

I venture, therefore, to divide and distinguish among the various species of "liberals" that are now preparing to descend upon the electorate in search of votes. I feel at least psychologically competent for this task through having always been diligent in imagining myself to be a "liberal." I should be able by now, I think, to tell one kind of "liberal" from another, even if now there have grown to be as many kinds of them as there are of "big cats" in the jungle. The words that follow are then really a modest tentative treatise in the zoology of "liberalism."

I perceive at this moment three main groups of "liberals" among us. And I perceive three main tests to be applied to each of the groups. And I conclude that each of the groups is on each of the tests decidedly different from the other two.

So I shall now erect three reviewing-stands and let the triple procession pass.

Our first stand is of course the Constitution. How do the three sorts of liberals salute the Constitution?

First come the New Deal liberals. They are supposed to salute the Constitution pretty sourly. It has given them a lot of trouble. Yet they are really touchingly devoted to the Constitution—on certain points.

Let a legislature pass a law infringing upon freedom of speech. Let it pass a law imposing difficulties upon the right of teaching foreign languages or other dangerous subjects in schools. Let it pass a law restricting the right of self-expression through the display of flags of obnoxious colors. And then let the Supreme Court of the United States declare those laws void. It has in fact done so. And what happens?

Do liberals of the New Deal sort begin to talk about old men in silk robes? Do they begin to talk about horse-and-buggy days? Do they begin to talk about Tories? Do they begin to talk about restricting the judicial power? We all know that they do not. On the contrary, they look happy and they applaud. They assert with satisfaction and with triumph that "human rights" have been "saved."

But they thereupon draw a deep line between "human rights" and "property rights." They really want, I feel sure, to keep "human rights" constitutionally protected and enshrined. Their anti-constitutionalism is only, but yearningly, that they also want to do a little de-sanctifying of "property rights"—and of "reserved State rights"—by means of a thoughtful amendment, if they could only think of it. They thus pass by my constitutional reviewing-stand in a half-hearted and pensive mood.

Right after them come the Republican and Democratic Old Guards conjoined. The Constitution, and the total Constitution, would seem to-day, at first sight, to be their specialty. I am overjoyed to behold them acclaiming it.

I am obliged to recollect, it is true, that most of the Old Guardsters of my acquaintance a few years ago were vigorous admirers of Mussolini. I allude of course to industrial and financial Old Guardsters. On their returns from Italy they used to tell me that what we needed in the United States was "a strong man."

I overlook that point in their history. They have now seen "a strong man"—right at home. And if that shocking spectacle, actual or imaginary, has converted them to democracy, why should the New Deal angels sneer? The Bible says that angels do not sneer—in such circumstances; and the hymn says that "while the light holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

All industrial and financial America is now in favor of democratic representative government and of the Constitution

which consecrates it. This is a happy return from a temporary aberration toward a worship of biceps-brained European "strong men." Let us congratulate the country—and sincerely.

But these bi-partisan Old Guardsters, so-called, while they hail the total Constitution, seem in practice to turn their faces toward just one side of it. They thus supplement the New Dealers. The difference between the two groups need not be stressed. It is patent. The New Deal liberals salute toward the Constitution's left, where it is assumed that certain inalienable rights belong to man as man, in his skin; and the Old Guard liberals salute to the Constitution's right, where it is assumed that certain inalienable rights continue to belong to man after he has put on the integument of property.

I willingly concede the term "liberalism"—or fifty-per-cent "liberalism"—to each of these views. "Liberalism," as a political expression, was brought into the English-speaking world by the Liberal Party of Great Britain almost precisely a hundred years ago. Historically it is the British Liberals who then and there acquired the prerogative of christening the child and defining the word. And what did they mean by it? They meant, admittedly, a defense of the rights of man against governmental and social discriminations and a defense of the rights of property against governmental and private monopolistic restrictions.

I am thereupon prepared to review the really antique liberals—the really reactionary liberals—the liberals of 1836 transmogrified into the liberal radicals of 1936—the liberals of the Borah persuasion and parade.

II

Their leader, Mr. Borah, extends his paternal benediction with equal benevolence to all the rights of man, and to all the rights of property, that the Constitution reveals to his gaze. He sees no chasm whatsoever between "human rights," accurately defined, and "property rights," accurately defined. On the contrary, he sees between them an indissoluble tie. He knows that in the modern world they enjoyed, as an historical fact, a joint-birth. He thinks he knows that in the immediately coming future, as a political fact, they will either renew a joint-life or suffer a joint-death. Such to him is the simple formulation of the instant crisis.

The hostile critic may thereupon break into a commiserating tirade against the eighteenth century. Mr. Borah picks up the gauntlet on behalf of that century without any sense of abashment. He has repeatedly rejected the suggestion of a new contemporary national Constitutional Convention on the ground that our twentieth century has not bred for us the men competent to improve upon the basic governmental discernments of eighteenth-century Philadelphia.

Moreover, and incidentally but revealingly, he does not hesitate to read and reread the speeches of Pitt and of Fox and to school himself through sedulous studies of those eighteenth-century performances for his debating efforts in the current United States Senate—and not without some success.

Mr. Borah owes much indeed to the eighteenth century and is not ashamed to be assigned to his spiritual home. He finds the ground plan of it quite consistent with the introduction of modernistic wiring and piping, and thereupon wholly pleasantly and effectively habitable.

He accordingly has consistently supported the right, for instance, of workingmen collectively to assemble, to organize, to strike, to picket, to persuade, to bargain, and to contract. The Senator finds that right in the basic personal freedoms embedded in the Constitution. He does not conceive it to be a new-fangled gadget. He conceives it to be an authentic antique. He has repudiated and resisted all legislative and administrative and judicial attempts to modernize it, in the Italian or

German Fascist manner, by weakening it. His modernization of it has been only to support the detailed implementing of it, as in the Wagner Labor Relations Law, by positive statutory enactment.

He thus comes to be called a "labor Senator." There is a deplorable insufficiency in that description of him. Labor wanted the NRA. Mr. Borah voted against it. And labor wanted the Guffey bill for the "stabilization" of the bituminous coal industry.

Labor leaders advocating that bill were very firm with Mr. Borah. They pointed out to him that his political strength in the industrial regions was within the ranks of labor. They inquired of him if he intended to "desert" labor. He, nevertheless, when the Guffey bill was passed voted "nay."

Politicians whose central principle is consciously or unconsciously the Marxian struggle between social groups, and whose central practice is attachment to one group against another, were then heard to say, as usual, that Mr. Borah does not "stay hitched." And it is thoroughly true that he does not stay hitched to that sort of economic and political philosophy. It is also thoroughly true, however, that he does stay hitched to his own.

He asked the labor leaders who were advocating the Guffey bill if it was indeed "labor policy" that governmental authority and labor complicity should be given to monopolistic fixings of prices among owners of bituminous coal properties. To him the owners of properties in the bituminous coal industry, under the Constitution, had certain rights and correlatively certain duties. They had rights in the possession and management of their properties. They thereupon had duties in the direction of the maintenance of a free competitive market for their products. Mr. Borah was willing neither to abridge their rights nor to dissolve their duties. He was therefore obliged, at a very high political cost, to record himself against the Guffey proposal.

This incident was but a condensation of the Senator's continuous unwillingness to narrow either the constitutional privileges or the constitutional obligations of property; and it brings me logically to the second reviewing-stand from which I wish to contemplate the ideas of our present conflicting arrays of liberals. That second point of analytical vantage is the relations between Government and Business.

Now what is the "heart" of business, of private business? Surely it is the control of production and the control of price. Leave those things alone, and you have left the manager of a business essentially free. You may tax him. You may oblige him to contribute to insurance funds. You may oblige him to bargain with his employees. You may even compel him to be honest and to refrain from fraud and from deception. Yet, and as long as these impositions fall with impartiality upon all properties within any given industry, the business manager is still free. He is free in regard to the basic elements of the basic ingredient of capitalism: namely, competition. He is free to decide what he will produce and how much of it. And he is free to decide at what price he will sell it.

I need hardly dwell for more than a moment on the parenthetical fact that public utilities, such as railroads and power companies, are not in the strict sense private businesses. They cannot physically operate without exercising sovereign powers, such as eminent domain, and they are, therefore, and always have been, immediate creatures of sovereign legislative and administrative bodies. They constitute a special problem lying quite outside the general problem here considered.

III

What attitudes then are taken toward that general problem by the main liberal groups of our country to-day?

The New Deal liberals take an attitude

which can be best observed—in its complicated climax—in Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. Mr. Wallace is a student and a poet. He is also a man of lofty and pure character, desiring the best that there can be for the human soul. He has written some powerful prose rhapsodies on the loveliness of liberty and on the hideousness of compulsory controls. Yet he has also frequently expressed a nostalgic longing for the medieval "*justum pretium*"—or "just price."

He is then precisely midway between the conception of competitive prices and the conception of monopolistic prices. For what was the medieval "just price"? It was an accompaniment to the medieval guilds, which were manufacturer-monopolies and merchant-monopolies. The task of compelling them to sell their wares at a "just price" was thereupon a natural necessary preoccupation of medieval statesmen and theologians. The lesson is clear and is fortified by subsequent experience. The "just price" and monopolistic organization go bindingly together.

The New Deal in practice has moved toward the "just price" ideal and, therefore, inevitably toward a toleration of monopolistic practices. In the NRA codes it was assumed that increased NRA costs would be reflected, under public guidance, in prices "justly" increased. In the AAA marketing agreements there have been "just" determinations of prices to be charged both by producers and by distributors. The unavoidable outcome has been numerous intricate cobwebs of concerted guildlike monopolistic arrangements. The sum of New Deal policy in this matter may be stated fairly, I think, thus:

Little has been done by the liberalism of the New Deal to invoke the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Clayton Anti-Trust Law against monopolistic arrangements contrived by manufacturers and merchants through private conspiracy among themselves, and much has been done to familiarize the country with the spectacle of monopolistic arrangements promoted and supervised and rendered "just" by governmental initiative.

So much for the first group of liberals on this point. Now for the second. I can dismiss them quickly.

The Old Guard liberals of the business community oppose governmental controls of production and of price, but most of them are wholly guiltless of any passionate appeals to the government to destroy the almost innumerable instances now existing of private conspirational controls. They strike at public NRA's. They wink at private NRA's. They represent, most of them, complete laissez faire. Their slogan, as they march by our reviewing-stand, is really simply: "Leave Business Alone."

But the liberals of the third contingent, the Borah liberals, are far from wishing to "leave business alone."

They favor numerous governmental devices for making business more humane. They favor, for instance, social insurance against the general financial consequences of old age and of unemployment. They will have probably little difficulty in driving this principle into the Republican Cleveland platform. It has already been endorsed by most of the "young" and most of the "grass-roots" conclaves of the Republican Party throughout the country.

The Borah liberals also favor numerous governmental devices for making business more honest. They favor, for instance, the principle of the New Deal Securities Exchange Commission Law. This law, regulating securities markets, is nothing but a logical sequence to the laws enacted by the Republicans themselves under Harding and Coolidge and Hoover for the regulation of—for instance—packing-houses, stockyards, grain exchanges, and dealers in agricultural perishable products. The principle of regulation for the promotion of honesty—a venerable principle—will not be rejected by the Republican Cleveland convention.

The Borah liberals further favor, as I have already intimated, the principle of collective bargaining on behalf of labor. This principle seems to be regarded by some of our industrialists as a New Deal invention. They should refresh their recollections of the Republican conventions of yesteryear. The convention of 1920 said that it recognized "the justice of collective bargaining." The convention of 1924 said that it regarded collective bargaining as "one of the most important steps in maintaining peaceful labor relations." The conventions of 1928 and 1932 said that they favored and approved, on behalf of workingmen, "collective bargaining through free and responsible agents of their own choosing." The Borah liberals at Cleveland will quote these precedents and argue —probably successfully—for adherence to them and for improvement upon them in the matter of detail.

But these ideas, of humaneness, of honesty, of labor liberty, do not touch what I have heretofore called the "heart" of the business organism: namely, the problem of production and price.

Senator Borah at the convention, in person, or through his spokesmen, will earnestly advocate a declaration in favor of a new and genuinely thorough and comprehensive enforcement of the anti-trust laws of the United States for the purpose of utterly extirpating all private restraints upon freedom of production and price. Again it is to be noted that the Republican precedents are ample.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed in 1890 under the Republican President Harrison and was the work of the brain and pen of one of the most illustrious Republican jurists that ever existed in either public or private practice in this country: Senator Edmunds of Vermont. It was given its first series of short-lived spectacular applications by the Republican Presidents Roosevelt and Taft. Mr. Borah proposes to resume and to enlarge those Republican endeavors of a not yet entirely forgotten past.

But he also proposes, just as the Democratic President Woodrow Wilson proposed, to add administrative ingenuity and efficiency to our anti-trust fulminations. Last year he introduced into the Congress the bill entitled S. 579 "for the licensing of corporations engaged in interstate commerce." This bill expands the power of President Wilson's Federal Trade Commission. Or rather, it gives the Commission a more effective apparatus for exercising the power which Mr. Wilson's Democratic Congress of 1914 conferred upon it in the name of "The New Freedom."

The Federal Trade Commission, under Mr. Borah's bill, will license each and every American business operating in interstate commerce. It will license it and will continue its license on one condition. The business shall not engage in any "combination" or "conspiracy" "in restraint of trade or commerce" in violation of the existing anti-trust laws of the country. Violations, deliberate and sustained, will cause the revocation of the license.

The objective of this law is to make American business take the competitive liberty which it advocates—and like it. The delegates at Cleveland who argue against it in the convention will have to argue that they favor the Republican anti-trust legislation but oppose the compelling of obedience to it. They will have a bad time dialectically; and I hazard the judgment that their best efforts will not prevent the hammering into the Cleveland platform of an anti-trust plank of renewed anti-trust determination.

I base this anticipation not only on the prospective behavior of the delegates sympathetic to Mr. Borah but also on the currents of opinion now flowing strongly in other sections of the Republican Party.

Let us listen, for a moment, for instance, to the Republican Hooverite ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Ogden L.

Mills. Mr. Mills is much admired by the American business community. He does not hesitate, however, to lecture that community on the necessity of competition and on the danger of that "private NRA" device promoted by the United States Chamber of Commerce and labeled "Self-Government of Industry." Mr. Mills has said:

"Control of industry by industry means control by those engaged in a particular line of business, efficient and inefficient alike. Their primary interest will be to protect the capital invested, and they will certainly use the power granted to them to prevent inroads of fresh capital and to prevent any revolutionary changes by way of new methods, new inventions and new processes."

Mr. Mills has then repeatedly concluded:

"We must keep alive the competitive process which is business's most vital element. If we yield to the temptation of resorting to such practices as price-fixing and the suspension of competition through combination or agreement, then step by step we will be led inevitably to government control."

I do not know how joyfully Mr. Borah will welcome this identicality of views between himself and Mr. Mills. I do know, however, that in the business community itself there is beginning to be—among its more thoughtful leaders—a profound reaction against the "merger" and "stabilization" philosophy of the 1920's and a new strong tide toward the restoration of a competition which will indeed destabilize the inefficient but which will aggrandize the consumer through better products and lower prices offered by the surviving abler firms. And I observe—as another impingement upon Mr. Borah's monopoly of the fight against monopoly—that nobody recently has advocated that sort of complete competition more emphatically than the outstanding industrialist who heads the Republican Party's Finance Committee, Mr. W. B. Bell.

I am quite sure then that in this matter Mr. Borah at Cleveland will be clothed with respectability as well as with popular power; and I surmise, with at least some justification, that my second test of American liberalism—the test of the relations between Government and Business—will be answered at Cleveland considerably in the Borah sense of a repudiation of monopolistic practices and of a re-dedication to the task of making competitive capitalism *be itself*.

IV

I am filled with more fear for Mr. Borah when I come to our third reviewing-stand—the lofty and aloof perch from which I untechnically survey, with awe, the problem of money. Here too though I note that the raiment of respectability seems about to drop upon Mr. Borah's radicalism.

When the British in 1931 fell off the gold standard into the loose and wild waters of a free money, Mr. Borah was thought to be as dangerous as those waters themselves. But the British at once displayed their most characteristic talent. They had not intended to fall off the dry land but they at once "muddled through" into becoming proficient swimmers. Soon indeed they began to recommend swimming as a monetary mode of life. Now they have some twenty other countries—in both hemispheres and in all continents—swimming in their company with nothing to hang onto except the British water-proof paper sterling pound. They even have a nice patriotic name for their new monetary empire: "Sterlingaria"; and it represents a British financial achievement never surpassed since Sir Isaac Newton was Director of the British Mint and first discovered the law of making the world's moneys gravitate toward London.

Last year, accordingly, when our New Deal Administration displayed a tardy willingness to re-establish an old-style

gold-standard link between the dollar and the pound, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer simply shrugged his shoulders with a chilly "Not at all." And Sir Arthur Samuel, ex-Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, was even chillier, though franker. He said in the House of Commons:

"Our friends the Americans are like children in the handling of monetary problems."

That is, we were like children in suggesting a return in present circumstances to the strict international gold-standard system.

Ever since that moment the anxious inquiry in American governmental circles has been: When, if ever, will the British countenance a return to that system?

The current dominant British reply is clear. It is: Not in any discernible future. That is the reply given by Mr. Reginald McKenna, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and head of the world's largest bank, the Midland; by Mr. William Tuke, head of another of the British "Big Five" banks, Barclay's; by Mr. Robert Brand, Director of still another of those banks, Lloyd's; by most of the leaders in the British Federation of Industries; by most of the leaders in the London Chamber of Commerce; and by that embodiment of influential and authoritative British opinion, the *London Times.*

They all prefer—at this time and for an indeterminate length of time to come—the existing British monetary system. And what is it? It can be shortly defined as follows:

A system centered upon a *free gold market* in which, with the help of the British Treasury and of the Bank of England, the national currency finds the price at which it can exercise the most desirable influence possible upon the general commodity price level.

It is a system under which some two-thirds of the international trade of the world—comprised within "Sterlingaria"—is now conducted.

In that ray of world light then I shall now venture to state the monetary views of our three American bands of liberals.

The New Deal liberals started off toward a "commodity dollar"—a dollar not of fixed gold content but of fixed purchasing power—and continued their march till January 31, 1934. They then fixed the gold content of the dollar at 13.71 grains, pure, and are now on the international gold-bullion standard, with the "commodity dollar" in effect discarded.

The Old Guard liberals express mostly a general desire to return to the gold standard—at the present dollar gold-content—in all particulars, international and domestic.

The Borah liberals wish in general to establish, in present circumstances, a dollar system comparable in flexibility to the present British pound system and capable of competing with it in the world's economic life as long as present circumstances continue.

That is the policy—and has for several years been the policy—of virtually all of the principal American farm organizations. It is the policy, essentially, of Mr. Borah's Senate speech of July 26, 1935. It is the policy also in fact of a not inconsiderable number of large American industrialists who have been engaging in an international monetary study soon to be published.

It is more than probable accordingly that at the Cleveland convention Mr. Borah's monetary views, once thought so unmentionable in polite economic society, will receive at least a meed of calm and respectful consideration.

But why, at bottom, is Mr. Borah really driven to take those views? It is for a reason often expounded by the distinguished Swedish economist Gustav Cassel. In Dr. Cassel's opinion, and in Mr. Borah's, a monetary failure to check disastrous inflationary or deflationary fluctuations in commodity prices leads directly onward, always, to efforts to fix those

prices by legislative and administrative "regimentation."

I am moved thereupon to combine all our reviewing-stands into one. The Borah influence upon the Republican Cleveland convention and upon the future of the Republican Party and upon the future of the country is for a reversal of the drift toward "regimentation"—and for a reversal accomplished not through supine negative laissez-faire but through active positive governmental measures.

In the field of the Constitution Mr. Borah is not for the mere recognition but for the actual enforcement of personal and property liberties. In the field of the relations between Government and Business he is not for the mere sanctioning of competitive liberty but for the contriving of a legal framework wherein competitive liberty can and must revive and thrive. In the field of money he is for a currency-and-credit system which will—he hopes—reduce to a minimum all apparent necessity for governmental commodity price-fixings and which will raise to a maximum, he hopes, every possibility of free sellings and buyings in free commodity markets.

The reason why his roll-call votes in the Senate have sometimes been called "inconsistent" is simply that the thread running through the mass of them has not been disentangled from the supposed compulsions of party loyalty. That thread, when that loyalty is put to one side in favor of a possibly higher loyalty, is a coherent and continuous belief in the proposition that the American Government was born to be an agency not for narrowing but for broadening the language of individual personal and economic expression.

Shall it be said that the economic conditions of to-day have rendered every such philosophy obsolete? What an overestimate of our little transitory era!

Every era has witnessed the struggle to which Mr. Borah now addresses himself. Even the Middle Ages were obliged to record an almost endemic plague of controversies between the monopolists within the guilds and the ambitious individual traders who assaulted their bulwarks. And all through the ensuing years of the triumph of modern capitalism, in every age, as is perfectly evident for the eighteenth century in the pages of Adam Smith, there has been an unremitting contest—within capitalistic business itself—between competitive combat and collective conspiracy.

The problem is eternal. The answers to it are eternal. Mr. Borah is simply determined, if he can, to imprint one of those answers on the coming history of his country: the answer of total liberalism, however antique, fortifying itself by every expedient, however modern.

It is, in a way, a very unequal fight. Traditional in his liberalism, Mr. Borah has to attack the New Deal. Modernistic in his expedients, he has to fight laissez-faire. Can he win both battles? I think he will win them sufficiently to keep the battlefield still eternal!

THE MAN FROM KANSAS: A PORTRAIT

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

HOWEVER the Landon boom may affect other Americans, we Kansans are excited by it. That is only natural. Any group of people whose normal attitude toward the rest of the country is a compound of an intense local patriotism and a smarting memory of past ridicule would be excited and pleased when their governor is talked of as a possible nominee for the presidency. But as the boom swells up no one knows as well as we do what a remarkable lot of nonsense is caught up along with the truth in it.

In the first place we, better than anyone else, know that Governor Landon is no "Kansas Coolidge" either personally or officially. Coolidge was shaped by the New England farm, Landon by the Midwestern oil industry. He is no spendthrift and believes as much as Coolidge ever did in cutting the coat according to the cloth. But Coolidge as an individual never had much cloth to work with, whereas Landon's cloth has always been ample. Coolidge, if we can believe the anecdotes, was a taciturn, rather dour individual who watched his dimes and quarters. No such anecdotes float around Kansas. Landon likes people, loves to talk with them, and as the son of an independent oil producer, grew up with spending money in his pocket and in a business group noted for its easy spending. He himself has been steadily successful in his business of puncturing the shaggy hillsides of Eastern Kansas. He operated conservatively and so never knew the terrific reverses the wild-catter sometimes meets. He married a woman with a comfortable little fortune in her own name. Consequently, money of and for itself has never meant much to him, for the same reason that water and air do not mean much to most Americans. He has always had plenty of it, but not so much that it was a nuisance.

The contrast between the two men as officials is just as sharp but curiously reversed. Coolidge was in office during a boom time which both the garden and conservatory varieties of economists were pronouncing a New Era. The Coolidge talk of economy charmed everyone as something pleasantly reminiscent of a niggardly childhood. It was so charming that few noticed that even while the talk pattered on, the civil and miscellaneous expenses of the government were steeply rising. Landon came to office in the terrible month of January, 1933. The next year the worst of all the long line of droughts which have plagued the plains States lay hard over Kansas. Last year the drought broke in the eastern part of the State, but the wheat belt suffocated in the dust storms. In 1934 the corn crop was only a tenth of its average for the five preceding years; at the same time wheat production dropped from a five-year average of 176,000,000 bushels to 79,000,000, and in 1935 further shrank to less than 60,000,000.

The official cloth Coolidge had to work with was gorgeously ample, and the civil

expenses rose. Landon's cloth has been so scant that only the most careful scheming and skimping would make it do at all. Consequently, governmental expenses have been sternly trimmed. The per capita cost of Kansas State and local government came down from $67.35 in 1932 to $51.32 in 1934. The two men faced entirely different sets of circumstances. Naturally their reaction was different. It is pure nonsense to talk of a Kansas Coolidge.

Just as misleading is the talk about balancing the Kansas budget. The men who framed the Kansas constitution seventy-five years ago began that job by forbidding the State ever to contract a debt aggregating more than a million dollars or to make any new appropriation without levying a specific tax to cover it. For this, as for many other of the celebrated peculiarities of the State, we may thank the New Englanders who came out in emigrant trains to make another "free State." At the time Kansas was admitted to the Union a number of States had been running scandalously into debt, and the careful New Englanders were determined that this should not happen in any State they had the shaping of. During the years the fiscal policy they set up has been developed but not changed.

What was done under Landon's leadership was the forcing of the local taxing units, some 8,000 of them, to fund their existing indebtedness and proceed thereafter on a cash basis. At the same time a limit was fixed for tax levies, and, perhaps most important of all in the long run, every taxing unit was forced to adopt a standardized method of bookkeeping so as to make possible a close accounting supervision. This was a step toward centralized government which was bitterly opposed by many county, city, and school employees. Because tax collections shrank in Kansas as elsewhere during those dreadful years, the cash-basis law worked a real hardship in many localities and to many of the people who did the State's work. In 1934, for instance, the average annual salary for men teachers in one-teacher schools was $451 and for women $441. During the past winter common labor on the highways has averaged only $60 to $75 a month. (One must always remember in this connection, however, that the cost of living is considerably lower in Kansas than in New York.) And of course the counties, which under the State constitution are charged with the responsibility of caring for the poor, simply could not have got through without the steady stream of federal relief funds which flowed to them. Now that the shift to W.P.A. has been made, some of them are already having difficulty caring for their so-called unemployables.

But even so, the cash-basis law has been no mean governmental achievement. During these years of depression, drought, and dust the local units have actually reduced their bonded indebtedness by $17,000,000. Only two States west of the Mississippi River (California and Iowa) have contributed a higher percentage of their relief funds. If the standard of living for those on relief has been low, so has it been everywhere. Whether time shall prove the underlying philosophy of the cash-basis plan to be wise or merely penny-wise, Kansas has come through a five-year nightmare in good financial shape.

Another thing Landon is not. He is not, as some wiseacres are insinuating, a naïve provincial who thinks that what worked in his own little community is a panacea for the troubles of the cosmos. Of course I cannot vouch for what his backers and publicity agents may say in the months between now and the Republican convention. Politicians and publicity agents have a trick of claiming whatever they think a gullible public would like to hear. But I do know that they know better. In a two-day visit in and around the green-domed State House in Topeka I did not hear the faintest

hint that all the United States needs to do to get out of its troubles is to go on a cash basis. There was, of course, much talk about the "reckless waste and extravagance" of the Roosevelt Administration. Any Republican stronghold would be talking that just now. But everywhere there seemed to be the sensible view that while the cash-basis plan had worked in Kansas because we had no large accumulated debt and because we received nearly seventy per cent of our relief funds from the federal government, the national financial problem is something quite different.

II

Well then, if Landon is not another Coolidge, not a balancer of his State budget, and not a provincial with a cure-all, what is he?

To answer that question one must first free himself from one of the choicest legends in the whole *Legendaria Americana,* the legend of Kansas. It is a fine mixture of natural violence and human eccentricity. In it droughts, grasshoppers, and cyclones mingle with hatchet-swinging prohibitionists, angry grangers, and picturesque politicians. According to it anything may happen in Kansas, and almost everything has. By its terms anyone from Kansas is presumed to be either a zealot suckled on Principle and weaned on Reform or an eccentric with a fiery tongue and sockless shins. It is such a delightful legend that one hesitates to question it. But the fact is that it has played out. For thirty years reality has been shying farther and farther away from it.

Look at the Kansas contributions to the Senate since 1918: Charles Curtis, Arthur Capper, Henry Allen, and George McGill. Not enough reforming zeal in the lot of them to purify one sinful village—and not enough eccentricity to make one good page of copy for an unimaginative reporter! The truth of the matter is that Kansas has gone conservative—not reactionary, but somewhat-right-of-center conservative. During the post-war years when agriculture has been rolling in the slough, Iowa has had a Milo Reno and his Farmers Holiday, North Dakota a Non-Partisan League and a Lynn Frazier, Minnesota a Floyd Olson and a Farmer-Labor movement; Nebraska has steadily returned a George Norris to plague the hereditary enemy in Wall Street; while Oklahoma has sported an Alfalfa Bill and Texas a pair of Fergusons. To those same years, when Kansas farmers were just as badly off as any others, they have reacted by continually returning to the Senate a wealthy, mildly progressive publisher, and by going on a cash basis. When a Kansan speaks of himself as a Progressive the chances are that he means that he voted for Theodore Roosevelt in 1912.

A second fact about the Kansas scene which must be grasped in order to understand Landon is that until very recently party lines have meant little so far as State issues are concerned. Recently, as party loyalty begins to force Democrats to line up with the New Deal on specific issues which affect the State government, there begins to be a cleavage. But for twenty years or more Democrats and Republicans have fought each other roundly and hated each other soundly with no more difference on basic political principles than the Red and Blue divisions of a club contest might have. Whenever a live issue has been faced, it has cut across party lines. What has counted in Kansas, as in the nation, has been the struggle for power between organized groups. The organized farmers, the various business groups, the American Legion, the W.C.T.U. and the churches, the Parent Teachers Association with the Teachers' Association, the tax-paying leagues—these are the political forces that have counted in recent Kansas history. They pull and haul at the governor and the legislature just as organized minorities pull and haul at Congress and the Presi-

dent. Because under the State constitution each county, no matter how sparse its population, has a representative, the struggle has been fairly well balanced. Thus farmers have always had numerical supremacy, but superior strategy has often enabled business groups of one sort or another to maintain a dominating position.

Much has been said about this development in politics. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League is credited with working out the technic, but in a sense it is inherent in democracy itself. As soon as segments of the electorate discovered that their government would respond to organized pressure it was inevitable that they should proceed to organize and that avalanches of telegrams would begin to descend upon public officials. It was also inevitable that officials would come to think less of what seemed best to them as individuals or party members and more of what their constituents desired. Undoubtedly it enormously complicates the problem of the official; for added to the old conflicts which might be set up between his private judgment and his party loyalty, is this new conflict between his judgment and the will of "the folks back home." A politics of pressures has been superimposed upon the politics of parties.

Whatever else Alf Landon is or is not, he has shown himself clever at juggling these organized groups.

Not that he is any slouch at partisan politics as they are played in Kansas. Far from it. I presume he knows every trick in the bag. He should at least, for he served a thorough apprenticeship. When he was only four years out of the law school at Kansas University he organized his county for Theodore Roosevelt. He has been a county chairman, a district chairman, a State chairman. He was secretary to Henry Allen when Allen was Governor. He managed the campaigns of Governor Clyde Reed, successfully in 1928, unsuccessfully in 1932. In 1932, when the party seemed hopelessly split between the Old Guard and the Reed forces, he got into his car and drove out into the counties to call on chairmen and farmers and shopkeepers. He is naturally a friendly, unpretentious person, and on these campaigning excursions he did not hesitate to dot the i's and cross the t's by wearing a battered hat and leaving his coat in the car. He made a good impression on a people frightened to death by thirty-cent wheat, impending mortgage foreclosures, and the radio campaign of Dr. John Brinkley.

By the end of his first term the old party feud of 1912 was better healed than it had ever been, partly because the Old Guard was dying off, but mostly because Landon had managed to make himself solid with all factions. He had built up a huge acquaintance over the State. He had been careful in making his appointments. They had been deliberately made, often too deliberately to please hungry Republicans unusually ravenous after being turned away from the national table. Few of the appointments were flagrantly bad, but all of them were aimed to build up party harmony and cement Landon's own place in the party. All this constitutes a realistic brand of partisan politics on the Kansas scene. Much of it, of course, could not be transferred to the national scene unless he could quickly build there what he had been building over a period of twenty year in Kansas—a circle of shrewd, trusted friends familiar with every thread of the partisan fabric.

But the politics of pressures is, apparently, about the same wherever one finds it. Here Landon has used a technic that in some ways is similar to Roosevelt's. He has played one organized group against another, balanced one pressure with another, fended off dangerous showdowns, dodged back and forth between demands. To play this particular game one must be adroit. And one must not have too definite convictions about the

existence of a strait and narrow way to governmental salvation. One must, in short, agree with a professor of political science whom I once heard argue that the business of the master politician is to make adjustments among the conflicting interests which tug at him. Those who fear that anyone who comes out of Kansas must necessarily bristle with Principle might be interested to know that almost the only criticism one hears of the Governor in Kansas is that he "lacks principles"—that he responds to the heaviest pressure brought to bear upon him.

One could illustrate with any of several issues which have engrossed the State in the past three years. The cash-basis law itself came in response to pressure. Landon went into office facing a tax revolt. Farmers and home owners unable to pay their taxes and landlords with shrunken rentals had been thoroughly aroused. The tax-limitation amendment they proposed had been narrowly beaten down by the Parent Teachers' Association, women's clubs, and local officials' organizations. The cash-basis legislation was a compromise. It lacked the rigidity of the amendment, but it did cut down taxes.

Perhaps an even better illustration is the wet-dry controversy which flamed anew with the coming of national Repeal. Amusing as the fact may seem to the rest of the country, prohibition was the hottest political issue in the drought- and depression-racked Kansas of 1934. It still had on its statutes the old bone-dry law, but beer was being sold openly in every town in the State. Such a situation was unthinkable to the drys and unsatisfactory to the wets. The usual fanfare of political maneuvering between well-organized groups ensued. Every candidate for a law enforcement or law making office in the whole State was put on the spot by both sides. Was he wet or dry?

Now Landon is, by all accounts, not austere in his personal attitude toward liquor. As an individual he would probably have been glad to legalize the beer shops and collect taxes from them. He must also have had his doubts about the possibility of enforcing stringent dry laws. But as a politician who meant to get himself reelected, he had sufficient sensitivity to popular feeling to realize that he must be on the dry side. And so he espoused the dry cause. I do not know what may be deduced from the election figures, but here they are. The amendment which would have repealed the bone-dry law failed by about 89,000 votes. Landon, in a year of universal Democratic landslides and just after a bond scandal which had stripped the statehouse of some of its long-time Republican tenants, was reelected by a majority of 62,000. His political instinct had been right.

Up came the legislature for the 1935 session. Every one of them had also been on the spot. Most of the House members had had the perspicacity to realize that a politician in their districts that year had better be dry. The "folks back home" had spoken. Accordingly a bill forbidding the sale of any beverage containing more than five-tenths per cent alcohol promptly passed the House. The Senators had been on the spot too. But since a larger percentage of them came from districts with an urban population, they had emerged with another view about beer. Accordingly they passed the bill but tacked to it an amendment which would make impossible any serious attempt at enforcement. Cries of rage and indignation went up from the embattled drys. The bill went through conference after conference, but neither house would budge. And so Kansas has gone merrily on with a bone-dry law on its books and beer parlors on its streets. Whether or not the Governor had any part in engineering the deadlock I have no way of knowing. But certainly he exerted no pressure whatever to break it. And certainly the old nickname of "Foxy

Landon," which had attached itself to him during his fraternity days at the University, began to be used again when people discussed the legislative fiasco.

III

The performance is characteristic. Things that he doesn't want to do or feels can't be done just don't get done. He takes no open stand against them but they drag along until they either die a natural death or the sentiment in favor of them becomes irresistible. Where compromise is clearly impossible, as it was in the wet-dry tangle, passivity becomes good tactics in the politics of pressures. It may not be the method of statesmanship—but I doubt if Landon in his largest moments ever thought of himself as a statesman.

He is the very incarnation of the political principle which regards the official as an executive commissioned to do what his people want rather than as a leader far in advance of them in his political and social views. This principle may be the fatal weakness of the democratic society, but as all the critics of Democracy have been pointing out for the last generation, it *is* Democracy. It is as natural for Landon as breathing. Not long ago in a little group discussing the new security legislation, he spoke of some of its unsatisfactory features as resulting from the haste with which it was drawn up. Someone remarked that if it had come fifteen years ago, when it should have, it could have been done with more care. "Yes," said he simply, "but there was no demand for it then."

His democracy is not just a pose. It runs through the whole personality. His clothing is free and easy. He is said never to look as if there were any starch about him. His manner is easy too. He meets people without condescension on one hand or straining for effect on the other. Genuinely interested in the opinions and reactions of others, he has no back-slapping overcordiality. He is just friendly—perhaps what the psychologist would call "well-adjusted." Even his severest critics preface their remarks with, "I hate to say this, because I really like the man," or "You can't help liking him."

Perhaps as good an account of him as any is this. When Hearst came out on an inspection tour, he left pronouncing, "He's wonderful." Two weeks later when *The Nation* sent Raymond Gram Swing out to discover what Hearst liked in Landon, Swing also liked him and left reflecting that Hearst "rides lightly to disillusionment." When I too tried to find out in Topeka what the Hearst backing implied I was told, "Only that he likes to pick a winner. He picked Hoover and turned on him. He picked Roosevelt and turned on him. Now he has picked Landon."

What kind of a national campaign he could stage is, of course, only a matter of speculation. His family set-up is ideal for publicity purposes: a clever, socially able wife with interesting hobbies, two beautiful small children, and a pretty collegiate daughter who apparently never gets into scrapes. Landon himself might not fare so well. He is no speech-maker. When he was in his first campaign three years ago, he was one of the world's worst. He has improved much since then, but still is no orator. While he did not come to Kansas from Pennsylvania until he was seventeen years old, the thirty-two years that have elapsed have been sufficient to give him a Southwestern drawl and more than a suggestion of a nasal twang. When he is "thinking on his feet" he hesitates and fumbles badly. An occasional "he don't" slides out as naturally as "ain't" slid out of Al Smith or "Amurican gover'ment" out of Hoover in 1928. Whether the Kansas impropriety would be as readily forgiven as the others were, one can only guess. His radio voice is not particularly good, but a public which has just been witnessing the revamping of Hoover's radio person-

ality knows that to be no insuperable difficulty.

His mental processes are similarly unspectacular. He has a good mind, but no one ever accused him of being intellectual. His friends say that he gets most of his information by questioning those he comes in contact with, particularly those from outside his own intimate circle. He respects facts and has instituted in the State House a Research Department which is headed by a professor of political science on leave from Kansas University. All of his speeches and more and more of the daily run of State executive problems are submitted to this department to be checked.

In his talk about issues he reflects fairly accurately the general state of thinking and feeling at the moment. Perhaps it is not too much to say that he represents the mass mind of the middle class. Before the depression, politics probably seemed to him only a pleasant game, played for amusement, prestige, or business interest. He grew up in the Progressive movement, which never really came to grips with the economic problem, but contented itself with child labor legislation, workmen's compensation, equal suffrage, and the like. He no doubt felt, as did all the Progressives around him, that such reforms and, above all, "good government" would take care of the economic problem. The depression was probably his first lesson (as indeed it was for most Americans) in the seriousness and the complexity of that problem.

And so I fancy he was perfectly sincere when he said in his first inaugural address, "Again we are in hard and trying times, and the solution of problems was never more intriguing, for our difficulties are new to the race. For centuries humanity has been compelled to deal with famine. Now in a few minutes' time, relative to the history of man, our modern civilization is brought face to face with a complete reversal of that policy. . . . We are gazing at uncharted seas, as Balboa first gazed on the mighty Pacific." Most people felt like that at the beginning of 1933.

The second inaugural address showed that he had made some progress in charting the sea, for he declared that the basic premise necessary for our welfare and happiness "must be the realization that this economic situation did not come upon us suddenly nor will we get out of it over night." Other excerpts from the same speech are, "Our problems have been intensified by the great industrial plutocracy we have built since our last great depression of 1893," and "Assistance to the unemployed is not a privilege or a vested right. Neither is it a charity. It is a common obligation created by the rapidity and complexity of our economic growth." Most people had proceeded to approximately that point in their charting of the sea.

His most recent address, delivered at the Kansas Day banquet on January 29th, was frankly a campaign speech. It came at a time when the mass middle-class mind was beginning to be seriously disturbed over the financial position of the federal government, but was firm in its demands that no one shall starve, that old-age pensions and unemployment insurance shall be provided, and that something real shall be done about the farm problem. Landon himself feels earnestly on all these points. And so he spoke strongly about the "appalling waste and extravagance" of the present Administration. As ways of eliminating it, he advocated putting relief on a non-partisan basis and destroying the spoils system by greatly extending civil service. He remarked that the problem of unemployment is "national in scope and should be solved on a national basis" and added cautiously, "This involves the most careful consideration of the limitations of the Federal and State constitutions." He favored old-age pensions and unemployment insurance, but described the recent legislation as "utterly unwork-

able, hastily thrown together, and makeshift." He stated that "there is no single solution of the farm problem," and took a leaf from everybody's book by advocating soil conservation, flood control, tariff compensations, and expanding the home and foreign markets.

It was a good middle-of-the-road speech. It said, in general, what most of the people who pride themselves on their common sense are saying just now. It indicates as well as anything could the man Landon and the politician Landon. In short, it was a bid for the Republican nomination from the middle of the road. It said to both wings of the party, "Neither of you can get the sort of candidate you'd really like. If you could get him, you could not hope to elect him." It was the siren call of the Center. It may not have been profound thinking, but it was good politics.

It does not answer, of course, the question, "Is this man from Kansas big enough for the presidency?" Perhaps the best answer to that was made by one of his most intimate friends, William Allen White: "The impact of the job in the White House is tremendous. If a man has any latent subconscious powers they are aroused by the overwhelming responsibility. Few men fail to respond to this awful challenge. Taft rallied slowly, Harding failed. . . . I am inclined to believe that Landon would rise to it. I don't know. No man knows. I don't think he knows. I think that is the reason he is modest. He stands in awe and fear of the terrible consequences of a failure to rise."

SONNET FOR EASTER

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

IN SEEKING miracles, I'd not exchange
This pond's glare ice for a blue tropic sea;
These stricken pastures for the certainty
Of jungle-green. Not out of what is strange,
But what seems dead—trees stripped of each bronze leaf,
Dark buds that point although their tips are sealed,
Or pale pods rattling in a windy field—
I draw the stubborn faith of my belief.
If through these winter months I starve on hopes
Of what has weathered an apparent death,
A day will come that lengthens down white slopes
When, as a witness, I shall hold my breath
At seeing by some swollen river bed
One clump of green arising from the dead.

THE FRENCH VOLCANO

BY M. E. RAVAGE

THE Third Republic has for over two years been tossing in a fever so acute and so chronic that many observers see in it a repetition of the crisis in Germany at the beginning of the present decade. The gravity of what is happening can hardly be overstated. The country has been ripped across the middle with a violence and thoroughness recalling, if not surpassing, the days of the Affaire Dreyfus. Left and Right glower at each other—in Parliament, at public meetings, in the press, on city squares and rural lanes, yes, and at the family table—across a chasm which grows wider and deeper day by day; and men wonder if this rift may not be the prelude to civil war.

The air is surcharged with electricity. None of the signs that presage a storm is absent. Overnight the hundred and one little parties, so characteristic of this classic home of innocuous faction, have leaped into furious activity—armed, disciplined, militant. Street brawls have become a daily occurrence, public men have again and again been waylaid and assaulted, political murder has raised its ugly head—in Paris, in the suburbs of the capital, in nearly every province of the fair and once tranquil land.

The origin—or, as partisans of the Left would say, the pretext—of all this turmoil goes back to a financial-political scandal of a species that has become all too banal under the Third Republic. A common swindler, Sacha Staviski (alias Alexandre), with the complicity, willful or innocent, of numerous deputies, mayors, magistrates, fine ladies, publicists, lawyers, an ex-general, police and other high officials (including several active and former ministers), succeeded in mulcting the public savings of the tidy—but, as such affairs go, by no means spectacular—sum of approximately fifty million francs. The bubble burst just before Christmas, 1933. The quiet season and the relatively tranquil international scene aiding, the press seized upon the windfall avidly. For weeks and months scarcely a newspaper of any color but devoted column upon column, sometimes whole pages, to the revelations; and this in a country where the average daily has only eight pages to work with and where important events are often dispatched with half a column or even a couple of sticks of type. The *Affaire Staviski* was played up from the outset as a big story, better than a major crime, as good as a firstclass war.

It became bigger and better as time went on and as a veritable cascade of suicides very soon followed. The suicides began with that of Staviski himself (who, if a considerable part of the press is to be believed, "was suicided" by the compromised authorities in order to silence him), and ended with the sensational death of a certain Judge Prince, found mangled on the railroad tracks near Dijon on the eve of the day when he was to have explained his part in the nineteen postponements accorded the swindler in an earlier case.

The government of the moment happened to be of the Left—or, to be precise, of that mild liberal tinge which the French in those days called Left—a Radical-Socialist Ministry headed by Camille Chautemps. A brother-in-law of the premier, Pressard, was district attorney for the Paris area and thus presumably responsible for those eternal postponements. The Minister of Labor, Dalimier, had benevolently written a letter to various insurance companies recommending Staviski's bogus bonds as a safe investment. Another, the Attorney General, Reynaldy, was shown to have been involved in an earlier malodorous mess. Abruptly the Staviski affair, from being a financial scandal, turned into a political one. The royalist paper, *L'Action Française,* doubled, tripled its circulation in a week by scooping up nearly every day delectable morsels which escaped the rest of the press. Posters made their appearance on the hoardings accusing the entire government, the whole Radical-Socialist Party, and—one has to live in France for many years to understand this—the Freemasons, of being in league with scoundrels. Several deputies of the opposition, notably one Philippe Henriot, did their bit within the Chamber in the same direction.

Then the students and the leagues came into the picture, or more accurately, into that peculiarly French political arena, the street. Throughout the month of January there were almost nightly organized demonstrations, with banners and war-cries ("We want a clean France," "Down with the thieves," and, in lighter vein, "Staviski to the Pantheon"); there were occasional clashes with the police, and attempts to reach the Chamber. At first relatively harmless, they grew formidable and violent as time went on. Overnight that profound and unbridged moat which has cut across France like a scar since the Revolution, perhaps since the religious wars, and which periodically, upon what may seem to us the most trivial provocation, divides the country into two hostile camps, opened wide. The court proceedings in the Staviski affair have since demonstrated that the nature of the scandal was quite different from what was then believed. But meanwhile the mischief had been done.

The swindler is now forgotten. The bitterness remains and grows in intensity.

The Chautemps Cabinet was forced, under the pressure of the street, to drop ballast. It dropped first its Minister of Labor, then its Attorney General. Finally (proving the truth of the French political adage that no ministry can survive two amputations) it fell in a heap. This was on January 27, 1934. But, very oddly, the new Government presided over by Edouard Daladier was from the outset attacked with far more violence than its predecessor. Daladier was not suspected of being tarred with the Staviski brush, except in so far as the whole Radical-Socialist Party was, thanks to the reckless insinuations of its enemies; and he picked his associates with care from among the younger men of unimpeachable character and antecedents. Why then? He had, it is true, put a club into the hands of his foes with which to beat him. No sooner was he in power than he dared what every Left government had been itching to do but had not had the courage: he offered the powerfully entrenched police prefect Jean Chiappe another post, and upon the latter's indignant refusal, dismissed him. Now the fat was in the fire, and the bloody riots of February 6, 1934, from which all the baneful dissensions have since flowed, were the consequence. Manifestly, however, what the opposition was resolved upon was not a reshuffling of the cards but an entirely new pack.

If the spokesmen of the Left are to be believed, their adversaries did not simply exploit the Staviski bombshell. They manufactured it, set and timed it, and, the propitious moment having come,

exploded it. In substantiation of this seemingly fantastic charge, they offer a miscellany of evidence, some of which at least is profoundly disturbing, all the more so as it appears in large part to be borne out by the findings of the two parliamentary investigating commissions (composed of members of all the parties) and of the courts. The facts which they marshal are not open to doubt; the interpretation which they put upon them is another matter.

In 1926, they argue, when the preceding "Left Cartel" had carried the elections, the defeated opposition contrived with the aid of its friends the bankers to bring on a financial panic and by this means to hoist Poincaré to power in defiance of the will of the nation as recorded at the polls. Having succeeded once, say these Radical spokesmen, the Right was ready to try again. And they point out that as far back as 1932 there were persistent rumors—the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* reported them to his paper at the time—of a projected *coup de balai* to sweep the new Cartel out of power and bring back another retired ex-President, Doumergue this time, to the helm. This, they declare, was the object of the violent anti-parliamentary campaign carried on by poster and in the press, notably the *Echo de Paris,* by the National Republicans. Though the depredations of Staviski, which had cost the country the bagatelle of fifty million francs, were swelled into a formidable scandal, numerous other and much bigger affairs—like that of Oustric, the Aéropostale, and the Banque Nationale du Crédit, the last-named of which alone had engulfed the astronomic sum of two thousand millions—were, thanks to their leaking out while the nationalists were in power, hushed up by press and officials alike. Lastly, the Affaire Staviski was not, in its political aspects, a Left scandal at all. Its beginnings went back to 1926. All its major connivances and complicities had occurred under the consulships, first of Poincaré, then of Tardieu. It had been kept simmering for six or seven years and then, at the right time, allowed to boil over.

However that may be, the Staviski scandal was clearly only the spark that set off the powder keg of public discontent. The discontent itself, an accumulation of many years and motivated by a great variety of profounder grievances, would have burst its bounds sooner or later no matter what party was in power. Corruption in high places was only one of these grievances. There were, in addition, the failure to make the Germans pay and, resulting therefrom, the crushing burden of taxation; the failure to hold the Germans down, and the renewed menace of war; the stagnation of trade, with its accompaniment of unemployment; the eternally unbalanced budget and the consequent danger of devaluation, which, in a country where every fifth person is a creditor of the State, becomes a universal concern. To top all these worries and irritations, the majority, Left by tradition and in faith, were disillusioned by the unedifying spectacle of impotence, instability, and—the last straw—scandal.

II

On the morrow of the riots—on the 7th of February, 1934, that is—the Daladier government, "desiring to avoid further bloodshed," resigned. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of this official explanation. About a dozen of the rioters had been killed the night before and a score badly hurt. A wave of confused indignation was sweeping the country which the opposition was not slow to capitalize. By secret order, by handbills and posters and summonses in their newspapers, the faction leaders were calling upon their leagues and sympathizers to renew their efforts on the following night. Regardless of what measures the authorities might adopt, one thing was certain: another armed clash was inevitable, with

probably more numerous fatalities as the aftermath. Neither Daladier nor the majority of his colleagues viewed such a prospect with enthusiasm. They were further discouraged by the militant opposition of the Extreme-Left. Socialists, and more particularly Communists, had been as loud in yelling "Down with the thieves" and "Down with the assassins" as had the Nationalists. Flanked by enemies to the right and to the left, and upheld only weakly by its own immediate party, the government could not but feel that its authority was gone. The next day, to be sure, the Extreme-Left had changed its position, but by then it was too late.

On the same 7th of February a certain retired Lieutenant Colonel, Count François-Casimir de la Rocque, "General President" of an organization of which few people had heard till then—the *Association des Croix de Feu et Briscards* —sent a telegram to his friends couched in these cryptic words: "The first round is won. The government has fallen."

Who was this man and what was this association? Contrary to the general impression at the time, which he did nothing to correct, La Rocque had not personally been on the street on the fateful night, and his league—originally a non-political organization of veterans decorated for distinguished service under fire—had taken only an obscure part in its events. He merely, it would seem, exploited for his own purposes the error which had assigned him a preponderant role in the attempted capture of the Chamber of Deputies.

He is not the creator of the Croix de Feu. The association, housed and financed by the late François Coty, the perfumer and newspaper owner, was already a going concern when de la Rocque, son of a general, joined it in 1929. He had just withdrawn from active service in the army where, in spite of his good record, his advancement had seemed to him disproportionate to his merit, and had accepted a post at the modest wage of fifteen hundred francs a month in the Mercier electrical trust. Through friends—in the familiar French fashion—he had won the patronage of the late President Doumer; whereupon his salary rose at one bound to five thousand francs. Subsequently Doumer withdrew his support, and La Rocque lost his position.

Meanwhile, however, he had contrived to get himself elected, first, vice president, and then president of the veterans' group, and devoted himself to the task of fashioning it into an instrument in the service of what he considers the true ideals of old France—nationalism, militarism, clericalism, and the existing social order—and of combating by every means all contrary ideals and those who entertain them. One of the earliest exploits of the Croix de Feu under his direction was the breaking up at the Trocadero of an international peace congress, held in 1931 under the chairmanship of Herriot.

Already before the sixth of February a reconciliation had been effected between La Rocque and his former employer Mercier. The successful membership campaign after that eventful night brought many other wealthy and influential men to his banner, notably a duke, Pozzo di Borgo, a director of the Bank of France, de Wendel, and the well-known wine store-chain owner Nicolas. Well financed, the organization publishes a weekly *Le Flambeau* in which its leader's aims and ideas find expression. One learns in its columns that the Croix de Feu are not fascists, as their enemies would have one believe, but convinced republicans, who, desiring to see the authority of the State restored and strengthened, would destroy parliamentarism, abolish political parties, and curb democracy. The leader, though an aristocrat by birth, loves the simple people, even those misled by radical and Marxist perversions, and profoundly dislikes financiers, though only international

ones. The French people, he holds, are endowed with gifts and virtues beyond all other nations; and this is why he has consecrated his life to the task of their regeneration.

By some perversity of nature, the French people do not seem in any appreciable number to reciprocate the Count-Colonel's affection or admiration. Though his movement has grown enormously in the last two years, thanks largely to its being opened to the sons and daughters of veterans and other non-combatants, it remains a class movement. Among peasants and workers and plain men and women generally it is viewed with mistrust and fear, and its president is perhaps the most hated man in France. What is more interesting still is that, even within its own ranks, there is hardly anything like unanimity about aims and tactics in the organization. There have been frequent and numerically important defections. The younger and mentally more alert men, who joined under the impression that the movement really represented a regeneration of French thought and ideals, are disgruntled by La Rocque's obstinate refusal to formulate any kind of program of reforms and objectives and by his affiliation with the moneyed and reactionary coteries. Last spring a revolt broke out in the inner councils of the association and a number of the younger members of the directorate formed an independent body.

If the Croix de Feu, thanks in part to the publicity lavished upon it by the Left, is the most conspicuous of the militarized anti-democratic leagues, it is far from having the field to itself. Of the half dozen other organizations with similar aims, at least three came upon the stage before it. The oldest of the leagues is, of course, the royalist Action Française, which, since the 6th of February, has found itself in the anomalous position of being repudiated by the pretender to the throne. Co-operating closely with the monarchists and sharing their aims, are the Jeunesses Patriotes, headed by the Alsatian deputy Taittinger. Like the Croix de Feu, the Solidarité Française was founded and financed by Coty; it is now led by another deputy, Jean Renaud. At one time there was much noise by and about a rather picturesque landed proprietor named Dorgères and his agrarian movement going under the label of Front Paysan. It seems to have gone into a decline. Finally there are the Francistes of a certain M. Bucart—the only avowedly fascist league of them all.

It is thoroughly in keeping with the individualist temper of the French that even when they go in for regeneration and national reconciliation and solidarity movements they want a generous assortment to choose from. It is perhaps a safe prediction that in due time there will be in France as many organizations aiming at the destruction of political parties as there are political parties. For the present, however, the rival leagues are busy striving to destroy one another. Homeric combats rage daily in their respective organs.

The Chief of the Croix de Feu, watching the street battles of the 6th of February from his window on the Boulevard St. Germain, was shrewd enough to anticipate that the Republic would probably not fall that night; that the assault upon it had only just begun. What he did not foresee, what the most sanguine of the democratic leaders could scarcely have believed possible, was that the first and immediate effect of the assault would be to drive the scattered forces of the Left into one another's arms.

Yet this was precisely what happened. Two days later, on the 8th, at the Cours de Vincennes, the two labor confederations and the two political labor parties united in holding a common demonstration. On the 11th they co-operated again in the general strike. But this was the merest beginning. The Radical-Socialists—or at least the majority Left wing of the party—presently asked to be given a

seat at the conference table too. Driven from power, accused of all the crimes in the calendar, virtually outlawed, they drifted into the Marxists' camp, though not by any manner of means accepting the Marxist way out of the chaos. Then followed the three independent socialist parties, and after them no fewer than ninety-odd other organizations, political, social, and intellectual. Before the anniversary of the 6th of February had come round, the *Rassemblement des Gauches,* or the Front Populaire, had become a reality. Those who spoke of reconciliation and regeneration had built better than they knew.

III

The Front Populaire is not a revolutionary party. It is not a party at all. It is a coalition—how solidly fused and how permanent remains to be seen—of a large and varied assortment of units, political and other, which have come together to iron out their differences and to pool their resources in order the more effectively to face what they believe to be a common danger, that of fascist dictatorship. There are revolutionists in its ranks certainly; or, it would be truer to say, there are profoundly sobered political strategists who two years ago frankly worked for revolution. These elements may indeed still aim at revolution on classic lines, and events may not impossibly so shape themselves as to give them what they want. But the Front Populaire is not a Communist body nor yet a Communist-led body.

Numerically—from the point of view of voting strength—the Communists rank third among the four principal parties composing the Front. Far ahead of them come the S. F. I. O. Socialists, who, though they are Marxists and well-disposed toward the Soviets in Russia, believe neither in the possibility nor in the desirability of a Soviet dictatorship in France. The three independent socialist parties, recently united into a single bloc under the leadership of Paul-Boncour, represent together a force perhaps as large, though scarcely as influential or as vigorous, as the French section of the Communist International. But the largest single unit, the group without whose experience in government and whose overwhelming following in the country the Front Populaire would cease to be a power to reckon with, is the Radical Socialist Party, whose shade of opinion in the wide gamut of French political doctrine matches in this country approximately those of, let us say, Senators Norris and La Follette.

No party anywhere comes so near, perhaps, to mirroring the views, prejudices, and interests of the plain man, the average citizen, the *peuple,* as does the Radical Socialist Party. It is the natural political fold of the little fellow—of the shopkeeper, the artisan, the peasant, the clerk, the civil servant, the modest professional man. They are proud of their alleged descent from the Jacobins of the great Revolution. Their body of doctrine is a tissue of negatives—anti-militarist, anti-clerical, anti-bigwig, anti-nationalist. But they never were, and they are not now, against private property. Indeed, the taunt flung at them until two years ago—stingless, in a land where political tags rarely correspond to principles, but quite true—was that they were neither radicals nor socialists. Even the left wing of the party—the Young Turks, as Herriot called the followers of Daladier, now in complete control—did not until quite recently propose to tamper seriously with the existing economic order. Nothing could be more fantastic than the idea of these *petits bourgeois* mounting barricades in a romantic revolution. But this is not saying that they will not fight, and fiercely, for what they conceive to be the liberties of Frenchmen, for the heritage (which they consider peculiarly their own) of the great Revolution.

If this is true of the rank and file of the Radical Socialists, it applies no less to the

half dozen or more lesser groups in the Front—the Parti Camille-Pelletan, the Intellectuals' Anti-Fascist Vigilance Committee, the League of the Rights of Man, and the rest.

The Front Populaire, far from being bent on revolution, is in reality anti-revolutionary, which is not the same thing as counter-revolutionary. Its very origin and existence are proof of that. It was formed to frustrate what its members regarded as the attempt of a determined minority to impose its will upon the country. Unprovoked, it might well even now undertake nothing spectacular. Therein, patently, lies its great weakness. Brought into being by the misfired putsch of the 6th of February, it is kept alive almost wholly by the threat of a repetition of that attempt, and seems destined for the present to wax and wane as the danger increases or recedes. It began, and at this writing remains, a purely defensive bloc. All its slogans are to-day what they were at the start: "They (the fascists) shall not pass!" "France will not submit to the humiliation of dictatorship!" "Disarm and dissolve the civil-war leagues!" "France has not expelled the old feudalism of the landlords to fall a prey to the new feudalism of finance!"

After almost a year of bickering and bargaining, the only cohesion between the various groups and parties is still the wholly negative one of blocking the enemy. Gallons of ink have run, tons of paper have been covered by scores of writers clamoring for the need of uniting upon a common program. Yet the only positive achievement—if it can be called positive—is an oath that "the liberties wrung from tyranny by the heroes of '89 shall at all costs be preserved," a pious declaration to which every French republican has subscribed for the better part of a century and a half. On the burning questions of the day—war and peace, taxation, unemployment, the budget, control of credit, nationalization of the munitions industry and other industries, the wine and wheat markets, and first and foremost, the participation by the extreme left parties in a Front Populaire Government—nothing affirmative, nothing binding. Small wonder that the mass of the people, whose pressure has forced the party leaders to get on speaking terms with one another, are becoming skeptical and desperate.

And yet, when one looks back at the state of affairs in the Left camp of only two short years ago, even this negative and defensive union represents an enormous accomplishment. At the dawning of 1934 all was mistrust, recrimination, confusion. Scarcely a day passed without the leaders of one of the parties charging the others with treason to the republican cause. The Socialists and the Radicals heaped abuse upon one another. Both accused the Communists of misleading the workers at the behest and in the interest of a foreign Power. And the Communist organ *L'Humanité* ran banner headlines every other day describing the other Marxist party as "the best friends of the bourgeoisie." Meanwhile all three parties were in a state of progressive decomposition. The Radicals were split wide open between Herriotistes and Daladieristes; among the Socialists a mutiny had broken out which carried away from their ranks a score of the younger deputies, and resulted in the birth of the Neo-Socialist party; and in the Communist camp a bitter internecine struggle culminated in the expulsion from the party of the once popular deputy Doriot, because, it is curious to record, he had demanded, without waiting for orders from Russia, a rapprochement with the Socialists!

After this, the spectacle of Communists, Socialists, Radicals, and Neo-Socialists sitting down together round a conference table, if only to discuss common problems and common interests, without coming to blows—and this for months on end—cannot but seem to their respective followers like the millennium.

IV

As a matter of fact, however, matters have gone far beyond mere amenities. Concessions, and very large ones, have been made by all the parties. In their endeavor to find common ground, Radicals, Socialists, and Communists alike have swallowed their ideologies, thawed out their sectarian rigidity, and decided for once to face realities. Daladier—and with him the vast majority of his party—sobered by the events which brought down his Cabinet and made his name for a time a by-word for murder, began to wonder whether democracy in France could ever, after all, be more than make-believe so long as the control levers of the national economy remained in the hands of two hundred families. He did not need much prompting from the Marxist camp to conclude that while this state of affairs continued, the will of the majority recorded on ballots at the polls would always, on one pretext or another, be nullified by the effective rulers of the country. It had happened—so he believed—twice in six years. And reasoning thus, whether rightly or wrongly, he was not the least bit shocked—as he certainly would have been a few months earlier—by the drastic financial and economic reforms proposed in the Plan of the General Confederation of Labor, nor disposed to make difficulties when his new friends suggested that this moderately socialistic scheme be adopted as the basis for the common platform.

M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, looking across the continent to the heroic and hopeless struggle of the Socialists in Vienna, now concluded that Fabianism had had its day and that, since fight one must, it was best to do so while one still had allies and while it was still possible to take the offensive. He too was ready to make concessions.

But the most massive concessions perhaps were made by the Communists. They who a few weeks earlier dubbed everyone a "social-fascist" who did not subscribe in full to their interpretation of Marxism, now began to make the friendliest advances not only to the unorthodox of their own faith but to radicals and liberal intellectuals as well. They who had since their origin maintained that the bourgeois republic was not worth saving, that its destruction was indeed the condition precedent to the liberation of the proletariat, suddenly began to offer the most determined resistance to those who would assail "the hard-won liberties acquired by the masses" in preceding revolutions. Overnight the handbills, the posters, and the official organs of the party underwent an incredible metamorphosis. Patriotism, which had long ago been abandoned to the Nationalists as an outworn prejudice, was all at once re-annexed; and one was astonished to find on the walls of Paris Communist proclamations asserting: "We love our country." In reporting the Limoges shootings, *L'Humanité* demanded the disarming and dissolution of the Croix de Feu, "these murderers of *Frenchmen*," where eighteen months before they would have written "workers." And in the great street demonstration of the 14th of July last, in which it is estimated that close to five hundred thousand people of all degrees and of all democratic shades of opinion took part, the persistent war-cry of the Communist marchers was "*unité syndicale!*" (one big union). Prior to 1934 any suggestion of labor unity had been anathema to Communist ears unless the unified organization was ready to accept Communist control.

In the course of this same street demonstration also one heard yet another unexpected slogan. As the paraders approached the Vincennes gate, they greeted the leaders of the various parties, where they stood perched on pilasters and automobile tops. Daladier was among them of course, surrounded by a small knot of radical chieftains. And as the Communist columns came swinging

along intoning the "Internationale" they crooked their fisted arms and shouted: "*Daladier au pouvoir!*" One wonders whether among them there may not have been some of the young workers who, on the night of February 6, 1934, while the last Daladier government was in its agony, mingled with the rioters, yelling by turn: "Soviets everywhere!" and "Down with the thieves!"

What can explain this complete *volte face?* The belief of the leaders of the Left that a fascist *coup* was attempted in February, 1934, is not the only explanation. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the rank and file of the French workers, once they had taken time to reflect on the significance of the events of February 6th, exerted the strongest kind of pressure on their chiefs. Indeed, the most striking single fact about the Popular Front movement is that its impetus and inspiration came not from the leaders but from the masses. The driving force still comes from them. Every bit of progress that has been made in the past two years toward a union of the Left is their work. Whenever to this day the politicians take a step, they do so because they are pushed from behind. The people, especially the people of Paris, and most particularly the workers of the suburban Red Belt, saw with their own eyes what the factions were up to on that memorable February night in '34. They have been seeing with increasing apprehension the rise of the Croix de Feu. Rightly or wrongly, they believe that the aim of de la Rocque is a dictatorship in the manner of Hitler. They will not have it. Their leaders hesitate, and split doctrinal hairs, and maneuver for position. They, the masses, care nothing about all this. All that interests them is that the concentration camps and all the rest of the shame and horror visited upon the German people shall not be imported into France.

What particularly impelled the Communists—though to a degree the same motive influenced the other Front Populaire groups also—was the international factor. A fascist government in Paris would reverse (just as Hitler had done) the policy of rapprochement with Moscow, spectacularly initiated only a few months before under Daladier by his brilliant young air Minister, Pierre Cot, and Herriot. It would expose Soviet Russia —and France—to the mercies of a resurgent, remilitarized Germany.

However that might be, one conclusion is evident: the French Communist leaders, adjusting themselves realistically to changed circumstances within the frontiers and without, abandoned a tactic that had become obsolete and adopted another. They perceived that France was not Russia, and that if the goal they had set themselves was to be attained, it would have to be pursued by another strategy, perhaps even another ideology. For the time being, the important thing —for them as for their allies—was that the liberties of the people, inherited from earlier struggles and triumphs, should not perish.

V

But the catastrophic revolutionists, assuming that there are such in the councils of the Front Populaire, may yet have their way. All will depend on what their opponents do. Revolutions are not made by revolutionaries, but the other way around. Under given circumstances a Left government, should one take over the reins, may see itself obliged, in self-defense or by way of obviating a *coup de force,* to take measures which few of its leaders now either envisage or quite desire. The Revolution of 1789 might very well have stopped at a constitutional monarchy had there been no Brunswick Proclamation.

What now are the prospects, in so far as they are discernible at this distance? Judging by the results of the municipal elections of last May and the Senatorial elections of last October and the series of

by-elections held since, notably the very significant mayoralty contest in the little city of Sens of December 29 last, it needs no major prophet to predict that the Left parties will sweep the country in the legislative elections which at this writing are scheduled for May. This much may safely be prognosticated. And this also: that, regardless of programs and degree of fusion, they will co-operate very closely, during the campaign at least.

Immediately after the elections the Chambers will meet. The question will then arise as to whether the partners in the struggle will participate in the fruits of victory. The Radical-Socialists have been saying repeatedly that they will not commit again their follies of 1926 and 1932, that they will not this time assume sole governmental responsibility, that their allies in the campaign must share equally with them. It is at least possible that the Socialists of both varieties and the Communists will listen to reason, and enter with the Radicals into a Front Populaire coalition government. Whatever happens, President Lebrun will be bound to call in the leaders of the majority, and in one form or another a Cabinet of the Left will be constituted, probably headed by Daladier.

That is when the fun will begin. (The word is Colonel de la Rocque's.) The leader of the Croix de Feu and his allies—or rivals—too have been saying for two years that the return of the Left to power will be the signal for "a descent into the street" by the Nationalists, a phrase which is French for civil war. De la Rocque may or may not mean what he says. He has been lavish with threats and warnings ever since he came into public notice, none of which he has thus far carried out. His failures in this domain are what the dissidents from his movement hold against him. On the other hand, some of his competitors—Taittinger of the Jeunesses Patriotes, or Renaud of the Solidarité Française, or even Chiappe, the President of the Paris Municipal Council—may be bolder and more resolute.

That is not all. A Left government is likely to stir the directors of the Bank of France, as well as those of the other big financial institutions, to alarm—or to action—with a panic on the Bourse as the result. In part this panic would be a product of fear; in part it would quite possibly be strategy. Such panics have worked effectively before (in 1926, for instance). A panic would be almost inevitable this time, since the Front Populaire has made no secret of its intention to nationalize credit and to lay hands on the Bank of France.

In sheer self-defense the government would have no choice but to respond to the twin dangers of civil war and financial chaos—it might even, knowing in advance what was brewing, anticipate them—by declaring martial law. The Chambers in the face of such a crisis would then be forced to transform themselves into a constituent assembly and, in order to maintain the authority of the State, grant extraordinary powers to the cabinet, which would be tantamount to proclaiming a dictatorship. What would then follow is that incalculable, and in its course unpredictable, social-political phenomenon called revolution. It would not be the first time in history that revolution has begun in that way.

These are not haphazard surmises. They are grave possibilities latent in the womb of recent French history. Yet who can be sure? From reliable and well-informed sources come persistent assertions that de la Rocque, thanks to his affiliations with the army, is prepared for a surprise attack. Such intelligence is to be received with the utmost caution. But should it prove true, he or his allies of the Right might not impossibly paralyze the government, perhaps even before it could be constituted. In that case France would find itself in the grip of a dictatorship of another stripe and—probably—of a bloody and long-drawn-out civil war.

The Lion's Mouth



HER OWN MONEY

BY MARIAN CASTLE

We American wives have made a cult of good sportsmanship. But in the handling of our own money we might well be called the unfair sex. We laid down one set of pocketbook rules for our husbands to follow; yet when it is our turn to carry the pocketbook we refuse to abide by those same rules.

It was somewhere around the beginning of the century that wives began to educate their husbands to the belief that marriage must be considered a partnership; above all else, a financial partnership. Enormous pressure was brought to bear upon the already amiable American male. Chautauqua lecturers pranced up and down on loose-board platforms and thundered at him; women's clubs passed resolutions about him; the women's magazines adjured wives in earnest editorials not to let up on him; and wives themselves directed a steady bombardment at him—all with the idea of making him fair-minded about money. Fair-mindedness meant allowances, household budgets, joint checking accounts. In short, it meant a complete financial partnership.

We cited as horrible examples of lack of partnership those wives who were driven to picking their husbands' pockets in the dark of the night, or to hoarding their butter-and-egg money until they could buy themselves new spectacles, or to pleading for "just another dollar, Henry. I spent that last for your socks." Humiliating! Outrageous!

So eloquent were we that the average American husband became the synonym throughout the world for docility and complaisance. Not only did he finally concede that he owed us a partner's share in all he earned, but he took out heavy life insurance in our favor; he seldom heckled us about our charge accounts (although we did nine-tenths of the family spending); and not infrequently he turned over his entire pay check to us, receiving back only enough for car fares and lunches. We asked for a partnership, and in most cases we got a controlling interest.

Meanwhile another process was going on. We were becoming wage earners and inheritors of property in an unprecedented fashion. In the nineteenth century a few women worked for money and a few women inherited property. But most people felt that "it was a man's place to take care of women." Hence men left their property chiefly to other men, and most jobs were held by men.

Then with the new century the financial balance between men and women began to shift. Carrying home a pay envelope, which had once been as unquestionably a male prerogative as the growing of whiskers, became common even among "fortunate" women. Wealth, which had once reposed solely in wallets, began seeping into handbags.

To-day one-fourth of all the women in this country work; and, by a coincidence, they hold down one-fourth of all the jobs. It is harder to arrive at the number of married women who earn, for many of

them do part-time work; but it has been estimated that one wife in six earns something, either inside or outside the home.

Almost half the farms and homes of the nation belong to women and more than half the savings accounts. Four-fifths of all inheritances and four-fifths of all life insurance benefits go to women. Although it is true that most of the new fortunes are still being made by men, the "old" money is being left to women. Women seem likely to own the earth.

When only husbands owned and earned, we insisted upon complete financial partnership. Now that we have become owners and earners too a great many of us seem to have forgotten all that partnership talk. What our husbands earn is still, in most cases, "ours"; what we earn we regard as "mine."

While a few ill-used wives may stagger along to-day under the double burden of housekeeping and job-holding, most of the married women I know become quite emancipated about their household duties as soon as they undertake full-time jobs. With absolute justice they insist that if they are to share in working outside the home their husbands must share in the work inside it. But while the wife expects—because she is an earner—that her husband will share her traditional drudgery of keeping house, she does not ordinarily expect—because she is an earner—to share his traditional drudgery of paying the bills. She refuses to acknowledge that two earners in a family ought to mean two providers.

Of course in those cases where a husband has been a nickel-doler in the past himself even good sportsmanship scarcely requires his wife to thrust her pay check upon him when she gets a job. But the husband who has been previously fair about money—and that means the average American husband—is certainly entitled to the same financial partnership from his wife that he extended to her.

I know a woman who is a private secretary, with a husband who sells insurance. Sometimes for as much as three or four months she saves every cent of her salary. Once she bought herself a new fur coat with "her own money." Another time she purchased a block of securities. But fancy her indignation if her husband followed this same course! All that he has accumulated in their seven years of marriage is a sheaf of rent receipts.

Oddly enough, the less a wife earns the more unsportsmanlike she seems to be about those earnings. It is the part-time workers, who do a little writing, or give a few music or bridge lessons, or bake a cake now and then, who are the most muddled in their reasoning about what constitutes a fair disposal of their earnings. Perhaps the very fact that they are economic dilettantes, playing at the grim business of making a living, accounts for their poor sportsmanship.

I am thinking of a certain wife who makes unusual Christmas cards. Each winter she spectacularly earns a few hundred dollars, while her husband goes right on unspectacularly earning his usual decent salary. Each fall for three months their house is bedlam. Meals are eaten off the corner of the kitchen table. The entire ménage exists only to aid in this showy earning of a relatively meager sum. Then when the returns are in, instead of putting them all in the family pot, the wife buys herself a coveted etching or an Indian squash-blossom necklace, which she proudly announces she bought with "her own money."

She does not intend to cheat, but she does. For her claim to partnership in her husband's earnings rests upon the assumption that she maintains a home for him. Yet for three months out of the year her husband has no home. If she were a teacher and wanted time off she would have to hire a substitute. But it never occurs to her that if she wants time off from homemaking, the first call upon her earnings should be the hiring of a domestic substitute so that the household will run as comfortably as though she

were on the job. After she has done that she has a right to her share of the remainder of her earnings.

Suppose, on the other hand, that for the sake of the increased family income her husband should agree to sacrifice his comfort and do without such a household substitute. Then he would certainly help to earn that income; he would have a right to a golf bag to match her etching.

A friend of mine defended her practice of hoarding her part-time earnings by saying: "But I use only my spare time to make money in—time when other women are playing bridge or going to matinees. Surely such money is entirely my own, isn't it?" . . . Perhaps. But let her first ask herself whether she really puts as many hours of labor into her marriage partnership as does her husband. I notice he has no afternoon hours free for bridge or matinees. And if she is certain that she works as hard as he, what would her own attitude be toward any additional money he might earn by working overtime?

The writers and singers whom I know seem to me the most unethical about the disposal of their earnings. Almost without exception their real support comes from the onerous, eight-to-five labors of their husbands. Yet while the husband is uncomplainingly paying for his wife's overhead—her singing lessons and concert frocks, or her typewriter and facial treatments and short-story courses—she is grasping all the returns from this avocation which he has made possible. Smugly she will tell how she paid for her last trip to New York with "her own money."

These wives remind me of my driving as a child. Proudly I would perch beside my grandfather in his buggy, "giddapping" and flapping the ends of the reins. All the while grandfather would be quietly holding the reins above my hands.

In fiction the woman who inherits money is often victimized by a fortune-hunting husband. But in real life, I have noticed, it is quite as often the husband of a wealthy woman who is the victim. I have in mind a wife whose private income is twice that which her husband earns. Does she, because her income is two-thirds their total income, shoulder two-thirds their total expenses —or even a meager half? She does not. She expects her husband's salary to cover all their uninteresting expenses, while she spends her own money for luxuries. His third of their joint income buys all the bread for both, while her two-thirds goes only for the French pastries.

A certain elderly couple in our town have been considered marital models for forty years. When they married the wife was wealthy; the husband was penniless. He did, however, have a shrewd financial sense. For forty years he has devoted himself to her affairs. He nursed her fortune through three panics; to-day he has doubled it. Yet her friends never cease to marvel at how magnanimous she is toward her impoverished husband.

Magnanimous! She is a Victorian gold-digger. For forty years she has paid her husband for his highly skilled services merely with his board and keep. At the very least, she owed him a generous salary and a joint checking account.

Men are really rather nice creatures. They seldom complain about the unfair pocketbook relation between the sexes. But that does not make the relation any more equitable.

For several decades a great many of us women have had our economic cake and eaten it too. We have earned but we have not paid. We have flapped the lines and shouted "giddap," while our menfolks were doing the real driving. The time has come to admit that if we are to share the male thrill of earning we shall have to share the male drudgery of paying the bills. Yes, we must admit that what was sauce for the gander will now have to be sauce for the goose.



The Easy Chair



ANOTHER CONSOCIATE FAMILY

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

LET me say that I know very little about Black Mountain College except from reading Mr. Adamic's article in this issue of HARPER'S. I may seriously misunderstand and misrepresent the college; if I do, I must delegate the blame to Mr. Adamic. I should add that I have been a college teacher for twelve years, five of them at a large co-educational university, seven at Harvard. What I take to be logical objections to "experimental" education may be sheer prejudice; at any rate, I have been offered chairs in three different experimental colleges and have declined them all. I have always distrusted the assumptions and the aims of such colleges, and as my experience increases I distrust them more. I believe that the basic problems of education are insoluble, and though I see no reason why people should not try to solve them, I regard optimism and idealism as unpromising equipment for such efforts. I believe that there is no right way to teach, or even a best way, and no optimum environment for college life—there are only more or less effective ways of *ad hoc* teaching in circumstances so complex and multifarious that it is idle to theorize about them. The conception of an ideal college seems to me preposterous, and if confronted with its realization I should probably flee howling.

Mr. Adamic is a layman: his article frequently demonstrates his ignorance of the past and the present of education in America. The "revolutionizing of American education" which he thinks twenty Black Mountain branches would accomplish has been at the boiling point for a century—for two centuries if you recognize the process as religious. It is cyclic and its periodicity could probably be worked out. At any rate Black Mountain is older and less insurgent than he thinks. Nearly everything he mentions has been tried before, even in the same linkages and relationships; all of it has been, if you include educational sects among educational institutions. Whether or not it is new of course makes no difference; but at least there is a basis in experience for the objections I proceed to voice. For some of the things that rouse Mr. Adamic's enthusiasm seem to me futile, some of them irrelevant, and some vicious.

Let's begin with the simplest, the mixture of physical and intellectual labor which dozens of colleges encourage today and which has been a cornerstone for scores of our consecrated groups, from Mother Ann Lee's Shakers on up through Brook Farm to Helicon Hall. Mr. Adamic thinks that rolling roads and picking up cigarette butts give the students "a sense of participating in the vital day-to-day life of the place as a whole." Well, you find that participation in the oddest places. It is the practice in jails and army cantonments, and if dishwashing is a stimulus to communal life we

ought not to be so hard on Hitler and Stalin, for they realize this educational ideal in their labor battalions. If a student has to support himself by such work college teachers usually regard it as a tolerable evil but still an evil. Some of my students wash dishes and tend furnaces; I think they would be better students if they didn't have to. So do the deans and college presidents who are continually trying to get larger scholarship funds. I don't think that the deans and presidents are conspiring against the good life.

It's pretty bad for the students. It's far worse for the faculty. The best use for an astrophysicist is in astrophysics, not bookkeeping. His job is to be a scientist and to teach. The functions of the teacher-pupil relationship, however mystical they may be at Black Mountain, can be better exercised within the limits of his science; if there is anything spiritual in bookkeeping, a professional bookkeeper will be more adept at it than a philologist. No college will ever be free of administrative work. It's best to have it done efficiently, by specialists. Most teachers are bad at it and are glad to be relieved of it. Any time they spend at it has to be taken from their primary jobs.

And these repeated efforts to give the management of the colleges back to the faculty have always seemed to me a kind of romance. A type-specimen of human absurdity is any college faculty forced, reluctantly and protestingly, to deliberate any question of policy or government. Ask anyone who ever went to a faculty meeting. The Boys don't know much about it, are properly skeptical of those who pretend to, resent being called from the laboratory, bog down in inertia, and are pitifully glad to leave the decision to a committee or a dean. All a faculty needs—more than it usually wants—is a reserved sovereignty, to make sure that nothing will be slipped over on it. It nearly always has that; few attempts to slip something over are made, and fewer still succeed. The college teacher is about the freest man in the country. Certainly he is freer than the members of any other profession. When you read otherwise you are being misinformed. When his freedom is threatened he has his own pressure groups, and you can do more for him by solidifying those groups than by giving him a part-time janitor's job.

Mr. Hearst, the American Legion, and all the other ogres combined have done less damage to American education than that hoary wisecrack about Mark Hopkins and a log. Some people like that kind of education, but there are a lot of us who don't. Mark Hopkins is all right at one end of a corridor, the longer the better, if there is a first-rate laboratory or library at the other end. It's nice to have Mark on call when you want him if he keeps to his hole when you don't; but he is a ghastly bore when he is on hand all the time, and you want a good microscope or some original-source documents oftener than you want Mark. You can frequently find substitutes for Mark or even do without him; but there is no substitute for libraries and laboratories, and the small college, the poor college, and especially the experimental college, fail here. Mark can ramble on ever so enchantingly about the web of nature or the class struggle; but you learn about them by investigating them, and that takes equipment, and equipment costs money and isn't to be assembled overnight. For instance, Mr. Adamic's article sent me to a lot of original publications of Brook Farm and the Oneida Community, to verify my impression that a good many Black Mountain experiments had been tried out there. How many of those publications has Black Mountain got?

Then there is freedom for the student. I'm not sure I know what is good for either society or the individual, and no one has yet convinced me that he is. But granted that Black Mountain knows, its procedure is no innovation. Let's say that the superior students are one-

fifth of any enrollment. Most of us begin our teaching on a theory of the more liberty the better for everybody. Year by year we back away from the theory, and the interesting thing is that the pressure which makes us back away comes from the four-fifths. They flounder and sink in freedom, and they resent it. My belief is that it doesn't matter what happens to the four-fifths, and year by year more of my energy is expended on the one-fifth. The trend of the colleges in America is just that. The superior student has complete freedom now, in most places, and teaching methods, library and laboratory equipment, and social environment are all being oriented from him and toward his development. It seems to me that Black Mountain is in a serious dilemma. If it holds to its policy of the cross-section, it must to some degree disregard the superior student. If it concentrates on the superior student, it can't possibly afford the libraries, laboratories, and teaching by specialists that he needs.

But Black Mountain isn't so much interested in developing students as in developing personalities. And here is where Black Mountain as Mr. Adamic describes it stops being, in my opinion, merely irrelevant or *vieux jeu* and becomes downright dangerous. It sounds a good deal less like an educational institution than a sanitarium for mental diseases, run by optimistic amateurs who substitute for psychiatric training some mystical ideas that sound nonsensical to me and some group practices that we usually denounce when we find more conspicuous groups indulging in them. This fact does not alarm me. A lot of the "group influence" must be fun, and anybody who wants it is certainly entitled to it. The human organism is tough: it can survive the mayhem we orthodox pedagogues commit on it, which is the insurance policy that safeguards education, and it can survive evangelical psychoanalysis by idealists. But the idealists are monkeying with mechanisms which they are not trained to monkey with and which psychiatrists leave strictly alone except in the gravest emergencies. You do not invade a gall bladder for fun but only when it gets infected, and then you want a surgeon, not a woodcarver, be he ever so artistic and optimistic. As a teacher I'll stay away from those areas, thanks, and as a father I'll hope that when my children reach college age they won't be interested in fingering themselves that way.

Mr. Adamic talks about "truth" in a large and pretty vague way. I doubt that Black Mountain knows what truth is any better than jesting Pilate did. I don't know what it is, but I do know what these phenomena of "group influence" are; lots of people regard them as the most desirable things in the world, but they make me gag. No matter how suavely contrived, they are the phenomena of evangelical conversion, and we have a lot of them in the colleges. Out in Terwillinger, which I was writing about last month, the Y. M. C. A. invokes them every year with much the same jargon and machinery. The Oxford Group, the Buchmanites, who carry on what seems to me a pretty loathsome activity in the better colleges, are an even more exact parallel. There you have the same mechanism of house parties, exhibitionism, group pressure, the dark night of the soul, mutual criticism, summons to the more ecstatic life, and rebirth in grace. Pretty dangerous stuff. Usually it doesn't do any harm to the individual, except as exhibitionism and emotional jags may be harmful *per se* and as a state of grace is usually a state of godawful priggishness as well. But it can do harm. It can increase emotional instability and maladjustment, and it can create them. It can produce hysteria and even insanity: the camp meetings, which use the process in its purest form, are not a fine flower of the good life. Let us prayerfully remember the "burnt-over district" and its effects on American society—the hundreds

of consecrated groups and experimental communities, which were also based on a cockeyed psychology and which also multiplied as Mr. Adamic expects Black Mountain to do.

The terminology varies—Black Mountain's is more like Gourdyev's than John Humphrey Noyes's—but the energies involved and even the mechanisms employed are eternally the same. A teacher or a student from Black Mountain could step into any of the Consociate Families of a century ago and, except for the vocabulary, feel perfectly at home. The consecrations of those days didn't prove much—except maybe that dedication and hope and idealism are neither an aim nor a process of education, and that phrases like "to experience art as a process which is also life" are mere logomachy. I can't see that Black Mountain proves anything that wasn't known and suspect long ago. And certainly it is part of the renewed Transcendentalism of these days. The long summary of Mr. Rice's ideas which Mr. Adamic gives in his third section is full of echoes for anyone who knows Ripley, Alcott, Brownson, the *Dial* and the *Harbinger*. There is the same call for the second birth of the individual and the regeneration of society, the same mystical ecstasy, the same wild marriage of apocalyptic vision and untenable psychology—and the same jargon. For if Mr. Adamic understands what he represents Mr. Rice as saying about education and about the function of the artist in society, I don't, and I doubt that many others can find meaning in it. It may carry a more direct consolation and inspiration than meaning can possibly have, but I am not sensitized to receive it, and a good many people must share my lack. I can only say that its conception of mankind, the world, and society is hidden from me and certainly different from mine, and that, to me, it sounds like a trance. I have seen that trance a good deal in our history, and I distrust it. It sounds like Charles Fourier to me, and Fourier has nothing to say to us to-day. We've tried him out—why repeat the experiment? In the end he came to promising that if his theories were faithfully applied all the seasons except spring would disappear and the oceans would turn to lemonade. They didn't, and Black Mountain's promises seem to me no more realistic. Fourier's American followers could interpret a man's character by putting a line of his handwriting to their foreheads and could work other mystical miracles, just as some of the Black Mountain boys and girls can converse by twitching their eyebrows. But that proved to have not much bearing on the problems of education, and the philansteries broke up. Mr. Adamic expects Black Mountain to multiply; but its predecessors multiplied by fission, by division, and that is the history of experimental societies and colleges in America. Black Mountain itself came about by secession: another experimental college split mitotically to give it birth.

George Ripley, one of Mr. Rice's forerunners, stated as the great object of all social reform: "the development of humanity, the substitution of a race of free, noble, holy men and women, instead of the dwarfish and mutilated specimens which now cover the earth." That is the object that experimental colleges have always had in view. It would be interesting to see some really radical experimenters forego the free and holy and occupy themselves with the dwarfish and mutilated. An experimental college staffed by fanatical realists and fanatical cynics instead of idealists would have a lot less fire but it might have a lot more iron. But you could never get such a faculty together. Teachers like that stay where they are, being bored from within and thanking God for an occasional brilliant student whom they can really help. Such a student doesn't show up very often, but when he does they try to assist his search for knowledge—they don't lead him down into the waters of redemption that he may be born again.

Among the New Books

By Harry Hansen

Literary Editor of the New York World-Telegram

TEXAS is having its centennial celebration this year, and I feel like helping to whoop it up for Texas because two remarkable books have come from that State. They are *The Great Plains* and *The Texas Rangers; a Century of Frontier Defense*, both the work of Prof. Walter Prescott Webb of the University of Texas. The first volume, published originally in 1931, has now been reprinted uniform in binding with the second volume, and the two make the most stimulating reading for anyone who is interested in the sweep of American life into the wide plains of the West. Mr. Webb is fortunate in his materials and in his eye for human affairs; he can tell how a barbed wire fence has changed the breeding of cattle, and how a windmill makes farms possible in isolated localities. His account of the cattle kingdom and the men who ruled it is filled with reminiscences of cowboy life; he takes into account the claim that nature and geography have upon man; the economic needs of the situation become plain and the westward movement is linked up with the changes that followed the Civil War. Again and again the American pioneer had to change his ways, and out of the needs of his new life came inventions and new ways of behavior.

The Texas Rangers by its very title suggests a chronicle of action and exciting days. In these border clashes, the El Paso salt war, the Las Cuevas war, Cortina's war; in the troubles that came with pushing the Indians farther back; in the fight of the rangers against desperadoes, bank robbers, and cattle thieves, Mr. Webb finds the evidence of changing civilizations. The Texas ranger has been celebrated in many books; Mr. Webb, who is familiar with the whole history, here brings together the most exciting episodes in the lives of these man hunters, who were dead shots, hard riders, and able citizens. Mr. Webb obtained much of his information direct from the men. The Rangers became a recognized force on October 17, 1835; they were combined with the State Highway Patrol in the Department of Public Safety just one hundred years later, and their career as the chief law-enforcement body of Texas is therefore closed. Both this volume on the rangers and *The Great Plains* are published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company.

STARS AND COSMIC FORCES

A specialist may easily confound us by calling a book elementary, but let those of us who read for pleasure give thanks for writers who can put a difficult problem into plain English. Can you explain the work of Robert A. Millikan in measuring a single particle of electricity? Can you define the discoveries of Faraday, Albert A. Michelson, Max Planck, Pierre and Marie Curie, and Albert Einstein? George W. Gray does this so lucidly that the general reader must approve, glad that the intricate phenomena of modern physics have been made available in *New World Picture*. A few years ago any one of the theories here described was a first-page sensation and the scientists of the world engaged in disputes and arguments that were reported by cable and discussed in every forum and university in the land. Those were days when there was a lull in international tension, when practical considerations of politics, wars, and persecutions did not engage all our time. Mr. Gray's book suggests that attempts to understand the world structure will go on despite the changing of standards and rulers; we shall still be attempting to find out the stuff stars are made of and our relation thereto. "The body of knowledge remains one," writes Mr. Gray; "the opinions regarding the interpretation of this knowledge are many." But he gives us a report on the progress of scientific research in which man, the observer and the discoverer, tries to understand these "flashes of something beyond the eye's comprehension," and he carries a high estimate of the seekers, "who don't want millions, but an answer to their questions." For the interested reader *New World Picture* offers engrossing reading. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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Boston *News Letter;* here are the brief bulletin announcing Cornwallis' surrender (published in big type); the letter from Robert Fulton advising the editor of the *American Citizen* of New York that he had arrived from Albany by steamboat; the New York *Tribune's* account of Jenny Lind's first concert, heard by seven thousand persons in Castle Garden; the raid of John Brown; accounts, from various newspapers and in various forms, of such historic events as the battle of the *Monitor,* the assassination of Lincoln, the pursuit and capture of John Wilkes Booth, the Chicago fire, the kidnapping of Charley Ross, the Custer massacre, the Johnstown flood, the coming of the electric chair, the destruction of the *Maine,* the San Francisco fire, the murder of Stanford White, the loss of the *Titanic* and a final comment on Sarajevo. This is not the full index, but it is representative. To explain this medley of events Mr. Greene has provided prefatory material which gives an idea of the changing conditions of newspaper reporting. In the earliest instances the newspapers were not always alive to the significance of the events —nor in the latest, for the New York *Sun* is quoted as saying that the death of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo "is calculated to diminish the tenseness of the situation and to make for peace both within and without the dual empire." The reader is also able to study the changing methods of reporting. In many accounts the editorial bias is apparent—for the divorce of news and opinion is comparatively recent. The story of how John Wilkes Booth was captured was told by George Alfred Townsend in the New York *World* with such regard for rhetoric that the actual dialogue of the men engaged in the pursuit is lost forever. As the newspapers gained more space they gave more attention to reproducing the stories of eye-witnesses. *America Goes to Press* suggests that the files must contain many original accounts which should be reprinted. While not all are works of literature, there must be among them articles by writers who later achieved fame, especially in the larger cities. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

LONGSTREET AND LEE

Publication of Douglas Southall Freeman's *R. E. Lee* has stimulated discussion of disputed points in the campaigns of Southern generals and is directly responsible for the military analysis called *James Longstreet, Lee's War Horse,* by H. J. Eckenrode and Bryan Conrad, historian and assistant historian of the Virginia Conservation and Development Commission. They look upon Longstreet as one of a famous trinity, sharing with Lee and Jackson the major responsibilities of the war, but their book is not intended to ignore Longstreet's lapses and faults. After Antietam Longstreet became a severe critic of Lee and other generals, failing to see his own contribution to the troubles of Lee. The chief accusation against Longstreet is his procrastination in ordering Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Here his reluctance "reached the point of paralysis"; but the authors believe his judgment was right when he said that fifteen thousand men could not make the attack successfully. Nor is the whole blame his. It was shouldered on him when he became a radical Republican after the war, breaking out violently in the

South in 1873. "All the Confederate leaders, with the staff, failed in the Pennsylvania campaign: Lee, Stuart, Longstreet, Ewell, Hill," say the authors. "The one who did not fail was the Confederate soldier." The difficulty in reading the evidence comes when historians confront new versions of an event years after it occurred. The strong will of Longstreet and his evident influence on Lee make him an important factor in Southern success and failure. "Longstreet's resistance to Lee's wishes had caused the Second Manassas to tremble in the balance. His willfulness had partly wrecked the Maryland campaign and brought Lee to battle in the dangerous position at Antietam creek. His refusal to consider Lee's urgings had forced Lee and Jackson to fight against terrible odds at Chancellorsville." The authors also examine the post-war career of Longstreet, when he was looked upon as a black republican and reconstructionist because he accepted a post in Louisiana from Grant. He had the idea that the war had closed with Appomattox whereas, say the authors, it went on until 1898, in one form or another. (University of North Carolina Press.)



BOOKS FOR GARDENERS



Books on gardening are flourishing this season, possibly because the completion of a major work, *The Garden Dictionary*, has drawn attention once more to the extremely useful character of these books. *The Garden Dictionary* has been edited over a number of years by Norman Taylor with the help of editorial associates and a long list of notable gardeners. It is a book of 896 pages, about three times the weight of *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, illustrated with 502 line cuts and twenty-one full pages in color. It defines words, gives a complete description of genus and species, instructs the amateur how to prepare the soil, plant seeds, bulbs, and growing stalks, how to keep them healthy and to get the best flowers. Not only plants but gardens are described, with plans: rock gardens, kitchen gardens, herb, shrub, Japanese, vegetable, formal, and every other kind of garden—even the needs of the penthouse owner are carefully met. Among the authorities who write for it are J. Horace McFarland on roses; Arthur D. Slavin on lilac and iris; Montague Free on rock gardens; Roscoe A. Huff on gladiolus; B. Y. Morrison on bulbs; Joel E. Spingarn on clematis, and other articles by Mrs. Francis King, Louise Beebe Wilder, Richardson Wright, Robert S. Lemmon, and other authorities.

This is an American book for Americans, owing nothing to foreign works, and although the latter are often valuable, they frequently say nothing about the treatment of flowers in the American soil and atmosphere. It was printed at the Riverside Press by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, which has made a splendid book of it.

Another worthy book is *The Garden Encyclopedia*, edited by E. L. D. Seymour, with the aid of a staff of editors and contributors. It is in the form of a large octavo, with 1,408 pages, 720 illustrations, including 250 photographs. Although this book is apt to be overshadowed by the more elaborate dictionary, it recommends itself to the gardener because it is easier to handle and less expensive. It has many practical passages. It is issued by William H. Wise & Co.



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Among recent books on flowers worthy of attention by specialists is *Bigger and Better Roses,* by C. F. Mappin, with an introduction by Robert S. Lemmon, of *House & Garden.* This has much information for beginners. (155 pages, Robert H. McBride.) Also *Bulbs for Your Garden* by Allen H. Wood, Jr. (209 pages, Houghton, Mifflin Co.) *Flower Garden Primer* by Julia H. Cummins tells how to make gardens "without tears" and includes calendars and chapters on peonies, iris, roses, gladioli, rock gardens, etc. (333 pages, Macmillan.)

Two new books on ferns are also worth examination. *American Ferns,* by Edith A. Roberts and Julia R. Lawrence, is a small work of 98 pages (Macmillan). *Ferns of the Vicinity of New York* by John Kunkle Small has been issued by Science Press. (285 pages.)

More specialized and detailed is *The Mushroom Handbook* by Louis C. C. Krieger, of the New York State Museum at Albany, N. Y. This is called the most complete handbook on mushrooms ever published, and while I cannot vouch for the superlative, I am sure that it offers a great amount of valuable information. Illustrated with 126 figures and thirty-two colored plates, here is a treat for the mycophagist. There are about a dozen poisonous mushrooms but hundreds of edible kinds and the author makes this clear. (538 pages, Macmillan.)

AMONG THE NEW NOVELS

Rebecca West's new novel, *The Thinking Reed,* will be most satisfying reading to those who enjoy the play of an author's mind over familiar material. Marital adjustment is an old theme, but in the hands of Miss West it becomes vibrant and new. Isabelle, her heroine, is an American woman married to a French manufacturer of motor cars, a man who fails her in some of the qualities she expects, but who has resources of patience, compassion, and understanding, so that Isabelle's compromise is not hard to make. "All men are my enemies," says Isabelle. "What am I doing with any of them? That is why making love is important; it is a reconciliation between all such enemies, and there are degrees in such reconciliations. . . . All the same, it is terrible what men do to women. Even if we annihilate the emotions it sets up we cannot pretend it has no consequences. It is probably that I do something to men as dreadful as they do to me, without knowing it. Perhaps I trip them up just as they beat me down." Just as Miss West makes us respect Isabelle's courage and sense, so she draws an honest picture of Marc, the French manufacturer, member of a class often maligned by foreign novelists. But the parasitic playfellows of the casino at Le Touquet win Miss West's anger and irony. (Viking Press.)

Fires in May by Ruth Feiner has an original theme. Vera Hansen is a German girl in London. Her brother has been placed under arrest because he accidentally shot a Nazi, and Vera has been advised to stay out of Germany. The author, who also came to London from Germany when the Nazi regime began, describes Vera's search for work, her contacts with friendly employers, desirable young men and old maids in London, and the passion that was inspired in her partly by her fear of loneliness and partly be-

cause she was an eager, lively girl of twenty-two. Her difficulties are accentuated when she is left to face the coming of a child. The solution of her difficulties is not ideal, and the final marital arrangement reads like the device of a play carpenter rather than a novelist, but there are many excellent passages in the book and Vera's experiences are not entirely somber. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Red Neck by McAlister Coleman and Stephen Raushenbush is the result of an extraordinary collaboration. Both authors have had long experience in investigating and writing about labor conditions, especially in Pennsylvania coal regions. *Red Neck* deals with the career of a labor union organizer, one of the small fry, in company towns where the men are torn by foreign factions and have small chance of standing together. Dave Houston is unselfish and honest, but meets with innumerable obstacles. The company guards beat him up and trail him with guns. The leading union organizers are more concerned with their jobs than with facing jail and suffering in the interests of the men. Dave Houston's experience is disillusioning throughout. At the end, when he stands discredited because the forces against him have been too powerful, he sees the men follow the latest hope—a desperate young leader who once more calls on the workers to unite. Up to the last third this book gives an excellent portrait of an organizer. Then the authors are faced with explaining the effect of the NRA and do so superficially in a few pages. But in many chapters this is a most convincing labor novel. (Harrison Smith and Robert Haas.)

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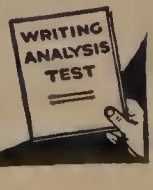


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Propaganda and the News, by Will Irwin. Discusses the growing influence of propaganda and publicity in coloring the news we read. (Whittlesey House.)

Seven Pillars of Wisdom, by T. E. Lawrence. The Arabian campaign, the Arab character, and an Englishman's analysis of nomadic life. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES
By H. C.

Sidney Howard is the writer of the play, *Alien Corn*, and there are two publishers of this work in book form. Grace Emma McAlister, Tchuk, Mississippi, can get it in a cloth-bound edition for $2.00 at Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, or in a paper copy for $.75 from Samuel French Co., 25 W. 45th St., New York. . . . Two questions are asked by Mario C. Desquiron, Santiago de Cuba, the first being a list of William Beebe's books. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 4 W. 45th St., New York, is the publisher of the following titles: *Half Mile Down*, $5.00; *Galapagos*, new popular edition, $6.00; *Jungle Days*, $3.00; *The Arcturus Adventure*, $7.50; *Pheasant Jungles*, $3.00; *Beneath Tropic Seas*, $3.50; *The Field Book of Shore Fishes of Bermuda*, $3.50; and a juvenile, *Exploring with Beebe*, $2.50. His book *Pheasants: Their Lives and Homes*, $7.50, is brought out by Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y. *Beneath Tropic Seas* and *Nonsuch: Land of Water* are published in a dollar edition by Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., 386 Fourth Ave. This last named is published in its original edition by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., price $3.50. Our correspondent wants also books on biology, and will find any of the following titles useful. *Biology for Everyman*, by J. Arthur Thomson, 2 volumes, E. P. Dutton Co., 300 Fourth Ave. *General Biology*, Henry S. Pratt, $3.25; and *Elements of Biology*, James W. Buchanan, $3.00, both published by Harper & Brothers. *General Biology*, L. L. Burlingame and others, Henry Holt Co., 1 Park Ave., $3.50. *General Biology* and *College Biology*, each by H. R. Barrows, price $3.50, and published by Farrar & Rinehart, 232 Madison Ave. All the publishers are located in New York City. . . . Here we should like to pause in our own answers and express our gratitude to Ruth G. Ashen, Tucson, Ariz., for answering our request for the source of the quotation, "Most men lead lives of quiet desperation." And now we have another request we cannot answer without the help of our readers. John Ruddy, Freedom, Pa., asks for the author and publisher of *The Oneness of Life*. Mr. Ruddy says that he saw it reviewed by Harry Hansen some months ago, but we have been unable to locate any such title among those in his previous columns. . . . We suggest that Mrs. Florence McKechnie, Pontiac, Mich., write to James F. Drake, Inc., 24 W. 40th St., New York, or to Thoms and Eron, 89 Chambers St., New York, and they may be able to tell her the value of her old books and magazines. . . . Our next correspondent asks for information about several items. We feel certain that he refers to *American Foundations and Their Fields*, published by the Twentieth Century Funds, 330 W. 42d St., price $1.00. Either of the following guides will solve the problem of John R. Watters, Allston, Mass., *Black's Guide Book of the United States*, $1.00, and *Gallup's Highway Atlas of the United States*, $.75. Both are made by C. S. Hammond Co., 30 Church St., New York.

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JAPAN IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY WILLARD PRICE

At the front door of the Philippines, Manila, the Americans are going out. At the back door, Davao, the Japanese are coming in.

Mindanao is the richest island of the Philippines, situated at the southern end of the archipelago. Its port of Davao is four to seven days from Manila, depending upon what boat you take. Recently, for the first time, I have had an opportunity to enter this back door—stage door, it may be, to the future drama of the Philippines.

Beautiful Davao stands against a magnificent backdrop in the form of volcanic Mount Apo, nine thousand and six hundred feet high, its top coated with sulphur cast out from a boiling crater.

It does not take the visitor long to discover the other active volcano of the Philippines—Japan. Those who live on the flanks of a volcano are usually nervous, and there is an almost laughable apprehension in Davao. Jubilant Manila, where "independence" fills the air, hears only remote echoes of the uncertainty that disturbs Davao. There the wildest tales are current. That the Japanese are fortifying Mount Apo! That they are smuggling in arms and ammunition. That there is a tunnel five kilometers long under the hemp plantations leading to a secret arsenal where ammunition is being manufactured. That planes are being massed in Palau for an air attack upon the Philippines.

"Have you heard any news about the war?" a young Filipino, a university graduate, asked me.

"What war?"

"The war between Japan and America."

The Americans, he said, had made an airfield a kilometer from his house and every day twenty American bombing planes were using it. They were getting ready for a counterattack upon the Japanese stronghold, Palau, nearest of the Japanese mandated islands.

All of it sheer nonsense. Smoke—but where there is smoke there is fire.

The fire is that Japan, calmly and on the whole legitimately, is carrying on an intensive campaign of economic penetra-

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tion into the Philippines. There are 15,000 Japanese in Davao. The Japanese dominate Mindanao. They control its two leading industries, hemp and lumber. They produce nearly all the lumber and seventy per cent of the hemp. It is the finest hemp in the world—and never would have been produced by the leisurely Filipinos.

Eighty per cent of the imports of Davao province are from Japan. In 1934, $279,000 worth of goods came from Japan as compared with $11,900 worth from the United States. Ninety-eight Japanese vessels called at the port during that year, and four American. In the fishing industry there were 87 motor boats of more than three tons' capacity owned or operated wholly or partly by Japanese, 17 exclusively by Filipinos, 2 by Americans.

Japanese immigrants to the number of 934 entered the province, an increase of 440 over the year before. According to the Japan Year Book, "More Japanese emigrants now go to the Philippine Islands than to any other country except Brazil." That statement will this year need to be amended for, with Brazil's recent imposition of barriers against immigrants, the flow of Japanese to the Philippines will be greater than to any other country in the world excluding Manchukuo. Manchukuo of course leads. But if and when the door can be opened as wide in the Philippines as it is in Manchukuo, few would choose the forty-degrees-below-zero Manchukuo winter to Mindanao's eternal June. Davao, although closer to the equator than Manila, has a cooler and more equable climate. There is no "hot season" and no "rainy season." And every season is a growing season.

Seventy per cent of the roads in Davao province were built by Japanese industrial interests. Japanese stores are competing with Chinese, Filipino, and Indian stores. The former have fixed prices, the latter sliding prices. It is well to look at the name over the store before entering so that you will know whether to deal in occidental or oriental fashion. I took back to a "Bazaar Oriental" a shirt they had sold me wrongly marked as to size. It was necessary for me to bring in a constabulary officer before I could get it changed. Nothing like that would happen in a Japanese store. There the treatment is more than fair—and the prices so astonishingly low that even the thrifty Chinese is being forced out of business.

The feelings of Americans in Davao regarding the Japanese are mixed. Those in trade see their business fast disappearing. Sooner or later they must get out—they cannot stand the competition. Naturally they are not happy. Those in agriculture feel differently about it. "The Japanese will be our salvation," an American copra planter told me. His plantation is seventy miles down the Gulf of Davao among the Bila-an natives, savage, never-conquered tribesmen who dare the constabulary to come fight them. They are continually making forays upon the plantations. "For three weeks," said this planter, "I haven't slept in a bed. I've been sleeping under the trees guarding the place. Away from the populated centers there isn't any government in the Philippines except what the planters make for themselves. It wouldn't be that way if the Japanese were running things."

In the hemp country, which lies back of Davao, the Japanese are running things. Although surrounded by Bagobo tribes with a bloody history of head-hunting, the country is peaceful and prosperous. The tremendous Ohta and Furukawa hemp companies are a government in themselves.

The story of how the Japanese first came to Davao is a pioneering romance. A fiery young lad by the name of Ohta was adopted into a wealthy family of Japan with the intention that he should later marry the daughter of the family. He had trouble with his adopted father and left. He roamed the seas, fished for pearls at Thursday Island and Zamboanga, penetrated to Davao and saw the growing of hemp, then went to Luzon.

The Americans had recently taken over the Philippines and were building the famous Benguet Road up the mountainside to Baguio. They tried Filipino laborers, Chinese, Russian—all failed. Then they brought down two thousand Japanese from Okinawa. They were equal to the very difficult and dangerous work and the road was completed, but not without great loss of life due to accidents and epidemics. When the road was finished in 1904 the American engineer wondered what to do with the five hundred Japanese who were left. Mr. Ohta, with a vision of the possibilities of hemp, offered to take them to Davao and was commissioned to do so. There they worked for a time for American, Spanish, and Filipino planters, then organized the Ohta Development Company and went in for themselves.

During the depression the world price for hemp dropped so low that other nationalities, unable or unwilling to carry on at a starvation income, quit the business. Now in Davao province few except Japanese remain. They raise one half the hemp of the Philippines and export most of it to cordage concerns in America who acknowledge it to be the best hemp in the world. Time after time on the basis of quality and low price, the contract of the United States Navy in the Philippines has gone to the Furukawa Company, the only Japanese company bidding, all the rest being American.

A remarkable experimental farm financed by the Japanese planting corporations is introducing hundreds of useful plants to Philippine soil. To walk over this great farm is to make a world tour in a day. Here is cotton brought from Peru, coffee from Liberia, oil palm from Singapore, pepper and vanilla from Borneo, teak from Jolo, beans in all their varieties from Japan, seedless pomelos from Siam, limes from Tahiti, oranges from Majorca, avocados from California, passion fruit from Australia, the great pineapple from Hawaii, sisal from Africa. Exhaustive soil tests are conducted. There are experiments in swine raising, poultry raising, and fish farming. There are detailed meteorological studies of wind, atmosphere, rainfall, temperature (air and earth), evaporation, and sunshine as agricultural factors.

In other words, the Japanese are not in Mindanao to snatch a few easy earnings and depart. They are there to do a scientific and painstaking job in the development of the resources of Mindanao for the sake of a long future.

II

Now and then a Land Commission comes feverishly down from Manila to investigate charges that the Japanese are acquiring land in spite of the fact that sale or lease to foreigners is forbidden under Philippine law. Secretary of Agriculture Rodriguez came for this purpose while I happened to be in Davao, and he sat out at a Filipino dance long enough to tell me:

"More than half of the 164,000 acres of cultivable land in Davao province is controlled by Japanese. The question is whether their tenure is illegal. The intent of the law is plainly that land must not be sub-leased to Japanese or other foreigners; but what constitutes a 'sub-lease' is not clear."

It is not clear because the Filipinos of Davao do not want it to be clear. They make too much out of the ambiguity. Collectively they shout, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," but individually they are usually only too glad to add to their private income by serving as dummies in a land deal. The procedure was described to me by a veteran American planter who has seen the entire drama, having been here since before the first Japanese came and, indeed, before the American occupation of the islands.

"The Japanese are the most law-abiding, or you might say lawyer-abiding, people around Davao. When they want land they go to a Filipino lawyer; he goes to the Bureau of Lands and gets the land.

"The government will lease land to a Filipino or American on a twenty-five-year lease. It's common practice for the lawyer to get one of his Filipino friends to lend his name. The land is taken in his name, the Japanese farm it and give the Filipino ten per cent of the total proceeds—not just ten per cent of the net profits. Who wouldn't lend his name for that? And at the end of the twenty-five years if the Filipino wants to re-lease from the government, the land and all its improvements are his, and the Japanese who have spent twenty-five years developing it are left out in the cold.

"Rather rough on the Japanese—but they make a go of it even under such conditions.

"Since most of the Filipinos who lend their names in this way are Filipino officials and constabulary officers, the sub-lease rule has been quite liberally interpreted!"

Large tracts of government land are leased only to corporations, and the corporation must be sixty per cent Filipino. The Japanese readily comply with the law but at the same time accomplish their own ends by engaging a number of Filipino lawyers to hold sixty per cent of the stock.

In cases where the owner of land has absolute title to it because it is a Spanish grant antedating American occupation of the islands he may sell it outright to any foreigner. The Japanese are ferreting out all such properties and buying them up.

The Secretary of Agriculture has mentioned the possibility of buying all Japanese interests for $5,000,000; but Consul Kaneko, uncrowned ruler of what the Filipino newspapers wryly refer to as "Davaokuo," claims that the holdings are worth five times that amount. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether the Japanese would surrender their holdings at any price. No temporary advantage could compensate for the loss of the future. The resources of Mindanao have hardly been touched. Large sections in the northern and eastern reaches of Davao province are marked on the map, "Unexplored." While the seventy million inhabitants of Japan are standing on one another's toes and the Japanese farmer sees his farm squeezed down to an average of less than two acres, much of Mindanao is uninhabited. In the island as a whole there are only 14 people to the square mile as against 404 in Japan. The rest of the Philippines is more thickly populated—and yet the entire archipelago of 7,083 islands, although 66 per cent the size of Japan, has only 20 per cent the population.

And it is not mere space that the Philippines offer. Whether we know enough yet about this globe to say with General Hugh Johnson that there is no richer spot on the earth's surface than the Philippines, certainly it is a treasure-house. Americans have not undertaken its development because of uncertainty that America would remain in the islands. The Japanese are not moving uncertainly. As soon as America made clear her intention to leave, the American Institute of Mining received word that Japanese interests were endeavoring to sign contracts for the entire gold output of the islands. Since that time trial shipments have been made to Japan. There has been lively interest in Japan over the recent discovery of chromite in such large deposits that the Philippines promise to be the world's chief source of chromium, invaluable to the armament makers. An Osaka concern in February of this year started off with an order for half a million dollars' worth. The iron ore is the best in the Far East and is desperately needed by Japan, especially in the contingency of war. The coconut yields glycerine, base of TNT, and coconut charcoal, indispensable in gas masks to filter chlorine or phosgene from the air. And war cannot be waged without oil, which has recently been found in the Philippines and is produced in great abundance in the adjacent Dutch islands where also Japanese promoters are active. Timber is plentiful in the Philippines. Gutta percha and cotton can be produced

on a large scale and both are vitally required. Sugar, coffee, hemp—the list might be continued at great length.

In fact if there were no Filipinos to complicate the question, no human equations to consider, the Philippines would be the natural answer to Japan's problems. Japan is an industrial nation but lacks raw materials to keep her industries going. The Philippines have raw materials in plenty. The two fit as hand and glove. The Japanese hand which will slip into and actuate the Philippine glove promises to bring a certain warming life as well as stern control. Thousands of manufactured articles, necessities, comforts, luxuries will flow in at prices that the Filipinos can afford to pay—prices one half or one quarter those of similar articles from America. And the stuff of which these articles are made will flow from the Philippines to Japan. The industrial age of the Philippines is still perhaps a century off. During that time the Filipinos will farm and mine while the Japanese will fabricate—a rather ideal comity with a minimum of competition. Being near neighbors helps of course. Steamers from San Francisco to the Philippines take about three weeks. From the nearest Japanese territories (Palau on the east, Formosa on the north), one day. From Japan Proper, less than a week. Air travel will make the time factor negligible. A plane hopped from Japan to Manila to be present as a sort of genial ghost of the future at the inauguration ceremonies. The trip was by way of Formosa and took two days; it could have been made nonstop in nine hours. The regular Japanese airline from Japan through the mandated islands to Palau can at any time be extended to the Philippines by the addition of a simple two-hour hop.

No statecraft can nullify geography. No revival of America's go-getter methods in foreign trade, when such revival comes, as it will of course, can alter the fact that the Philippines are more than eight thousand miles from San Francisco, five thousand even from Hawaii, but only eighty from the nearest important Japanese territory. The Philippine Batan Islands are only eighty miles from Formosa. Because of proximity, because of interlocking needs, Japan-Philippines trade is a "natural."

Even before "independence" Japan had outdistanced all other countries, except the United States, in supplying the Philippine market. And she will now very soon show her heels to the American exporter. American restrictions on imports will of course stop exports—for trade is a two-way tide. There cannot be give without take. If big brother will no longer accept little brown brother's sugar, there is no reason left for the latter to pay big brother $50 for a bicycle when he can get one from his new guardian for $3. Japanese piecegoods have already so far outstripped American that a fifty-fifty quota agreement has been necessary. Japan subscribed to it and American piecegoods men celebrated their victory. But man-made agreements will not dam a natural tide. And in January of this year the United States Department of Commerce expressed alarm over the fact that, although Japan has kept her promise regarding cotton, she is slashing prices of non-cotton goods. The result is that, while American cotton manufacturers are unable to move vast surpluses, the Filipino is dressing in rayon.

What the Filipino shall wear, eat, read, put in his home is increasingly dictated by the Japanese. Ironically, the Chinese helped to bring this about. They were formerly the shopkeepers of the Philippines. They patriotically but shortsightedly boycotted Japanese goods. Japan's comeback was decisive. Japanese bazaars blossomed out almost overnight in cities and towns from Manila to Zamboanga. The display, the goods, the prices were commanding. An official report to Washington this year estimates that 35 per cent of the retail trade of the Philippines is now in Japanese hands. Since there is absolutely no effective competition, there is nothing to prevent the prophecy of a leading Japanese exporter

from coming true; he forecasts that 1940 will see 80 per cent of Philippine retail business operated by Japanese.

American capital and all other foreign capital is flowing out, except Japanese, which is flowing in. Hemp holdings are being increased, lumbering and mining concessions purchased. Some American interests are desperately hanging on, hoping against hope that both America and the Philippines will do a little rethinking before it is too late. Judge John W. Hausserman, called "the gold king of the Philippines," president of the Benguet Consolidated Mining Company, clutches at straws as follows: "We have, to be sure, been offered large sums for our properties by the Japanese. But we will not accept. We will not permit ourselves to harbor the thought that all that has been brought to the islands in the way of American civilization is to go for naught."

III

Not only economically do the Philippines seem to be made-to-measure for Japan—but strategically. On the map the Philippine archipelago looks somewhat like a large key fitted into a lock composed of the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, French Indo-China, and China. Who holds this key may unlock the treasures of southern Asia. Former Chancellor Von Bülow said, "The control of the sea may rest on the question of who rules the Philippines." This is true because of the peculiar position of the group, hedged in between magnificent New Guinea, Celebes, Borneo, and the mainland. It is placed like a reviewing stand before which all ships bound north to China must pass. Who controls the Philippines may dictate Chinese trade and Chinese destiny. The northern end faces Hongkong, the southern end, Singapore. For the Philippine labyrinth concatenates over a length equal to the distance from London to Algiers, from the Canadian border to the Mexican, and its total coastline is greater than that of continental United States.

But, says Congress, this explosively strategic archipelago is going to be safe and everything will be rosy. It is all arranged. See Section 11 of the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Law: "The President is requested, at the earliest practicable date, to enter into negotiations with foreign powers with a view to the conclusion of a treaty for the perpetual neutralization of the Philippine Islands, if and when Philippine independence shall have been achieved."

Neutralization. How neat! Japan smiles and says, through her Spokesman, that while she is not necessarily opposed to the idea, perhaps the Filipinos themselves would not like it. For neutralization means humiliation.

There is not a little truth in this suggestion, and the proud Filipino cannot fail to be stung by it. It is only the weak sister whose safety is guaranteed—a Belgium, a China. Are the Philippines to be placed in this category? And, pride aside, what price would have to be paid for such neutralization? "A treaty of neutralization would undoubtedly lead to a demand from the guaranteeing powers for equal opportunities of trade in the Philippine Islands," objects Pio Duran, Professor of Law in the University of the Philippines. "The example of China furnishes an excellent index to the consequences of guaranteed equal treatment of all nations. . . . By virtue of the operation of the Open Door Policy, China could no longer exercise her sovereign right to enter into such treaties and agreements respecting her commercial intercourse as she might deem wise to conclude. Her international policies were subjected to the combined veto power of the very nations that pretended to save her from being partitioned." The Nine-Power Treaty was the Open Door Policy made formal and binding. The powers were bound not to invade China and China was bound not to enter into commercial treaties with any one nation or group of nations—a handcuffing to which no free nation would submit. Secretary Stimson later argued that,

under this treaty, China had no right to part with Manchuria even if she wished to do so. She dare not violate her own integrity. "The Filipinos should reject such a treaty," says Professor Duran, "because it would reduce the Philippines to a state of virtual economic bondage identical with that in which China finds herself to-day. From the status of an American Colony, the Philippines should not plunge herself into a state of international servility."

Another Filipino leader remarks that a neutralization treaty would only mean three masters for the Philippines—the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. Others become still more realistic and eliminate the first two names from the list. A neutralization treaty, they say, would deliver the Philippines to Japan; just as the Nine-Power Treaty kept the other powers out of China and cleared the road for Japan to go in. A "Keep-off-the-grass" sign is convenient for the person who ignores it. While the timid public is held at bay, he may have the grass to himself.

Whether this view is correct, certain it is that treaties, in these latter days, are being regularly subordinated to "national necessity." Needs, not treaties, will dictate the future of the Philippines. America's needs are evidently slight, since she is willing to abandon them. Great Britain is surfeited with colonies. So are France and Holland, whose outposts neighbor the Philippines. Australia has not solved the problem of its own great open spaces. But Japan . . .

Frank and intelligent Japanese do not say, "Japan is not interested in the Philippines." Of course she is interested. One of many proofs is this: The Nippon Yusen Kaisha line which serves the Japanese mandated islands is ordered by the Japanese government to include Celebes of the Dutch East Indies and Mindanao of the Philippines in every trip. To do this the steamer must leave mandated territory at Palau and make a round trip of ten days. Ten days of loss—for the captains tell me that they lose money on every trip. But the government has agreed to make every such loss good with a subsidy. The ships must go—not for present business, but to keep the road open so that nothing may prevent trade and immigration from flowing into these two rich islands. It is plainly provision for the future. The government sends not only the Nippon Yusen Kaisha to Celebes but also the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the Nanyo Yusen Kaisha, the Ishihara line, the Sanyo Kabushiki Kaisha, and tramp steamers.

Japan's trade with the Dutch East Indies is greater than that of Mother Holland herself. It has doubled since 1931.

Japanese immigrants are not moving as briskly as Japanese cotton print dresses. It is not the fault of the Japanese government. Immigrants are encouraged by ridiculously low steamer fares. I went to Menado and Davao by this route. The fares puzzled me exceedingly. Those to and through the mandated area are remarkably low by government order—but those from the last mandated island out to Dutch and Philippine territory are still lower by half! In other words, Japan is anxious to have her people go to the mandate, but twice as anxious to have them settle in Dutch and Philippine territory. Why? Because the economic possibilities of these vast, luxuriant islands far surpass the best that can be expected of the small islands of Micronesia.

"A paradise," said Captain Amano of our ship, *Yamashiro Maru*. "The Japanese don't know much about Celebes and Mindanao. They think Celebes is a small island. And they suppose it's too hot—because it's on the equator." He hunched his shoulders against the chill wind that cut across the deck. "As a matter of fact, the climate is cooler than in Palau or Yap. And anything will grow. Just right for sugar and cotton. The Japanese go to Brazil because they know about it. But if I had my choice between South America and Celebes, I'd go to Celebes."

From the Japanese standpoint, the Dutch islands, Australasia, and the Philippines are a unit. Together they constitute, after China, the next step of Japan's economic advance. Geographically also they are the next step, all coming within five hundred miles of the Micronesian group of fourteen hundred islands which Japan holds under mandate from the League of Nations. It must be remembered that Australia and Japan are immediate neighbors, their mandates joining at the equator. The nearest important island of Japanese Micronesia to Philippine, Dutch, and Australian territory is Palau, less than three hours distant from any of them by plane. Palau's new airport, her vigorous development campaign, her building of piers and blasting of channels, her frequent visits from Japanese warships, her excellent second harbor reserved for craft of the Imperial Navy, her easily fortifiable though as yet unfortified mountainous islets and promontories, her entire adaptability as a naval base, worry the folk of nearby Mindanao. Palau is a word to the wise Filipino.

IV

"What do you think of independence?" I asked a Filipino editor.

"All right," he said. "We Filipinos are perfectly civilized now—thanks to America. We can govern ourselves. Yet I think many of us at the end of the ten-year transition period will be sorry to part with America. And we know that Japan wants the Philippines. It is a hard problem for us."

Now, go back over that statement, note the utter confusion of thought in it. Independence? yes, certainly, but no. The intelligent Filipino mind goes steadily round in circles on this question of independence. But at the center of the mental whirlpool stands one fact, fixed and unmistakable—consciousness of the approach of Japan.

The whirlpool throws off two tangential currents. One is a movement to make the best of what must be and prepare for close affiliation with Japan. The second is a movement back to the United States.

One of the most outspoken proponents of the first policy is Professor Duran, already quoted. With reference to possible absorption by Japan, he says, "That would simply mean that we should be citizens of the most powerful empire in the Orient, or perhaps in the world." A Filipino official, who wished to pass unnamed, told me, "After all, worse things might happen. Our affiliation with the United States has been of advantage to the Philippines. After the disillusionments of 'independence,' it is possible that we may find equivalent advantage in close connection with other powers of the Orient." Here, as in China, the doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics is being promoted with growing success. Versailles refused to admit racial equality. Very well, the Oriental, denied equality, will adopt superiority. The West, which excluded him, shall be excluded. The East, many of her leaders believe, is well on the way to a greatness the West has never known. The oil-and-water mixture did not work—henceforth, no more water. In three hundred and fifty years of Spanish rule and thirty-eight of American rule there was no assimilation of brown and white. But the Chinese blend readily with the Filipino; and the Malay-Mongol Japanese and Malayan Filipinos are racially related. They will amalgamate in time—so that there will be no question of a ruling race and a ruled.

Cultures are also related, and are to become more so through the work of such organizations as the recently formed Philippine Society of Japan headed by Marquis Tokugawa of the House of Peers. Plans include the exchange of professors and students, exchange of radio programs and motion-picture films, and all other means by which Japanese and Filipinos may grow to have more in common. There is an ably financed Japanophile movement in the Philip-

pines. Such uprisings as that of the Sakdalistas, while doubtless not instigated by Japan, are at least inspired by a strong pro-Japanese sentiment in certain Philippine groups. The Sakdal organ was printed in Japanese as well as in the island languages, and the leader, Major Ramos, visited Japan to seek support for his campaign for immediate severance of all ties with the United States. Probably he got no official encouragement. Japan is quite willing to wait the ten-year period—she is now busy in China.

Of old, the Filipinos studied Spanish; then English, during the American regime. Now the trend is slightly but increasingly away from both languages toward Japanese. Two years ago the Philippine Constabulary started classes in Japanese and these have become so popular that they have now spread throughout the islands. As Japanese employers increase in number, it is natural that their associates and employees should wish to understand their language. There are to-day more Japanese than Americans even in Manila, and in Davao the proportion is one hundred and fifty to one. Because many of the Japanese are involved in large deals involving negotiation and litigation, there is a rush among young lawyers to learn the language of Nippon—they see money in it. Also some are studying Japanese law, anticipating that it will gradually displace American law.

Free trade with Japan to make good the loss of free trade with America has been suggested by the Japanese Consul-General to the Philippines. The suggestion received the hoots of politicians and the sober consideration of business men. There would be advantages in a preferential arrangement with Japan—more reason for avoiding neutralization which would make such favoritism impossible. The Philippine Chamber of Commerce looks chiefly to Japan if we may credit the words of its President, Leopoldo Aguinaldo, who states that the endeavor of the Chamber, as America withdraws, will be "to cultivate and stabilize our commercial relations with other countries, Japan foremost among them." Educated in Japan, Mr. Aguinaldo recently returned to that country at the head of a highly successful Philippine trade mission.

This befriending of Japan may be noted even in the actions of that most loyal of patriots, President Quezon. Japanese leases in Davao said to be illegal were being cancelled. One of the first acts of the President was to stop such cancellation. Rather than prosecute under the law, he was in favor of changing the law if it worked injustice to the Japanese. Also he stood out against the proposal that the new Philippine Constitution should limit retail trade to Filipinos and Americans. That, he said, would deal a blow to the Japanese and Chinese. "The Filipinos, at this stage of their history, need all the goodwill that they can muster." A Philippine newspaper, agreeing with him, editorialized, "Our old bridges have been burned. Our new bridges must be Oriental."

But in addition to this strong Kuro Siwa Japanward, there is another current. It is heading back toward America. It is a bitter river of afterthoughts. The truth is that the Philippine question is far from settled. In fact it is now for the first time unsettled. It has been settled for thirty-eight years that the Filipinos wanted independence above everything else on earth. Orators have shouted that they would rather be governed like hell by themselves than like heaven by Americans. Now, glimpsing hell, they are not so sure. They see economic trouble ahead, strife among factions, the shadow of Japan. To the masses, under the spell of rhetorical politicians, independence meant abolition of taxes. Now Quezon says that they should be willing to pay more taxes as the price of liberty. To pay more taxes as the price of liberty from paying taxes—it is all very puzzling.

Under the light American hand the Filipinos had in many ways more freedom than the citizens of the United

States. To-day that freedom is being taken in, stitch by stitch. American bosses are going home, jobs are lost, young men are being drafted into an army that everybody admits is useless against the only nation whose existence gives any reason for it. Can it be that freedom and independence may be contradictory terms? Is it possible that the Philippines must choose between being free under the United States but not independent, or independent like Manchukuo but not free? In that case, back to America!

This wistful looking backward also has a temperamental basis—which, among a people as temperamental as the Filipinos, is a factor of importance. The patriot experienced a fine glow of emotion in fighting for liberty; the glow was snuffed out when what he had fought for was chucked at his head. The boy who longs to run away from home feels differently about it when he is kicked out and told not to come back. The Filipino enjoyed his distress as a captive; but there is no zest in being an outcast. The willingness, not to say the glee, of America in cutting him adrift has shocked him into sensibility. In the cold dawn of independence he cannot escape the fact that he and his sugar and his vegetable oil have been classed by America as undesirables. Evidently America considers that she gains more than she loses by Philippine independence. That must mean that the Philippines lose more than they gain. This sickening realization has much to do with the powerful backeddy now setting in toward America.

Those Americans who really want the Philippines back should not say so. Manila at once cartoons the hand of the oppressor clutching to recapture its prey. Such remarks as that of Senator Gibson, to the effect that the Philippines should ask the United States to retain sovereignty, are out of turn. Let the Filipinos say that—they will if let alone. They will not if it is said for them. Already voices are heard. Mr. Guevara, Philippine Commissioner at Washington, advocates an American protectorate over the islands. President Quezon suggests that if the Filipinos have free will they may will a return to the United States, but it must be of their own accord. One hears worried talk among tax-payers who see clearly what must happen upon the decline of the sugar industry which now supplies sixty per cent of government revenues. Two million sugar employees fear the loss of their jobs. Most vocal are leading Philippine business men who see a future of frowning tariffs, then economic collapse, the debris of which may be picked up by a certain savior-nation upon its own terms. Such men plead for a return to sanity and Uncle Sam. Failing that, they look to Great Britain. When America decided to step out of the Philippines she left her sister-nation, Great Britain, in the lurch. While this watch-tower of the western Pacific is American, Britain is sure of access to China. Also, her land bridge from Singapore to Australia is safe. Hence, if America leaves, possibly Britain may be persuaded to accept the guardianship of this rich land with its thirteen million people who know something of Western ways and can at least stumble along in English. It is a faint hope, and the first appeal will of course be made to America. Let America only maintain a frosty exterior, and before the ten-year test is over the prodigal will be rapping loudly on the home door.

Not, alas, that it will do any good. America may be willing, eager, to readmit the Philippines. But conditions will have changed. As time passes the talk of renewing American-Philippine comity will increase, but simultaneously the chance of realization will decrease. For every day Japan will be enlarging her interest in the islands, filling in the place temporarily abandoned by America—but not temporarily filling it in. So when the time comes that both disgruntled partners have learned their lesson and are ready to renew their connection it will be impossible—except through war with Japan.

Japan is the only beneficiary of Philippine independence. When the Tydings-McDuffie Act was passed, the United States formally delivered over the Philippines to Japanese tutelage. That is done and cannot be undone, except by war. So deep will Japanese roots have gone by the end of a decade that, while we may change our minds, the Japanese will be in no position to change theirs. To do so would be to prove traitor to the vital interests of their own country.

The Japanese conquest of the Philippines, unlike the American, will probably not be sudden or sensational. It will take the form of step-by-step economic penetration. Opportunities abandoned by Americans and too onerous for Filipinos will be taken up by Japanese. As Japanese interests grow larger, the protection of them will become more important. If there are civil disturbances as in China, or as in the Philippines before American occupation, the "stabilizing power" of the Orient will feel impelled to restore peace; and to maintain it thenceforth. Such are the simple annals of empire.

WILL THE CLASS PLEASE . . .

BY MILDRED BOIE

YOU do not know how loved you are
Who bow above your books, hasty
With pen, and sprawling careless of
Your shape. Minds centered in your ears,
You see no room of you as whole,
Taut breasts in sweaters bright like fruit,
Heads dark and sorrel, sunshine-streaked,
Legs compassed slim in riding breeches,
In silk or skin brown still with summer.
You cannot watch the light that flares
Across your faces in response
To sounds from one who talks of books
And thinks behind her casual voice
How beautiful in youth you are,
How loved in your young-woman beauty!

WANTED: A NEW FAR EASTERN POLICY

BY LOTHROP STODDARD

GETTING down to brass tacks is very useful when big issues are at stake and the outlook is uncertain. Never was this Spartan yet salutary process more needed than in America's relations with the Far East. What we decide to do there will affect us vitally for good or for ill.

We must think fast as well as think straight. Ideas and policies valid enough a generation or even a decade ago may now be thoroughly out of date. In the contemporary Orient nothing can be taken for granted. Tradition and precedent, however respectable, should be subjected to the test of present-day realities. Above all, we must resolutely avoid the lure of cherished phrases.

The first thing to keep in mind is that the entire Orient is in chaotic flux. It is as full of high explosives as a powder-house. But the storm-center of this vast disturbance is China. There we witness one of the great cataclysms of all time. Before our very eyes an ancient civilization, an elaborate culture, a wisely ordered way of life is going to pieces. Thereby a great segment of humanity numbering at least four hundred million souls has lost its bearings and drifts helplessly toward an unknown fate.

In the light of this tremendous happening, other factors in the complex Far Eastern problem assume their proper perspective. This should be borne in mind by us Americans, because we are apt to view the Far East in terms of our special problem there, the Philippines.

Now the Philippine problem is a thorny one, both intrinsically and because of its bearing upon our relations with Japan. Yet, of and by itself, the Philippine archipelago will apparently not be the decisive factor in Japanese-American relations. China must necessarily remain the axis around which Japanese foreign policy will revolve. Therefore, unless America and Japan clash in China, we can fairly assume that difficulties between them arising over the Philippines will somehow be ironed out. It is most unlikely that Japan would risk endangering her position in China through rash action in the Philippines—especially since the general economic trend strongly favors her peaceful penetration of the Islands.

II

To understand the China of to-day we should comprehend the China of yesterday. Old China was not a nation; not even a state, in our sense of the word. Its people were held together not by public law or political institutions, but by customary codes applying primarily to social groups rather than to individuals. The social unit was the clan-family, which disciplined its members by a code of custom more binding than statutory law. Above this vast clan-family mosaic stood an arch-patriarch whom the West termed an Emperor, but who is best described by his Chinese title, "Son of Heaven." He was essentially the father of the great Chinese family-group. In accordance with well-established custom he ruled loosely through officials chosen for their knowledge of the Chinese classics and

charged mainly with the collection of a moderate imperial tribute. Otherwise China's many provinces were left pretty much to themselves. In Western eyes all this was little better than collective anarchy. Conversely, the average Chinese could have no idea of what the West meant by government or the state—much less the nation. He simply was not a political being; so for him words like patriotism or public duty had no meaning.

Such was the loose-jointed "Empire" which became increasingly exposed to the impact of an utterly alien West intruding itself into every Chinese province. Outwardly the massive structure of Chinese society seemed to be little affected. Actually, its very foundations were being undermined. Expressed in Chinese terms, what was happening was a general and cumulative loss of "face." Not merely the ruling Manchu dynasty but the whole Chinese way of life was being discredited. By the opening years of the present century a thinking minority of Chinese became convinced that their country must adapt itself to Westernism or be overwhelmed. However, they could not agree on the method. Some thought that moderate reforms along Western lines would suffice; others thought that wholesale Westernization was inevitable. These radicals, mostly young men educated abroad and typified by Sun Yat-Sen, brought about the revolution of 1911 which overthrew the Manchu dynasty and replaced it with a republic. Officially China had suddenly been transformed into a Western nation-state.

But so miraculous a transformation was impossible. A New China on the Western model simply could not be improvised. Its foundations had first to be solidly laid in the minds and souls of the people. Thus a long transition period of stress and strain was inevitable. The first effects of the Revolution were, therefore, mainly destructive in character. The old order was shattered without anything organic appearing to take its place. The political upheaval of 1911 overthrew much more than the Manchu dynasty. It also drove from office the class of civil-service officials who had administered China through every previous dynastic change for over two thousand years. And this passing of the old officialdom was itself part of an even greater change—the disintegration of a whole traditional way of life based upon Confucian ethics and the clan-family. A process of dissolution had set in which was bound to spread from the political to the economic, social, and cultural spheres.

Viewed thus realistically, there is nothing strange in the welter of factional squabbles and civil wars that has kept China in continual uproar for the past quarter-century. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise when the very foundations of Chinese life were crumbling and the entire situation was getting more and more unstable? This transition period, chaotic though it be, is not without its hopeful side. Already the basis of a new national culture has been laid in the "modern language movement" which makes popular education possible. Thereby the popular mind is being gradually remolded, and we already glimpse the rudiments of a national consciousness in the Western sense.

We thus see constructive forces germinating even while the destructive process goes on. But, at best, they will need much time to become effective enough to reverse the disintegrative trend. Meanwhile China continues to be almost a political vacuum, incapable either of governing itself or of establishing normal international relations. No wonder that it has been bullied and exploited by its neighbors. Any people so profoundly disorganized must expect that sort of thing.

If the West had viewed this transitional China as it really is, many grave diplomatic complications might have been averted. Because the West generally took at face value the fiction of a nation-state which did not yet exist, China's foreign relations were completely falsified. Japan alone correctly appraised the situation and acted accordingly. Japanese

statesmen say frankly that in their opinion China does not to-day possess a responsible government; consequently China should not be dealt with according to the ordinary methods of international procedure. This does not signify that Japan's present policy toward China is just or even wise for Japan herself in the long run. It does mean, however, that Japan sees China as it is—which the West does not.

III

No nation has so egregiously misread contemporary China as has the United States. We acclaimed the republican revolution of 1911 and tacitly assumed that the new regime was a going concern. This uncritical attitude was due to a combination of sentiment and self-interest. Our traditional Far Eastern policy had been predicated on the existence of an independent China. That was the best way we could do business there; and we had been doing business ever since the days, long past, when Yankee skippers had won fortunes for us out of the Chinese trade.

To be sure we did not scruple to join with European Powers in forcibly breaking down Chinese exclusiveness and opening up avenues for trade; but our policy remained purely commercial, whereas European nations acquired imperialistic aims. Thenceforth there was an increasing divergence between the European and the American point of view. This divergence reached a climax at the close of the nineteenth century, when the Celestial Empire had become so notoriously decrepit that European diplomats spoke openly of a "Chinese melon" ripe for slicing, and a general partition like that of Africa seemed likely.

Against the partition of China only one Western great power stood vigorously opposed. That power was the United States. The diplomatic notes written by John Hay, our Secretary of State, in the year 1899 undoubtedly averted the break-up of the Manchu Empire.

America's decisive action at that crucial moment was due, not to altruism, but to plain self-interest. When John Hay demanded the "Open Door" for American trade in China he was merely emphasizing our historic policy. What American diplomacy had sought from the start was rights and privileges for its citizens equal to those enjoyed by the nationals of all other foreign powers. Obviously the best way to get and keep these advantages was by maintaining China's political unity and sovereignty. And our diplomacy won temporarily. The threatened partition of China did not take place.

China was thus given a reprieve during which she might set her ramshackle house in order. We Americans hoped that this would be done. Then along came the upheaval of 1911 and China's outward change into a Western-style republic. Small wonder that we listened eagerly to zealous young Chinese educated abroad who assured us that the New China had arrived. They were eloquent. They knew by heart all our cherished phrases about liberty and democracy. They told us just what we wanted to hear—and we believed them. Long years of deepening chaos failed to shake our faith that the Chinese Republic was a solid reality which, if given half a chance, would prosper and endure.

We certainly gave China her second chance at the close of the Great War. Europe's shattering death-grapple removed the danger of a partition of China by Western nations. But a new peril had appeared—Japan. The Island Empire had become a great power on the Western model, and the War gave Japan a golden opportunity to dominate its huge yet helpless neighbor. Japanese diplomacy struck boldly with its famous Twenty-One Demands, which if acceded to would have reduced China to vassalage.

Again American diplomacy saved the situation. Under our insistent pressure Japan abated her claims. At the Washington Conference Japan, like the other great powers, formally agreed to respect China's independence and territorial in-

tegrity. For the second time China was given a chance to pull itself together.

Since the Washington Conference nearly fifteen years have passed; but the Chinese have neglected this probational period as signally as they did the previous decade after the overthrow of the Manchus. Indeed, conditions have tended to grow worse rather than better. And this is primarily due not to the misdeeds of corrupt politicians and racketeering warlords, but to China's general situation. Peoples cannot transform themselves overnight. Such basic changes should be thought of in terms of whole generations. So China continues to be just a huge country adrift; an enormous human mass, going through political and social chaos, seeking blindly some new equilibrium which it seems unable to attain by its own exertions—at least within any predictable future.

But the fate of China is for Japan a supremely vital matter. Though Japan to-day unquestionably dominates the Far East, her ascendancy rests on fragile foundations. This chain of volcanic islands whose total area barely equals that of California is so over-populated that only by intensive agriculture and the most skillful industrialization can its people be kept from starvation. Furthermore, the Japanese homeland is poor in raw materials. Lastly, Japan is confronted by the enormous bulk of Russia, which presses upon China from the north and has sought Far Eastern ascendancy on more than one occasion.

Under these circumstances Japanese foreign policy inevitably centers on China. And, present-day China being what it is, Japan feels that she must exercise an effective control over the evolution of her huge neighbor. This does not mean that Japan plans to conquer and annex the whole of China. That is obviously absurd. But Japan will not stand idly by and see China sink into utter chaos or fall under the domination of other foreign powers. Neither will she tolerate the establishment of a Chinese government definitely anti-Japanese in character. Either eventuality might well spell Japan's ruin. Consider merely the economic factor. Japan to-day exists only by large-scale foreign trade, made possible through extensive industrialization. Cut off that trade, and Japan would be doomed to mass-starvation and social upheaval. Yet in a world hagridden by economic nationalism foreign trade is precarious and access to raw materials uncertain. Japan has, therefore, resolved to make sure of one big economic area, China, as a market, a base of supplies, and a field for investment. The chaotic condition of China lessens its economic value and likewise exposes it to foreign aggression. Japan has, therefore, determined to be the only power entitled to interfere in Chinese affairs. To maintain this unique position she stands ready to fight any challenging power or any coalition of powers which is likely to arise.

That is the essence of the present situation, to which all other factors in Far Eastern politics are subordinated. To ignore this basic reality is worse than useless. To think in terms of historic precedents or legal formulæ is a dangerous delusion. Confronted by what she deems a life-and-death issue, Japan will not be stayed by treaty texts or moral suasion. She can be stopped only by force. And that implies a Far Eastern war waged remorselessly until Japan is smashed as a great power.

Of course there is an ideal alternative which would fairly satisfy Japan's vital needs without either a great war or acquiescence in Japanese control over China. This would involve a resolute tackling of the Chinese chaos by genuinely international action. Theoretically, all the great powers might establish a collective protectorate over China, truly unselfish and constructive in character. An orderly China under enlightened administration would soon become an enormously valuable market. It would likewise be a lucrative field for foreign investment and a dependable source of raw materials. Considering Japan's natural advantages in this area, such a China

ought so to benefit Japan and stabilize her economic future that her fears would be allayed. Once that was done, the weight of moderate Japanese opinion could probably be trusted to put her jingoes and militarists in their proper place.

There we have a solution of the Far Eastern problem which, in theory, is perfectly feasible. The stumbling-block is the world's present state of mind. And a moment's reflection on contemporary world affairs can hardly fail to convince us that the idea is to-day impracticable. Under present conditions would it be possible for the great powers to get together, draw up a self-denying ordinance for China's rehabilitation, and then honestly live up to it? He would be a hardy optimist who could give an unqualified *Yes* as his answer!

International action being thus regretfully discarded, we are back to the dilemma of acquiescence or force. Where is the force that could stop Japan short in her stride? China, by herself, is helpless. Europe, riven as it is by domestic broils and teetering on the verge of another civil war, cannot possibly present a united Far Eastern front. America alone has both the power and the freedom of action needed to take the initiative in halting Japan. Furthermore, America would have to carry the burden. The British Empire might be a "brilliant second" but could not throw in all its strength. And no other nation could be depended upon to help save in a minor way.

If anything decisive is to be done, therefore, America must do the major part of the job. That raises two questions: (1) Is the job worth doing from our standpoint? (2) Would the American people see it through to its logical conclusion? Let us consider these queries separately.

IV

First of all, we should realize that effective American intervention in China, even with British backing, would probably mean war with Japan. Let us not fool ourselves into imagining that diplomatic pressure alone would suffice. Many Americans still believe that, just because our Open Door stand in the 'nineties blocked a partition of China by European powers and because our well-timed opposition to Japanese aggression at the close of the Great War was equally efficacious, an emphatic veto by our State Department at this particular juncture would once more save the situation. That is unsound; conditions have so altered that diplomatic precedents no longer apply. Our traditional Far Eastern policy was based upon the existence of an independent China possessing some degree of stability. Even when China became notably decrepit it was propped up by the mutual jealousies between several rival powers. That unstable equilibrium has been destroyed by Japanese ascendancy, and mere diplomatic action cannot restore the balance.

Positive action in China can thus be expressed only in terms of "power politics." That, in turn, implies war or readiness to resort to war. Now war with Japan would be so terrible an ordeal that we should not risk it unless vital American interests are in jeopardy. Are such interests at stake?

From an economic standpoint, surely not. Our trade with China does not average much over $100,000,000 per year. In 1934 it amounted to not quite three per cent of our total foreign trade; and, for that matter, it was only about a third as large as our trade with Japan. American investments in China total barely $200,000,000. Our economic stake in China is relatively small. Even little Belgium outclasses us; so does France, while Britain's investment structure there exceeds ours more than fivefold.

Furthermore, so long as chaotic conditions persist no one is going to exploit even a tithe of China's economic possibilities. That wonderful Chinese market we hear so much about will be a mirage until peace and order prevail.

China is thus obviously not worth fight-

ing Japan over from a strictly dollars-and-cents point of view. There remains the argument that we had better fight Japan now rather than later on when she has become much more powerful through her control of China and will seek to dominate the whole Far East and perhaps the Pacific Ocean as well. Now a highly plausible plea can be made for such a "preventive war." Yet history is full of evidence that preventive wars are usually bad business. The reason is that world politics are so complex that you simply cannot foretell what is going to happen a generation or perhaps even a decade hence.

One of the most striking instances of man's inability to prophesy involves this very area. At the turn of the century Admiral Mahan, our celebrated strategist and student of world affairs, wrote a book called *The Problem of Asia,* wherein he undertook to chart the future of the Far East. In both England and America the book was widely hailed as a masterpiece of logic and insight. Yet the course of events was so utterly different from what he predicted that Mahan becomes grotesquely wrong, not merely in details but in the very fundamentals on which his reasoning was based. World politics is very far from being an exact science. That is why intelligent opportunism is ordinarily the best statesmanship. Therefore, instead of envisaging war with Japan to forestall what she *may* eventually do to us, we would much better stick to present-day realities and let the future take care of itself.

It is now time to discuss our second query: whether the American people would support a strong interventionist policy in China to its logical conclusion. By this we do not ask if our people could be induced to fight Japan. Of course they could. There is so much dislike of Japan, sympathy for China, and attachment to our traditional Far Eastern policy that the emotional basis for war clearly exists. For that matter, most Americans do not realize how near we came to an open break with Japan four years ago when Mr. Stimson, then Secretary of State, took his uncompromising stand against Japan's seizure of Manchuria. That diplomatic attitude of ours has never been officially modified. Technically at least, we still stand upon our traditional policy based on China's full sovereignty and territorial integrity.

Yet it is instructive to note that American public opinion was by no means whole-heartedly behind Mr. Stimson, nor has it vigorously backed any interventionist move of our government in China to the point where diplomacy seemed likely to involve us in war. The attitude of the American people toward China, and the Far East generally, has been long on words but short on bellicose action.

This possibly muddled yet perfectly obvious trend has been so ably analyzed by an American student of Oriental affairs that we cannot do better than quote him. Says Tyler Dennett:

"The policy of American intervention in China after 1900 had been abandoned. Why? Because the American people would not support it. Since then, the pattern has been repeated with almost mathematical regularity: first intervention, then withdrawal; interference, noninterference. In each instance it has been the apathy or the hostility of American public opinion that has led to the abandonment of the policy of interference. Americans are a funny folk. They applaud lofty moral sentiment, but they are rarely ready, outside of the Western hemisphere, to take the next step, to make effective the sentiment which they applaud. The time comes when they are asked to put up or shut up. *They do neither.* They will not put up the force without which sentiments in this wicked world are sentiments only, but neither will they shut up. They keep on talking about the sentiments as though wishes were horses."

If this be the popular trend, it effectually negatives our consistent intervention in China, no matter how theoretically valid this may be. The true aim of such a policy would be the rehabilitation

of China. Japanese opposition would be merely an obstacle to be disposed of as a preliminary to our real objective. There would be no sense in fighting Japan as an end in itself. We should have to make up our minds not only to win the war but to win the peace as well.

Would our people be so minded? It is more than doubtful, judged by the evidence of the past four decades. We can even make a fairly good guess as to what would happen. Let us assume for the sake of argument, that we beat Japan decisively enough to remove her as a major factor from the Chinese scene. What then? The Chinese chaos would persist, presumably intensified by the disappearance of Japan's disciplinary control over Manchuria and adjacent areas. Such a China would be just as unable to stand alone as the China of to-day and would thus be exposed to the aggression of other powers. China would, therefore, have to be propped up if her sovereignty and territorial integrity were to be maintained. Would not this imply something very like a benevolent protectorate over China during her long molting period? And who would be the chief protector? It could only be America. We might get British aid, but ours would be the main responsibility.

Now this would mean assuming heavy burdens for an indefinitely long period. Would the American people consent once they understood what was involved? Remember, we should have just emerged from a gruelling war which, at best, would have cost us countless lives and many billions of dollars. The inevitable post-war revulsion would have set in. The war-fever having died, would an American public which has never been enthusiastic over Far Eastern commitments and which to-day is cheerfully ready to get out of the Philippines be in the mood to assume obligations in China almost infinite both in time and in scope? Might we not rather expect an isolationist reaction similar to that which swept the country after the Great War? And would not this cause another withdrawal into our traditional aloofness within the confines of the Western hemisphere?

Unless our national psychology had undergone a marked change, something like this would probably occur. But in that case our herculean effort would have been worse than useless. We should not have vindicated our traditional Far Eastern policy, and we should very likely have eliminated Japan only to make China safe for Russian domination. Not a very satisfactory outcome from our point of view. Where China is concerned we might well ponder the old saying: *Don't start something you can't or won't finish!*

V

All this does not imply that we should lie back and acquiesce meekly to everything Japan may do in China or elsewhere in the Far East. It does mean, however, that we should stand ready to abandon our present negative, legalistic attitude. There is no use blinking the fact that the very basis of our traditional Far Eastern policy has vanished; that Chinese sovereignty and territorial integrity are gone, replaced by a large measure of Japanese control. By frankly recognizing the new situation we may hope to deal constructively with Japan. The Japanese leaders are not supermen endowed with limitless power. Their position in China is a ticklish one, beset by many difficulties and maintained only by taxing and sweating their people to the limit of endurance.

And Japanese statesmen know this only too well. They may be as ambitious as you please, but they are neither madmen nor fools. If we show a disposition to abandon our obstructive veto on certain matters which the whole Japanese nation deems vital to its security and well-being, an understanding ought to be possible which would benefit both parties and would go far to remove the chronic tension in Japanese-American relations that has existed for so many years. Enlightened realism and good hard common sense are the best ingredients out of which a new Far Eastern policy can be forged.

ON THE LAKE

A STORY

BY MARGERY SHARP

At the edge of the lake, beside the old boathouse, a party of six persons stood looking at the sky.

"It's going to rain," said Mrs. Romney.

"Darling!" said Mrs. Romney's niece reproachfully.

For the niece, by name Elizabeth, wanted to go on the water, and the aunt did not. Elizabeth, aged eighteen, was wearing an old tennis-skirt, an old sweater, and out-at-toes sandals. Mrs. Romney, aged thirty, had on a white piqué suit, spotlessly clean, which was as obviously a product of Bond Street as the Pekingese under her arm. The third woman, being seventy and a grandmother, was comfortably determined not to leave dry land.

"Anyway, Sir William and I will go," said Elizabeth.

But her glance—half commanding, half appealing—was not met; Sir William continued to gaze at the sky. He was uneasily conscious that both Elizabeth and Mrs. Romney were determined to get him alone, and he had no wish to be got alone. He was very fond of Elizabeth, he enjoyed flirting with Mrs. Romney; but he was perfectly aware that after an hour on the lake with either of them he might very well return to shore no longer an eligible bachelor, but an affianced man. Sir William enjoyed being eligible, he enjoyed being decorously run after by attractive women; but he knew that he was approaching the dangerous—nay, almost fatal—age of forty-one.

Mrs. Romney knew these things too. She had known Sir William for years; ruthless in affairs and among men, he was so susceptible to feminine charm that it was a constant source of wonder to her that he had so long escaped matrimony. She could attribute it only to a series of last-minute interruptions. Why, only the night before (thought Mrs. Romney), when Elizabeth appeared so suddenly from the rose-garden, had there not been a proposal trembling on his lips? She could remember his exact words, in reply to some half-gallant, half-wistful jesting of her own: "*There ought to be someone to look after you; I wish you'd let me—*" And then Elizabeth had appeared, and the moment passed. Probably some Elizabeth or other always did appear, just at the crucial point. . . .

"If Sir William would like to go—" began old Mrs. Campbell; and she looked doubtfully round the group. These people were her guests, and it was therefore her duty to see that they enjoyed themselves; but already, after only one day, she was a little tired of them. "I'm getting old," decided Mrs. Campbell. "Week-ends are too much for me." But she pulled herself together and said brightly:

"There's such a pretty view!"

"Sir William has too much sense," said Mrs. Romney, looking across at her niece. "Why don't you take Peter?"

But the second man, a youngster of twenty, also kept silence. It was a silence

partly of despair, partly of desperate resolve. He was deeply in love with Mrs. Romney, who never took any notice of him, and he was planning to get her on the lake, drop her Pekingese overboard, and leap in after it. He knew exactly the right place, a fairly deep stretch of water midway between the two islands. . . .

The sixth and last member of the party, Mrs. Campbell's granddaughter Joanna, stood slightly aloof. She was a pre-war little girl, with two fat corn-colored pigtails and long legs in gray woollen stockings, and two days earlier she had lost a model yacht, home-made, which might still be drifting or floating about. She was quite determined to go on the lake.

"Well?" said Mrs. Campbell.

Peter stepped down into the boathouse and began getting out a canoe.

"Mrs. Romney!" he appealed. "There's a view between the islands—simply gorgeous. I won't let you get wet."

Sir William saw his chance.

"I'll come with you and take a paddle."

"There isn't room for three," said Elizabeth.

This was so obviously true that Sir William, in the act of handing Mrs. Romney down, was forced to pause. He had no desire to sit for an hour in wet trousers. In the meantime Peter had seized Mrs. Romney's other hand and drawn her firmly down among the cushions; the Pekingese jumped after, and the rest of the party remained on the bank. It was at this moment that Sir William perceived the strategic value of the child Joanna.

"Then I'll take Joanna and Elizabeth in the punt," he said heartily.

Joanna said nothing, but went on untying a Rob Roy canoe. She never did speak until the last moment, but she had no intention of being hampered in her search by inefficient adults. She just went on untying the canoe. Elizabeth observed her but turned a blind eye.

"Splendid!" said Elizabeth enthusiastically.

She jumped down into the punt, followed by Sir William. Peter, heedless of Mrs. Romney's frown, dipped his paddle. The canoe slid away.

So did the Rob Roy.

"Look at that child!" cried Joanna's grandmother.

"We'll keep an eye on her," promised Elizabeth insincerely.

So now they were all five on the lake.

In the shadow of the boathouse Joanna's grandmother sat and meditated. The fact that her seat had no back did not bother her; she had been brought up in the old school, the school which, a hundred years earlier, made the grand tour of Europe without once leaning back against the carriage cushions. She sat, an upright and tough old lady, staring out over the water; she looked as though she might be thinking about foreign missions or the first Duke of Wellington. But appearances deceive: like everyone else (except the child Joanna), old Mrs. Campbell was thinking about love.

"It was just opposite the island," thought old Mrs. Campbell.

It was just opposite the island that she had received her first proposal. The features of the young man were now dim, but she could remember distinctly every detail of her own blue-and-white fishwife dress. The underskirt was striped, the drapery plain and looped back with bows of ribbon: Mrs. Campbell could not help feeling that no girl of to-day had a dress as pretty as that one. And could any girl of to-day—so casually habituated to the company of young men—ever feel the thrill that had been old Mrs. Campbell's when *her* young man, laying aside his punt-pole, had leaned gently forward and called her Maria?

"Maria,—you must have guessed—"

And then her own voice, trembling under its primness:

"Mr. Coles, you have no right to call me that!"

"And may I never have the right—Maria?"

Mrs. Campbell sighed. She might have forgotten the young man's face, but

every word, every tone of that brief dialogue was still fresh in her ears. Brief indeed, for she had known at once, with her usual common sense, that he never *could* hope: he was what they called a "detrimental"—a "fascinating detrimental"—without money and without prospects. So she had very gently uttered the one word "Papa," and Mr. Coles did not persist. He was a man of experience; there was something in that gentle voice which told him quite plainly that it was no use suggesting an elopement. So he bowed his head, resumed his punt-pole, and the episode was closed.

"It would never have done," said old Mrs. Campbell aloud. She shook her head; the shake became a nod; a moment later Mrs. Campbell was asleep.

For a short distance, owing to the tactics of Mrs. Romney and Sir William, the punt and the canoe proceeded in company. Sir William punted well, and shot his craft briskly through the water: Mrs. Romney, by a stream of gaily called remarks, managed to link the two parties into one. She admired Sir William's dexterity and pointed out the pleasing effect of the sunshine on Elizabeth's bare head. Elizabeth looked at her stonily, too unskilled, and perhaps too sulky, to reply in the same vein. As for Peter, he simply paddled as hard as he knew how, in the hope of outdistancing the punt.

"Is this a race?" asked Mrs. Romney.

"Rather," said Sir William. "We'll race you as far as the big island."

"And then change boats," suggested Mrs. Romney, "and have a return."

"Boats and crews," amended Sir William, with a grin of amusement.

Neither Peter nor Elizabeth was amused at all, but whereas Peter merely suffered, Elizabeth took action.

"Where's that child?" she asked abruptly; and looking round, they saw Joanna's canoe moving slowly but steadily in the opposite direction.

"We ought to go after her," said Elizabeth. "I've promised to keep an eye on her."

Concealing his reluctance, Sir William swung the punt in a semi-circle. Mrs. Romney called something about meeting on the other side of the island; he called cheerfully back, and then the two boats were separated by an increasing stretch of water.

But the distance between the other two craft increased also, for as soon as the punt turned the Rob Roy began to put on speed.

The child Joanna did not want company. In the first place she was busy looking for her yacht, and in the second she quietly but heartily disliked everyone else on the lake. The four adults indeed would have been surprised to know how definitely and disagreeably they were mirrored in Joanna's mind: she thought Mrs. Romney silly and affected, Sir William silly and pompous, and Elizabeth and Peter just silly. Her knowledge of them was of course limited; she knew, and could have understood, nothing of Sir William's real business capacity nor of Mrs. Romney's real genius in making two ends meet. She had to take them literally as she found them, and she found them incurably frivolous. They were always starting to do things and then giving up. They were always going in to meals. They seemed incapable of remembering anything they were told. Sir William had asked three separate times whether she kept rabbits, and three separate times Joanna had answered patiently that she did not. Peter and Elizabeth talked all Saturday morning about going on a picnic; and when the time came to do something about it, they simply forgot. As for Mrs. Romney, she appeared to think of nothing on earth except keeping her clothes clean.

Joanna glanced over her shoulder and saw that the punt was now concealed by a point of the island. With a sigh of relief she slackened stroke and once more began to search, slowly, methodically, and efficiently, for the missing yacht.

It was called the *Bluebell*, and had taken four months to make.

Midway between the islands Peter ceased to paddle.

"Lovely, isn't it?" he asked, waving his free hand at the view.

Mrs. Romney said nothing. She was very much annoyed: her dress had been twice splashed already, the Pekingese was scrambling all over her white shoes, and she had lost Sir William to her chit of a niece.

"I say, you do look ripping!" observed Peter loudly.

Simply because it was easier to smile than to frown, Mrs. Romney smiled.

"But then you always do," added the infatuated young man.

Seeing that he was encouraged, Mrs. Romney took the trouble to contract her brows. At once his face fell. He stared at her piteously.

"I say—did you mind my saying that?"

"Saying what?" asked Mrs. Romney unkindly. If she had been ten years older she might have found his extreme youthfulness touching, or even adorable; but at thirty she was still too young herself and still too attractive to have any use for the callow. The young man bored her, and she could not be bothered to conceal it.

"That—that you always looked ripping," stammered Peter.

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Romney with composure.

For some minutes he paddled in silence, and Mrs. Romney, always philosophic, began to make the best of a bad job by mentally planning her summer wardrobe. If she went to Scotland, her tweeds would still do: there was a certain *cachet* about shabby but once-excellent Donegals. But suppose she went yachting? Immaculate white of course; but it was no use pretending the new linens didn't crush, because they did. They crushed just like the old linens, and one might as well make up one's mind to it. "Wool!" thought Mrs. Romney. "There's always a breeze at sea. . . ." But before she could go farther—before she had even touched on the vexed question of shorts—Peter began again.

"I say—have I offended you?"

As though she had not heard, Mrs. Romney leaned back and closed her eyes. Half-paralyzed with despair, the young man, nevertheless, saw and seized his chance. The Pekingese lay unwatched. Peter put out a hand, in what he hoped was a friendly and unsuspicious gesture, and reached for the silky scruff. But Pekingese are intelligent, and as the hand descended the animal hastily backed against its mistress's ankles. Mrs. Romney at once opened her eyes and ran a hand over her stockings.

"Laddered," she said grimly.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Peter.

"And it's going to rain," added Mrs. Romney. "We'd better turn back."

They turned. It was obvious even to Peter that this was no moment for a proposal; but his chances were so rare, and his emotions so overwhelming, that he flung prudence to the winds. He cleared his throat, and the ghost of Mr. Coles prompted him.

"Celia," he mumbled, "you must have guessed—"

"Don't call me Celia," said Mrs. Romney.

The ghost of Mr. Coles prompted no more: it evidently recognized the case as hopeless.

"There," added Mrs. Romney, in a tone of exaggerated interest, "is Joanna."

She had half turned, to watch the Rob Roy coming round the island's point: made desperate by unkindness, staking all on a last throw, Peter seized the dog by the middle and at the same time crying "Hi, Chang!" dropped it quietly overboard.

"*Chang!*" echoed Mrs. Romney.

"It's all right," cried Peter heroically. "I'll get him."

He stood up, prepared to leap; but it is harder than one anticipates to leap recklessly from a small canoe. The craft tipped and swayed; a teacupful of water landed in Mrs. Romney's lap. Meanwhile the Pekingese, after the first splashings of dismay, was striking out steadily for the island. But the distance, in pro-

portion to the dog, was great: Mrs. Romney clung to the gunwale and implored Peter to hurry. She also asked why he did not use the paddle.

"Quicker to swim," muttered Peter.

Wishing with all his heart that they had taken the punt, he steadied himself in a crouching position and lifted one foot over the side. The attitude was far from heroic; it suggested rather an old gentleman getting into the bath. He redistributed his weight, and was preparing to try backward, when the lady spoke again.

"It's all right," observed Mrs. Romney suddenly. "Joanna's got him."

Peter withdrew his foot, looked round, and saw that the child Joanna had indeed spiked his guns. She was even then heaving a water-logged bunch of fur into the Rob Roy.

"He's all right," shouted Joanna. "Shall I bring him across?"

Mrs. Romney looked at the dripping animal and shook her head.

"No, take him back. We're going in too."

"But I'm not!" objected Joanna. "I'm looking for my yacht." And without further argument, she began to paddle toward them.

"Go and meet her," ordered Mrs. Romney.

With a factitious show of haste Peter drew his blade through the water. Something warned him that any prolonged conversation with the child was highly undesirable. But if he delayed, Joanna hastened, and a moment later the canoes bobbed side by side. Joanna picked up the dog and—possibly from thoughtlessness, probably from malice—dropped it wetly into Mrs. Romney's lap. She then turned her attention to Peter.

"That's not the way to teach a dog to swim!" she said severely.

Mrs. Romney looked up.

"The *right* way," elaborated Joanna, "is to begin near the shore, so he doesn't get frightened. *Any* dog would get frightened if you threw him into the middle of a lake."

Peter nodded sulkily and began to paddle. He dared not risk an argument; all he wanted was to put as great a distance as possible between himself and this officious brat. But Mrs. Romney lifted her hand.

"Wait," said Mrs. Romney, turning back to Joanna, "do you mean to say that Chang was *thrown?*"

"Didn't you see?" asked Joanna in surprise. "Why, Peter threw him!"

She then paddled away to resume her search for the yacht.

On the far side of the island Elizabeth broke a prolonged silence.

"How beautifully you punt!"

"You inspire me," said Sir William.

He did not want to say it: the words had formed and uttered themselves before he could check them. To his horror, Elizabeth flushed.

"I suppose that's what you always say."

"Every time," agreed Sir William; and then instead of leaving well alone, he added, "but I don't always mean it."

For a moment she digested that in silence. Then she said slowly:

"Did you want to come on the lake?"

"Of course I did. Why?"

"Because I've thought," continued Elizabeth, with the awful directness of youth, "that you've been dodging me."

"My dear child! When?"

"All this week-end. Yesterday. You said we'd go riding and then you forgot."

"I! It was you. You said three o'clock at the stables, and I waited until a quarter of an hour."

"Three? It was four!" cried Elizabeth, almost jumping up in her agitation.

"Three," repeated Sir William firmly. "However, I'm glad to know you didn't let me down."

"I'd never let you—I mean, I never let people down," said Elizabeth.

Sir William looked at her and smiled. She was so very young, so very earnest, that he felt an almost overwhelming desire to take her ashore on the island and kiss her once or twice, and then perhaps talk to her about hockey teams. But he restrained himself. It wouldn't be fair.

He was, in all probability, her first love, and she was naturally taking it seriously. So he gently swung the punt round and headed for open water.

"Aren't we going to land?" asked Elizabeth.

"Do you want to? You'd get your feet wet."

She thrust out a strong brown foot in a strong brown sandal. Her whole body was as strong as a young tree.

"You're very beautiful," said Sir William abruptly.

At once she was quite still. Not an eyelash flickered. She sat perfectly still, waiting.

"Besides," added Sir William, leaping for safety, "it's going to rain."

The stillness relaxed. Elizabeth shrugged contemptuously.

"Oh, *rain!*" she said. "*I* don't mind getting wet."

"But I do," said Sir William. "If I get wet I get rheumatism. You forget I'm old enough to be your father."

Elizabeth stared.

"But I am!" insisted Sir William heroically. "How old are you—eighteen? Well, I'm forty-one."

She stared still, but he could see that instead of being shocked or dismayed, the child was simply thrilled. She evidently considered forty-one to be of all ages the most romantic and admirable; and in spite of all his resolutions, Sir William felt himself weakening.

"I don't like boys," said Elizabeth.

"Not even young Peter?" asked Sir William.

Elizabeth wrinkled her nose. She seemed to be entirely without the instinct of coquetry. "What a generation it is!" thought Sir William; and he glanced, with a sort of affectionate horror, at his companion's attire. The sandals, the skirt, the thick sweater—all were shabby to the point of dilapidation: you had to be eighteen to carry off an outfit like that! "Eighteen!" thought Sir William: a romantic age, an admirable age! Perfect health, the intelligence undulled, the senses untouched! And the thought crossed his mind that since he would almost certainly marry some day, he might do a damn sight worse.

It was a thought by no means unfamiliar; in the presence of any moderately attractive woman he had always an impulse to take the plunge and secure her, lest worse should befall. Only the night before he had nearly proposed to Mrs. Romney; he had been practically convinced that what he needed was a woman of the world. Now, looking at Elizabeth, he wondered whether a fresh young girl—malleable, unsophisticated—would not suit him better.

"Darling!" he said experimentally.

Her answering look was as unsophisticated as he could desire. She glowed like —like a sunbeam. And a wave of sentiment rose in Sir William's breast. That —that was the look he wanted! Not the swift, provocative glance of Mrs. Romney, not the calm, level gaze of women his own age, but a genuine outpouring of—well, of soul. "Soul!" thought Sir William; quite forgetful of the times when with equal fervor he had thought either "Intelligence!" or even "Tact!" He looked at Elizabeth again and saw that her lips were slightly parted: if it hadn't been for the punt-pole he would have leaned forward and kissed her, and then proposed on the spot. And after all, what was a punt-pole, to stand between him and happiness? For happiness he was now convinced it would be: after all these years he had at last found what he really wanted. Sir William drew the pole in and laid it carefully along the punt.

It was just at this moment that Joanna, in the Rob Roy, completed the same action. For she, like Sir William, had found what she wanted: not a yard away, half under the surface, floated the missing craft *Bluebell.* She shipped her paddle and reached impetuously towards it.

"Elizabeth!" murmured Sir William.

There was a shout, a splash; Joanna had tipped over her canoe and was struggling in the lake.

"Can she swim?" demanded Sir William.

"Like a duck," said Elizabeth impatiently.

But the child Joanna had on heavy shoes and a thick kilt: one arm, moreover, was clasping the yacht. She splashed like a puppy, seemed to bob under, then rose and stretched out her free arm to the canoe. The canoe slipped away, she bobbed again; Sir William seized his pole and sent the punt shooting toward her.

"Get ready to catch hold!" he ordered.

In silence Elizabeth obeyed. But though the action was properly humane, her emotions were not. She did not actually wish the child to drown, but she would have taken the risk.

"Now!" said Sir William.

Elizabeth reached out and caught Joanna by the shoulder. Joanna looked at her ungratefully.

"Pull, don't push!" gasped Joanna. "That's not the way to save life!"

She clambered aboard, dripping but composed, and wiped the water from her face. Sir William, under the strong impression that she was about to shake herself like a dog, removed to the far end of the punt.

"We'd better take her in," he said cheerfully. "She ought to get dry clothes."

"Oh, no," said Joanna, "I'm going back for the Rob Roy. It's my first swim this year."

"Don't be silly," said Elizabeth sharply, "you'll never get into it."

Joanna looked her contempt.

"I can get in from either end, *or* from the side. If you'd let me alone I could have got in just now. But you may as well keep the yacht."

With surprising suddenness she kicked off her shoes, discarded her kilt, and hopped casually overboard.

Just at this moment, and as Mrs. Romney had prophesied, it began to rain.

Roused by the first heavy drops, old Mrs. Campbell rose stiffly to her feet and opened a large umbrella. The waters of the lake were no longer inviting, and she was pleased to see all three boats quite near to the shore. At a distance of some yards, however, and with the rain on her glasses, she could distinguish neither the condition of her granddaughter nor the expressions of the other four. She saw only a pleasant holiday group, sensibly hastening back to shelter; a little wet, no doubt, but what was that to the young?

"Have you had a nice time?" called old Mrs. Campbell cheerfully.

For a moment no one answered; then—

"Splendid!" shouted Joanna.

THEY HATE ROOSEVELT

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

A RESIDENT of Park Avenue in New York City was sentenced not long ago to a term of imprisonment for threatening violence to the person of President Roosevelt. This episode, with the conclusions as to the man's probable sanity, was recorded at length on the front pages of the newspapers of the land. In itself it was unimportant. Cranks with wild ideas are always to be found here and there in any large community. Yet it was significant as a dramatically extreme manifestation of one of the most extraordinary phenomena of our day, a phenomenon which social historians in the future will very likely record with perplexity if not with astonishment: the fanatical hatred of the President which to-day obsesses thousands of men and women among the American upper class.

No other word than hatred will do. It is a passion, a fury, that is wholly unreasoning. Here is no mere political opposition, no mere violent disagreement over financial policies, no mere distrust of a national leader who to these men and women appears to be a demagogue. Opposition, disagreement, distrust, however strong, are quite legitimate and defensible, whether or not one agrees that they are warranted. But the phenomenon to which I refer goes far beyond objection to policies or programs. It is a consuming personal hatred of President Roosevelt and, to an almost equal degree, of Mrs. Roosevelt.

It permeates, in greater or less degree, the whole upper stratum of American society. It has become with many persons an *idée fixe*. One encounters it over and over again in clubs, even in purely social clubs, in locker and card rooms. At luncheon parties, over dinner tables, it is an incessant theme. And frequently in conversation it takes a violent and unlawful form, the expression of desires and wishes that can be explained only, it would seem, in terms of abnormal psychology.

In history this hatred may well go down as the major irony of our time. For the extraordinary fact is that whereas the fanatic who went to prison had lost his fortune and, therefore, had a direct grievance, the majority of those who rail against the President have to a large extent had their incomes restored and their bank balances replenished since the low point of March, 1933.

That is what makes the phenomenon so incredible. It is difficult to find a rational cause for this hatred. I do not mean, of course, that it is difficult to find a rational cause for criticism, even passionately strong criticism, of the New Deal. One may quite reasonably be convinced that its policies are unsound, that its leaders are hypocritical, that its total influence is pernicious. But the venom to which I refer is of a sort seldom found among men and women who have not been personally hurt, and badly hurt, by those whom they excoriate.

Some members of this class have undoubted grounds for feeling personally hurt. Some, for example, have found themselves with income still depleted, and have warrant for attributing the still

sorry state of their investments to various measures sponsored by the Administration. Yet others have prospered exceedingly since March, 1933; and certainly on the average they find their present circumstances much improved.

As the New Dealers themselves have been at pains to point out, taxes on the rich have not been materially increased. Secretary Ickes, speaking before the Union League Club in Chicago recently, developed this at length, showing that a man with a net income annually of $50,000 would pay no more to the Federal government in taxes this year than he paid last year; with $60,000 annually he would pay $90 additional; with $80,000 he would pay $775 more, and on an income of $1,000,000, an added $1,875. And although a new tax program is being drafted as this is written, probably no small proportion of the burden will be placed upon the mass of consumers through processing or excise taxes.

Surely the explanation does not lie in the trifling changes made thus far. Nor would the fear of inflation seem to account for it. In the first place, the rise in prices from 1933 to date has, by and large, helped these people more than it has hurt them. Witness the long advance in the stock market, which has doubled, tripled, or quadrupled the prices of stocks—and indeed has multiplied some of them by ten. In the second place, there is no denying that, conversely, the deflation of 1929–1933 did great damage to the fortunes of the rich. In the third place, fears of the future possibilities of the credit-inflation policy of the Administration, whether justified or not, are at any rate not fears of immediate or definitely predictable trouble. Finally—and still more important—the rich are seldom the victims of inflation. It is well known that most of the very wealthy profited from the German inflation. Long before the storm breaks large investments have been safeguarded by diversification in real property or in stocks adapted by their nature to adjust to swiftly changing price levels. Many wealthy persons have already begun to shift their holdings to such things as farm land.

That there is a widespread conviction among the wealthy that they are being butchered to make a Roman holiday for the less fortunate is undeniable. But it is certain that as a class the wealthy have suffered relatively less than any other from the economic events of the past three years; and in that single word *relatively* there is a world of meaning. As for their feeling that butchery has at least been intended by the Roosevelt Administration, let us glance for a moment at some opinions from the other side of the fence.

A great many liberals, and certainly all radicals, complain that President Roosevelt's chief mission has been to save the fortunes of the very rich. Economists for the American Federation of Labor estimated in the annual report for 1935 that in the course of that year corporate profits—dividends and so forth—had increased forty per cent, while real wages had increased slightly less than two per cent. What is more, the wage increase had been in part offset by a corresponding increase in the work-week of an hour and a half.

Surveying the present state of the nation—stock-market boom, crowded Florida resorts, thronged night clubs, the revival of luxury spending—one might almost imagine the fury of the rich to be part of a subtle plot to return Mr. Roosevelt to office. For surely such uncritical vituperation, such blind hostility, must contribute to that end. Is that it then? To throw the workers and the farmers off their guard, the American rich are simulating this rage against the man who—if one listens to the other side—has been their savior?

But such choler could not be simulated. Anyone who has seen it now and then at close range must be aware that it is too authentic for that.

While this phenomenon has gone virtually unrecorded, it is familiar to most middle-class people to-day. Indeed, it

has had its influence upon the middle class. There are those who have been only too eager to pick up crumbs of emotion dropped from the rich man's table. In general, however, the violence of the hatred varies directly with the affluence of the social group. The larger the house, the more numerous the servants, the more resplendent the linen and silver, the more scathing is likely to be the indictment of the President.

II

It may be useful to record certain recent examples of the present temper of the two per cent, if only because the rapid shifting of events may leave slight evidence of it for the notebook of the social historian. In the following scenes I have altered names and circumstances just enough to prevent identification; but the episodes are not only in essence true, they are being duplicated daily wherever the very fortunate congregate.

The fortune of the Skeane family is in the manufacture of textile-weaving machines, a closely owned enterprise built upon the inventiveness of old Jeremiah Skeane. Jeremiah's widow (it was a late marriage for Jeremiah to his attractive young secretary) is, needless to say, very wealthy. The return on the family business dwindled in 1933 to less than two per cent and there was a panicky feeling among all the Skeanes; result, "economy" —the dismissal of gardeners, chauffeurs, the second girl upstairs. To-day the return on the family business is more than ten per cent.

The Skeane "seat," The Oaks, where the widow lives two or three months a year, is at Elkins Park, a suburb of Philadelphia. She is leaving, in the middle of February when slush and snow make Philadelphia so dreary, for Florida in a private car with two of her grandchildren and their governess. Mrs. Skeane is giving a luncheon for eighteen, in farewell.

The furs which the guests have left upstairs would make for any department store a costly, well-bred display. The dining room, the table, everything about the establishment has the impeccability, the perfection, that is achieved only on fifty thousand dollars (or more) a year. From the long windows at one side you look out on a well-tailored landscape and beyond, far enough beyond, the roofs of another English country house.

At the outset of the luncheon Mrs. Skeane has her butler pass on a silver tray copies of a radio talk given by Mr. Cameron of the Ford Motor Company. Mr. Cameron told his audience that wealth in America is really very widely distributed, that many people own their homes, that the equity in industry is largely dispersed through ownership of common stock. There is an appreciative glow about the table over this gift. But Mrs. Skeane says, deprecatingly, "I just wanted to start you thinking; it seemed to me so fine that I sent for as many copies as I could get. It answers so many things, you know."

The Cameron pamphlet serves at least to start the conversation going in a familiar channel. Al Smith's Liberty League speech was to these women an event of the most vital importance. They speak of him now, nearly a month after the address, as one would speak of a folk hero, with a mixture of reverence and warm familiarity. And this, incidentally, is true of the whole group; the Smith speech was treasured as though it had been wisdom handed down from on high on tablets of stone. Al's wisecracks are quoted verbatim and *in extenso* as final proof of the case against the President.

"Now don't you think that Al Smith would make a fine President for us?" says Mrs. Skeane ardently.

The table takes up this suggestion with enthusiasm until suddenly someone remembers Mrs. Smith and the things that these same people said of her in the presidential campaign of 1928. For a moment this is a little dampening.

"Oh, but don't you see," says Mrs. Robley, "Mrs. Smith knows that she doesn't know anything. She would em-

ploy an efficient social secretary and things would be decently run in the White House again. She wouldn't be like that terrible woman who thinks she knows everything about running the whole country."

Thus the 1928 specter of Mrs. Smith in the White House is exorcised. Thereupon Mrs. Derouen offers her contribution. Her husband was in New York at a business conference yesterday with Mr. Blank (naming one of the high officials of the Hoover Administration). And Mr. Blank told Mr. Derouen what the Republicans proposed to do when they came into office. They would stop all this nonsense about relief, all this foolish madework especially, and they would enlarge the police force. Then if there was any trouble, let it come. Mrs. Derouen reports this very solemnly, and it is accepted as bearing the authority of the inner sanctum, as having come from the holy of holies.

Having discussed the issues of the day in relation to the high principles involved, Mrs. Skeane and her guests are free to come out with the real lowdown. That has to do with the personal conduct of the Roosevelt family. It is bad, very bad. There is, in fact, nothing good to be said for it. It runs a horrid gamut between divorce and dissipation. And these women air their familiarity with the shocking and manifold details. Creole broth, delicate sole, individual squab, and so on, are the dishes passed one after the other. Canards and rumored scandal are the intellectual fare. Faultlessly the luncheon proceeds to coffee and cigarettes and to farewells to Mrs. Skeane.

Mrs. Skeane is exceptional only in her ardor—her patriotism, her friends call it. She is a contributor to several organizations, including the American Liberty League, that are concerned with saving the Constitution. She has small red, white, and blue stickers, with the words "Save the Constitution," with which she seals her letters. Each of the five cars in her garage bears a plate above the license plate: "Save the Constitution."

Among the young in Mrs. Skeane's circle the hatred of Roosevelt takes a particularly brash and violent form. There is the post-debutante whose complete disapproval of the whole Roosevelt family is expressed in terms of the utmost contempt and scorn, as one would speak of a degraded order of beings. The diatribe she offers for the obvious approval of her elders concludes with what is apparently in her eyes the most damning sin of all: the President is a traitor to his class. And what has he ever done, she demands (forgetting that she herself is safely established in the bosom of a family that has had money for at least three generations), but live off his mother's income?

This is a frequent theme that may explain something of the rancor that the mere mention of the Roosevelt name is certain to evoke. It may well have its origin in a primitive source. It would seem that we can forgive, or at least understand, an act of hostility from our enemy, but not from one of our own kind. Certainly if there is an aristocracy in the United States, the Roosevelts are of it. They have owned landed estates in the neighborhood of Skaneateles and Poughkeepsie since early in the seventeenth century. They have always had sufficient money to enable them to lead cultivated, pleasant lives. And so there is no forgiveness for their seeming disloyalty. Mr. Roosevelt, say the members of his class, has insinuated himself into a position of supreme authority and now proceeds to snipe at his friends.

To attempt to make a reasonable answer, to point out a few stray facts, even to inquire whether the President of the United States should govern on behalf of a class, is soon seen to be futile in the face of this unrelenting hostility. Facts, unless they happen by chance to serve the purpose, have very little to do with the emotion in question.

III

Let me turn to another characteristic scene. This one is in Florida. James

Hamilton is the head of a firm of commodity brokers in Chicago. During the Roosevelt Administration the Hamilton firm has made a handsome profit handling various products for the Commodities Credit Corporation. And in other indirect ways Hamilton has profited from the great increase in governmental activity. He owns a considerable block of stock, inherited from his grandfather, in a flour milling company, and into the treasury of this closely owned firm the Supreme Court dumped a sum in impounded processing taxes greater than the net profits for 1928 and 1929.

But even the warm sun of Florida cannot moderate one degree James Hamilton's grim antipathy to the President and his every word and deed. At Miami Beach he sits on the porch of the cabana he has leased at one of the best beach clubs and vituperates. The President has deliberately tried to destroy the foreign market for our cotton, to the profit of Brazil. One may talk in vain about the decline in soil fertility in the cotton States, about the world movement toward national self-sufficiency, about trends and tendencies existing long before Mr. Roosevelt came into office. It is breath wasted. The President, says James Hamilton, is ruining the farmers of the middle-west by permitting the importation of corn. He will not hear you if you point out the exact number of bushels of corn that have been imported, a negligible number, or the fact that it is in considerable part corn unsuited for feeding to cattle, not to mention the graph that shows clearly how the farmers' purchasing power has mounted.

With James Hamilton is his son, James Hamilton III, also a partner in the firm. The younger Hamilton specializes in Roosevelt horror stories. He repeats with a knowing air, as having come from the inner councils, all the preposterous canards that have passed through the country by word of mouth during the past year. Many of these are built round the report that the President is insane. A number of versions of this story have become familiar. The commonest one has to do with the strange laughter with which the President greets his visitors, a laughter that—if one were to believe the story—continues foolishly and irrelevantly during most of the interview.

But James Hamilton III can improve upon these stories. He had it from a man who had dinner in the White House last week that . . . James Hamilton III becomes unprintable. He reveals with a kind of painstaking delight the horrible details of the intimate life of the first family of the land. And when this phase of the career of the Roosevelts has been exhausted, he will describe radical plots to undermine the Constitution, the church, and the state in all of which President Roosevelt has had a part.

This is not idle talk. It is for James Hamilton III the gospel, and only slightly less so for his father, who occasionally puts in a word of moderation by way of restraining young hotheads. The elder Hamilton wouldn't, in short, go so far as to say the President is insane now, but he might have been in 1933 when he seized power. For authority for the radical plots in which Mr. Roosevelt has had a hand, James Hamilton III will quote from a Hearst editorial article, from a speech by Governor Talmadge, or from any one of a half dozen weekly papers and pamphlet services that are feeding the fiercer anti-Roosevelt fires.

The social historian would do well to make a collection of these obscure papers and pamphlets, for they will one day be invaluable source material. Perhaps the noisiest of these sheets, and therefore the one that is most frequently passed about, is *The Awakener*, which is "For The Americanization Of The Right" and "Against The Socialism Of The Left." Its tone is not unlike that of the Communist *New Masses* prior to the shift in Communist policy toward co-operation with other social and economic groups, the united front. *The Awakener* goes in for headlines such as "Mrs. Roosevelt Approves Communist Youth Group." It delights in quoting George Bernard Shaw

to prove that Mr. Roosevelt is a Communist. And having done this to his complete satisfaction, the columnist for *The Awakener* adds the following:

"Embarrassing item number two came to light during an investigation into the death of Joseph Shoemaker at Tampa, Florida, some weeks ago. Shoemaker, an avowed radical, and a group of friends, all members of the Workers Alliance, a Socialist organization, were busily engaged in two collateral endeavors. On the one hand they were organizing in the political field as 'Modern Democrats' while at the same time carrying on subversive agitation among the unemployed. A group of patriotic citizens resented their trouble-making activities and one night, unfortunately, they were set upon by vigilantes and flogged. Subsequently Shoemaker developed blood poisoning and died. At the time not even the most rabid anti-New Dealer offered to suggest that these 'reds,' in organizing the 'Modern Democrats,' had Franklin D. Roosevelt as an inspiration. A tell-tale letter, however, dated April 28, 1932, and bearing F.D.R.'s signature, found recently among Shoemaker's effects, brands the President as being in thorough accord with basic Socialistic principles. . . ."

This is enough to indicate the nature of *The Awakener*. And while it decants a stronger wine than the others, they all have a family resemblance. There has been a small boom in the business of issuing anti-Roosevelt publications. Although some are run for profit, others have financial backers proud to pay not only the printing bill but the cost of distribution too. "Confidential" news services that go out of Washington into Wall Street have recognized the value of the hate-Roosevelt theme.

We change the scene again—to New York. Joshua and Ellen Thornberry are giving a large cocktail party in their apartment in the east 'Sixties. The three floors of the Thornberry apartment are filled with things, things, things, a superfluity of things—a collection of jade, a collection of Persian enamels, enough Georgian silver to furnish a museum. The Thornberrys are about to leave for South Carolina for some shooting. Their large living room is filled with talk, cigarette smoke, expensive scent, and servants passing champagne cocktails. In one corner Joshua is telling three or four of his friends of a deal he had in the stock market last week that netted a neat profit. He is relating the story only to illustrate the awful kind of government we live under, with "that man" in Washington. "Why, just think of it," says Joshua, "I shall have to give sixty per cent of my profit to the government. Just think of that! That's the kind of system we live under."

IV

I recall my own encounter, last fall, with the owner-manager of a handsome inn in New England. He had invested in the property in 1930 and had weathered three very lean years; 1934 was better, 1935 very good. But this man's snarling vindictiveness was turned on for the benefit of all his guests. It went, unfortunately, with one's view of the distant autumnal hills. And what gave it a touch of distinction was that it was broad enough in its scope to take in not only the Roosevelt family but certain members of his government, the supply of personal slime being sufficient to smear a few members of the cabinet, just in passing.

Ordinarily the almost complete concentration of the attack upon the President himself is remarkable. If reference is made to other members of the Administration it usually serves only as another stick with which to beat the dog. He is damned, on the one hand, for the "radicalism" of Messrs. Tugwell, Wallace, and Ickes, in the order named, and, on the other, for the political machinations of Messrs. Farley, Cummings, and Roper. It is taken for granted by those who hate the President that the men about him are mere puppets who do his bidding.

It is a disconcerting fact that when one is solemnly told across a well-appointed dinner-table that "everybody in Washing-

ton knows that the whole Roosevelt family is drunk most of the time," or that "of course it's no secret in Washington that the reason Mrs. Roosevelt is so all over the place is that she's planning to succeed her husband in the Presidency until it's time for the sons to take over," or that Roosevelt is out of his mind, or that other less printable things are matters of "common knowledge," the fantastic misinformation is as likely as not to come from someone whose educational advantages might be supposed to have included some training in the sifting of evidence and the suspension of judgment, and who professes a scorn for the gullibility of the common herd.

The hate-Roosevelt school of thought has no geographical limitations. Its restrictions are, in general, economic. (There are exceptions, of course, among the two per cent; there are many men and women whose opposition to the Administration is devoid of any taint of personal vindictiveness, and one may even—by combing the woods—find here and there a lonely defender of the President.) If a statistician were making one of those shaded maps on which geographical distribution is graphically indicated, whole areas in and about New York would be colored with the deepest dye. (Black the color would doubtless be.) Chicago's wealthy suburbs might be a shade lighter, but the difference would scarcely be perceptible to the untutored eye. New England's blackness would be broken only by a few gray patches, shading off to a faint oyster color in the neighborhood of regions especially blessed by the New Deal.

Prosperous Washington would be a notable exception, among cities on the Eastern seaboard, and not alone because it is the seat of government. A goodly number of the wealthy men in Washington are corporation lawyers who hold that what has happened during the past three years does not differ essentially from what has gone on in Washington under previous Administrations. It makes a different noise but the grist is ground in the same old way in the same old mill. It is for this reason that those who go out from Washington into other parts of the country now and then are startled by the fearful anathemas breathed upon the name of Roosevelt. To a man who has watched the Washington wheels go round year after year the loud cursing of the gentlemen in the upper brackets appears to have little relation to anything the present occupant of the White House has thus far done.

Attempting to trace the rise of the current hate one falls into useless conjecture. If one might have a graph such as only an omniscient statistician could produce, showing the development of this animosity year by year, it would be interesting to superimpose upon it a graph representing the rise that has occurred since 1933 in every index of price and production. My guess is that there would be a fairly close correspondence. To be sure the animosity was a little slow in developing. In the spring and summer of 1933, when prices were rising fast from the panic levels of the banking crisis, there was among the rich a great deal of resentment at the tendency in Washington to blame the bankers for all that had happened, there was uneasiness over the wholesale legislation introduced by the Administration, and over the President's inflationary tendencies, but there was little real denunciation of Roosevelt. That came later. Since the latter part of 1933, however, it has increased in volume and in unanimity—and never faster, apparently, than during the sustained advance of the stock market and the less uniform but, nevertheless, hopeful advance of business during 1935.

This phenomenon might be perplexing to the future historian. The usual evidence of history is that men and women whose fortunes are rising do not turn against the government in power. Yet apparently every ten-point rise in common stocks within the past year or two has but added to the confidence with which its major beneficiaries have conducted their attack, has but added to their anger at having to pay high taxes on their win-

nings. Here are some pertinent questions for the psychologist. Is the memory of fear, once we have recovered from that fear, an intolerable thing? No one can deny that there was panic in February and March of 1933 among those who stood to lose most by a sharp break with the past. And does gratitude toward the hero of the hour turn upon itself in proportion as the crisis is left behind? It cannot be doubted that there was almost universal gratitude for the warm, reassuring voice that came over the radio in March, 1933.

V

What one returns to—the incredible, the amazing fact—is that most of these people seem to have no realization whatever of the present plight of the world. The events that occurred between the autumn of 1929 and the spring of 1933 have apparently left no mark upon their memories. The fact that there are in the United States still some twelve million unemployed is seemingly without significance to them. The fact that when Mrs. Skeane dismissed her gardeners and chauffeurs in 1933 the dismissal was more disastrous to them than to her does not lodge in her mind. The fact that in a time when millions are destitute through no fault of their own James Hamilton is very fortunate to have a cabana on the warm sands of Florida has not dawned upon him. Nor does it seem to have occurred to Joshua Thornberry that the plight of hundreds of thousands of families in his own city, who without governmental relief would speedily starve or freeze to death in the zero weather from which he can so readily flee, may have some logical connection with the taxing of the money which he has cleaned up in a quick and easy stock-market deal.

If you were so rude as to remind Mr. Thornberry of this connection he simply would not believe that it was real. He thinks that most of the present unemployed could find jobs if they tried, and that the rest would quickly find them if he and his like were permitted to do just as they pleased with their takings. He thinks—while he sips his champagne cocktail and looks forward to his leisure hours in the South—that the unemployed are wasters living lavishly on funds expropriated from the hard-working and the thrifty. (As he talks, through one's mind run the words of the Ghost in *A Christmas Carol*—"Oh God! to hear the Insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!") Not that Mr. Thornberry is not, among his peers, a good fellow, kindly and generous. He simply is not aware of the gravity of the unemployment problem, has not bothered to look into it closely. His ignorance of what goes on outside his little insulated and padded world is abysmal.

Even more disturbing is the fact that this ignorance does not shame him. He does not think of the unemployment problem as *his* problem as an American citizen. He and others of his class who share his views appear to think that they have discharged their full responsibilities when they have touched off a string of adjectives, peppered by a few sulphurous epithets. If they cannot have at Washington an Administration of their own choosing, they in effect resign from the United States. They could hardly regard with greater hostility an alien government set over them by a foreign power. (One recalls that dinner of New Jersey public utility men at which a toast to the President of the United States was greeted by a roar of laughter.) The only department of the government which they regard with anything but contempt is the Supreme Court, and the reason, stripped of its idealized protective coloring, is not far to seek: the Supreme Court has recently appeared to aid their own interests. One listens despairingly at some of their gatherings for any word which will suggest a sense that the government is a continuing instrument for the benefit of all, in the direction and support of which they expect as citizens to share, regardless of the policy or the personality which for the time being is in the ascendant.

It is precisely this sense of identification with the government which distinguishes the wealthy British conservatives, whatever may be their shortcomings in other respects, from the American variety. One wonders how many of our two per cent would follow the example of Stanley Baldwin, who shortly after the War wrote to the *Times* an anonymous letter stating his belief that the national debt was too high and that, therefore, he was presenting one-fifth of his fortune to the government in order to ease the burden to that extent. The early part of Baldwin's letter struck a note which one often hears in the conversation of well-to-do Americans. "It is so easy," he wrote, referring not only to individuals but to governments, "to live on borrowed money; so difficult to realize that you are doing so." But he continued his argument with words which one hears less often. "They (the wealthy classes) know the danger of the present debt; they know the weight of it in years to come. They know the practical difficulties of a universal statutory capital levy. Let them impose upon themselves, each as he is able, a voluntary levy."

The debt, be it remembered, was not the creation of Baldwin's party nor the outgrowth of anything that he had personally advocated, but, quite regardless, he felt a responsibility that he could not deny. Nor was this letter, it should be added for the cynical, a gesture to gain immediate goodwill or political esteem. The identity of the author of the letter to the *Times* was not, as I recall, discovered for some years.

In part, of course, Mr. Roosevelt's lot has been that of other Presidents, and particularly Democratic Presidents. Grover Cleveland came in for much sheer abuse. Theodore Roosevelt, Republican though he was, was cordially hated by big business in his trust-busting days. It is ironic that the memory of both Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt is now invoked to shame the present President Roosevelt. Woodrow Wilson also brought down the wrath of the gods by his program of reforms; the masters of finance and industry forgave him only under the exigencies of war.

Most observers are agreed, however, that those earlier rages cannot compare with the present chant of hate. The lines to-day are more sharply drawn and there is no sign of any truce. A major war would serve of course, as it did for Wilson, to dissolve the fury. But nothing less than that would reconcile Mr. Roosevelt's enemies to his presence in the White House.

There is a much earlier historical figure with whom Mr. Roosevelt would appear to have something in common. That, as has been pointed out, is the wise Turgot who tried briefly to restore some order and reason to the France of Louis XVI. As comptroller general, he favored restricting the monopoly privileges enjoyed by certain powerful corporations. He wanted to reform the royal household and restrain the more fantastic and flagrant extravagances of the court. He succeeded in abolishing many of the artificial impediments that had been put in the way of free trade. At the same time he proposed to ameliorate the lot of the petit bourgeois and the long-suffering peasants by removing the tax on salt and other burdensome levies.

For all his wisdom, M. Turgot lasted only a little more than two years. The rich and the powerful were outraged at what this radical proposed to do. Why, he struck at the very foundation of orderly government. The arguments of the time could almost be taken from current newspaper headlines. At any rate M. Turgot was removed as comptroller general, his reforms swept into the wastebasket.

And here, perhaps, is a happy exemplar for Mr. Roosevelt. Turgot retired to his country estate where he devoted himself to peaceful study and the pleasant pursuits of leisure. He died in 1781, quietly in his bed; which was not the lot, if one recalls correctly, of those who sent him into exile.

WHEN THE *S-4* WENT DOWN

BY EDWARD ELLSBERG

Commander, U. S. Naval Reserve

About noon on December 17, 1927, the U. S. S. *S-4* proceeded from inside Provincetown Harbor to the deep-water trial course off the tip of Cape Cod for submerged standardization trials. For some months before at her home Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the submarine had been undergoing repairs and refitting; now she was carefully to be run submerged under virtually laboratory conditions to determine the effects on her submerged speed and maneuvering qualities.

From the nearby Coast Guard station at Wood End on the sandy tip of Cape Cod, overlooking the trial course and not half a mile away, were flying signals warning of an approaching northwest storm—for that vicinity the worst possible direction, as the wind would have a free sweep down the coast and across all of Massachusetts Bay before striking the unsheltered trial course.

The day was cold, the sea already rising with whitecaps everywhere, and a force 4 wind whipping up a stiff chop over the whole bay as the *S-4,* leaving her tender inside Provincetown Harbor, moved slowly out of the protected waters to the open bay under the direction of Lieut. Commander R. K. Jones, her captain for over two years.

The *S-4,* designed and built by the Navy, was a double-hulled submarine 231 feet long, 22 feet in the beam, and of 800 tons surface displacement; of this general class, the S-type, built mainly during the World War, the Navy had about fifty boats, considered generally a very satisfactory size for all-round service. On the surface the *S-4* was driven by two eight cylinder Diesel engines; submerged, by two powerful electric motors fed from massive storage batteries.

For safety in case of accident, four heavily reenforced transverse steel bulkheads divided the *S-4* into five main watertight compartments, these being (in order starting from the bow) the torpedo room, the battery room, the control room, the engine room, and the motor room. Of these compartments, the battery room, owing to the space required to house the storage cells which fed the submerged propelling motors, was by far the largest, extending practically from the conning tower amidships some fifty-one feet forward through the widest part of the vessel and providing incidentally, in the space over the battery cell storage, the living and sleeping quarters (much confined of course) for the entire crew, both officers and men, except a few torpedomen whose berths were slung over the torpedo storage forward.

On this particular December day, aside from her regular crew of four officers and thirty-four men, the *S-4* carried in addition, to observe the trials as representatives of the Navy Trial Board in Washington, Lieut. Commander Callaway and his civilian assistant, Mr. Charles Ford, making a total of forty aboard.

Meanwhile, at 9 A.M. that morning, the

Coast Guard Destroyer *Paulding*, one of a fleet of twenty-five such vessels transferred from the Navy to the Coast Guard mainly for the prevention of rum-running, steamed out of Boston Harbor for a sweep at high speed through Massachusetts Bay and outside Cape Cod; it was assumed that with the approach of the holidays increased activity of rum-runners known to be operating off that coast could be anticipated, and the presence in those waters of at least one "notorious offender" was suspected. At a speed of eighteen knots, the *Paulding* cleared Boston Harbor and headed out to sea. On her bridge, in addition to Lieut. Commander John S. Baylis, her captain and an officer of long experience in the Coast Guard, there were on watch a junior officer and three of the crew, all on the alert to scan and identify every vessel which hove in sight.

The *Paulding* had for three hours been speeding through the rising storm, when about noon the *S-4* slowly nosed out of Provincetown, her interior crowded as always—especially crowded this day by the added equipment in the cramped control room for accurately registering the speed of the shafts during the trials. As she moved away from the tender, with the interior of the boat throbbing to the vibrations of the Diesels, the crew, taking their stations, shivered from the chill inside the hull as the blasts of cold December air swept through the control room and aft to be sucked into the intakes of the Diesels. Forward in the torpedo room were Lieutenant Fitch and his torpedomen, little concerned this day with the engine trials. Amidships in the control room and aft in the engine and motor rooms were the rest of the crew—the captain; Lieutenant McGinley, his navigator; Lieutenant Weller, his chief engineer; and the Trial Board representatives.

Surrounding them in the control room on all sides was machinery—on the starboard side the switchboard, a glittering array of electrical switches of all sizes for the complicated machinery of the boat; on the centerline the periscopes, glistening steel tubes with their eyepieces hidden in housing wells below the deck; and to port was a dizzying conglomeration of pressure gauges, air valves, flood valves, drain valves, diving wheels, depth gauges, periscope motors, and all the intricate mechanism for controlling the submerged operation of the vessel. Here also were placed the special counter gear which Callaway and Ford had brought for calibrating the speed, and running aft from these instruments through the opened after watertight door of the control room, were strung temporarily electric cables to the propeller shafts in the motor room.

A few miles out of Provincetown the *S-4* approached the trial course, marked approximately by two white can buoys half a mile offshore, and more exactly delineated at each end of the "measured mile" by a range mark of two poles set up perpendicular to the course. Beneath the sea between these two range marks the *S-4* was carefully to calibrate her speed and power.

Inside the *S-4* the raucous note of electric horns cut through the clatter of the engines. The diving signal. Up went the periscopes, men sprang to diving stations. Another signal and the conning tower hatch slammed to, ventilation valves were shut outboard, Diesels hastily shut down and unclutched, kingston valves jerked open to flood the ballast tanks, and the *S-4*, driving ahead on her electric motors, planed smoothly down to periscope depth and commenced her trials.

Gone now were the roar and clatter of the Diesels, the slap of the waves against the rounded hull, the rolling of the ship in the seaway. Except for the clicking of the revolution counters, the slight whir of ventilation fans exhausting and circulating the battery gases to dissipate them, and the nearly imperceptible hum of the main propelling motors, silence filled the boat as, with deck twenty feet below the surface, she swam down the course, passed the first buoy close aboard and headed southwest with only her two periscopes

showing a few feet above the surface, one periscope with its lens fixed on the range marks ashore, the other with its solitary eye sweeping the horizon as lookout for passing vessels.

From the Coast Guard observation tower at Wood End, half a mile north of the course, Surfman Frank Simonds, lookout on watch, during the next three hours saw off and on the periscopes of the *S-4* swinging back and forth over the measured mile between the two can buoys, neither hull nor conning tower ever showing, just a few feet of the periscopes cutting through the rough water with a tiny "feather" or wake of spray following the thin periscope fingers as they sliced through the water.

At 2:46 P.M. the *Paulding* concluded her patrol in the open sea and on a westerly course headed in for a sweep past Provincetown Harbor and through Cape Cod Bay. Outside, nothing of importance to her mission had been sighted. A few minutes later, the destroyer rounded Race Point Light and began to skirt the "fishhook" tip of Cape Cod, heading southeast on a course which would take her well clear of the ranges off Wood End. A fishing vessel was swiftly overhauled, identified as the *William Langtry* of Boston, and passed without further notice. Wood End Light was drawing abeam; storm signals were flying there. The quartermaster swung his glass to read the flags, and at this time, 3:33 P.M., having followed the southeast course for over three miles, the *Paulding* passed a sea buoy off Wood End and abruptly changed course to port, heading 94° (practically east); for the first time pointing directly for the trial course which to all eyes on the *Paulding* seemed clear of traffic.

In the Coast Guard station ashore Boatswain Gracie popped up through a trap door into the observation room.

"What's doing, Frank?" he asked of the lookout.

"Not much, sir," replied Simonds. "I've seen a submarine operating under the beach."

Gracie took the telescope, focused it on the *Paulding,* and noting her easterly course, became suddenly alarmed.

"Frank, I wonder where that submarine is now? Have you seen her?"

"No, sir, not lately."

Hurriedly Gracie swung his telescope to the southeast on the can buoy marking the near end of the measured mile. There, centered in his glass, headed toward the destroyer, was the flash of the periscopes, a streak of spray flying in air! For a second only he watched, then lowered the telescope, looked again at the *Paulding,* and shouted:

"My God, Frank, there's going to be a collision!" Gracie dropped his telescope and raced down the tower to get his lifeboat under way.

II

On the *Paulding,* the buoy off Wood End having been rounded, the course was set east to clear on the port hand the next can buoy (the one marking the end of the course) about a mile ahead. The captain dropped back to the chart house in the rear of the bridge to study the chart; the junior officer of the deck in the starboard wing of the bridge picked up in his glass, several miles off on the starboard bow and headed for them, the Nantucket Lightship, evidently off her station, and studied her to make sure before entering the fact in the log.

On the port side of the pilot house, the quartermaster, searching with his glasses for storm signals in Provincetown Harbor itself, looking off to port, saw suddenly about one point on the port bow and not over two hundred feet away, two periscopes; simultaneously, Ensign Phanenmiller, officer of the deck, also picked them up and shouted:

"Full right rudder! Hard astern!"

As the *Paulding* during the next ten seconds strove desperately to reverse engines and swing to starboard, before the horrified eyes of her officers two periscopes lifted from the water, half the conning tower of a submarine broke

surface right under their port bow, and then came a terrific crash as the hurtling destroyer struck. The *Paulding's* bow rose as she drove on; for an instant the tapered stern of a submarine lifted drunkenly above the surface and drifted down the port side, visible a moment abreast the destroyer's smokestacks, then vanished. Except for bubbles and a little oil slick, nothing again showed on the surface as the quivering *Paulding* came to rest, frantically lowered a lifeboat, dropped a buoy to mark the spot, and hastily took cross bearings of the lights ashore to determine her position.

III

The *S-4,* which had been planing upward to surface, with her periscopes already half housed on their way down and useless for observation, reeled as if hit by a giant sledge, rolled heavily to port, and then with her battery room torn open, began to sink bow first. A torrent of water poured through to flood the battery compartment. In the torpedo room forward, toward which the water ran first, Lieutenant Fitch and his five men found their path to the conning tower amidships and its chance of escape blocked off by that Niagara cascading into the room between. With quick death staring them in the face, they slammed the torpedo-room door shut against the water already pouring through it, hastily jammed down the dogs, and sealed themselves up, six men altogether, in the torpedo room.

In the control room, crowded with men and officers, conditions were worse. The forward periscope, hastily housed when collision was inevitable, came down with its training handles still rigged out and jammed itself in its housing well, while the hoisting wires, still slacking off, spread themselves in snaky coils helter-skelter over the deck to tangle the feet of men still reeling from the shock of collision, trying automatically to get back to their stations.

"Blow all ballasts!"

At the blowing manifolds swift fingers traveled over the valves, frantically opening compressed-air lines from high-pressure air banks No. 1 and No. 2 to every main ballast tank in the boat—forward, amidships, aft—hurriedly to force out the water there, to lighten up, to float the boat to the surface before she went too deep. But the forward ballast tank of the *S-4* was now torn wide open. Uselessly the precious air whistling through the blowing lines escaped to the sea without displacing any ballast, and with tons of water rushing in each moment, the *S-4* only accelerated her downward plunge.

Water rising in the battery room! Someone leaped forward along the narrow passage in the control room to close the forward door. There was room only for one man to work there. But Fitch and his five torpedomen were forward. What of them? Where was the damage—in the battery room? In the torpedo room? Perhaps in both? In the control room nobody knew, nobody could know. For an instant perhaps the door was held open but the missing men did not come aft. And then in the face of the rising water, pouring through faster and faster, as the boat sank and the sea pressure increased, the steel door to the battery room was swung shut, a few dogs turned down to hold it. No more were necessary, for the water, pressing that door against its seat, would soon enough jam it tight.

Bow first, at a steep angle the *S-4* went down. With diving rudders at "RISE" and with air roaring through to blow ballasts, the men had done everything possible in the emergency to start the boat up. But the depth-gauge dials continuously registered a greater and greater depth. 80 feet—90—100—

Crash!

Again the boat reeled. Bow first she had struck bottom hard, plowed heavily along a few feet in the mud, then leveled off on an even keel. The *S-4* was on the bottom in 110 feet of water.

To Lieutenant Commander Jones, to his men there in the control room, must have come an instant of hope. Things

were not so bad. The sea was sealed out forward, most of the crew was safe, best of all, they were in full possession of the control room with all of its machinery, its controls, and the precious air still left in banks No. 3 and No. 4. Even by themselves they might raise at least the undamaged stern of the boat, escape that way. From even deeper water off the Delaware Capes, the crew of their sunken sister, the *S-5*, had done that very thing some six years before. So might they.

And then came disaster.

From overhead in the control room itself, a geyser of water burst suddenly forth, spraying directly on the live electric contacts of the switchboard to starboard! A thin sheetmetal ventilation duct overhead, intended to carry the exhaust gases from the batteries forward to the engine suctions aft, had burst wide open, and now was deluging the switchboard with salt water!

"Close that forward ventilation valve!"

In the confined forward passage, where that ventilation duct came through the bulkhead just over the door, was a lever-operated quick-closing valve, intended when necessary to seal off that duct watertight at the bulkhead. The man at the forward door tried desperately to close it. But the bulkhead valve would not swing home. Unknown to the men in the control room, the ventilation duct in the battery room had collapsed under the sudden impact of the sea pressure; and the rising water in the battery room had floated up on its surface a green baize curtain draping the door of the captain's stateroom just forward of the control-room bulkhead. When the water reached the valve which the collapsing duct had just exposed, it poured aft through the opening, picked up the curtain in the rushing stream, and washed it into the valve body, effectually preventing the valve disks from seating.

That harmless green baize drapery, clinging like a leech to the inside of that valve, was more deadly now than TNT. Against those unseen folds fouling the valve seat, the men of the *S-4* fought in vain as the sea poured through and steadily the water rose.

Beaten by that valve which would not close, the struggling officers and men were forced to abandon the control room with its escape lock, its compressed air, its controls, its chances of expelling fuel oil and enough ballast water from the undamaged after tanks at least to float up the stern—to abandon everything that to a submarine sailor means anything, and flee helplessly before the flood into the engine room.

The rest of the story of those thirty-four men may be briefly told. With the abandonment of the control room went all hope of doing anything for themselves. The last man squeezed through the door into the engine room, the door was swung shut. But in the crowded engine room there was no way of getting rid of the carbon dioxide continuously exhaled from the men's own breathing and poisoning the air. Long before the first sign of help from the world above came, the thirty-four had all lapsed into unconsciousness.

IV

On the surface, from the *Paulding*, down by the head now and seemingly in danger of sinking herself, the radio began to crackle:

COMMANDANT NAVY YARD BOSTON
RAMMED AND SANK UNKNOWN SUBMARINE OFF WOOD END PROVINCETOWN.
PAULDING

From Boston to the Submarine Base in New London, the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, N. H., and the Navy Yard at New York almost immediately went identical telegrams:

SUBMARINE REPORTED SUNK AT WOOD END NEAR PROVINCETOWN BY COAST GUARD DESTROYER. SEND ANY LIFTING APPARATUS. RUSH.

The collision occurred at 3:37 P.M. By a few minutes after 4 P.M., in New London, Portsmouth, and New York, action had started. In New London lay the

Falcon, the only salvage ship the Navy had in the Atlantic, part of her crew ashore that Saturday afternoon on liberty. Hurriedly the word was broadcast around New London recalling the liberty parties; at 6:10 P.M., with her crew gathered from far and near, the *Falcon,* carrying Rear Admiral Brumby, flag officer of the Control Force to which the *S-4* belonged, sailed for Provincetown, one hundred and twenty miles away. From Portsmouth, at 7:30 P.M. sailed the *Bushnell,* mothership of the *S-4* and her sisters; from Boston, several destroyers and tugs; a few hours later from New York, six pontoons in tow of tugs—the pontoons used two years before to lift the *S-51;* while from Norfolk, Virginia, sailed the U. S. S. *Wright,* carrying on her deck four more pontoons, the remainder of the single lot of ten that the Navy owned.

Meanwhile during the night over the road by automobile from Newport to Provincetown went the most important thing of all—all the divers in the vicinity —three men, Eadie, Carr, and Michels, veterans of the *S-51* salvage, with eight others of somewhat less experience.

And so while that brief December day drew to its close and the *S-4,* silent now, lay at the bottom, from Maine to Virginia everything that the Navy had or could hire in the way of men and materials for salvage and for rescue was starting for Provincetown.

Boatswain Gracie of the Coast Guard, on the scene promptly after the collision with his surfboat, dropped a grapnel and commenced to sweep the bottom over the spot indicated by the bubbles of air and traces of oil escaping from the *S-4.* For four hours back and forth over that spot, first in the twilight, then in the darkness, Gracie worked in a rising sea till finally at 8 P.M. he made a hard strike with his grappling hook, and in spite of a bad sea, rode to it in his boat as the hours dragged on and craft of various types began to arrive. But at 3 A.M., still awaiting the arrival of the *Falcon* and the divers, the grapnel gave way and his boat went adrift. Undismayed, Gracie boarded the *Bushnell* (which had shortly before appeared from Portsmouth), borrowed better grappling equipment, and grimly went back with the surfboat to his task; for there was not a small boat the Navy had in any of the ships in the flotilla gathering now round Provincetown that could live and work in that sea.

In freezing spray and in the darkness Gracie lowered his new grapnel and, under the searchlights of two Navy minesweepers, recommenced dragging. Dawn came, he was still at it. At 7 A.M. on Sunday morning the *Falcon* steamed up from the Cape Cod Canal, took aboard the divers already in Provincetown, stood by outside prepared to dive. But until a line was hooked into the *S-4* to guide the divers down to her, putting men over the side was out of question. And while on the fleet of nearly a dozen ships anchored nearby, men and officers, eager to go into action, chafed and waited for a strike, Boatswain Gracie, who since four the previous afternoon and all through the long December night had clung to that spot, swept endlessly back and forth across it in his surfboat, dragging his hook along the bottom.

Finally at 10:45 A.M., his grapnel caught. Carefully, so not to lose that precious grip, he buoyed off his line with an empty gasoline drum while the *Falcon* with something to work to at last, maneuvered to windward, dropped anchor, then veered cable to bring herself over the spot and took aboard the buoyed-off line. For proper work the *Falcon* required from four to six heavy mooring buoys laid out in a circle to hold her in position against wind and sea; but there was no time to lay out the buoys or to plant the anchors. Instead, two minesweepers, the *Lark* and the *Mallard,* anchored one off each quarter of the *Falcon,* and to each of them the *Falcon* ran a line to hold herself over the wreck as best she might.

At 1:38 P.M., twenty-two hours after the collision, Tom Eadie, Chief Gunners Mate, was hoisted over the *Falcon's* side as she yawed and pitched to the head seas,

dropped into the water, and slid swiftly down the grappling line. Within a minute his lead shoes landed with a clang high on the chariot bridge of the *S-4* between the two periscopes where the grappling hook had caught. The water was murky, the light dim, the cross current bad. As Eadie clambered down, the quiet of the deep sea broken now by the banging of his weights against the steel hull, he thought he caught coming through the water from forward a signal; as he landed on the deck he was sure of it. Over the slewed gun, across the torn deck, Eadie went forward, following the sounds. They came from the torpedo room. At the torpedo-room hatch he stooped, banged the cover. Immediately from within, strong and distinct, came six raps, repeated each time Eadie tapped. Six men alive in the torpedo room! Promptly from the bottom of the sea, the diver reported this over his telephone.

With a final rap for encouragement, Eadie went forward to check conditions at the bow, then aft over the wrecked deck to the conning tower. He rapped there. No answer. Aft again along the undamaged deck as far as the steel hatch over the engine room where he rapped again. But there was no response.

V

What to do?

On the *Falcon's* deck, listening to the diver's reports, were gathered Rear Admiral Brumby, in whose hands lay the final decision; Captain King, lately in command of the Submarine Base at New London and two years before senior officer in command of the salvage operations on the *S-51;* Commander Strother, a submarine officer of long experience, to whose division the *S-4* belonged; Commander Saunders, long engaged in submarine design and construction; and Lieutenant Hartley, captain of the *Falcon,* an expert in diving and salvage work. The decision had to be made by Brumby, guided, as his judgment dictated, by the advice of his subordinates.

Brumby knew from the *Paulding,* confirmed now by Eadie's report, that the damage was in way of the battery room; he knew that six men were alive forward in the torpedo room; and he knew that from aft, where most of the rest of the crew must have been, there was no answer to signals.

Below, built into the *S-4,* were two entirely separate emergency air lines with connections outside her conning tower, intended for use only in disaster—a salvage air line leading only to all the ballast tanks; and a compartment air line opening only into the crew compartments on the boat. To which of these two emergency connections should the next diver hook the first air line—to the crew compartments or to the ballast tanks?

Carefully the situation was discussed. If only one compartment was flooded, blowing ballasts with external air ought to float up the boat; if two or more compartments were flooded, that was hopeless. Still, if the men forward, with the boat going down by the bow and the water, therefore, tending to rush into the torpedo room first, had succeeded in closing the forward door of the damaged battery room, there was no apparent reason why the rest of the crew had not been able to do the same with the after-battery room door, thus confining the water to one compartment. That no sounds came from aft probably indicated, so Brumby thought, not that the stern was flooded, but that so many men crowded in a small space aft, were after twenty-two hours either unconscious or so weak from bad air they could not answer. If so, prompt lifting of the stern was all that would ever save those aft; the men forward seemed strong enough to last till that was tried first. This decision, to blow ballasts first and try to float up the boat or at least its undamaged stern, concurred in by those present (but which turned out to be wrong because two compartments were flooded and in addition a ballast tank was ruptured), was promptly put in execution.

At 3 P.M., Bill Carr, Chief Boatswain's

Mate, went over the side carrying the salvage air hose for the ballast tanks, passing Eadie who was on his way up. Connecting up the hose proved difficult. Carr spent ninety minutes in icy water on the bottom working through a little hatch in the side of the superstructure before the hose was finally coupled and some air blown through to test the job.

Then with Carr off the boat, the *Falcon* was hauled a little to one side to avoid being struck by the rising *S-4* and blowing commenced. At full speed for an hour the compressors on the *Falcon* rammed air down through the hose into the ballast tanks of the *S-4* while on the surface hopeful eyes watched and waited. Then air began bubbling up, in quantity increasing till it equalled what the compressors were sending down, and sounded the knell of that hope. What water could be expelled from the ballasts evidently was gone; the air was now simply blowing out somewhere as fast as it went down.

The *S-4* did not rise. Apparently more than one compartment was flooded; if that were so, presumably then the crew aft for some reason or other had after all not succeeded in closing any doors, and their silence meant that they had all drowned. There was no longer any hope except for the six men forward.

But meanwhile conditions, never good, as night drew on had changed for the worse. The long-expected northwest storm finally broke and kept on increasing with the wind above force 7 and the *Falcon*, swinging from her flimsy moor, yawing erratically from side to side and pitching heavily. It was evident now that the *S-4* could not be quickly raised by anything within the power of men; that diving, which was fast becoming impracticable in that sea, would soon for days be wholly impossible; that to keep the men in the torpedo room alive till the storm blew over and diving could be resumed, a hose would have to be connected immediately to the compartment air line to feed air into the torpedo room. Hastily the *Falcon* was hauled back into position, centered as well as possible over the *S-4*. At 8 P.M., in the darkness with heavy spray breaking over the *Falcon's* rail as each wave hit her and freezing immediately on the decks, Fred Michels, Chief Torpedoman, third of the trio of *S-51* salvage veterans, over six feet tall, strongest and most experienced of the divers left on the *Falcon*, went over the side, carrying with him the air hose and, to illuminate his job, a powerful submarine light.

Never before had diving been tried in such a sea; probably never again will it be attempted. On the heaving *Falcon* Lieutenant Hartley did his best to keep the manila descending line up and down over the *S-4*; but the violently yawing *Falcon*, held in position only by lines to two similar ships yawing as badly as she was herself, made it impossible. Michels, sliding down the rope to the *S-4*, hit bottom, not on the submarine but in deep mud somewhere off to one side of her, and immediately found himself buried to his waist and wholly unable to move or to extricate himself. He 'phoned up his difficulty; on the *Falcon* it took thirteen men hauling on his lifelines to drag him clear of the mud and up into the water once more. A second attempt to land him on the submarine was more successful; but unfortunately, instead of landing near the conning tower where the descending line was attached and where he was to connect the hose, he was dropped this time in the midst of the wreckage left by the *Paulding*, where the slack of his airhose promptly fouled. Before Michels could clear it he felt himself irresistibly forced to the deck by the tightening coils across his back and in a moment found himself sprawled out face down on the steel hull of the *S-4* with his lifelines, as the *Falcon* yawed back and forth on the surface, tangling above him in the wreckage in a web from which there was no escape!

Helpless, unable to signal, unable to talk intelligibly with the air roaring through his helmet, he finally managed after nearly an hour on the bottom to get a message through indicating his plight.

With the weather even worse, Tom Eadie was dressed again and in the middle of a December gale went overboard to try to save Michels; disregarding the descending line now, he slid down on Michels' own airhose as a guide. Somehow between luck and skill, those on the *Falcon* managed to land Eadie directly on the submarine the first time without fouling him; working there in that ice water for nearly two hours with a hacksaw, Eadie cut away part of the wreckage, untangled Michels; and finally near midnight, Michels—after three hours and twenty minutes on the bottom—went up, unconscious, perhaps dead, and frozen as stiff as a board.

Unable to hold longer in position, the *Falcon* which had already begun to drag her anchor, cast loose the lines to her two consorts, leaving the ship to swing freely to her anchor, head to the seas. Diving ceased; all vessels except the *Falcon* moved in to the shelter of Provincetown Harbor.

While Eadie was struggling over Michels on the bottom, I was aboard the destroyer *Sturtevant* fighting its way through the gale on its way to Provincetown. At 2 A.M. the *Sturtevant* arrived there but in the open sea dared not attempt to transfer me to the *Falcon*, but instead, ran into the harbor. There again no ship would go out, but the senior Coast Guard officer in Provincetown, feeling some obligation to the Navy, offered me Gracie's surfboat. With a coxswain openly dubious of success (Gracie himself was at last ashore recuperating) we shoved off into the winter gale for the wildest boat ride I ever had.

The coxswain was right—he could not bring his boat alongside the *Falcon* even for a second without smashing it. Finally at 3 A.M., after circling the *Falcon* unsuccessfully several times without finding a lee, I persuaded the coxswain to work his boat up to within some eight feet of the *Falcon's* rail; then as the surfboat rose to the crest of an unusually high wave, I dived headfirst from the ice-covered boat over the ice-covered rail of the *Falcon* to land sprawled out full length on her deserted deck.

Except a quartermaster on the bridge, not a man was in sight. The quartermaster came down, explained briefly. All hands had turned in, knocked out; diving was over; in the recompression chamber, still under pressure, I would find a few divers. Hastily I waved my thanks to the surfboat vanishing in the storm, crossed the deck, locked myself through the rounded double doors into the recompression tank. Surprised, I found Michels whom I had not seen for nearly two years, stretched out on deck, naked, stiff, unconscious; working over him, Bill Carr and Tom Eadie. I turned to to help, meanwhile learning from Carr and Eadie what had happened on the *S-4*, how matters now stood. At 3:30 A.M., Michels, whose last conscious moment had been passed with his helmet pressed against the *S-4's* hull, came to, blinked his eyes, and mumbled in surprise, "Why hello, Mr. Ellsberg!"

VI

The gale blew on. Monday morning came; no chance of diving.

Soon after the first dive communication had been established with the men in the *S-4* by Morse code, signals sent on an oscillator from the *Falcon* or the *S-8*; answered by hammer taps from the torpedo room, one rap a dot, two raps a dash. With the exception of the first taps on the hull by Eadie, all communication was from ships on the surface; no diver ever wasted his time on the bottom communicating with the men inside.

Just before Michels went down the *Falcon* signaled: "Is there any gas?" to which in dots and dashes, picked up by the *Falcon's* receivers, came the answer:

"No, but the air is bad. How long will you be now?"

"How many are there?"

"There are six; please hurry."

To this the *Falcon*, about to lower Michels over the side in the teeth of the gale, replied:

"Compartment salvage air line is being hooked up now."

But that air connection was never made.

For the next two days the gale blew on and no diving was possible. To save Michels's life, in the face of weather which made a transfer at sea impossible, early Monday the *Falcon,* with Michels still in the recompression tank, ran for Boston to put Michels in the hospital, returning to Provincetown late Monday afternoon. For this temporary departure a storm of criticism burst on Admiral Brumby's head. And during the rest of those two days on Monday and Tuesday while the gale blew and the *Falcon* helplessly pitched and tossed over the grave of the *S-4,* while those aboard her, listening to the weakening signals from inside the submarine clenched their teeth and prayed for weather in which with even a slight chance of not killing the diver a man could go overboard, the storm of criticism from all over the country rolled higher and higher, fanned unfortunately by the misinterpretations of reporters sent to Provincetown, who, unable to find out from the worn and burdened commander of the salvage fleet what was going on and why, took his silence as something sinister, as a measure intended to cover up the inefficiency and perhaps the cowardice of the men on the salvage ship.

The wildest suggestions for rescue poured in—from the fishermen at Provincetown who knew nothing about diving, from men and women all over the country who knew little of the sea, less even about submarines. But with conditions as they were during those three days, Sunday night, Monday, and Tuesday in December 1927 off Provincetown, the divers could not work, and without divers nothing was possible. Pontoons, floating cranes, trick apparatus of all sorts—all were there before the end; but in the face of that storm they might just as well have stayed in New York, Boston, and Norfolk.

Meanwhile the messages:

Monday afternoon, from the *S-4* already forty-eight hours on the bottom, a question:

"How is the weather?"

"Choppy."

And later that evening:

"Is there any hope?"

Vividly do I recall when that message came in, looking hopelessly out with Captain King at the gale raging about us, at the weather reports that it would continue to blow all next day, then King's set face as he dictated the answer:

"There is hope. Everything possible is being done."

The hours dragged on. Late Monday night from the Navy Department we received by radio the following order:

"Transmit if possible the following message for Lieutenant Fitch inside the *S-4*:

YOUR WIFE AND MOTHER CONSTANTLY PRAYING FOR YOU."

A little after midnight Monday that message in dots and dashes from our oscillator went down through the cold sea, beat against the silent hull of the *S-4.* No answer. All through the night at short intervals that message in the shrill note of the oscillator rang through the ship, vibrated through the water,

LIEUTENANT FITCH: YOUR WIFE AND MOTHER CONSTANTLY PRAYING FOR YOU

while on the *Falcon,* brokenhearted men who best knew the plight of Fitch and his companions, prayed for a change in the weather.

6:15 A.M. Tuesday morning. Sixty-three hours on the bottom. From the *S-4* at last the answer in code, three taps several times repeated:

"We understand."

The storm blew all day Tuesday.

Wednesday at last the sea moderated, the *Falcon* moored for diving. The sounds from the *S-4* had long since ceased. And then another blow. Both the manila line and the ballast tank air hose, buoyed off at the surface, had chafed through during the long storm; when

picked up Wednesday, the last remaining threads parted. There was no line to the *S-4*. Moored as exactly over the spot as bearings could place her, divers went overboard, floundered impotently in deep mud on the bottom searching for the *S-4;* though unquestionably within fifty feet of the submarine, they never saw her. Precious hours were lost till Boatswain Hawes of the *Falcon* hooked her again in the afternoon with a grapnel; hurriedly then divers Wilson and Eiben connected an air hose directly to the torpedo room through a fitting improvised to go over a listening tube on the submarine's bow, and we started alternately to pump in and vent out the air below. The first sample tested of the air coming up from the torpedo room showed it was hopeless; the carbon dioxide percentage was so high, 7 per cent, that men could not live in such an atmosphere.

But in spite of that the ventilation was continued for hours till the air was purified, but inside of the torpedo room, no one ever revived. The tragedy of the *S-4* was over.

VII

Was the *S-4* so badly damaged, was her back so severed by the *Paulding,* that she would break in two under the strain of lifting? To determine that, while the ventilation of the forward compartment went on, I was dressed in three suits of heavy woolen underwear, slid into a diving suit, draped with two hundred pounds of lead and copper, and dropped overboard to examine the submarine.

Down through a hundred feet of water just above its freezing point, and then, a little dizzy from the pressure, I landed on the *S-4's* bow. The visibility was fair; I could see ten feet perhaps, beyond that everything seemed to dissolve in the water. Seventy feet aft I trod the deck over the torpedo room, pushing slowly through the sea. No damage there. Then suddenly the deck vanished, torn completely away—only the smooth cylindrical hull was left below me. I dropped down on that, continued aft, eyes glued now to that steel shell, searching for the rupture. No opening, no gash in it was visible anywhere, only that smooth round hull with the superstructure wiped clean off except to port where lay the twisted remnants of the superstructure in which Michels had been tangled. Twenty feet more, and abruptly the deck rose before me again. I crawled up over the gun slewed drunkenly to port, came to the conning tower. Certainly there was no damage from there aft. Puzzled, I stopped. Where was the *hole* which had sunk the *S-4?* The damage to the deck and to the superstructure was in no way vital. That hole I was supposed to find, to examine carefully. I turned, retraced my steps, dropped down onto the exposed cylindrical hull once more. A few steps forward and then, as if a fog had suddenly rolled in, the submarine disappeared—from my waist down I stood in a cloud of mud, in no direction now was any part of the *S-4* visible!

I stopped, all sense of direction lost, fearful that a step the wrong way would send me sliding overboard. And then while I stood there, on the surface, the *Falcon* yawed unexpectedly, a sudden jerk came on my lifelines, pulled me sideways off balance, and I found myself the next instant sliding down the rounded side of the *S-4,* clawing wildly at the steel plates to stop myself. No use. Down I went faster and faster. A projection flashed before my faceplate; my right hand shot out, grasped it. I stopped with a jolt to find that there before my face was what I had dived to find—through the faceplate of my copper helmet I was staring into the hole punched through the *S-4's* side into the battery room! And the projection I was clinging to was part of the *Paulding's* stem, still jammed into the *S-4's* death wound!

Dangling in the water by one arm, I swiftly examined that hole. It was surprisingly small, hardly a foot across, enough to sink the ship and kill the crew, but insignificant as affecting the strength of the ship in a lift. That done, I looked

up to find that the jagged steel to which I was clinging had cut my watertight glove open, that I was losing my air from the highest point in my suit!

Unable to climb up, not daring to hang on, I let go. In an instant more, I hit bottom on my right side in soft mud, sank completely out of sight in it, found myself in utter blackness sinking deeper and deeper in the mud, dragged down by my weights as I struggled, till at last I came to rest, still sideways, on what I could feel was a mass of jagged steel, the rest of the torn bow of the *Paulding*.

I stopped struggling then and lay quiet, afraid of cutting my suit wide open and drowning immediately. Keeping my cut glove well below me to hold in the air, I 'phoned the surface to pull me up. They tried, but a heavy pull on my lifeline and hose did not reach me; evidently my lines were fouled on the wreckage above me and pulling would only cut them in half. On the surface they stopped heaving while they scurried round to send over a rescue diver; but long before he ever got to me I had extricated myself by opening my air valve wide, over-inflating my suit, and making the excess buoyancy first pull me erect, then float me up through the mud, till finally my helmet burst through the ocean floor into the dim light of the depths and I stopped myself, still in mud to my waist. There, looking up, I could see my hose above me, straight up and down; apparently the slacking of my lines as I rose from the mud had cleared the fouling. Once more under my directions, they heaved on the surface; this time the pull dragged me clear of the bottom when I kicked myself completely round in a circle in the water, looking for the submarine, to get back on it and come up the descending line. But though I had fallen alongside the *S-4* and was evidently still somewhere close to it, there was no submarine in sight.

Floundering in the mud looking for it was obviously out of question. My hour on the bottom was nearly up; my inspection (by a freak of fortune, successful) all complete. A few words over the telephone and I was started upward on my slow rise to decompress.

VIII

It was evident that the *S-4* would stand the lifting strains. Regular salvage operations started and continued through the winter, while the emergency rescue fleet and personnel disbanded. Under the direction of Captain King, Commander Saunders, and Lieutenant Hartley, the divers, working when they could, clung to the job in spite of cold water and freezing weather, sealed up the inside of the boat, tunnelled under to pass the lifting chains, finally attached the pontoons, and on March 17, 1928, three months from the day she sank, the *S-4* was at last brought to the surface and towed to drydock in Boston.

Seemingly, Fate dogged the *S-4*. First, in the unfortunate combination of circumstances, never wholly explained, which brought her up in the *Paulding's* path; next, in the fouling of the ventilation valve which drove her crew from the control room; and last, in the occurrence of the accident just before a three-day gale —the worst of the whole winter—which except for the two initial dives, held the rescuers off till it was too late to save a single life. Now, eight years later, I am still convinced that with the men and the means then at hand, except for that long-continued gale, we should have saved Fitch and his five companions in the torpedo room; we might even have revived and finally have rescued at least the stronger members, if not all, of Jones' party in the stern.

Except for that long-continued gale....

There is but one consolation. In the future we shall not have to make that exception. As in every great disaster, the death of the *S-4's* crew drove home vividly to the nation, as no accident before had ever done, the perils and the needs of the submarine service. Money and men were for the first time freely made available by Congress for experimentation and im-

provement—more rescue ships were provided to cover more closely the areas in which submarines work, more pontoons, more divers, improvements in the submarines themselves. But best of all, an old escape device long known in many navies was at last, with the funds made available, developed into a usable and successful appliance—the Momsen "lung." With this apparatus, issued now to every submarine, the crew may escape from any compartment of the boat and rise to the surface, wholly without aid from other vessels, wholly independent of the state of the weather.

There has been one other peculiar result which psychologists may well ponder. There has never been a modern submarine accident not in some degree the result of a lapse in vigilance by some member of the crew. In our own Navy, since first we had workable submarines and up to 1927, we have had a serious submarine accident resulting in a sunken boat at least once every two years, though in most cases part or all of the crew were saved. Perhaps men cannot live in a state of eternal vigilance; but such was the impression on our own submarine crews of the deaths of their shipmates inside the *S-4* that eight years have since gone by without the sinking of a single boat. On the basis of past performances in the submarine flotillas, four boats should have sunk in that period.

Evidently in the memories at least of their shipmates in the submarine service those hammer taps are still heard as vividly as on those sad days just before Christmas, 1927, when they rang out on the bottom from the torpedo room of the *S-4*.

PLOWING IN APRIL

BY DANIEL W. SMYTHE

THE pointed plow slings out a first thick braid
Which the crow studies, passing on casual wing.
Stones turn with the white grubs on this parade
Of a curled form stranger than anything.

This noble tally riven from roots by means
Of ground slit through quickens the humble breast;
An artisan, whose every movement leans
To earth, peers at the sky which is addressed.

A man guides the curved handlebars; each lane
Opens to the large throat of air to yield
The swells anticipating seed and rain,
And soon amazing light shall stalk this field!

YET FROM THE HEART'S DEEP SILENCE

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

BELOVED, once more the old tumultuous grief,
The passion and the pain that will not die
Rise up to rend me, and destroy the brief
Faint hope of peace I thought to journey by.
Once more the dark and bitter waters roll
Over my head, my strength is almost spent—
Was it for this deep drowning of the soul
Life led us down the April way we went?
Now there is none to help us, none to save;
We sink beneath the same engulfing sea,
Our stricken eyes fixed on an empty grave,
And who shall judge at last of you and me—
Or say which one goes down the more accursed?
For you slew love, but I denied him first!

II

Oh risen love, alive within your eyes!
Oh love confessed and speaking in my own!
This resurrection knows no paradise—
No angel here to roll away the stone!
Ever the stern seal on the narrow tomb
Where love waits prisoned, bound with cruel gyves,
While we go forward to our heavy doom,
Live, for one perfect life, two broken lives.
We let the treasure fall from out our hands
With careless, fumbling fingers, and to-day
Stand exiled from the fair, forsaken lands
Where once in happier hours we used to stray.
And only those who have known heaven well
May taste this final bitterness of hell!

III

The stricken fields lie bare beneath the drouth,
The parched land cries in anguish for the rain;
And I to feel your kisses on my mouth,
My body bent beneath their weight again!
While you, so shaken with your sharp desire,
Must yet turn homeward through the autumn air
Until at last the wasted, glorious fire
Dies in the ashes of an old despair!
The golden days go by, the unreturning;
Spring yields to summer, ripens, and grows chill.
Your proud, impatient heart in desperate yearning
Beats furious wings against an ultimate Will,
While I fight down in silence, for your sake,
The ceaseless longing, and the ceaseless ache!

IV

No other arms can ever give me rest,
No other voice so kindle all my frame,
No other hands so quicken in my breast
The glowing embers into leaping flame.
To you alone my heart lies all unhidden,
Your eyes alone may read my inmost soul.
O God, that each to each should be forbidden—
The severed halves denied the destined whole!
Yet this I swear, who greet you as a stranger
Because it is the only way I dare—
Nor time, nor age, nor circumstance, nor danger,
Nor any threat, shall swerve the love I bear.
Oh doubt this not, my dearest! Let doubts be!
Let me forget how once you doubted me!

V

So beauty dies, beloved, but its pain
Is everlasting. We who saw the light
An instant only, shall not see again
The wild bright glory stream across our night.
Out of our weakness we must make our strength,
Fashion our manna from an utter need,
The while we till and harrow here at length
Our fertile acres, and refuse them seed.
Yet from the heart's deep silence still must well
A wordless and unutterable cry,
That I, who love you so, who so compel
The spirit straitly, and the flesh deny,
May find at last, upon some distant star
Your arms, that still my only heaven are!

A COLLEGE FOR ONE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

ABOUT a year ago there appeared in the correspondence column of one of the older American monthlies a letter from a clergyman in the Middle West who asked, "Can any reader tell me a way by which a boy who cannot afford to go to college can get the equivalent of a college education?"

This question must have been echoed, if not actually voiced, in thousands of families in that deepest year of the depression, and I was very much tempted to suggest an answer because I was, at that time, beginning an experiment designed to meet a similar situation. I did not answer because my plan was so simple that to the average American ear I was afraid that it would sound utterly fantastic. Furthermore, at that early stage of the experiment I was myself not at all sure of its practicability. Twelve months later I could have answered the letter in complete confidence, for not only was the experiment working out far better than I had dared to hope, but dozens of sincere intellectual men and women to whom I had outlined the plan had greeted it with interest and enthusiasm.

I was in fact founding a college of my own; and now that the institution is approaching the close of its second academic year I think I can say that it has been thoroughly successful according to standards by which many an older institution would be glad to measure its progress. The student body has doubled in size and, if I had been willing to accept all the applicants who offered themselves, it could have tripled or quadrupled. No member of any class has been dropped or put on probation. Although without any endowment, the institution has had no financial difficulties. No scholarships have been granted—athletic or otherwise—and there have been no faculty cuts. Most of all, there has been no interference by the trustees or the alumni. The students, for their part, have announced their complete satisfaction with the curriculum and have declared their willingness to stay forever.

The college, in brief, was founded solely for the benefit of my older daughter, who was then sixteen years of age. A year later her sister, nineteen months younger, was enrolled at her own request. The entire plant consists of two rooms in our oldfashioned farmhouse and the whole working equipment at any given moment comprises a half dozen books which are replaced as needed from our own shelves, those of our neighbors, and from the village library. The president, who is also the entire faculty, leaves the campus at nine o'clock every morning, when the academic day begins, and does not return until the sessions are over. The house mother has only one standing order, which is, "Keep Out!"

As may be gathered from this prospectus, my daughters are doing nothing more than "reading at home," and if there is any real novelty in this idea it consists in the fact that they are doing it in the year 1936 and not in the year 1870. The methods, however, of adapting a very ancient plan to very modern conditions have been to me a fascinating study—probably

the only real hobby that I have ever had in my life—and it is with these that the real story of "Curtiss College" must chiefly concern itself. Before indeed any proper account of the scheme itself can be given it will be necessary to tell a rather long and highly personal story of how it came about.

II

Apart from the depression (which means almost any given year in the life of a professional writing man) there were several reasons why my daughters found it difficult to follow an ordinary school course. To begin with, we live in the country on what is still, by habit, called a farm, although its only agricultural feature is now a kitchen garden and the only live stock consists of two dogs and a cat. Nevertheless, we are more than a mile from the nearest village and more than ten miles from the nearest high school. This school, in itself, is exceptionally good, as it is supported entirely by an endowment and the principal has complete choice in the selection of his faculty; but for students from outlying towns the mere question of transportation is difficult.

During the school year our daughters were obliged to get up at six-thirty, hurry through breakfast, be motored a mile by some other member of the family, and then ride ten miles more in the school bus. They arrived home for lunch in the middle of the afternoon, with the winter twilight already threatening. Many of the pupils were taking commercial or industrial courses, in which most of the work was done in the actual school building; but those who were taking the academic course had three or four hours of home work. This meant that they could either have no outdoor exercise at all or else must sit up working until eleven or twelve at night, with the alarm clock and the dark winter morning already looming like a nightmare as they crawled into bed.

Our younger daughter, Nan, throve on this system, but our older daughter, Jean, belonged to a class of humanity which I have never seen recognized by science but with which I have the greatest sympathy because I belong to it myself. I was examined the other day by a physician, who could not find a single organic fault; but there has not been an hour of my life when it has not required a deliberate effort of the will for me to get out of a chair and walk across the room. When I was in school I once discovered the gymnasium teacher watching me as I dressed in the locker room. "Curtiss," he said, "I think that you are the slowest human being I ever saw in my life."

In these respects Jean is just like me and like a dozen of my known ancestors. It takes her an hour and a half to get dressed in the morning and four pauses for pleasant chit-chat before she can get a forkful of food from her plate to her mouth. When we start on a motor trip the accepted method is for the rest of the family to go out to the car and stand on the horn until Jean appears, with her suitcase in one hand and its contents in the other. Her usual explanation is that she had to stop to tie a fresh ribbon on the cat. Persons of Jean's class and mine are usually called "daydreamers." We are the people to whom the success advertisements wish to teach concentration. As a matter of fact we are the most perfect concentrators on earth. We merely do not choose to concentrate on the things that seem of importance to the rest of the world. Jean has also another terrific handicap—a very keen sense of the ridiculous. She cannot separate a given doctrine from the kind of man or woman who preaches it, and at most forms of organized endeavor she is inclined to be ribald.

These are not qualities which make for achievement in any large school, and before Jean had been in one for six months we knew that she was a beaten girl. She also developed serious eye trouble, although I was forced to notice that the eye strain which appeared immediately over a problem in plane geometry did not appear over a serial in *The Saturday Eve-*

ning Post. A year in a boarding school did not bring much better results. The report from both schools was always the same—the line so familiar to many parents —"Jean is really bright enough but she simply won't apply herself."

As what should have been Jean's last year in school approached, there was really a crisis. There were signs enough of "outgrowing her strength" and much use of all those catchwords by which a parent can dodge behind a doctor; but all of us, including Jean herself, knew what the trouble really was. She could not face the prospect of another year in school without a feeling of actual nausea. Not only were the rushing hours and the crowded classrooms beyond her physical endurance, but she was simply bored by the whole affair. To put the matter plainly, like many another boy and girl of the present day, she mingled, outside of school hours, in a world which was more sophisticated and in some ways more adult than that of most of her teachers and of most of the pupils who attained distinction under their regime. Being accustomed to reason from the particular to the general, she had thus arrived at the conclusion that all schools and learning were a pussy-pussy and outmoded side of life.

As to schools and learning I did not agree with her, but as to much of the jargon and ritual of modern pedagogy I felt that she was right. For years I had been trying faintly to suggest both to Jean and her sister that scholarship and a knowledge of the world were not necessarily incompatible; that a young woman might have a fine taste in ski clothes and cocktails and still be on speaking terms with Smollett or Cicero. In fact, I had urged, the combination might be distinctly piquant, and if my daughters could not think of anything else to do with their lives they might try something in this direction. I had attempted, in brief, to interest them in the idea that some very keen and enjoyable men and women had lived on this earth—even before Noel Coward—and that, if you gave them half a chance, some very shrewd, witty eyes would smile at you across the pages of history and literature.

Up to that time my efforts had not met with much success but now suddenly fate threw opportunity right into my lap. One morning Jean's mother came to me with an anxious face and said, "If Jean goes back to school she will be in the hospital in a month. If we let her stay at home do you think you can teach her?"

I thought I could, but when I outlined my ideas on the subject my wife's face grew very doubtful. Nevertheless, she consented and I went to Jean.

"Jean," I said, "if we let you stay at home this year will you promise to do exactly as I say for four hours every day, from Monday to Friday?"

The look that she gave me was the most ecstatic that I have ever seen on a human countenance. A moment later, however, she began to parry. "What are you going to make me do?"

"Nothing very difficult," I replied. "I will tell you on the first day of October."

III

So on October first, at nine o'clock, Jean was led into my study, told to lock the doors and stay there until one. The room had an open fireplace, three comfortable old Morris chairs, a desk, a clock, and a wall full of reference volumes. I had worked there for years until, in an unthinking moment, I let myself be elected local justice of the peace, after which I found that my telephone number was regarded as an information bureau and that whole families of Italians came at all hours of the day to beg me to evict colored families next door to them. So I had moved my typewriter to a neighbor's house in order that my wife could say truthfully that I was not at home.

On the desk of the study Jean found three books and a typewritten paper. The books were *Macaulay's Essays, Tartarin de Tarascon,* and *Huckleberry Finn.* The paper read as follows:

Curtiss College
Term of 1934—1935
Schedule

9.00 to 9.30. Read serious, non-fiction book.
9.30 to 9.40. Reverie period. Put down your book, lean back in your chair, and think of anything you please.
9.40 to 10.10. Read same book.
10.10 to 10.20. Reverie period.
10.20 to 10.50. Read French.
10.50 to 11.00. Reverie period.
11.00 to 11.10. Recess. Go out of the room and do anything you like except read.
11.10 to 11.40. Continue reading French.
11.40 to 11.50. Reverie period.
11.50 to 12.20. Read literature—fiction.
12.20 to 12.30. Reverie period.
12.30 to 1.00. Continue reading fiction.

At first glance this schedule might seem very rigid and intricate. It would seem in fact to be the very thing that I was trying to get away from. In reality it meant nothing but three full hours of actual reading with a ten-minute interval at the end of each half hour and with one short recess. The whole scheme, however, was new to Jean, and I was afraid that if I did not start with something that seemed definite and authoritative she would not take it seriously. Incidentally, this paper has been the only formal order ever given in the life of the college.

The "reverie periods" were ostensibly put in the schedule in order to let Jean rest her eyes, but actually they had a much deeper purpose. Every creative worker knows that his best thoughts almost invariably come to him just *after* he has left his desk, his piano, or his workshop. In other words, as soon as you cease chasing originality it comes and chases you. Every booklover knows that he can judge the power of a book by the number of times that he finds himself dropping it into his lap and trailing off on suggested lines of thought. I told Jean that during her reverie periods she need not consciously try to review what she had been reading. She could think of anything she wanted to think of, from door screens to lip rouge; but I knew that to some extent she could not help being haunted by the rhythms, expressions, and ideas of the author whom she had just been reading.

Attached to the schedule were the following general instructions:

When you begin a new book look up the author in the big encyclopedia. Do not try to remember the exact dates of his life but place him generally in your mind by some picture of your own, such as "about Civil War times," or "late seventeen hundreds," or "about the time of the Pilgrims." As you read more and more books try to remember the authors who lived about the same time in different countries. Likewise, when you read history, try to link up each big event with some other event with which you are familiar—either because it came at about the same time or because it was like it.

Don't read too fast or too slowly. Don't stare at each paragraph as if it contained some mystic secret. Read right along, as you would read a story, but if you *almost* get an idea but don't *quite* get it go back and read a second time.

Do not set yourself a certain number of pages to cover in a day. You may read two pages one day and thirty the next. It doesn't matter at all when you finish a book but you must read every page and every word. If you can't seem to make sense out of a new author just keep on reading the words. You will get used to him and he will clear up in a short while.

When you come across names and events such as "Richelieu," "the Prince Regent," or "the Corn Laws," don't look them up at first. The next few pages will probably make clear who or what they were; but, if you find that a name occurs so often that the day's reading will not be clear without it, look it up in the proper-names volume of the Century Dictionary. If the person or event so interests you that you want to know more, look him or it up in the big encyclopedia.

Likewise, in reading French, don't stop to look up every unfamiliar word. By reading along its meaning will probably become apparent, but when you see that you cannot make sense of a story without that word, use the small French dictionary.

In reading French save out the last fifteen minutes and learn by heart the first two or three sentences of the day's work, no matter what they are. But if you happen to strike some other French phrase that amuses you learn that instead.

So began Curtiss College with an ease that was almost ominous. In nearly two years Jean has not once raised an objection to her four hours a day. She has frequently done her reading in bed when

she has been sick and occasionally, when the schedule has been broken by a dentist's appointment or some other necessity, she has voluntarily filled out her hours in the afternoon or evening. She has even been found reading Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* under the permanent waving machine at the hairdresser's. And, after all, is this extraordinary? What normal human being would not prefer settling into an easy chair in front of an open fire to answering a monitor's bell or catching a school bus on a rainy Monday morning? At first those were the alternatives and after that habit had been formed.

Of the three books read daily no two of course are ever finished at the same time; so if one hour is proving dull, there is usually something new to be looked forward to in one of the other hours. In the volume of Macaulay's *Essays* Jean was allowed to choose any title that attracted her and selected "The War of the Spanish Succession" because she had once heard of that event vaguely and had wondered what it was. When this was finished I gave her, for the first hour of the day, Boissier's *Cicero and His Friends,* a mature description of Roman social and business life in the last days of the Republic and the early days of the Empire. And, lest it be thought that Jean was under very highly trained guidance, I must say that I had never heard of this book myself until a few weeks before when I had picked it casually out of a friend's library.

Next came Henry Hazlitt's *Thinking As a Science,* Emerson's *Essays,* Thoreau's *Walden,* critical studies by James Russell Lowell, one of William James's lectures, Carlyle's *Schiller,* Herbert Spencer on *Fashion, Essays of Elia,* Mackail's *Latin Literature,* and Addison's *Essays.* We have kept no record of all the books read, for I wanted to avoid all suggestion of "getting through" a certain number of volumes or of checking an author off the list and laying him on the shelf forever. Neither did I ever hand out a book as a "classic" or "something that everyone ought to read." Whether it was a volume by Spencer or Frank R. Stockton, I merely left it on the desk without comment, as just one more book. Nor have there ever been any quizzes, examinations, or reviews. The most I ever do is to say casually, "Well, what do you think of Mr. Goethe?" To which Jean will probably reply, "I think he's a fish," for she has never approved of his account of his early love affairs as written in his old age.

In the "literature" hour of the day *Huckleberry Finn* was followed by *Vanity Fair, The Newcomes, Alice in Wonderland, Alice Through the Looking Glass* (with the requirement that several of the poems be learned by heart), *Pickwick Papers,* Alexander Woollcott's *While Rome Burns,* Valdes's *Sister San Sulpice, The Abbé Constantin,* Zephine Humphrey's *Winterwise, The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, Cranford,* Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age, John Halifax, Gentleman* (which I have never read myself), Whittier's *Snowbound* (prescribed reading for all classes on December first), poems of Robert Frost, *Gil Blas,* "Ik Marvel's" *Dream Life,* Washington Irving's *Life of Goldsmith,* and many others.

In only one particular did the course seriously break down. Jean had had two or three years of ordinary school French, and I had supposed that, with the help of a dictionary, she would be delighted to take a real novel and read it for the sake of the story. After three months' heroic and deadly work, however, she proved that she was not sufficiently advanced in French or else had no gift for languages. She was still putting the words together like a picture puzzle. So, as the object of the course was not to torture her but to help her to love books, I dropped the French hour and substituted another which I called "Travel and Manners."

The object of this hour was to give her intimate, offhand pictures of daily life in atmospheres as far removed as possible from her own. I chose first the journal of an English official's wife in West Africa,

then Stevenson's *Vailima Letters,* then Lord Frederick Hamilton's *Vanished Pomps of Yesterday,* and then André Maurois's *Edwardian Era.* From reading these books on European life Jean has recently begun to show a faint interest in learning some foreign language, but I am saying nothing. At the present moment she is reading, during the three hours of the day, Goethe's agreeable but interminable *Truth and Poetry From My Own Life,* Philip Guedalla's *Second Empire,* and William Dean Howells's *A Boy's Town,* which she probably loves better than any other book except *Pickwick Papers.* To my surprise she was also greatly taken by Ik Marvel, whom I had feared she would consider sappy and sentimental. Her enthusiastic remark was, "But he is so *modern!*" which may be a commentary both on Ik Marvel and on the so-called ultra modern generation. On the other hand she had no use at all for Stevenson's *Vailima Letters.*

IV

At the beginning of the second year my other daughter, Nan, announced her desire to enroll, although she had rather liked regular school work and was within a year of graduation. She did, however, want more time to herself. So we fixed up another room in the attic with a skylight, a *chaise longue,* and a stove, giving Nan the *Century Dictionary* and letting Jean keep the encyclopedia.

Nan's case was a little different as she was fond of languages; so her day was divided into four periods, one being given to "serious books," one to "literature," one to French, and one to Latin; but, as in Jean's case, there was no tutoring, there were no quizzes, and no formal checks. Nan was simply left alone with the books and dictionaries but she was required to learn by heart a few lines of French and Latin on alternate days and to recite them at the luncheon table for the sake of accent and expression.

The introduction of Latin brought about another very interesting experiment. Although in my own school and college days I had passed through the usual required years of Latin, yet I had never got beyond the stage of putting the words together like beads on a string, with the use of the dictionary for every fourth or fifth word. I had not opened a Latin book for nearly thirty years when Nan demanded Latin in the curriculum. I then took up her school copy of Cicero and discovered that an amazing thing had happened. Since leaving college I had learned to speak Spanish with fair fluency and, on looking at Cicero, I found that the word forms and the arrangements of the sentences, which had once seemed arbitrary and silly, now seemed perfectly natural and even eloquent. I could get the general sense of the lines quite easily, although without much regard for tenses and cases. I strongly doubted, nevertheless, my ability to see Nan through *Vergil,* but as I had thrown so many pedagogical canons out of the window, I felt that I might as well throw another.

I reasoned thus: If a Swedish or Montenegrin boy wished to learn something about English literature without leaving his own country, it would be rather ridiculous to give him a year of English grammar and then, without explanation, set him to reading, in succession, General Zachary Taylor's diary of the Mexican War, Beowulf, Keats' poems, and Burke's Speech on "Conciliation with the Colonies." Yet that is not very far from what we do when we plunge a boy from the Anabasis to Homer, or from Cæsar to Cicero, Plautus, and Ovid. I felt that if the boy could first read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or even *Sanford and Merton* he might in time be equipped to take his ease with the classics.

So I went to the headmaster of a nearby boys' school and asked him whether he had any texts of conversational or everyday Latin—any Latin which was not written as literature but was merely intended to convey ideas. He had not but he gave me the address of the best Latin scholar he knew. I wrote to this authority and outlined my idea. He not only approved

of it but sent me a book that he had already written on the subject. He also sent me Beeson's *Primer of Mediæval Latin,* which contains collections of fables, letters, and similar writings dating from the fifth to the thirteenth century. I gave this book to Nan and within two weeks she was actually going round the house *speaking* Latin, not correct Latin of course, but spontaneous joke Latin, as boys and girls who are taking their first French lessons go round saying, *"Où est votre chapeau de swimming?"* Now toward the close of her first year of solitary work, Nan says that she seldom uses a dictionary in reading Latin and can read French fully as fast as she can read English. She reads both languages without translating.

Nan is at present reading the *Gesta Romanorum* and hopes next year to read Pliny's *Letters.* In French she has read, in their entirety, Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohême* and Flaubert's *Salammbô,* and is now reading Romain Rolland's *Jean-Cristophe.* At the same time in English she is reading *Walden* and *Anna Karénina.* She has just finished *Gil Blas* and Daniel Gregory Mason's *Artistic Ideals.*

V

The professional educator will probably be amused or dismayed at the titles I have mentioned; but from the start I have never attempted to outline an "ideal reading course." I have obviously followed some personal preferences of my own and frequently the volumes have been chosen almost by chance. I have had only one general rule—that the books should be chosen for their authors rather than for their subject matter. I will take an obscure or indifferent book of a very great man rather than a better-known book which depends for its importance only on the facts that it relates. The whole idea, in other words, is that the students in my course should spend four hours a day in the informal company of men and women whom I regard as the possessors of fine minds. Also I generally choose old books rather than recent ones, not because I believe that all wisdom died with the War, but because I believe that my daughters will sooner or later read current books anyway and, while I still have control, I want them to read the books which might not come to their notice under ordinary circumstances. What is happening in my college, in short, is what might happen to anyone who was locked up in an old-fashioned library during a very long snow storm. And with that statement I think that few readers will have much difficulty in guessing where I got the idea.

For many years I had noticed—as others have noticed—that some of the most intelligent and cultured people I met were men and especially women who had been brought up in the 'sixties and 'seventies, who had not had much formal education but had had the run of an old-fashioned library and *few other amusements.* In fact, outside of England, I presume that fully three-quarters of the world's greatest men and women have been educated in very much that fashion. I knew, however, that with all the diversity and ease of modern interests the old conditions could never reproduce themselves naturally, so I have simply reproduced them artificially.

When the course was started I told Jean's mother, "You must expect no results whatever for at least six months and the real results will not show until Jean is thirty-four years old."

That is, I suppose, about all that one can say about any course of general education; but although it would be foolish at this early stage to talk about results, yet one can talk about *effects,* which showed themselves almost instantly. For one thing, Jean gained fifteen pounds in the first three months. Also, although the course is seldom mentioned outside of school hours, yet the general run of talk at our dinner table began to improve miraculously. Without any prompting at all Jean began to finish her sentences, to search for words which would express her exact meaning, instead

of ending everything with "and all that sort of thing" or "you know what I mean." The trend of her mind also began to become much more logical, even though at that time she was reading no books which had any direct connection with logic. When Nan signed up, the general vocabulary of the house became positively pompous. Archaic words, such as "interjaculate," appeared out of nowhere, and my wife and I had trouble in keeping our faces straight. Yet all this time my daughters were leading perfectly unpriggish lives—skiing, going to houseparties and college proms—and the house was filled incessantly with young people.

Among direct effects indeed that is probably the most tangible—that Jean and Nan can have some definite intellectual training and yet lead healthful, enjoyable lives. They now have time to ski and dance in winter, play tennis and swim in the spring and fall, join the dramatic society in a nearby town, take reasonably long week-ends, and merely enter into casual, adult society, without the incessant drive of "Nan, dear, have you done your homework?" or "Remember, darlings, that you must get home and get up at six-thirty to-morrow."

If the effect on our own household has been somewhat exciting, the effect on outsiders has been even more so. Knowing the contempt for simple ideas in a world dedicated to charts, graphs, and systems, I had prepared certain defenses and apologies to offer when my idea became known. To my amazement I have never had to use them. Almost every serious adult to whom I have described the scheme has not merely approved but been almost tearful about it. One woman of forty exclaimed, "I wish I could take the course right now myself," and the mother of one of Nan's friends asked whether I would not take her daughter as a paying, boarding pupil. One of the first persons to whom I mentioned the idea was the dean of the engineering school in one of our very largest Eastern universities, a modern educator and a scientist if there ever was one. His immediate reply was, "I have a son who needs exactly that sort of thing. I wish I could send him up for a year or two to some person with the same ideas."

As mine is only a special plan designed by necessity to fit a special case, I do not see any real reason to argue about its limitations beyond saying that I am as conscious of them as anyone else. It may be pointed out, in the first place, that the plan is very one-sided because it contains no provision for practical science or mathematics. To that I can only reply that my daughters have never had the slightest interest in or aptitude for either mathematics or science, yet had enough of them in their previous schools for purely disciplinary purposes. If, instead of two daughters, I had a son who was mechanically minded, obviously the best place for him would be a good scientific school; but if necessity forced him into my plan, the course in his case would be entirely different—and I suspect that he would get much farther in original scientific thought than one would at first expect.

Another objection would probably be "the absence of competition with one's fellows and the stimulating social contacts that one would have at a regular school or college." Academically speaking, I have never been able to find out just what is meant by this "competition" in regular colleges that is so often spoken about. Aside from a little brush of excitement among perhaps a dozen honor students, it has been my observation that the real pressure of student opinion has always been *against* competing; that if a student rises an inch above his fellows in scholarship he always does it at the risk of being thought queer.

As to "social contacts," that is also a point that in this case did not have to be considered. As country life is now organized, at least in the Berkshires, the only way to avoid social contacts is to stand at your door with a shotgun. And, seriously, I wonder whether that "social contacts" idea is not nowadays a pretty

thin myth. An unsocial, inept boy or girl who goes to college will come out an unsocial, inept boy or girl and will have real associations with only half a dozen others of the same kind. On the other hand, a gay sociable boy or girl will find all the contacts needed wherever he or she goes—or doesn't go. I secretly suspect that what is usually meant by this "social contacts" argument is the hope that a boy who goes to Yale or Harvard will room with the son of the president of the Chase National Bank and will so, automatically, step into a fine job.

The most frequent objection to my plan would probably shape itself about as follows: "Yes, the idea is good if your only object is the training of women of leisure; but my Sam and my Helen must have some course which will directly fit them to earn a good living."

The argument is honorable but, frankly, where *is* there such a course? To me one of the most tragic things in modern American life is the widespread belief that by going somewhere and "taking a course" one can immediately solve all occupational difficulties. One sees so many boys and girls who are sent at immense sacrifice to the best colleges and technical schools, only to come home and do just about what they could have done if they had never gone anywhere. One sees so many others hopefully taking one course after another, almost into middle life, and often finding their only answer in teaching to others the very things for which they themselves have found no demand. On the other hand, one sees innumerable men and women working successfully and even achieving distinction in occupations totally different from those for which they were originally trained. The blame for this state of affairs does not lie wholly with the students or wholly with the schools. It lies in expecting from education something that education alone cannot give.

Probably the most honest answer that I can give to this side of the question is that I am not considering it at all. For the moment I am giving myself the rare luxury of sowing scholarship without any thought of when, where, or in what direction it may sprout. Not that Jean and Nan may not have to earn their livings; for I think that I have made it clear that the whole plan rose out of necessity rather than affluence. When that day comes, if my daughters appear before me and ask, "Why did you not educate us to be surgeons or astronomers or statisticians of civil law?" I shall undoubtedly feel deep remorse. But if, like most young women of their type and generation, their idea of something jolly and exciting is merely to enter any one of those modern occupations in which common sense and the ability to be agreeable are the principal requirements, I shall still believe that their training has done them no more harm and no less good than any other that they might have been given.

VACATION IN HEAVEN

A STORY

BY JESSE STUART

"TENNESSEE by-grabs," I say as the long black-snake train rolls round a flank of the Cumberland Mountain, "this is the land of remembered vacations." So, I pick up my suitcase and step upon the good old Tennessee dirt.

"Hello, Shan," says Kirby.

"Hello, Kirby," I say. "How is the world servin' you?"

"Fine as frog hair," says Kirby, "got the old T Model right out here to haul your trunk to the Cabin."

Kirby in his big white straw hat, going to seed at the top, puffs on a Stud-tobacco cigarette. I puff a cigar. "Where is my trunk?" I say. "My trunk's not here among these."

"Here's the trunk from Kentucky," says Kirby; "here is your trunk."

"My trunk. My God! Handles torn off'n it and all the paint knocked off'n its ribs. Hardly anything but the slabs left."

"Sure handle trunks rough on this line, Buddy," says a man in a broad-rimmed straw hat sitting on the end of a crosstie sucking smoke from a hawk-billed Stud-tobacco cigarette and blowing it out in fine blue streaks through his broken and discolored teeth.

"Where you guys going?"

"We're going to hell if we don't change our way," says Kirby.

We go down to the old T Model. "Wait till I twist her tail," says Kirby. He cranks the car and the gravels fly in a little line out from the exhaust pipe. Kirby jumps in by the wheel and feeds her the gas and spark, shifts from low to high, and we pull right up by the trunk and let her chug till we throw the trunk in the back seat. It isn't so heavy.

"Scarred up worse than hell," says Kirby, "but maybe it can take it."

So we jump back in the car and we are off down the Main till we come to a store and then we turn right up Cedar Creek and keep going till we get to a mill. Right down over the hill, less than a pipe of tobacco for a duck-legged man, and we are at Mr. Dyke's cabin.

The bean-colored swirls of dust follow the chugs of our T Model down the main highway. Dust settles on the bushy-topped cedars. Dust swirls the color of white soup beans. Dust floats over the blackberry briars and the cedar tops. Dust from the turnpike not limestoned yet, dust the color of a guinea egg, clouds of thin guinea-egg colored dust go skyward on the lazy Tennessee bright-blue wind.

"This will be a vacation in Heaven for you, Shan," says Kirby.

"Yes, it will," I say.

Lord, I hold my nose and put my handkerchief over my mouth. Dust. Dust. Dust. I can taste it. It tastes like a piece of dried pumpkin. Dust. I can smell it. It smells like rotten peach brandy tastes. Dust. Dust. Tennessee dust. My God, dust!

"You know that busybody that sucked that cigarette at the depot and ast us

where we's goin'," says Kirby—"w'y he's the son of Old Bad John Eversole. You know Old Bad John used to be king up there around the depot. He'd go over to Bronberg, Kentucky, and bring back a quart of licker and two loaded pistols. He'd come from the train ashootin'. People would run in their houses and shut the doors. He run that store over there at the left of the depot. He'd make one of his clerks load one of his pistols while he shot the other. He'd just shoot up the town. One day he started to run John Turner from the depot platform. John fed him a little load he couldn't carry right between the eyes. Bad John sleeps out on Baker's Pint now."

Dust swirls in tiny clouds. The sun beams down on the sweltered young corn, the cedar tops, and the ragweeds. The wheat, shocked in small stacks, is golden in the sunlight. It is in little bottoms between the mountains. We follow the curves, sway in and out, chug like a mowing machine.

"Right over in the Canyon there, a man used to get good licker. But the Law got 'em. They ain't no more. I used to get loaded down there. But a body can't teach school and fool with licker. I used to hide in the Canyon and drink it."

The Canyon is deep. Cedars struggle with the rocks and the dirt to hold on the Canyon banks. Vines entwine the cedars. Dust blows over that way and covers the trees and guinea-egg colors the landscape. Far away on the mountain slope are black waving clouds of thick young corn. It flutters its blades in the wind. Chug. Chug. Chug.

"Well, here's the creek by the store," says Kirby. "Here is where we turn up the long dark Hollow. Have been up it many a time, boy. Had many a wonderful time at the Cabin. This road is rough." Vines cling to the rough-rock soil. Beech trees tall and shadowy and wild honeysuckle with white and purple blossoms peep from the shadows of thick-limbed roadside beeches. Water with white flecks of foam trickles over the rocky falls in the stream below, water that kills the din of our engine. Ferns stick little green rabbit-ears from behind the mouse-colored rocks.

We chug past the old mill and its tiny lake, a streak of silver when the sun sets, down among the green-clad bony tree-covered mountains. "The old miller lives here. Doesn't know how old he is," says Kirby, "all he can remember was the guns poppin' over around Cumberland Gap in the Civil War. Right over there is the Cabin. About there, Shan. You'll have to take your baths and swims here in the Mill Pond."

"Suits me," I say.

The Cabin has five rooms. Its porches are screened in. There are beds, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, cook-stove in the Cabin. It is a pretty cabin where the water will sing one to sleep every night. The creek flows right past the Cabin. "Your neighbors are fine people," says Kirby. "Them people that live right over there. But there's a lot goin' around here that's not so neighborly."

The sun is a ball of fire. It blazes over Lonesome Mountain and June dew ascends from the cornfields in the valley. "I'll have to have a woman to clean this place up," I say, "a man can't do nothin' about a house. I can't cook. I burn my fingers. I couldn't boil water without scorchin' it. So I'll see my neighbor across the creek."

She is the mother of eight—small, lean, at work in the garden in a blue dress and a slat bonnet. "Yes, I can clean the house this evenin'. Won't you come over to our house and eat dinner with us? We ain't got nothin' but beans, taters, and corn and cornbread, but you are perfectly welcome."

I can step on the head of my shadow. It is noon. That is the way to tell when twelve o'clock comes. I cross the foot log to the Holmes house. "Come right in here, Stranger, and take that bench over there with the children."

I sit on a bench with the children. "Hungry as a wolf, Mr. Holmes. Just pass me everything and you'll be passin' just what I want. The green beans are

good. The young potatoes are good. The milk is good. The coffee is fine. What a meal to a hungry man. What would meals cost me if I ate over here now and then?"

"Let me and the old man think it over. We'll tell you to-morrow."

Mrs. Holmes says, "Now you and the old man stand back and let me have this house by myself. I never could do any good in a house and a man in it mussin' around. Wimmen was made for the house, not men."

Mrs. Holmes sweeps the floors and washes the dishes. She pours water out in the yard and she draws clear well water and heats it and washes dishes again.

"What do you say," says Mr. Holmes, "that we have some fun while the old woman cleans the house." He calls his two dogs. "Sick him, Lead. Sick him, Lun." Into a fight they go. Around on the grass—snapping, biting, growling—under the locust trees, down into the creek. "Boy, I like to see dogs fight. Have 'em fightin' about every Sunday. Neither one of them can whop."

"House is ready."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Well, it ought to be worth about fifty cents."

"No, it is worth a dollar at least."

"That's mighty big money for a little job like that. But if you think it's worth it I'll take it."

"Lum's got the best of Lead. Got him by the ear and split it like you'd took a knife. I stopped them right there. I had my ear split once with a man's teeth and I know what it is even for a dog to stand."

I meet Charlie Holmes and Fad Holmes. Charlie is six-feet-six. Fad is six-feet-four. We go to the Mill Pond and swim. Fad will say, "Now Charlie, you know what Ma told you. She'll use the limb on you if you slip off and go to town."

We walk eight miles to a town of three hundred. We fish together in the creek. We grow quite chummy. "How far you been in school?" Fad says to me.

"I've been teaching school before I came here," I say to him.

Then he says, "You don't look to me like no damn school teacher."

Charlie says, "You look more like a man that come through here once workin' for the Government and cleaned the Canyon out. Them fellows are right over in Nashville in the pen now except them that took through the brush like a bunch o' wild horses."

During the pretty sunny Tennessee days I go out on the hills and watch the squirrels. They come so close above me in the trees they knock the bark down in my eyes. The birds sing and nest in the tall green chestnut-oak timber. Snakes crawl in the grass. Flowers bloom among the rocks. Wild roses are thick as the hair on a dog's back. I often say, "I have never seen a country quite so beautiful." I put my letters in a mail box, sometimes many as twenty of them. Some of them go to Ireland and some to England and many go to nearly every section of the United States. I watch the mail man get them out. He looks them over. Then he pulls them out of the bag and shows them to Mr. Holmes. Perhaps he shows them at other places.

There is a grapevine telephone in this community. When I go to the river to swim, a girl comes out on a high front porch built on stilts by the swinging bridge. It is built above the reach of river backwater that gorges between the two mountains. She says, "You are the boy that lives in the cabin back up the crick and you send letters to England and Ireland and to Washington, D. C." She is a tall blonde, rather nice to see.

"How do you know what I do and who I am?" I say to her.

"That is just what we wonder, Stranger. You come right up there in the crick the other day and set on a rock and took paper and pencil from your pocket. You wrote something. You looked right over there toward Steve Meeder's, didn't you?"

That is true. I did sit on a stone and look toward a house, and wrote a poem.

Was she in the grass watching me?

Was she spying on me? I am a mountain man. I am in a mountain country. Damned if I understand it all. These are different mountaineers to my own people. She is a pretty girl. Why is she interested in me? Why is she getting next to me?

"Just what do you do? What is your work? What are you doin' here? You ain't got no wife with you. You're livin' alone up there in that cabin sendin' out all kinds of letters. What's them Holmes boys doin' runnin' around with you? You wear good clothes."

"If it is any of your business I teach school," I say. A little girl comes out with a pink ribbon on her hair. Her blond hair is curled. She has a rubber ball. She bats it with a stick. I catch it and throw it back to her. She laughs. She takes the stick and throws it at a striped-winged butterfly sucking on a wisp of hollyhocks growing by the wash kettle. The woman on the porch looks at me and then she says, "Mary, you come on in this house or I'll whop the panties off'n you." I walk on toward the river.

On my way to the river I find a church house by the road. It is old and ugly with battered, knife-carved walls, broken windows, and glass shattered on the floor. Birds build in the eaves. Below it is a stream clear as a looking-glass where water bursts on the rocks into pockets of foam white as a sheet. Ferns mangle the earth beneath the tall shadowy cool-looking beech trees. The white belly of a sycamore peers forth and there are many cottonwoods intermingled with the green, dense, heavy vegetation. One can hear the wind in the cottonwood leaves and tell they are cottonwood trees without even seeing them.

I meet a man driving sheep up the road and he sings:

> A whistling girl
> And a flock of sheep
> Is the best thing
> A farmer can keep.

The sheep prance and baa-baa as they go past the church house. The man turns and looks back at me after he has gone past. Every time I look back to see if he is looking, he is looking and he turns his head so I cannot catch his eye.

I go back from the muddy river, edged in tall sycamores, entwined in poison vine and filled with treacherous swirling mountain water. Something is strange about the place. No one is friendly but Holmes' family. People look at me strangely. They ask me strange questions. Kirby comes to see me every other night. We talk about this and that. He brings me books. I loan him books. As I go up the road I see a place where a house once stood. Rose vines are red with June blossoms. An old chimney stands in a black cloud of pretty young corn. I stand here and wonder. "What has become of the house?"

A man comes up to me and he says, "I'm old War Horsley. Live down here on the crick and I farm this corn. What is your name, Stranger?"

"My name is Shan Stevens. I'm from Kentucky, living up here in the cabin across from Holmes'. I've been down to the river."

"I have heard of you. You are the boy that sends letters to England and Ireland and to the President of the United States."

"Not to the President of the United States."

"Walter Fortner told Press Hix and he told Issiac Meadows and old Issiac told my boy you did."—"Well, I do not."—"You send them to Washington, D. C."

And now says old War, "People here ain't livin' like they ought to live. We got one token here that shook the earth. The next will be the end of times. It will be the trumpet, and the dead will rise from their graves and the livin' and the dead will mingle except them possessed of the Devil and they'll be burnt up like a pile of brush. A cyclone hit right down here in these mountains and blowed that house smack dab away. Best people in the neighborhood. Killed them. They's all that was prepared to go. The Lord was fair. He's givin' these weaked people a chance. That house, when it

blowed plum over there to the river, it killed a slew of 'em. Two got out all right. But it got five. People ain't livin' right here any more."

"And that is what happened to the house," I say.

"Yes," says War Horsley, "yesterday a pretty whitewashed house and to-day only a few logs left and corn growin' where the house used to be. That is the work of the Lord. Are you right with the Lord? You can't be right with the Lord and earn your livin' the way you do."

I leave War Horsley. Wonder how he thinks I earn my living? Wonder if he thinks because I wear a white shirt that I do not work nor have ever worked. He really insulted me, the old sucker. But how could I sock an old man with one foot in the grave and the other ready to slip in? He really said things that did not concern him in the least.

I go back to the Cabin and Mrs. Holmes comes over and says, "We have decided to charge you twenty cents a meal if you don't think it's too much. And if you think that is too much, you set your own price. Come right on over and eat with the children." The Holmes children are a sturdy bunch of children. We eat and laugh and talk. Old Charlie and Fad can put away the green beans and cornbread. And when Charlie asks for more bread Fad will say, "Where are you puttin' all that bread, Charlie?"

To-night we go to church down in the church house by the swinging bridge. Fad, Charlie, and I go. We go down past the corn patch where the house was blown away, down under the tall sycamores, past the old houses by the side of the road with wells in the front yards and roses by the gates. We can hear the water in the creek moan. It is a lonesome place. Something about the quiet that gets under one's skin. Something that keeps calling one back. The old familiar music of wind in the green brush and rose vines keeps calling one back. "The church is right down yonder," says Charlie.

"Just around this bend and we are there." He does not know that I have already found the church and the old graveyards in the community. We hurry down the path and cross the swinging bridge that rocks like a willow tree in the wind as we cross.

Boys lurk beside the house and look in at the windows. There are more on the outside than on the inside of the house. Boys sit on the long benches inside with their arms entwined about their lovers, blue-eyed, blond-haired, tall, lithe mountain lasses. There are the dingy lamps hanging on the wall. The moths flit about the lamps like swarming bees. They roll over and over and don't get anywhere. "Got a big crowd here to-night at the singin' and the church. Everybody's turned out on the Creek." I go in the house and sit down. Fad sits down beside me and Charlie goes up and sits by a girl. Boys stare at me from the bench seats and from the dark windows. They look at me, but it is only because I am a stranger. They act so strange here. They look at me and they look at one another. Then they kindly grin, whisper, and look again at me and then at one another.

A tall, lean, snake-eyed, mop-headed fellow comes in the house and he puts his hand on my shoulder and he says, "Is your name Shan Stevens?"

"That's what they call me," I say.

"Come outside," he says, "a fellow wants to see you out there."

I know what they used to mean in Kentucky. When a man was called out he was either knifed or shot. Here I am without a gun, knife, or rock. I am going out. I get up and the crowd watches me go. Some grin. Some laugh. I am met at the door by three fellows. Two pull long pistols that gleam in the moonlight. Another pulls a hawkbill knife.

"Tell me what the Goddamn hell you're hangin' around this country for!" he snarls, his beardy lips like a dog about to bite another dog. "You are a Goddamn spy for the Government, that is what you are. You are spyin' on the Canyon," says the fellow, short and

stumpy, with a block, slate-colored face and glum wooden eyes.

I can see his knifeblade broad like a butcher knife and hooked at the point like a sickle. That could go through my stomach like cutting hot butter with a pole ax.

"Well, fellows, you got me foul," I say. "I haven't got a chance. I am not a spy. I am not a stool pigeon. You are wrong. But I'll fight either one of you a fair fight. If I whip either one of you I'll fight the second man a fair fight."

"They ain't going to be no fair fightin' to this. We aim to put you out of the way and not bruise our knuckles."

"You'll have to put him out of the way over my dead body," says Fad Holmes as he comes running up. "He's not a stool pigeon. Do you think my mother would cook for a stool pigeon and wash a stool pigeon's clothes and clean his house? This fellow is a schoolteacher from Kentucky. He's all right."

"How does he live and never work? Wears white shirts and good pants and goes around here in a dream lookin' over this country. Somebody dynamited the Mill Pond last night, and the Miller said it was that strange fellar that lived in the Cabin."

"I set off a couple of firecrackers there last night to scare the old man," says Fad.

Fad and I don't have anything to fight with. We walk away. We go down the creek that flows white in the moonlight and we gather us a good flat rock apiece to hold in our hand and maul with, a couple of good round rocks for our pockets. We claw the moss off of them so we can throw them straight to a skull.

"This fight is not over," says Fad, "for I know them Horsleys. Dick Horsley was back of it all. We'll be waylaid goin' home to-night. There are two roads back. One is to climb the mountain and take the railroad back. The other is to go the way we come to-night."

We go back up to the church house to show we are not afraid and the glum-eyed fellow says to me, "Three days for you to leave this country."

"I'll leave when I get damn good and ready," I say. He looks at me. I can see him talk to the other boys. They get together. We see them cross the swinging bridge and get a good lead on us toward home.

I wear a white shirt and white pants. "My clothes will be a flower pot for their pistols," I say to Fad. "Wait just a minute." I pull off my shirt, wet it in the creek, wad it up, and stick it in my pocket. I do my undershirt likewise and put it in my other pocket. I take mud and rub all over my pants. I am not a target now for their pistols.

"Let's take the same road back we come," says Fad, "they're thinkin' that we are goin' to take the other road. They're waitin' there for us."

We go back the county road. We have to go one road of the two. It is a chance. We meet or we miss. We do not speak. We go quietly. We watch with searching eyes the dense clumps of sycamores. One mile surely by now. And we go under the long shadows of the sycamores. We walk under their heavy foliage through thin shadows and massive shadows. We do not know what lurks there, maybe three men whose intentions are to kill us. Now we have come to the corn patch where the old house used to be. We are close to the Cabin.

"We are out of the dangerous place," says Fad. "They won't do nothin' this close to my home. If they'd been goin' to do anything they would have already done it."

We are home now. Fad goes to his shack and I go to my cabin just across the creek from him.

I hear to-day that they waited for us on the railroad. War Horsley told Ike Burton and he told it to Sam Fields and Sam told it to Rick Holmes. Sam says, "Rick, your boy will be disgraced forever here. He upheld for a stool pigeon or they'd got rid of him last night. He's here watchin' the Canyon."

And Rick says, "He's all right. Do you think my wife would cook grub for a stool pigeon and wash his clothes for a hundred

dollars a shirt? We ain't harborin' no stool pigeons."

I fix my cabin against any attack. I hear they are going to run me from the Cabin. I go to the store and bring in a fresh supply of coffee. I get paper to write on. I get all the little supplies I need. I get me a wire and fix it across the room enough to catch anyone's feet who comes into the darkness in the room. I tie a bunch of cans on one end of the wire. The cans will rattle at the head of my bed when the wire is touched. I get me a hickory club and put it by my bed. I intend to stand up beside the door that I leave open for a trap and I intend to make my club go farther than any pistol. I intend to get them as they enter the door. That is the only way they can get into my room. The window blinds are down at night. They cannot tell where I sleep, and all the doors are locked but the door leading to my room and the front door. They are left open. I hope they do come after the way they talked to me. Kirby comes and he says, "If I was you I'd leave and not have any trouble. They think you are a stool pigeon."

My vacation days are over. Time is up for me to move on. I stay three days longer to see what they are going to do. Rick Holmes has a rifle. Charlie and Fad are armed and my fight is their fight. And they are with me and I know it to the last drop of blood. They know that I am not a stool pigeon. I wait for the trouble. Let it come. They talk of coming, but they do not come. I do not go down the road any more toward the church. I understand some tactics of fighting. Strange bullets often come from unseen hands. It is not all open warfare in the hills. I have had blood kin shot and my blood kin have shot others. No one comes. It is very quiet. I am ready to tear up stakes and ride back past the Canyon on my way to Kentucky.

Kirby comes and gets me. We throw the old battered trunk and the suitcase and the typewriter into the old T Model. We pack a sheaf of poetry in a box and put it in the top part of the trunk. We are ready to move on. And we move off the creek the way we came where the honeysuckle hangs over the cliffs like white flakes of snow. Chug. Chug. Chug. Chug. Steam pops from the radiator. "Had many a good time in this lizzie, ain't we, Shan?"

The train pulls in at Lockwood. It is a long black-snake train. It goes in a hole under the mountain. Like a snake through a hole, it comes out in Kentucky. "So long, Kirby. Come and see me."

"Don't guess I'll ever get as far as your part of Kentucky."

"Well if you ever do, come and see me. The latchstring will be hangin' at the door. You'll be welcome."

I can see behind me the soup-bean colored dust and the guinea-egg colored dust meeting in tiny clouds over the Canyon and mingling. I can see the cedar tops and the wild roses. I can see the grapevines running through the cedar tops. And the Canyon fades into a dark hole under the bright blue wind of a Tennessee June. The black-snake train crawls for a hole in the mountain.

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION

PART II. TOWARD THE NEXT BEGINNING

BY H. G. WELLS

This is the second of three installments in which we present (in somewhat abridged form) Mr. Wells's latest work. It is built on a curious plan, for it purports to be a summary and critique of a ten-volume treatise called *The Anatomy of Frustration,* by one William Burroughs Steele. In the first installment, which we published last month, Mr. Wells outlined the early part of Steele's argument somewhat as follows: All religions, all human aspirations, are efforts to defeat death, to achieve immortality—either personal survival after death (which Steele declares to be a primitive form for the aspiration to take) or "merger-immortality": identification of ourselves with something which can endure. Of all the numerous forms of "merger-immortality" (identification of ourselves with our family, or community, or caste, or country, or fellow-religionists, or fellow-proletarians, or what not) the best form, declares Steele, is identification of ourselves with all humanity. Other religions and creeds are partial, incomplete; they clash with one another and thus often lead to bitterness, war, frustration; this one alone opens "a vista that can remain an open vista." Now in this second installment Mr. Wells carries on his critical summary of the argument of Steele's imaginary treatise, discussing the inadequacy of the codes by which men now live their emotional lives, and showing how Steele calls for a New Beginning.—*The Editors.*

As we proceed, it becomes evident that the *Anatomy of Frustration* is mainly a study of the struggle of those ideas which, however much they may be distorted or disguised, are the gist of all our religious, social, and political desires — (1) self-merger in a world order, (2) participation in an unending research and adventure, and (3) the attainment of a personal, shared, and re-echoed happiness —against frustration by that dark undertow of unformulated or disguised impulses which still supplies a great part, and possibly the greater part, of the directive force of human conduct.

So the next phase in the *Anatomy of Frustration* is a political, economic, and social psycho-analysis both of the individual and of the specific man (overman) of which the individual is a specimen and part. It is a correlation of one's declared purpose with one's real behavior, and of our collective protestations with our community activities.

There is nothing partisan or doctrinaire in Steele's use of the generalizations of psycho-analysis. He follows no "master," he belongs to no "school." He draws upon Freud or Adler or Jung as it suits him, and he finds no necessity to adjudicate precisely upon their differences. He treats their terminology not as an exact scientific vocabulary, but as an accumulation of penetrating and inspiring metaphors which illuminate rather than define. The psycho-analysts have opened our eyes to the artificiality of our rationalized conceptions of ourselves and our social relations; and that, for Steele, is the supreme importance of psycho-analysts.

In accordance with his endorsement of the generalizations of psycho-analysis, Steele delivers his attack upon frustration along two different lines and at two different levels. One is an intellectual attack, a close examination, a scrutiny, of the relations between our rational con-

scious scheme of intentions and the unlit drives of behavior of which we are only now becoming clearly aware. And the second part of Steele's attack consists in practical applications of the ideas exposed and clarified by this intellectual attack.

The essential purpose of all law, all discipline, all training, he says, is the enthronement of a clear general purpose above a subjugated and directed subconsciousness. The objective of education is the control of dividing, contradictory, and dissipating impulses.

Incidentally, Steele devotes some passages of unrestrained contempt to what he calls the "natural virtue" schools of such educational "progressives" as Neill and his associates. Education, Steele dogmatizes, is a mental readjustment; it is essentially a release from instinctive inhibitions and a restraint upon instinctive impulses.

"I live in an age," says Steele, "when my assertion that morality is the dominating frame within which behavior must be constrained will not be very acceptable. The present is a phase of greatly relaxed conduct, people have probably never 'let themselves go' to such an extent as they do to-day; there are people who exalt such spontaneity almost to the level of a principle of action. The reader may be more or less infected by such suggestions and so loth to agree that the way out from the confused frustrations and intensifying dangers of the present lies through the imposition of a moral system and of laws controlling conduct more detailed and penetrating than any that have been observed before."

Yet we are not without evidence that the prevalent impatience with discipline is tempered in many instances by a craving for stringent rules. There is agoraphobia in the normal make-up; men can be afraid of their own freedom. The adhesions that constitute the beginnings and essential vitality of such organizations as the Communist party, the Fascists, and the Nazis manifest a spontaneous recoil from chaotic living. The instinctive desire for freedom in the normal human being is balanced against a real desire, which may even become a passionate desire, for consistent collectively effective living. This craving for consistency, however, is plainly a less primitive and universal urgency than the instinct for freedom. Regulations may come and go in human affairs, but insubordination and rebellion go on forever.

Then, illustrating his case by a voluminous array of instances, Steele indulges in one of these paradoxical arguments which are so characteristic of his thought. The present enfeeblement of authoritative moral injunctions, he declares, is due to our increasingly urgent need for them. Outworn codes do not work, makeshifts will not work, and we are impatient with their futile restraints. Confronted with conditions that are continually increasing in complexity and scope, we find the systems of morality and justice that were good enough in the cruder past no help to us at all. It is not that we have abandoned morality but that morality, as it has been understood hitherto, has broken down under us. It is not sound enough nor extensive enough. It has not developed with our need for it.

This is something that cannot be too loudly and frequently asserted. Among the multitudes of peoples who are "going lax" in the modern community there are numbers of others who are trying, often quite desperately and violently, to get back to some real or imagined ancient virtue. They "lunge backward" at morality. "Duty and Discipline" movements, Fascisms, and so forth are saturated with this impulse toward a convulsive revivalism. They are harsh because they are intensely urgent. The strain of artificial effort, the fear of not "holding it," release deep founts of cruelty. These discipline and obedience movements are misguided and hysterically harsh, but there they are. They are natural responses to an imperfectly apprehended necessity.

Steele compares these reactionary

moral movements to people who are taking to the boats from a sinking liner and then, terrified by the roughness of the seas about them, fight to go back to the doomed yet comforting hull they have voyaged in so long. Every age of enforced change has these phases of moral panic, and he cites a score of authorities from Tacitus onward, to show the parallelisms of the Roman breakdown.

II

From such scholarly exercises Steele turns to make a vehement onslaught on the "barbaric" moralities of the past and in particular on the Ten Commandments. As a moral basis, he declares, these last are fantastically inadequate. The respect with which they were treated by the teachers of our youth has warped our judgment about them. We see them transfigured by the pyrotechnics of Sinai. We dare not see how limited and silly they are. As a basis for a working modern morality these stone tablets, relics of the Stone Age, are "about as much good as a nursery rhyme or any other folk-lore fossil."

As a beginning for righteous economic behavior, for example, "Thou shalt not steal," he declares, is hardly more helpful than "Simple Simon met a pieman, going to the fair." The latter jingle indeed does "put a certain debatable stress upon the importance of a cash guarantee before delivery."

Steele makes a jumble of posers to illustrate the difficulties of a modern man anxious to do well, anxious to play his part as a helpful cog-wheel in the human ensemble, faced by the solemn insufficiencies of our open lattice of laws and sentiments and moral "imperatives." What do the Ten Commandments tell a man about doing good work for low rates or selling specious bad work on a rising market? May he speculate in staple supplies? May he corner necessities? What have the Ten Commandments to say about veracity in salesmanship—about revealing unsuspected defects to an unwary buyer? Have they a word of reproach or approval for the miser?

Is a voter right to consider his private interests at the polling booth? What is a man's whole duty to his children? Must he pay taxes to an upstart government? When is he justified, or is he ever justified, in resisting the law? Is a life spent mainly in sport better or worse than one spent in scientific research? What are we to do about passive resistance to warfare—or about passive resisters? And so he goes on in a sweeping survey of the endless "open questions" of our time.

What *good,* cries Steele, in a sort of refrain after each "open question," are your old Ten Commandments for that?

Modern conduct now is hardly more than unsystematized casuistry; much is pure wantonness without an attempt at excuse. You may supplement the vast inadequacies of your code with pious sentiments, nice formless sentiments, "things of the spirit," that will not have the ghost of a chance against the subconscious drives they will attempt to control. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," he quotes, and asks: "What sort of form may that not take in the actions of a man untrained in veracity and self-criticism? It assumes you have the immense imaginative power needed to reverse your role. And in an unjust situation what you do to a man and what he would like you to do to him may both be thoroughly wrong."

How can our modern world escape frustration, he asks, when great masses of people think they can shape a satisfactory scheme of conduct on such antiquated, patched-up, and entirely insufficient standards? It is like hoping to carry a torrent of motor traffic along a mountain mule track. But how can we have anything much better than our present collection of antiques and makeshifts until we sit down and work out the conception of the duties and reciprocities of a social organization with at least as much thoroughness as that with which

the parts and purposes of an engine or an industrial plant are worked out? Or to choose perhaps a better simile, how can we know whether a part of a living body is functioning properly or needs treatment and correction until we have something like an idea of the general physiological process?

From which survey of our moral confusion and distress, our inability to impose any systematic direction of conduct upon the impulses from the subconscious that drive us, Steele presently emerges in his own fashion, with the explanation that all this is inevitable in a state of social readjustment like the present. The old order of a patchwork of states and communities dissolves all about us—their morality dissolving with them—and until the new world-order becomes plain before us, we must, whether we like it or not, flounder for want of a moral code in a wasteful and dangerous miscellany of motives. Humanity is in labor and will be worse before it is better. A modernized moral code and a world social organization are reciprocal and you cannot have one without the other.

III

One of Steele's most frequent words, used always in a condemnatory sense, in his discussion of human relationships, is "piecemeal." We are always, he says, trying to detach questions from complicating issues and work them out. We make them manageable and calculable by making them over-simple. That may be helpful at times, provided we do not mistake a convenient step in thought for a final and practical conclusion. No doubt there was a certain justification for the classical mathematical problem about the logs and the elephant's task, in which the solver was permitted to "neglect the weight of the elephant," but no practical end was possible until the weight of the elephant was brought in. In our social and political discussions there are neglected elephants everywhere. We are all in a state of "flustered dogmatism" because of the unacknowledged presence of these exasperating animals.

Steele is very emphatic that we cannot discuss money without a general theory of property, that we cannot discuss property without a general theory of economic organization, that we cannot discuss economic organization without a general political and social ideal, and that we cannot have a general political and social ideal without a comprehensive conception of human ecology.

To-day we as a species are thoroughly at cross purposes, mainly because we will not go back to fundamentals but will persist in beginning anywhere in the air at our own sweet will and so doom ourselves to disagreement. That is why so much of our discussion about money, for example, in spite of our realization of its urgency and importance, seems so infinitely wearisome, futile, and silly, and why most of it is saturated with an almost Marxian bad temper and bad manners.

"I assume the world community," says Steele, "subject to general ecological laws. I cannot discuss money and property in relation to any more restricted community. I have massed my reasons for doing that and I cannot see why so many people who deal with finance and economics generally evade and ignore this necessary foundation assumption. Everybody you trade with or plunder or pay tribute to or even set barriers against is, if only as a pressure from outside, in your economic community, and has to be brought into your scheme. It is a pedantic imbecility to ignore that."

You cannot have a property-money system by itself—leading a life of its own—any more than you can have a heart and circulation leading a life of its own. You cannot begin at the City or the Treasury or the ghetto and its practices as primary. The circulatory system depends upon all the other organs in the animal to which it belongs and upon the scale and extent of the entire creature. The circulatory system of a crayfish is quite different from that of an oyster or that of a man. The property-money system of an isolated is-

land or a hidden kingdom can have only the remotest resemblances to that of a wide-trading world empire. The property-money system of a state striving to realize communist formulæ is necessarily different fundamentally from that of an autocracy or an individualistic democracy. The whole of the parts belong together and are one.

He goes on to a further exposure of this current vice of "habitual piecemeal thinking."

It is, he declares—and proves it by a vast chapter of quotations—one of the strangest things in the history of Socialism that for the better part of a hundred years socialists have advocated the most drastic alterations and limitations of the conventions of property and have refused persistently to face the complications of their problem, due, *first*, to the role of money and monetary manipulation in abstracting and liquidating ownership and bilking the worker through the varying value of his pay, and, *second*, to the impossibility of expropriating private individuals or modifying the current tradition and methods of production and distribution without a concurrent development of a new type and a new morality of administration.

Socialism, says Steele, never produced a trustworthy coin for the worker or a "competent receiver" for expropriated capital. The nearest approach to a new money that the Socialist movement ever made in its long hundred years of mentally evasive incubation was the Labor Notes of Robert Owen—after which it dropped the subject altogether—and the nearest thing to an administrative organization it ever evolved was the Communist Party. This was essentially a revolutionary organization, a conspiracy, secretive and quasi-criminal. It was more so, Steele thinks, than it need have been. It was an organization quite unfitted for the candid control of a great modernized community, and to this day the government of the Russian republics, in spite of the lingering hope and enthusiasm of their first release, is dark and conspiratorial in its character because of the complete inadequacy of the positive conceptions of Marxism, and because of the consequent drift toward disingenuous intrigue and the stagnation of a political oligarchy.

Why did Socialism never round off and complete its proposals? Why did it leave these things to go wrong? It began with a real magnificence. It started with the bravest intimations of a new world order; it was the inspiring idea, the creative hope of a century. Hundreds of thousands of lively minds made incalculable sacrifices, toiled and risked death in the hope of bringing about Socialism, until at last that long parturition culminated in the birth of this obdurate Eastern monster without eyes or ears. Why did it happen like that? asks Steele. Why did Socialism persist in incompleteness and end in an abortion?

The answer, Steele thinks, lies partly in the exigencies of militant propaganda. Socialism went into action from its beginning; it was put forward as a complete project long before it had had any chance of maturing. It was rushed into a premature offensive by impatient and shortsighted men. This necessitated vulgarization and simplification; complexities had to be ignored and difficulties denied. It had to be made easy for the beginner. It had to be made plausible. It had to produce catchwords and slogans. It had to lock up its brains in its campaign. "You stop thinking," Steele throws out, "when you begin the hunt for disciples." And after a time these strategic suppressions, these deliberate avoidances, became sacred, became orthodox.

The impatience of the careerist mingled with the impatience of the wholesale proselytizer in this early fixation of Socialism. Energetic men to whom the normal channels of ambition were denied wanted to cut a figure in a new revolutionary drive. They perceived the attractiveness of the suggestions of the Socialist formulæ, and they wanted to exploit that attractiveness with an un-

complicated directness. There were to be no poor and no one at a disadvantage. What more need be said in an age of universal suffrage? To qualify or criticize was enfeeblement of effect, sabotage, downright treachery. It would mean having to wait and reconsider instead of getting on.

The long chapter which Steele calls "The Quintessence of Socialist Biography" is a quiet lake of pure vitriol. He never lapses into invective; he prefers juxtaposition to comment. He takes life after life, personality after personality, restricting himself largely to quotations from the spoken words of the poor galaxy of premature "leaders" that Socialism has evoked, or to the dreadful naked succession of facts in their careers. He dips them into his tranquil acid and they come out shrivelled and black. He has something like kindliness for Robert Owen and a slightly ironical approval for John Stuart Mill. A very honest man, he says, and then adds, almost as if he were thinking aloud, "if he had been a hen he would have laid a small very good egg, very carefully and precisely, about once a year." He is amused by the Decorator-Socialists, "Morris and Co.," slighting to civil service Socialists, and gay with the "antic-socialists." The nearest approach to a Socialist hero, the man who wilts least in the solvents of his scrutiny, curiously enough, is Friedrich Engels. But Engels benefits by having Karl Marx as his foil. It is a moral rather than an intellectual rehabilitation. To Marx, Steele is merciless; but then, after a few brief years of delusion, a whole world which overrated Marx is now finding him out—the essential snobbishness of his hatred of the bourgeoisie, the pretentious crudity of his social psychology, the hocus-pocus of his "dialectic," and the phantasmal nature of his "proletariat."

For the reader familiar with English politics, Steele's survey of the rise and decline of British Socialism makes interesting if uncomfortable reading. It is a pitiless scrutiny of mental shirking and secondary motives, and it loses nothing of its effectiveness because of the apparent charity of Steele's deliberate style. He devotes particular attention to Ramsay Macdonald, because his life spans the whole story of political socialism from dawn to twilight. He is made the demonstration rabbit to show how a great hope may be frustrated. He is stewed gently in the eulogies of the loyal and devoted Mary Agnes Hamilton, blended carefully with quotations from his later speeches; he is stewed without ebullition and he is stewed to very dismal rags.

"Let anyone who is without sin among you cast the first stone," quotes Steele abruptly. "I am not throwing stones at these straying pioneers to the Socialist utopia. What is the good of throwing stones at them? Nothing can ever bring them back. They are lost men. I am just picking up a few stones and turning them over in my hand—not casting them at all. They are not missiles; they are paving stones. I note, because I am obliged to note, the surface of that slanting road down which Socialism stumbled to its present frustrations. . . ."

It is no good to pretend, as the Communists did, that you have only to clear away one "system," the Thing that Is—the Capitalist System or what you will—in order to find another and better one ready-made underneath. That is just "the damnable inheritance of Rousseauism."

There is nothing underneath any social structure but a site. Every social order is a complex of artificial arrangements sustained by voluntary or forced agreement.

Every principal part in the world machine must be designed. The property-money system must play in with the system of production, with the educational system, with the organization for the extension of science, with the transport organization, with the biological controls. These must all be proportionate one to another, interacting with one another and modifiable in relation to one another. They must be correlated by "conditioned

conventions." And all such structural conventions have to be supported by moral training and legal restraints.

Socially serviceable finance, for instance, is no more instinctive in the natural man than aviation. He has to *learn* to live financially, to "play the game" in this field. He has to learn, and he has to see that by law and rule his fellows also learn, to play that game. By nature he is something of a bully and a rebel; he has to *learn* to be a restrained critic of and collaborator in education and government. His disposition is to be an indolent parasite, with an occasional impulse to do unwanted work at the wrong time; childish unhelpfulness clings to him as he grows up, he will be disposed to cheat, he will be disposed to shirk at the slightest intimation of restriction; he has to *learn* his general economic duty and be broken in to his special role in productive work and cooperation. He has to observe not Ten Commandments but ten score, and to adjust his code consistently to a complex of new occasions.

So far the human mind has never planned with that much thoroughness nor learned to that extent; and that, says Steele, driving it home, is what is the matter with us all.

IV

From his study of those hand specimens of human insufficiency, the Socialist leaders, Steele leaps forward to vast generalizations.

I can indicate here only the cardinal points of this planetary excursion. With a certain plausibility he asserts that the three or four centuries up to and including the career of Alexander the Great saw an expansion of human possibilities and human ideas as great as anything that has happened in the past hundred years. It was an advance beyond all precedents. It was like light and people coming into a darkened room. Thought broke frontiers; writing and money, however small their effect at first, became definite international forces; systematic history, progressive knowledge, political scheming began. Buddhism was the first universal religion, finding receptive minds everywhere. The idea of human unity under one ruler or under one God or under one cyclic scheme took shape. Then it was that the coming world community was conceived.

There has never been a generation in the world since in which somewhere men were not carrying on toward that end, adding something to the project, pressing along some new line of hope. He gives separate chapters of shrewd sketchiness to several of these futile storms of creative urgency. He follows modernist ideas in his estimate of the roles of St. Paul, Mithraism and Egyptian religiosity, in the frustration of the universality of Jesus.

Finally he arraigns one of the most debatable texts in the New Testament. "I would like," he says, "to know about the man who wrote in that text about 'rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's.' He must have been a nice politic soul and very anxious to see Christianity getting on in the world. He would have worn a court suit with the rest of the Labor members if he had lived eighteen hundred years later. A Jesus who could dodge away from his own Kingdom of Heaven like that would never have died on the cross." For indeed in that Kingdom of Heaven he proclaimed God was all, and Cæsar and his coins as subject to righteousness as Dives or Lazarus.

Then Steele turns to the frustration of democratic revolution in America and France. Here again were two associated phases when the endlessly thwarted and endless hopefulness of men broke out and yielded much generous living, much fraternity, and honest social rectification before it faded out again in face of the uncharted immensity of its task. It had not taken the septic possibilities of property and money into its calculations—among other omissions. It was more

"piecemeal" even than its successor, Socialism.

"The Moscow Frustration," as Steele tells of it, is a study in the deterioration of yet another blazing star of hope. The soul of Bolshevism was suffocated mainly by its own protective police and by strategic intolerance. The Bolshevik leaders were so preoccupied, so unprepared, and overworked that they could not scrutinize their police. They had to trust somewhere; and they had the urgent man's fear of an open, delaying wrangle. Suppression grew rank under their feet. They would rather keep on the wrong course than risk the loss of élan involved in a halt for consultation. They did not realize the danger from within; the secret slackening and deterioration when the bracing inhibitions of criticism are withheld.

All this part of Steele's work is very incomplete. These chapters are mere schemes for studies in modern history. Apparently he intended to call in help to fill in his outline of human disappointments. If he had been a multi-millionaire he would, I think, have endowed scores of special chairs in the science of history. As distinguished from mere factual arrangements, it is indeed a new science. I think he is inclined to be over-critical of Russia, just as he is too harsh with poor old Marx because of some subtle strain of disappointment in this direction. He is angry at their inadequacy and imperfection—because in some respects they come near being right. They made his sensitiveness to frustration most acute.

The point Steele stresses in all these cases of a fresh start is that essentially they failed through incompleteness, and through that intolerance and incapacity for modification and assimilation which arise out of impatience.

V

Steele is so far forgetful of his own urgency for simplification and lucidity that he nowhere gives a synopsis of the Next Beginning which is to synthesize all the creative social conceptions that mankind has so far accumulated. But to the attentive readers of his voluminous *Anatomy* the shape of his intentions is perfectly plain. I am trying to make a bare statement of it here, to make Steele as clear as I can to those who do not know his *Anatomy*.

Here of course there is no panacea, no final dogmatic Plan. It is the attempt of one man to envisage the present complex of creative desire and impulse in the world, and the present possibilities of realizations. It is a report upon current initiatives rather than a plan. It is a clarifying summary, not an innovation.

And first it is to be noted how plainly now the political unification of mankind frames the Next Beginning. The two Beginnings that preceded our own time, democratic republicanism, the last but one, and Socialism, the last, did indeed both glance at internationalism, but in an "idealistic" and subconsciously hopeless manner. They then sat down to the promotion of "national" revolutions. It needed propaganda by radio, the hum of the airplane, and the fear of gas warfare to teach even progressive thought that the world has now, in plain fact and law and intention, to be made one. The Next Beginning must be inevitably a world scheme. It must be a scheme for the production and distribution of all staple requirements throughout the whole earth. It must be a planetary economic plan with a universal theory of property and payment. It must involve one common monetary method because *in an organized economic life there can be no general individual freedom without the method of cash payments,* for these alone can liberate men from the slavery of payment in kind.

It must provide a system of world directorates for these common interests and it must insure that these directorates work in an atmosphere of adequate criticism, and are in some way, direct or indirect, made responsible for their conduct to the general intelligence. This basal

material organization must be explained to and understood by the whole world; an understanding of the social life of the species must be the main objective of a universal education, and the service and protection of the world commonweal, the primary form of moral training. This primary unity must determine also the hygienic and biological organization of the world. Religious life must conform, on its social side, to the requirements of this world-civilization.

That, I think, states the essential form of the Next Beginning as Steele conceived it. World-civilization is its objective. But since human affairs are not at present cast in this form, it is necessary to supplement the statement and elaboration of the concept of a world-commonweal with a complex, studied theory of revolution. All the intricate balances, thrusts, and conflicts of our present fragmentary organization of life furnish and encumber the world arena in which the Next Beginning has to manifest itself, and they have to be dealt with intricately and variously in the struggle toward a synthesis.

Steele puts himself into violent contrast with Communist or Fascist or Christian in his vigorous repudiation of the idea that any single organization can undertake such a fusion and reconstruction. The frustrated initiatives of the past have begun, he says, as "teachings," as cut and dried statements of objective. And by the sheer inflexibility of this style of beginning their frustration also began from the start. But every day the Next Beginning will admit it has learned something, and qualify, extend, and write into its creed. It will grow and change as a living being changes, remaining always itself. It will always be the Next Beginning making way for the Next Beginning. It will deliver its attack not in a phalanx but in an unending series of waves—as science does.

Modern science has been so profoundly and permanently revolutionary because it set about its work with no revolutionary intentions whatever; and the Next Beginning, unlike any of its predecessors, must be saturated with the spirit of science. "World menders" have all belittled science hitherto because it had none of that vehemence they mistake for vigor. Now they learn better. Bulls may charge with their eyes shut, but not men. Freedom of statement, freedom of discussion throughout the world, is of as much importance to humanity as food or clothing. Advance easily—in open order. If ever any restraint whatever is put upon babble, clamor, and incitement in the new world, it must be done in order that voices may be heard, not that voices may be silenced.

He is very insistent in his sixth book that the organization of world unity involves the evocation of world controls, differing both in structure and function from any existing government. This is one of his dominating ideas. He will not hear of a Parliament of Mankind or a World President or anything of the sort. It is, he says, "the easy preliminary pitfall" for the mind which first seeks to picture a world commonweal, to conceive it as a large-scale replica of existing state governments.

Existing governments, he explains, have been evolved as militant directorates concerned primarily with the aggressive and defensive application of force. But in a world-pax the employment of force will be largely a reserve resource of the general police, and the main functions to be discharged by world-wide directive organizations will be economic, financial, and informative. These conceivably can arise through federal agreements among existing governments. The old governments did not originally concern themselves with economic, monetary, or biological interests, and when they handle them, they handle them clumsily and contentiously, with a bias toward their subordination to militant policy. They are not built for the job, and manifestly a world combination of them must be even less fitted for the job. They must be prepared to delegate their authority to a federal council of a dif-

ferent kind, an *ad hoc* organization for the new job. It is not necessary to abolish existing governments, therefore, unless they are directly resistant to world organization. They are beside the mark. Their world function will be to sanction. They will fade into functionless traditions as a new non-militant type of federal world organization takes their place and supersedes their significance.

The role of the subject of any government who wishes to forward and participate in the Next Beginning is not, therefore, to attempt to destroy his own or any other government, with the idea of substituting a raw new one, larger and similar, but to do his utmost to render it amenable to the development of an economic-financial-educational federation of the world. If a particular government has to be destroyed forcibly in that process, and some may have to be destroyed forcibly, so much the worse. It will be an unfortunate necessity and it will leave a scar. World civilization is not antagonistic to existing governments except, and in so far as, and while, they are antagonistic to an organized world economy. But in so far as that antagonism is marked and deliberate, loyalty to world civilization and its progressive organization must override any formal political loyalty. Governments which control or suppress research, discussion, or truthful non-malignant propaganda are plainly governments in insurrection against that world civilization which is already demanding the loyalty of every rational man.

Advancing behind the propaganda of these framework ideas, Steele sees the Next Beginning taking the form of a multitude of political and organizing movements for the establishment of a number of world-wide or almost world-wide directorates and controls. These movements may go on almost independently, linked only by their planetary range. In spite of all contemporary appearances to the contrary, Steele believed that it is not merely possible but urgent that in the various fields of health, money, and credit, in the production and distribution of staple commodities, in transport, and particularly air transport, in standard of life, and police, cosmopolitan controls should come into existence. The stars in their courses fight against particularism in these matters.

VI

This peculiar and on the whole refreshing assurance of Steele's that there is only one right way of thinking about most of our contemporary problems, not only makes him write of this idea of his, of unification through the creation of a group of *ad hoc* federal directorates, as though it was the only possible idea for a properly informed clear-headed man, but also it makes him write in the same strain of assurance about the broad principles of economic organization. He is incapable of believing that there are men who can reasonably oppose the general propositions of collectivism, unless a subconscious craving for their personal profit, or some deep-rooted malice, blinds them to the logic of the case.

Private property with its flux, money, works as a contrivance for the adjustment of individual motives to the commonweal, whatever its origins. Steele cannot imagine that proposition questioned; and he rides on from that to a shrewd analysis of the different types and classes of private property, both those that have to be recognized and protected in a modern state, and the broader sorts that can work efficiently only when they are vested in a "competent receiver" operating in the collective interest. He jeers at "absolute socialism." He says that men and women who can sit down to a serious discussion of "socialism versus individualism" are fit only for institutional treatment. Socialism is always a matter of degree. Progress toward Socialism can be only progress in the organization of the competent receiver and in the exacter definition of private property.

His determination to discuss money

only as a part of his general theory of property is implacable. He would set very definite limits to the use of money. Only for very definite kinds of property should there be "free sale." For food, clothing, adornment, transportation, and shelter, Steele would allow practically "free purchase"; almost every other kind of acquisition from a pet dog to a mountain valley he would make conditional on a more or less completely defined "proper use." By a reorganization of distribution and a development of public stock-keeping—a colossal extension of the post office, so to speak—he would squeeze deliberate acquisition for resale, passive non-manufacturing ownership for monetary profit, that is, out of the category of permissible things. Appparently he wanted to tariff and control all distributors from the shipowner to the barrow man. He is very hostile to what he calls profit by "interception"—meaning very much what the Bolsheviks, in their age of virtue, used to mean by "speculation."

The establishment of "a lucid science and statement" of property-money is as integral to the Next Beginning as the establishment of a lucid conception of a world commonweal. The realization of that science and that conception, the conversion of that knowledge and that idea into material and living reality is "the general business of mankind." What other general business can there be? It is the formal aspect of new religion, the modern Islam.

To this you must give yourself, because there is no other right thing, to which you can give yourself. And give yourself you must if you are to escape mortality.

(To be continued)

GEORGE THE FIFTH

BY JAMES HILTON

King George was a good man. There is no better epitaph for a king, and there are few rarer ones. The world was full of royalty when he came to the throne, glittering royalty, saber-rattling royalty, bedizened, beribboned, and belauded royalty. But King George, even as a young man in uniform, always had the air of being a quiet, dignified civilian. Twenty-five years swept by, twenty-five years during which world changes moved into the highest gear of which history has record. By the end of them the idea of kingship (with a few small exceptions and one great one) had petered out into exiled exhibitionism or mere yesmanship to dictators. The great exception was King George of England. He was still the quiet, dignified civilian, safe on his throne, equally far from the necessity of pawning jewels in Switzerland or making a lecture tour in America. He was respected as no English monarch had ever been before. Queen Victoria, in time of peace, had been called pro-German; upon King George, in time of deadliest war, the fact that he was the arch-enemy's cousin had never cast the slightest impugnment of his wholehearted national loyalty. During King Edward's time there had been a developing, if academic, movement in favor of republicanism, a movement which the King's temperament did nothing to quell among the more Puritan of his subjects; but under King George republicanism almost ceased to exist. Whatever was weakened during that tremendous quarter-century, the idea of monarchy in England was made infinitely stronger—and by a man who, when the tumult and the shouting of Jubilee Year had died, died himself as if "*Nunc dimittis*" were all that was left to say.

In common with ninety-nine per cent of his people, I never had the honor to meet King George. I never even saw him except when he appeared on a few formal public occasions. And it is a strange and sad irony that millions of Englishmen came nearer to him, physically nearer, when he lay in his coffin than ever during his lifetime. The urge to make that final pilgrimage was sincere and profound; for beyond all the superlatives of the professional superlativists, one felt that such quietness and dignity in a ruler was of a kind that is nowadays being driven from the earth.

There was talk last year of an English film to be made of the reign of King George. I don't know if it was ever made, or if not, why not, but an idea in it that was described to me worked out like this: There should be a picture of Hitler, taken from ordinary news-reels, showing the Führer addressing his regimented admirers through batteries of loud-speakers. There should also be a picture of Mussolini playing war-Juliet from his balcony to a hundred thousand Romeos. And then . . . a scene in Richmond Park at early morning, chestnut trees abloom in the spring sunlight, and an English king, the King of all the Englands, riding by—alone. No uniforms, no pomp, no parade of detectives,

no police cars, no photographers. Just a man in ordinary civilian riding-clothes out for his morning exercise. And then, as he rides, he passes another man—a laborer walking to work; for Richmond Park is a public place, anybody can go through it. And the two men, the King and the workman, take off their hats to each other and pass on.

II

There is something to be said for royalty on merely psychological grounds. So many of our modern enthusiasms, from the latest political nostrum to the latest dance-tune, are not much more than skilful orchestrations of national hysteria. On the screen and by radio we manufacture mass-feeling which singles out a few fortunate (or unfortunate) human beings for pedestal-positions; which, in effect, means that they think they are on top of the world while all the time the world is really on top of them. From being idols, they soon discover that they are really targets; and sometimes a thing may happen to them which smirches the whole soul of a nation. Now the advantage (if there were no other) of royalty is that it affords a permanent canalization of this radio and screen-fed hysteria, and at the same time, by linking it with tradition and age-old ceremonial, makes it less hysterical. Thus in England, though we produced (if you will pardon me for mentioning it) the first men who ever flew the Atlantic, we so promptly ignored them afterward (barring a couple of knighthoods) that to-day their names are unknown to the average Englishman. We had in the then Prince of Wales an experienced full-time Public Hero Number One and we had no need of another. (I do not mean this disrespectfully; I am merely summing it up as a sociological fact.) And actually the Prince, because of the permanence of his position and the tact that was born with him, never incurred the worst penalties of mob-mania. There were always times and places where, by one of those mysteriously tacit allowances of which English life is full, he was let alone. I have lunched in the same restaurant in London, and it was a point of honor with everyone, patrons and staff alike, to pay him no particular attention. We felt toward him (most of us being writers, actors, publishers, and other caterers to public taste) as toward some illustrious fellow-professional; and we respected his off-duty privacies as we would have wished our own to be respected.

In some public place or on some public occasion our attitude would have been different. We should have cheered or taken off our hats with an emotion curiously controlled; as when the London theater-goer stands stiffly to attention during the first three lines of "God Save the King" but is glad that the orchestra doesn't as a rule go through the whole verse. Patriotism in an Englishman is an emotion which he likes to conventionalize into a symbol, not because it means so little, but because it means so much. On rare occasions (several of which have happened during King George's reign) the convention snaps like the breaking of a safety-fuse; and then all England lifts to sudden flashpoint. But afterward, the emergency over, symbolism returns, ironing out the creases in a thousand difficult moods, giving us an imagined finger-touch of guidance to steer our way through the dark. We do not really believe that the King can do no wrong, which is part of the English constitution, any more than we believe that the world was made in six days, which is part of the Bible. But in an age in which comprehensible plans for the future (whether for five days or five years) are so often found to be at fault, the Englishman clings, with all the mysticism of the practical man, to the incomprehensible planlessness of his own heritage. He does not need to read much history to realize the hairline of chance that set King George, whose ancestors were minor German princelings, upon the throne of Westminster. The Englishman does not, in fact, read much history at all. But for

him the King is a symbol of all the greatness that has come out of the random past; something that he does not understand, but that he believes in, if not as he believes in God, at any rate as he believes in Luck.

And so when a king dies and all the symbolism is immediately transferred, we can think kindly of a man who has helped our belief, who has kept up the incredible pretense at a time when so many credible realities have crashed. A too-clever king might have scoffed, a too-great king might have pretended too much. But a quiet, modest, and deeply conscientious Englishman did the job to perfection.

Of that job and its extent only the historian—and not yet—can make assessment. The world of 1910 is like a receding pinpoint of light viewed from a tunnel through which our train is still racing; another moment and we shall have lost even the gleam of it. For we can see now, even if not until now, that the War did not really end in 1918, that its major problems are still unsolved, and that 1919, when the clouds seemed to lift awhile, was perhaps the saddest year in history. We can see victory as no more than a successful rearguard action in an unfinished struggle; and we can sense the need of miracles to preserve kindliness and tolerance in a world that is becoming more and more implacable. Throughout all this eventfulness, of significance too huge to be exactly measured or suspected, England has swung to left and right to meet every challenge. How long it can go on, God alone knows. But the reign of King George saw it still in progress, the equilibrium still sure; so that, with an imperial first cousin exiled and an imperial second cousin murdered, he himself to the day of his death had no moment's fear of his own countrymen. Even in 1926, when the miners' strike precipitated the General Strike which Mr. Lloyd George (writing articles for American newspapers) took to be a prelude to bloody revolution, a less exuberant observer might have noticed a well-known name on the list of subscribers to the Miners' Relief Fund—that fund which many Englishmen at the time were labelling treason-money. The name was that of the Prince of Wales. These things are apt to happen in England. They are so far beyond argument or reason that Continental critics can be equally excused for thinking the English either excessively stupid or gifted with Machiavellian far-sightedness.

III

On the late King's personal adherences it would be an impertinence to comment —except to repeat the general belief that, unlike his son the present King, he inclined to the political Right with all the honesty of the country squire which, in private as opposed to public life, he seemed to be. If this is true it is not remarkable; and whether it is true or not it does not greatly matter. The English have always liked their Tory squires and they will like them still more in retrospect. And, anyhow, there is no country where it matters less what you call yourself than in England, where a man can already admit to being a Communist in the same tone as he might admit to being a Presbyterian. And the truth remains that the only occasion on which the King's personal adherences declined to take their proper background was one on which, in the light of history, he seems to have been entirely right. It was a year after his accession, when the Liberal Government, wishing to put through an Irish Home Rule Bill that would have led to civil war, sought to force the King's prerogative to create new rubber-stamp peers sufficient in number to pass the Bill in the House of Lords. There are few English statesmen to-day, of whatever party, who do not feel that (quite apart from the merits of the particular crisis between Lords and Commons) this was an unwarrantable straining of the Constitution, and an altogether unfair ordeal to impose upon a new monarch. That he emerged from it with dignity and without incurring personal enmities augured well for a

reign which, in point of fact, never again gave him problems which he did not face with the sympathy and goodwill of all his people. Henceforth his troubles were the nation's, and the nation's were his.

They were big enough—bigger perhaps than those of any English monarch since Elizabeth. Into those four years of war were distilled and concentrated such forces as are still exhausting themselves; for if Europe's older men bear them in their memories, Europe's younger men feel them in their bones. We can never be the same in our attitude to the future; for the thing that makes 1910 seem most like a million years ago is the fact that in those days intelligent people could, and did, forecast the complete impossibility of a world-war. To-day the figure "1914" catches the European eye with the tug of a thousand agonized recollections; and in England many of them are linked with the image of a sad, bearded figure in a military greatcoat who reviewed troops, went to France and was injured by a frightened horse, inspected munition-factories, and pinned medals. Those who remember Colonel Repington's Diary with its evidence of the blithe spirit that animated certain fashionable English folk while their countrymen were being slaughtered, will realize how much it matters that English royalty during the past quarter-century has not led the ultra-smart set. Even the Prince of Wales has been gay with a difference. There was, indeed, a flavor of country-gentlemanliness about Buckingham Palace during the late reign—an attribute easy for the wits of the town to joke about, but immensely popular and respected among the people of England as a whole. The time is past when rakishness can be admired in kings, though it may still be pardoned in princes. And the result of the somewhat rigid moralistic scrutiny imposed by the Palace upon all connected with it was not a bad thing: it prevented royalty from being identified with Mayfair. American visitors who confine themselves to the West End of London can expect to understand England just about as much as the Englishman who spends a few weeks in a Park Avenue hotel can expect to know America. The real England is in the villages, in the mining areas of Lancashire and Durham, in the London suburbs that are within an hour's bus-ride of Westminster. And in these places, by unemployed workmen and poorly paid artisans, by office clerks and badly-off professional people, by Nonconformist church-workers and left-wing socialists, by all these differing and different people a great many actors have been cast for the role of villain—the capitalist, the banker, the politician, and the man in dress clothes; but there was one man against whom you very rarely heard a word—the King. In peace and in war he had done his best, and the feeling that this was really true, and not just what had to be said about him, spread through the lanes and streets of England like a kind of continual whispered rumor. By all the tests that kindly folk apply to themselves and to one another, George the Fifth was a good man.

Of late years he had been growing old and his public appearances were fewer. After his severe illness seven years ago, from which recovery was as near a miracle as medical science can show, he had perforce to live an easier and less busied life. But there was still something he was able to do that no King had ever done before; and that was to speak to all his subjects the world over. The yearly royal broadcast on Christmas Day had just time to become a tradition before he died, and there can be little doubt that the present King will continue it. And it is typical of the trend of English political thought at the present day that the immense power of radio should be harnessed to the service of the Crown (which is to say, of imperial and national unity) rather than to the politicians of any party. For the Crown, as the symbol of such unity, is destined to grow more and not less important as the British Empire adjusts itself to changed conditions. There was a time, perhaps, when to an enlightened thinker the republican system seemed as

if it must inevitably supplant the royalist in all civilized countries; but now we realize that the likelier alternative to monarchy is not republicanism, but autocracy.

It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which recent history has increased, not so much the legal as the dramatic status of the King of England. The fall of other monarchies has made his position unique; fascism and communism alike have made fashionable the idea of personal allegiance; the decentralization of British Imperial government has strengthened the spiritual bond of which the Crown is the sole figurehead. All these changes have taken place during the reign of George the Fifth. From mid-Victorian days, when the Queen was personally and politically unpopular, the stock of British monarchy has been continually rising until, in market parlance, the present day sees it at "a new high." Doubtless much of this is due to world events, but much also is due to the character of those who have occupied the throne—Edward, the man of the world; George, the man of his people; and the new King who perhaps, in a slightly different sense, may show himself a man of *The* People.

When news of the King's death reached them, most Englishmen all over the world must have looked back on their own lives during the reign, and grief for the one was doubtless intertwined with memories of the other. Twenty-five years ago is a long while. I was a boy then, and I remember my father coming in from a walk one May morning to say that Edward the Seventh was dead and that George the Fifth was King. It seemed as odd at first to have a George the Fifth as it does now to have an Edward the Eighth. It was indeed an odd world altogether—a world in which the earliest flutterings of airplanes had already tempted Foch (of all people) to forecast that the flying arm could never be anything but a toy in warfare. And the Suffragettes, you remember, were slashing pictures and setting fire to houses; and the hobble-skirt (and even the harem-skirt!) was agitating the conscience of all right-thinking people; and all the people of those days, right-thinking or not, were soon to plunge into a storm of blood and misery in which skirts and even votes for women would seem equally unimportant!

For the funeral of King Edward there arrived an immense concourse of European dignitaries and crowned heads, including Wilhelm of Germany; and at this funeral, immediately behind the coffin, walked the late King's little terrier, which made Wilhelm the Second remark to someone afterward that he had often been asked to do strange things in England, but never before had he been expected to walk behind a dog.

Yet there were stranger fates in store for him; and one of them was to outlive the new King and to send a dignified telegram of condolence on his death from a little place called Doorn, in Holland. "Now why Doorn?" one can imagine him asking in 1910, could this fragment of the future have been revealed. "Why should I ever be at Doorn?"

Why do the nations rage, and their peoples imagine a vain thing? It may be that the new reign will be marked by events on a scale and of a character as yet inconceivable; it may be that some swift development, in science or politics, may change the face of the earth. But the epitaph will stand, in the history-books of children and in the hearts of men—that George the Fifth was good.

AMERICAN LABOR LEADERS, 1936

BY EDWARD LEVINSON

THE house of organized labor is rent by discord. The reason is this: there are 3,045,000 workers in the ranks of the American Federation of Labor. There are approximately 36,000,000 organizable workers in this country who do not belong to unions and who, at present, have no place to go. What is to be done with these millions?

The sources of this discord—industrial unions versus craft unions—go far back. An industrial union is one which embraces every man or woman in an industry, no matter what task he performs. The United Mine Workers of America is such a union: miners, pumpmen, electricians, stablemen, carpenters—every man working in or about the mine—belong to this single organization. Mine labor—aside from rebellions within the union or secessions—thus presents a solid front. A union of this type is ideally suited to modern industry where most workers do a part of a job—tightening a bolt on an assembly line, for example. A craft union, on the other hand, is one which enlists only those who do a specific job—say the machinists. This union may enter a plant, pick out the machinists and organize them. Other employees may be organized in other craft unions or not organized at all. There is no co-operation necessarily between various unions which have entered this one plant, and one craft will remain at work while another is striking. Frequently two or more crafts will claim jurisdiction over the same worker and, unless the claims are adjusted, will involve the helpless employer in a strike.

Two generations ago there arose an American labor organization, the Knights of Labor, which espoused the principle of industrial unionism. It flourished during the eighties and had some success, once even bringing Jay Gould to his knees. But its organization was chaotic, it wasted its strength in co-operative schemes and at length collapsed. With its collapse the principle of industrial unionism was given a complete, if undeserved, black eye.

The triumph of craft unionism was due in large degree to an immigrant cigar maker named Samuel Gompers. A determined enemy of the Knights of Labor, Gompers felt that the strength of the skilled worker lay in organizing by crafts. It was the day of the skilled worker; Gompers was one himself. Mass production and the straight-line process were unknown. Corral the skilled of one particular craft into a union, Gompers urged, and the workman was in a position to negotiate. To the devil with the unskilled and unorganized, forget social and political questions; let the workman concentrate on his own hours and pay and incidentally make his union hard to get into.

Gompers succeeded in his design and in 1886 there was organized the American Federation of Labor, an association of autonomous and self-governing craft unions. From that day until his death in 1925, with the exception of a single year, Gompers was the president of the Federation. His policy attained a great measure of success for the crafts and there

grew up round him a hierarchy of hefty-paunched labor politicians with big watch chains and the eternal cigar. The presence in the Federation of the United Mine Workers and several other industrial unions made an anomalous situation, explained only by the fact that the unions in question were too strong to be broken up or parceled out.

The years rolled on and Gompers grew old and grizzled. The number of skilled workers declined; the whole face of industry changed. But the old Federation set its face against these changes; it became a senile institution, administered by men much interested in proprietary rights, in salaries, expense accounts, and the dues that made these possible. Gompers, despite his narrow vision, had some intellectual power and could grapple with an idea. His successors inherited the constricted vision but not the intellect. They were, almost without exception, of slight caliber. Some were energetic and rapacious, some were indolent and their rapacity correspondingly clumsy, some were small-time routine business men helpless and terrified in a crisis. The membership of the Federation began to fall, its strength dwindled. Then the depression struck the country and, with the subsequent establishment of the NRA with its labor provisions, hundreds of thousands of men who had never belonged to a union and for whom there was no union began clamoring for organization. Then it was that agitation for industrial unions took on new force. Because of threatened interest and lack of understanding, most American leaders were hopelessly incapacitated for dealing with the situation. It is this agitation that is at present battering at the weakened props of the Federation.

The focal point of the battle is John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, and the leader of those unions upholding the industrial principle. Following the example of his own industrial union, which is also the largest in the Federation, Lewis proposes simply that the craft unions surrender their self-arrogated and never-enforced jurisdictions over the many unorganized and few organized workers in steel, automobiles, radio, aluminum, rubber, and cement, and that the workers in these industries, largely machine-tenders and semi-skilled, be permitted to band together in new, industry-wide unions. Only thus, does Lewis argue, can these workers be won for unionism, and only thus can they present closed ranks to the concentrations of capital which have for years placed the divisive craft-union structure at a disadvantage. Lewis says he will leave the present craft unions undisturbed if they will surrender their paper claims to the unorganized millions.

Paper claims! Unorganized millions! The very words cause the elders of the A. F. of L. to quiver with rage. For they know that the slightest move in this direction jeopardizes their control of the Federation. Lewis to-day has the support of 1,028,000 trade unionists, as against 1,802,000 for his craft foes. The enrollment of 400,000 steel workers and 450,000 automobile workers in the Federation behind the leadership of Lewis would shift the balance of power. Furthermore, the policy of trade-union imperialism whereby one strong craft union draws into its sphere of influence other and weaker crafts would be smashed. For almost forty years the craft leaders have ruled their roosts, and have diligently taught their members that the change which Lewis proposes would involve a threat to their jobs from new unionists. The open-shop steel industry is a monument to these craft policies of jealousy, exclusiveness, and fear of unorganized labor.

Now the thing they dread has happened and the craft heads are fighting for their political lives.

II

If the contending leaders could be gathered round a table, grouped for a photographer, the contrasts would be instructive. On the right is William L. Hutcheson, his huge frame well filled out,

proof of a fondness for beefsteaks and beer. Clamped between his teeth is an excellent cigar. It is he, the boss of 200,000 carpenters, who constructs the underpinning of inter-craft deals, the hotel-room horse trades by which jurisdictions are parceled out and withheld. Beside him is his yoke-fellow in arms, Daniel Joseph Tobin, Irish-born boss of 137,000 teamsters. He has a paunch too, but is not so tall. Like Hutcheson, he is a dictator, but he has a skill in swathing his dictation in sentiment and blarney. How moved he is when he recalls the dear departed, how effective on a platform when he beseeches the A. F. of L. founding fathers, the spirit of the illustrious dead, to hold up the unsteady hands of the living craft unionists.

There is a long resolution to be drafted in good English, and so the scholars of the A. F. of L.—John P. Frey and Matthew Woll—are present. Frey is tall and straight for his sixty-five years; Woll is squat, florid of face, and fifty-five. Frey is conservative in business man's gray; Woll is wing-collared. On the table in front of Frey repose several thick volumes, including the full minutes of the 1881 convention of the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions, and a copy, with supporting arguments, of the charter granted by the National Forge of the Sons of Vulcan to its Paducah, Kentucky, local in 1863. Thus equipped, he is ready to play his accustomed role, to decipher the scrolls, producing ancient precedent for modern problems, and historical allusions sufficient to revive old fears and mistrusts. Woll, trained for labor leadership by a law course, is ready to connect the precedents with the current dangerous trends of Communism and to combine all in correct and stilted verbiage.

At the extreme end of the arc from Hutcheson is the abomination of the stand-pat unionists, John Llewellyn Lewis. The cold gray eyes of the miners' chief gaze with disdain on the circle. Woll is speaking. Lewis does not face the rest, but glances over his shoulder. Bushy brows and heavy jowls make caverns for his eyes. His head is surmounted by a generous crop of banked, black hair. Reading left to right from Lewis, there would be David Dubinsky, the young leader of 225,000 garment workers, rough-edged of language and shrewd enough as a politician to choose the right time to fight. Beside him is Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, until recently outcasts from the A. F. of L. Neither he nor Dubinsky has the girth or the jowls of Hutcheson and Tobin. Both discovered socialist economics in youth, but trade-union administration rather than political activity has absorbed their interest. The fourth of the Lewis supporters in the picture, the tall thin man with the sharp bespectacled face, is Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical Union.

Last of all these worthies is the presiding elder who sits in the center, his head cocked in the direction of Hutcheson. His soft hands are peacefully arched on the table, his stomach slightly rounded, his face pinkish in contrast with the ruggedness and pallor of Lewis. William Green, the president of the A. F. of L., once a coal digger, appears to have been a long time out of the mines. His tailored clothes stamp him as one with a small city banker. Woll has finished with his warning of the danger of appearing to drift in the direction of Moscow, and Green, in gentle words, is supporting his point of view, spreading the oil of conciliatory righteousness while he does the bidding of the crafts which maintain him in office.

III

These are the surfaces of the personalities. The conflict over industrial unionism affords an excellent opportunity to probe beneath, to study the variations of opinion and of strategy which these men represent.

If the Messrs. Woll and Frey delight in resolutions and blear-eyed researches that uphold and glorify the ancient and hon-

ored dogmas of craft unionism, it is their colleagues, Hutcheson and Tobin, leaders of the carpenters and teamsters, who most vigorously translate those dogmas into action. But the dogma undergoes a curious sea change. You may fight industrial unionism to the death, but that need not prevent you from trying to snatch workers in other trades and incorporate them into your own union. And the reason is dues; dues-paying members furnish the sinews of war. If a structural iron worker can be technically declared a carpenter, so much the better for you if you are running the carpenter's union. To prove such a technicality may involve a ferocious battle, and it is in just such battles that Hutcheson and Tobin have won their spurs. "Once wood it is always the right of the carpenter to install it," says Hutcheson, "no matter what the material is." By degrees this labor boss has gathered in not only cabinet makers, mill carpenters, furniture workers, but members of the machinists' and coopers' unions as well. Nay, more; he has annexed bridge workers, brewers' longshoremen, metal lathers, and sheet-metal workers. Hutcheson is a genius at this business; he can make two carpenters grow where there was but one and if it were necessary he doubtless could find reasons why Jim Farley, the former gypsum salesman, or Frances Perkins might be called carpenters—provided they could and would pay dues.

Hutcheson is an autocrat inside his organization and runs it with the craft unionist's "proprietary interest" which President Green has endorsed. He allows a convention every four years, but by constitutional law anyone who so much as ignores the rap of his gavel is subject to expulsion from the session. His history includes some curious chapters. In 1916 in New York City 10,000 striking carpenters had returned to work victorious and with a wage scale of $5.50 a day. Hutcheson voided the agreement and signed a new contract with the employers for $5.00 a day. When the 65 local unions which were involved objected, he suspended all but the one headed by the notorious Robert P. Brindell. He then recruited strikebreakers. In Chicago in 1924 the unions defeated the Landis award, an attempt to turn the carpentry trade of the city into an open shop. Soon afterward Hutcheson signed an agreement embodying the terms of the award.

When he speaks—and Hutcheson can roar and bluster—he expects to be heard; his 200,000 members and his 2,000 votes in the annual Federation conventions are regarded with a good deal more than gravity. He is a Republican and supported Coolidge in 1924 after the A. F. of L. had endorsed La Follette. In 1932 he was chairman of Hoover's labor committee.

Between Hutcheson and his colleague, Daniel Tobin, president and lord of the teamsters, there is a deep spiritual affinity. True, Tobin cannot control as many A. F. of L. convention votes as Hutcheson and occasionally is forced to compromise; but he is stentorian in his devotion to the Gompers faith and as a spellbinder he leaves the carpenter boss far in the rear.

"To us was given a charter . . ." he declaimed in an indictment of industrial unionism, "and Gompers, McGuire, Duncan, Foster, and the others said: 'Upon the rocks of trades autonomy, craft trades, you shall build the church of the labor movement and the gates of hell nor trade industrial unionism shall not prevail against it.' "

No one belabors Communists more lustily than Tobin and he has a constitutional provision to bar them from his union. He seems to be less successful in keeping racketeers out. In November, 1933, he agreed to let the Cook County, Illinois, State's Attorney supervise Chicago teamsters' elections and pass upon all candidates for office. It will not do to imagine him as one whose heart bleeds for all those who labor. On the contrary, in 1934 he referred to the new Southern members of the United Textile Workers as "riff-raff." "We do not want to charter . . . good-for-nothings," he says, and meantime denounces strikes as "unholy conflicts," a

surprising statement for even a conservative labor boss.

As teamster-general, Tobin receives a salary of $20,000 a year, plus expenses, and is supported by six loyal vice-presidents who are justly rewarded with twelve thousand a year apiece, also plus expenses. A Democrat, Tobin was Roosevelt's labor chairman in '32—this caused no coolness between Hutcheson and himself—and expected to be appointed Secretary of Labor. True, to have given up the leadership of his union for a cabinet appointment would have meant a loss of five thousand a year in salary; but Tobin's considerate executive board meeting at Miami in the winter of 1933 decided that, since "he would like to go away somewhere across the water where he will not be bothered for a while by the political situation or by the work within the organization," they would pay his expenses for a two or three months' vacation trip. He did not get the job, though he was later offered a less important appointment, which he declined. Inside the union discipline is firm. There is no back-talk; Tobin is on the job.

We now turn to John P. Frey and Matthew Woll, the intellectuals, the thinkers of this group. Frey is the leader of the Molders and for years edited their *Journal*. Once a proud and vigorous organization, the Molders have gone to seed. Changes in industry combined with a flabby, wobbling policy have dragged this union down to a membership of 11,800 as against 57,300 in 1920. More recently Mr. Frey has given his efforts to the presidency of the Metal Trades Department of the Federation, a convenient catch-all for a number of craft unions. But here, too, something seems to be amiss. The Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, frightened by the success of an independent industrial union in Camden, New Jersey, opened its doors to Frey and his crafts—and its yards are still unorganized!

But that fact does not disturb Frey as a philosopher. He is, in truth, the philosopher of a movement that has no philosophy. Whatever may be granted to Gompersism as a practical, craft-union tactic for its day, no serious student can ascribe to it any long-range program or vitality. Yet over its dry bones Frey broods tenderly. He has been the researcher and historian of the A. F. of L., the delver in the cemetery of labor's dead hopes. He can rattle the bones of the Knights of Labor, denounce viciously Daniel De Leon's Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance—which vanished long ago—and he can take to task the I. W. W. with great bitterness.

When he approaches the present day Frey is less clear in his perceptions. One can get a perspective on the railway troubles of '77, but a general strike, that's another story. Still he apparently is aware of some social manifestations of the day, for he has detected a resemblance between the industrial unions Lewis proposes and the labor organizations of fascist Italy and Germany. A diligent researcher, Frey discovered in 1933 the interlocking directorates of banks, and presented this interesting fact as labor's explanation of the depression. His book on labor injunctions is almost exclusively a compilation. Until a few years ago, Frey's understanding of economics and labor's needs, profound though it is, did not lead him to favor unemployment insurance. He dislikes altercations and was upset by a reception he received in Butte in 1934. A strike was on, called by the Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, an industrial union. Frey went out to explain why certain craft unions had signed an agreement in behalf of the skilled workers, leaving most of the strikers out in the cold. To his great distress when he had spoken only an hour and a half, a motion was made to put him out of the room. According to Frey, the whole trouble was that the Butte miners hadn't heard a logical argument for years!

Matthew Woll deserves attention, not because he is an active force, but because at the early age of fifty-six, he is an

A. F. of L. tradition. He wanted to succeed Gompers as President of the A. F. of L., and Gompers smiled on the ambition. But when the Old Man died the executive council feared that Woll, being comparatively young, might prove too aggressive for the post. In 1925 they huddled at the Elks Club in New York City and picked William Green instead. One other candidate was considered, James Duncan, the seventy-five-year-old president of the Granite Cutters' Union. The only objection to Duncan was that his advanced age might necessitate the choice of a new president before many years. Green, it was decided, was fully as conservative as Duncan and would last longer.

Forced to play second fiddle, Woll has done the best he could. He became acting-president of the National Civic Federation, from which position he waged relentless war on the reds and provided Monday morning copy for indifferent city editors. He accepted the presidency of the International Sportsmanship Brotherhood, organized to co-ordinate the welfare activities of non-union employers. He devoted some time to the Workers' Education Bureau, threw Brookwood Labor College out of the fold, and reduced labor education to the innocuous point where its main sources of financial support are the Carnegie Foundation and John D. Rockefeller's General Education Fund. He gives more time now to his business, which is the presidency of the Union Labor Life Insurance Company, than to the labor movement proper. And an enterprising business it is. A year ago the company called for the celebration of "Matthew Woll's Birthday Month" during which it was to be the duty of the loyal laborites to subscribe to a policy with the company.

The truth is that Woll is through. At the last A. F. of L. Convention, he resigned his presidency of the National Civic Federation. The tremendous struggle now going on in the labor ranks will be decided by convention votes, and of these Woll's Photo Engravers' Union has very few. There is nothing more ahead. He continues to find a vehicle for his thoughts in the Hearst press and in the columns of *Liberty*—where he must suffer intensely the necessity of limiting his contributions to seven minutes, twenty seconds' reading time—and he has his mission to urge employers to save the nation "from impending social revolution." But that is all.

IV

Room now for the gentleman from Coshocton, Ohio, William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, inheritor of the Gompers purple, and most obliging of men. He has been called the diplomat of the labor movement; if he is, he is a diplomat without cunning. Lewis has been forceful and domineering, Green has been ingratiating. Up to the time of his election to the A. F. of L. presidency, he had offended fewer people at the top than any other leader. He is an Odd Fellow and an Elk, and a leading member of the Baptist Church of his home town. In Indianapolis, where Green and Lewis made their offices when both were officials of the United Mine Workers, the business men preferred Green. They called him more "human," a "better balanced person," more ready to listen to reason and persuasion. With these resilient qualities, Green has given the A. F. of L. the negative Gompers policies without the fire and wit of the craft unionists' patron saint.

Of his sixty-three years, Green has spent some twenty in the coal mines. Early in his manhood he became a district officer in the Ohio section of the miners' union. He soon graduated to the Ohio legislature, where the nicety of parliamentary relationships first gave him lessons in diplomacy and obscured the closer realities of economic life. The circumstances of Green's elevation to the executive council of the Federation are indicative of his progress. When John Mitchell quit the council in 1912, the place was offered to John P. White, president of the

United Mine Workers, with the qualification that he must take his place at the bottom of the list and become the eighth vice president. The miners' union objected, insisting that the second vice presidency, which Mitchell had held, was the only place on the council that would adequately recognize its standing. While the row was on, council members went to Green and, as a result of private discussions, prevailed upon him to accept the place at the bottom of the list. It was a start at any rate.

Green was an industrial unionist before his elevation to the presidency of the Federation; he is now the front man for the crafts. He was a dry before, and a wet later. For the rest, he might be considered an unusually articulate Babbitt with a minute deviation to the left, which places him far to the right of, say, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ. On his acceptance of the A. F. of L. presidency, Green announced he would "support the right and oppose the wrong." He has since endorsed "progressive conservatism"; spoken for a big navy at an exercise laying the keel of a battleship; told the cadets at West Point—where he was given honors equal only to those previously accorded Queen Marie of Roumania—that he was opposed to giving "unreasonable employers" the use of the military; pledged the aid of the A. F. of L. to Kerensky in his efforts to overthrow the Soviet government; and announced, on January 1, 1934, that the forthcoming year would bring an "approximate return to normal economic and industrial conditions."

Within the fold of the A. F. of L., until Lewis focused attention upon the organization of the unorganized, Green's diplomatic talents have been occupied with a year-round, year-in-and-out effort to keep peace between the warring craft unions. He has cemented peace frequently, only to find that his cement when it dried was dirt and water. He likes to disclaim the power that the prestige of his office gives him. Thus he pleads with the industrial unionists that he is powerless to do otherwise than carry out convention decisions. And at the conventions he remains silent. It was Green's unpalatable job to jam a limited charter and executive council control down the throats of the few automobile unionists whom the craft-union policy has been able to attract. He was not so fortunate when he tried to administer the same medicine to the Akron automobile workers. Similarly his persuasive talents were wasted on a convention of coke workers in New England. Yet Green continues to shoulder the burden without complaint. Personally he would prefer to compromise the differences; fervently, piously, he appeals to the spirit of labor unity. But something always seems to go wrong; his hopes are dashed. The Presidency of the Federation has lost influence during his incumbency, things are not as they might be; but still he has his job and that's a comfort.

V

And now, moving from the center of the group toward the left, we may inspect the leaders of the great rebellion now in progress. Lewis of the miners, Howard of the typographers, Dubinsky of the Ladies' Garment Workers, and Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are the insurgents; and Lewis ranks them all.

Lewis's is a strange story. See him sitting on a platform, his heavy jaw thrust forward, his stony gray eyes fixed, his hair like horns. When enraged he can roar like a bull. In some respects he is like an old-time actor. Nobody relishes a big scene more than he does; to get the center stage—and appear to hold it with main strength—and then set off elaborate oratorical fireworks is his particular pleasure. His vocabulary is orotund and there is no public figure alive who can wring the withers of our language as Lewis does. Sometimes the heavy forefinger is raised in solemn warning, again he waves his arms aloft in defiance of all the powers of darkness. A Kansas strike is referred to as an "embroglio" to the astonishment of

his delegates; he plucks his jaw and mutters "methinks."

During an NRA code hearing he took on Patrick Hurley, former Secretary of War, as an adversary. Hurley had once been a member of a miners' local; now he was arguing for the employers. "It is a source of pride to the United Mine Workers when one of its sons carves for himself a place in the nation," said Lewis, "but it is a matter of regret and shame when one of our number betrays his brothers—for thirty pieces of silver." Hurley, enraged, rushed down the aisle with a demand for retraction. With a nice eye for distance and with theatrical deliberation, Lewis turned to the stenographer. ". . . and betrays his brothers," he repeated. "Strike out 'thirty pieces of silver.' " These are examples of Lewis in action. Over a period of fifteen years he has been variously described as a master of dissimulation, a calculator of icy coldness, a betrayer of labor, and the savior and defender of the same.

Such contradictions deserve some analysis. By inheritance—so far as office goes—Lewis has always been an industrial unionist. His union, the United Mine Workers of America, not only claims but enforces jurisdiction over all men who labor in or about the mines. Yet he was, until two years ago, at one with the ruling group in the A. F. of L. in social blindness and lack of interest in the unorganized. And that's what makes the old guard in the A. F. of L. so boiling mad to-day. Once they all slept comfortably in the same bed, and now this bull of Bashan threatens to wreck everything.

Lewis was born in Iowa and, after fifteen years in the coal and metal mines, became legislative agent for the Illinois mine workers in 1910. After nine years in various labor positions he was elected president of the United Mine Workers. He has held the job ever since. He was damned for yielding to a federal injunction against the bituminous strike of 1919—he said he wouldn't fight the government—but got a 27 per cent wage increase for his men. In the 1922 hard and soft coal strike he insisted on fighting for the *status quo* and no more. His policy in subsequent coal strikes continued to be negative, and the miners' union began to slip. The non-union Southern mines were allowed to remain in that condition; the union in West Virginia and elsewhere went to pieces.

From a membership of 400,000 in 1926, the miners' union dropped to 150,000. Internecine wars and rebellions kept the union in convulsions, while Lewis busied himself with rough-shod politics, choking off protest and witch-hunting for Communists, as all his critics were labelled. When at last the NRA was proposed, Lewis's prestige within his own union and with the A. F. of L. craft leaders had sunk to a low ebb.

Then a change began to be visible. He showed no great passion for teamster Tobin's appointment as Secretary of Labor, nor did he, like the other craft leaders, sulk at the selection of Miss Perkins. The NRA offered him an opportunity and he seized it. He began patching up old feuds, he roused his organizers to action, he dispatched men to the Southern non-union mines and the "captive" coal pits of the steel companies. The miners responded to this treatment and to-day, out of 560,000 coal miners in America, 540,000 belong to the union and there is $2,225,000 in the treasury. The climax to all this bewildering activity was the 1935 convention of the A. F. of L. held at Atlantic City last October, where Lewis set the assemblage on edge with his defense of industrial unionism and his ferocious attack on the crafts. Before the convention was over he had knocked carpenter Hutcheson down in a fist fight and received a telegram from an enthusiastic member of Hutcheson's union: "Congratulations. Knock him down again."

How to reconcile these tactics with those pursued during the 20's is difficult if not impossible. Was it the desperate weakness of his own union that woke him? It is possible that his desire for

the broader organization of labor was induced, in part, by the fact that his own union is menaced at strategic points by the open-shop steel industry. He could see that the worst failure of the NRA, even before the Blue Eagle was extinguished by the Supreme Court, had been its failure with the labor unions. His own industrial union might indicate a solution, but such a solution meant a war with the crafts. He must have thought and calculated a long while, but he made his decision at last. And the war is on. What he and his associates propose to do is this: They will push the organization of industrial unions in the mass production industries—automobiles, steel, rubber, and the rest. If they succeed, one of two things will happen: Either they will control the A. F. of L. or form a new federation of their own.

With all their misgivings, progressive trade unionists and those who look to labor as an instrument of progress have rallied round Lewis. Despite the doubts, he is their hope. He has pushed Woll into a back seat and balked the red-baiters in the labor ranks. It took courage to denounce the Associated Press for its attack on the Wagner labor relations act, but Lewis did it. He is giving assistance, money, and advice to new unions; he has taken back into his own union, with no apologies asked, those who fought him most bitterly, including John Brophy, Powers Hapgood, and Adolph Germer. And, most important of all, he has definitely set himself against the hopeless dog-in-the-manger policy of the crafts and their attitude of to-hell-with-the-unskilled-and-unorganized.

It is possible that Lewis may rise to influence far greater than any obtaining in labor alone. A Republican all his life, he is to-day an ardent supporter of President Roosevelt. After election day he will owe allegiance to neither party. Many among his supporters hope that he will give his energy and prestige to creating a labor party. It is possible that he may become a major factor in contemporary American life.

VI

Closely associated with Lewis in the attempt to unionize mass production industries are Hillman, Dubinsky, and Howard. The organizations which they lead are among those which have done the most in asserting the right of labor to a voice in industry. Charles P. Howard is the head of the typographical union and has seen his following establish a more effective control of working conditions than any other union in the Federation. It happens that his is a craft union, and it is often argued that this fact is an inverse proof of the industrial unionists' basic contention. The highly skilled and completely diversified tasks of the printing industry demand craft organizations, whereas the semi-skilled and unskilled workers in mass production can never be so divided. Howard has steadfastly supported the position of Lewis and his associates, and none of them can argue the case for industrial unionism as clearly and ably as the typographical chief. He lost a chance to become a vice-president of the A. F. of L. because of his stand, and though his own union has no immediate stake in the fight, he is committed on the issue.

David Dubinsky alone, among the industrial unionist leaders, is a Socialist, though he comes to that distinction only by meeting the modest qualifications of the old guard section of the party. He is president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers. Sidney Hillman, head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, was a Socialist also in his youth, but he is given too much to a desire for immediate results to give serious consideration to radical politics.

Dubinsky is an organizing genius. His union is the third largest in the Federation and has managed to penetrate the most distant fringes of the women's garment industry. Italians, Jews, Negroes, Spaniards, Puerto Ricans, and small-town American girls are enlisted in its ranks. This organization has its own songs, slogans, and literature and spends more

money on labor education and recreation than any other union. Dubinsky escaped to America after a Siberian exile in the old days. He learned labor politics in the cutters' union, composed of the skilled key-men of the ladies' garment industry. The organization he now leads has 225,000 members, the unskilled members far outnumbering the skilled. It took a small revolution in 1934 to elect Dubinsky to the executive council of the A. F. of L., where he is considered rather an oddity since he is the executive of a large international and gets only $7,500 a year for it.

Hillman and his Amalgamated were kept out of the A. F. of L. for twenty years, outcasts beyond the pale. Back in 1914 his union of men's clothing workers revolted against the ossified conservatism of the United Garment Workers and struck out on its own. He came to attention through his brilliant leadership of the famous Chicago struggles of the clothing workers twenty years ago. He has been an active figure in a number of enterprises, is chairman of the board of the Amalgamated Bank in New York and a director of the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago. He had as much to do, possibly more, with the labor sections of the NRA than any other single labor leader. Dubinsky and Lewis took most advantage of them. The history of the origin of the NRA must give due attention to the hearings before the Senate Committee on Manufactures which Hillman helped bring about in 1931. It was then that Hillman proposed an economic council and a plan of industrial codes, though he wished them limited to regulation of hours and wages. The fair-trade practices he would have left to the Federal Trade Commission. For two years, most of the time as a member of the NRA's labor advisory board, Hillman shuttled by train and plane between Washington, where he gave his time to the entire labor movement, and the men's clothing centers, where he guarded the interests of his own union. Of the several leaders of labor called to the White House during the NRA period, few remained as long or were listened to with as much receptivity as Hillman. In the end his fear that business domination of the code authorities would nullify the labor safeguards was proven true. Never an extremist who fights for all or nothing, Hillman turned his attention to winning by the power of organized labor, through industrial unions, the gains which the NRA tried to accord by political fiat.

There is too much water over the dam for Lewis to turn back. Together with the leaders of the seven other large unions, he has formed the Committee for Industrial Organization, dedicated to the organization of the unorganized. The Federation executive council has ordered the committee to dissolve. Hutcheson wanted outright "discipline" of the rebels, but the compromising spirit of Green won a delay on drastic action. Meanwhile, the council has issued orders dividing the skilled automobile workers among the crafts, and has directed the new industrial unions of radio workers turned over to the craft International Brotherhood of Electricians. The members of the Committee for Industrial Organization have defied the "cease and desist" order, and a convention of the United Mine Workers has authorized Lewis to cease payment of the union's $47,000 annual per capita tax to the Federation whenever he so desires. A showdown is likely at the June meeting of the executive council.

Refusing to be swerved by threats of excommunication, the Lewis forces have started a movement which may transform American trade unionism. It may mean the creation of a new federation of labor, leaving the crafts to themselves, though this would not be accomplished except after a period of vicious internal labor strife. The immediate future may bring titanic strikes in the steel and automobile industries and, if they should succeed, a phenomenal growth of trade unions and labor influence throughout the nation.

MISLAID: A WAR

WHAT REPORTING IN ETHIOPIA HAS BEEN LIKE

BY WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

X APPLIED another daub of shoe polish to the side of the cook's head, adjusted the dirty bandage a bit more to the left, and stood off regarding critically the artistic effect of his work. From behind the high paling fence which surrounded the house and grounds came the high-pitched cries of the Ethiopians driving their overloaded donkeys to the morning market in Addis Abeba. Y looked up at the towering side of the mountain behind the house and wondered if they really would ever be allowed to leave the wide mountain bowl of Addis and follow the thousands of warriors northward toward the Italian front.

"O.K. Let's shoot."

The scene before them was supposed to represent a field dressing station for Ethiopian wounded. White-shamaed muleteers stood about in various poses. One or two men with rough bandages on their limbs and shoe-polish blood oozing from beneath were lying under the shade of bushes. A whiff of smoke pungent with the oil of eucalyptus trailed above the recumbent men. Y mentioned this to X, but he pointed out that the smoke was good; it would lend an air of realism to the scene.

So the two men shot the scene, canned the film, and wrote the caption: "120 feet, Ethiopian wounded being treated at a field dressing station. Crew X Addis Abeba." The negative went out by train that night on its way to Europe and America, where it was eventually released to the public as a war picture. The "wounded" got up, peeled off the bandages, and scraped the sticky shoe polish from their skins.

Two days before F and G had gone out to investigate and make pictures in the huge camp of warriors who had come in for a parade before the Emperor under the leadership of the chief Dejasmatch Machescha. It was considered a ticklish thing to go into these camps of people from outside Addis Abeba. Although each of the men had a press card issued by the Ethiopian Government Press Bureau, few of the natives could read or had any conception of what a newspaperman was, so that the cards were of little value.

F and G drove out in a car as far as the American leper hospital and walked the remaining two miles. Deeming it wise not to make too direct an approach, they circled and climbed a small hill which overlooked the camp and upon the summit of which stood a well-built house. As they were setting up the cameras and talking and watching the scene below, a sudden fight began between two men passing on a path. Using their staves as clubs, the Ethiopians fell upon one another viciously. The shouts and cries of the fighters and the piercing yells of the onlookers who had quickly gathered brought the women folk of the house out to see what was forward. They listened a few moments to the stream of Amharic and then rushed down to join in the fray.

Within a few minutes the native on-

lookers returned, leading one of the fighters with them. His face and chest and the front of his tunic were covered with blood which had gushed from a terrific bash on his forehead. Immediately seeing possibilities, F placed the man behind the wall so that he peered over it in the manner of a lookout and made excellent "close-up" shots of a "wounded" Ethiopian. The poor man's grimaces, the blood, and the hole in his head were certainly genuine enough. They would lend authenticity, although one cannot deny that russet shoe polish makes a most excellent blood. It has that dry sheen which caked blood must have to look genuine.

Does it seem outrageous that men sent to report the facts of a war should resort to such tricks? But it was an outrageous situation.

Some ninety of the crack journalists of the world and some of the most famous of the newsreel cameramen were stationed in Addis Abeba for months last autumn and winter reporting upon and making pictures of a war which, up to the bombing of Dessye, none of them had ever seen or heard. It is true that much of the news sent out by wire was, let us say, unauthenticated, and that many of the pictures were staged (though the majority, while not strictly war pictures, were completely genuine). But under the conditions which prevailed it is difficult to blame the men stationed in that impossible town a mile and three-quarters above the sea deep among the mountains of Ethiopia.

There is something peculiar about the altitude of Addis Abeba. Eight thousand seven hundred feet above the sea is a most difficult height at which to live. We puffed and huffed like hippopotami coming up for air. Several of the men had such severe heart attacks that they had to return to Europe. Walking up and down the steep streets of Addis left us gasping for breath. At night many of us could not sleep for the heavy weight which seemed to press upon our chests in the region of our hearts. We would awake choking and grunting with our hearts laboring mightily. Then for hours we would lie awake staring into the darkness, listening to the howls of the dogs prowling the streets and the melancholy whooping of the hyenas as they passed from backyard to backyard cleaning up the offal of the great town. Sometimes the Emperor's lions would roar from their cages in the two palaces in the center of town and the booming thunder would roll over the darkened city; the hyenas would fall silent and the hordes of dogs would change their howls for a crescendo of frantic barking. Lying in the dark, I could picture men and women awakening in their grass-roofed *tukuls* scattered through the forests of eucalyptus trees which constitute Addis Abeba and smiling in the blackness; for the roaring of lions meant that good fortune hung over the land of the King of Kings.

Thin air, boredom, fierce competition to become the foremost correspondents of a war which so far as any of us knew from firsthand experience did not even exist, and pressure from our home offices to "produce," brought about a situation which has probably never been equaled in journalistic history.

Because there was no real material with which to work, nerves grew ragged and men with years of experience behind them acted like little children. We forgot the war and degenerated into fighting among ourselves. Our spies and interpreters caught the feeling and they also fought among themselves, over affairs of which they were completely ignorant. We wanted to work, we tried, but there was nothing with which to build. So we faked and wrote "think pieces" and sat about, glass in hand, until something happened to break the monotony.

II

The entire situation was incredible. Excepting the Emperor and his immediate European advisers, there was no one in the Ethiopian government who had the faintest conception of the work which

the journalists wanted to do or of the enormous assistance which those men could give to the Ethiopian cause. For centuries Ethiopia's basic policy has been to fight whites and to keep them out of the country. The great mass of the Ethiopians are completely ignorant, unable to read or write, without knowledge of a newspaper and with no interest whatsoever in affairs outside their own country. They hate and fear foreigners. With the outbreak of the Italian trouble this fear and hatred was intensified. The fact that to resist invasion it was imperative for the Ethiopians to have external assistance in the form of military advisers and instructors, the fact that it was whites to whom they were forced to turn to find men to teach them how to operate their financial structure, to fly their airplanes, and to train them in the handling and firing of machine guns, only made this feeling deeper. With the exception of His Majesty and one or two others, all the Ethiopians in their hearts loathed and detested us foreigners.

When the first journalists arrived in Addis Abeba they found hideous lepers roaming the streets. The pack animals so common everywhere bore terrible running open sores on their backs which, when they were given any attention at all, were seared with red-hot irons. Overworked animals died in the streets and were often left to be eaten piecemeal by the scavenging hyenas. The stench of dirty bodies mingled with the rancid odor of the bad butter with which many of the natives dressed their hair. The journalists, fresh from the capitals of Europe, wrote dispatches about these sights and smells which resulted in Imperial orders to clean up the town, but which also developed an inferiority complex among the educated Ethiopians. A few of them tried to explain that their country was backward and that the journalists should take that into consideration. The journalists did this, but the feeling grew among the Ethiopians that we were all watching every move with critical eyes, ready to pounce immediately upon any mistake, and that we were in Ethiopia only to write messages which would hold the land and its people up to ridicule before the rest of the world. This fear of ridicule, the knowledge that there really was much to be criticized, the age-old resentment against whites, and the truculent, swaggering attitude of some of the journalists combined to produce a situation which made the securing of news almost impossibly difficult.

The warriors pouring daily into Addis by thousands came from parts of Ethiopia where whites had never or very seldom been seen. All these warriors knew was that, under old feudal law, they had been called out under their chiefs to fight and repel a white invasion. Through their minds was running constantly the memory of the first battle of Adua, in which some of them had actually taken part and in which they had killed and driven out thousands of white invaders. That the world at large was interested in their struggle to retain their ancient freedom, that much of the sympathy provoked in their favor came from the writings of the white men whom they saw in the streets of Addis, they did not know. They did not care, for the world to them was Ethiopia. The mountain ranges were the end of that world so far as they were concerned. All they knew was that white men were once again attacking their kingdom.

So everywhere we journalists went we were threatened, forced to bribe our way, thrown out, sometimes beaten. We could not speak the native language and thus could not argue. We had jobs to do; but when a bayonet is thrust into your face and you are hustled and ordered to leave there cannot be much argument. Complaints to the Emperor always brought relief, but it was not always possible to reach him, and constant complaining did not help our cause. At times it was unsafe even to walk the streets. It was never safe to leave the town, and we were forbidden to do so unless we traveled by train to some other town such as Harrar or Diredawa. The conditions were the

same in these other towns as in Addis—perhaps a little worse. In Harrar it was forbidden for any white to walk about the town after sunset. No journalist could carry a camera. One of the correspondents there was fired upon. Fortunately the bullet missed, but the act was a true indication of the feelings of the population. They hated us. When we made pictures they thrust spears into the lenses of the cameras; traveling the streets in cars, we were often surrounded by sword-brandishing, howling hordes of parading warriors intoxicated by the heady wine of fanatical chanting and mob demonstration.

Had we been busy and able to collect and send out news, conditions would not have seemed so hard. But for days at a time even the Emperor himself did not know what was happening on the southern and northern fronts. The antiquated telephone system stretching north from Addis to Dessye and on to Makale seldom worked effectively. More often than not the wire was down or broken or something was wrong with the switchboard. The wireless reports sent by the various commanders in the field through their portable transmitters arrived infrequently and were more often than not never issued to us correspondents. Every government communiqué was so violently censored before issuance that there was seldom enough news in it to justify the heavy expense of cabling. Hanging over our heads all the time was the knowledge that in the eyes of our home offices we were falling down on the job. The men at home could not picture the conditions. They only knew that news of the type which they wanted and had expected to get was not coming through. Day by day they saw the expense of keeping us in Ethiopia mounting higher and higher. They did not know of our difficulties and, quite rightly, they did not care. The job was ours to do. But it remained a fact, nevertheless, that no matter how hard we tried, how many persons we bribed, how many spies and informers we employed, there just was no war news.

Until December the sixth not one correspondent had seen any fighting, heard a bomb explode, or smelled the acrid stink of burning powder. Some of the date lines sent out read "with the Ethiopian forces in the south," and one said "with the southern army." These date lines were perfectly correct, but what the author failed to state was that the forces to which he referred were stationed in the city of Harrar. The fact is that for month after month we sat in the hotels of Addis, Harrar, or Diredawa or traveled on the train between, searching for a war which, so far as any of us knew from first-hand observation, did not exist. We saw thousands of warriors march into Addis to strut before the Emperor in magnificent displays of barbaric splendor and frenzy. We saw these men collect rifles and machine guns. Then they marched over the hills surrounding the city and we saw them no more. We schemed and prayed and begged to be allowed to follow. We wrote petitions and had personal interviews with the Emperor. To no avail. One or two men, impatient and restless, hired lorries and tried to drive out of town in the early morning. They were invariably stopped at the barrier gates and sent back. Each time this happened our chances of ever getting out of Addis and going to the front were made thinner. The Ethiopians grew fearful that if they did let us out they would be unable to control our movements and we should get into trouble, thus creating a difficult situation.

The fact that we could understand the Emperor's attitude did not make the situation any easier to bear. We knew that it was dangerous for whites to go beyond His Majesty's immediate supervision. We knew that a lone man or a small party of whites would almost certainly be wiped out by the first caravan of warriors with whom they should happen to cross paths. We knew that the killing of white journalists by Ethiopians would create a stir and arouse opinion against the Ethiopians, and that the Emperor, advised by Everett Colson, would never permit us

to go out on our own. We knew all this but we did not care. Frantic with our inability to secure news, fearful that any morning we should receive cables from our offices recalling or firing us, threatened, buffeted, cooped up month after month in towns whose every nook and cranny we knew by heart, we grew more and more jittery, more and more desperate.

Being without any reliable news, we worked so hard to make up the deficiency by writing pieces on the probable strategy, the probable reactions of the Italians to the charges of sword-armed Ethiopians, or of the Ethiopians to the machine guns and tanks of the enemy, that we wrote ourselves out of ideas. We expected so much and nothing ever happened. After the reading of the mobilization proclamation we all believed that Addis would be bombed. It was not. There was the great Awash bridge. If it were destroyed, communication between Addis and Diredawa and the transportation of ammunition, troops, and guns would be virtually at a standstill. Everyone predicted that the bridge would be destroyed and that we, stuck in Addis, would have to get out as best we could by camel or mule caravan. Italian airplanes did come up out of the south to fly over the bridge but they dropped no bombs. There were large troop concentrations at Jijiga and at Dessye. There was the road from Zelia in British Somaliland to Jijiga and on to Harrar, over which were brought nearly all the ammunition and guns entering Ethiopia. We expected these to be bombed and we were all primed to write about the terrible strafing by the Italian planes, to write of roads blown up, trucks smashed to smithereens, wounded and dead. But nothing happened. Only the constant stream of warriors passing through Addis.

III

Then permission was granted for the correspondents to proceed northward to the capital of the Crown Prince at Dessye. Excitement rose and all who were going bought trucks and supplies and hired natives and organized mule caravans. A date was set upon which we were to depart. We cabled our offices that at last we were to be allowed to go north and get at least a little nearer to the front.

Then, with no explanation, our permissions were cancelled.

At first there was a howl of indignation. But the skeptics got in their work and reminded us that the betting had always been against us and that they had known that we should never actually be permitted to leave. Apathy settled upon us. We even ceased to speculate about what it was that the Ethiopians did not want us to see. Those days a recall from our offices would have been welcomed. Some correspondents even talked of asking to be recalled.

The fact that our permission to travel north had been cancelled because two white men working on the road had been found with their throats cut from ear to ear made no difference to us. "Just another Danakil story." We were so utterly discouraged that even this information—and, curiously enough, it was authentic—failed to rouse more than the faintest flicker of interest. Who cared?

Then we did finally leave for Dessye. The trip was an incredible one. After thirteen years of Africa I thought that I knew something about rough hard motoring. But that trip over the high freezing roof of Africa, along what was little more than a terribly zigzag mountain trail, was a revelation. Even this failed to arouse much enthusiasm, for we knew that our chase was a wild goose one. We knew that when we got to Dessye we should be cooped up again. We were only going because His Majesty was going. We had to report on him. Still it was a change.

In Dessye conditions were even worse than in Addis. The Ethiopian mayor, despite his English and French education and his red-and-white football stockings, was very hostile. There was to be no photography of troops nor any mention in cables of troops, of the arrival of the

Emperor, or of any of the things which we had come to Dessye to report upon. So we tried to find something to do to justify our existence and our pay checks and decided to make some pictures showing the various types of Ethiopian women's hairdresses. We arranged matters carefully beforehand through our interpreter, who interviewed the women and paid the husbands. While we were working, the Mayor burst into the backyard where we were making the pictures and arrested the women and ordered his police to throw the husbands into jail. When we protested and asked to know what it was all about, the police turned on us and hit us with the butts of their rifles, jostled us, and knocked us about. Had we fought back we should have been severely beaten up. Protests did no good. His Honor posted a bulletin on the door of the hospital informing the population of the town, already very hostile, that they were to prevent us from making pictures, using force if necessary. The Mayor had to take this bulletin down but the damage had been done.

In desperation A and B arranged with officers of the Ethiopian Medical Service to make some staged pictures of the wounded. There had been seven wounded Ethiopians in the Mission hospital, so this Dessye effort was not quite so bad as the stuff X and Y had made in Addis. For a change A used permanganate for blood and made the pictures at night with great magnesium flares.

That act nearly cost them very dearly. As the brilliant glare burst forth and the clouds of white smoke poured off the hill on which the men were working in the center of town, the *tukuls* of the inhabitants leaped into prominence. The hard white light lit up the sides of the mountains which crowd in upon the town and threw the bowl in which Dessye lies into a fantasy of hard black shadows and shining light. From the town came cries and calls, prayers, and the long wailing yell of frightened women. White-shamaed figures poured from the huts and milled about. Looking down, A could see the gleam of rifle barrels and the upturned faces of countless hundreds of bewildered Ethiopians. The flares burnt out and in the sudden blackness which followed, the people realized that the glare had been neither an act of God nor of the Italians but the work of the hated correspondents. With a rush they came for the hill and milled, shouting and cursing, about its base. Had they been a trifle more certain and had made up their minds to come for the whites, A and B would have been done for. There were thousands of them.

After this the correspondents settled down to the old routine of waiting, writing "think pieces," and playing poker. We were living in tents in the open field of the Seventh Day Adventist Mission compound. The nights were very cold. The food was perhaps better than that in the Imperial hotel and the scenery was different. There being fewer officials in Dessye than in Addis, there was even less for us to do. In an hour we could interview everyone worth talking to. For the remainder of the day there was nothing. I remember that during those days I sent a wire to my office saying that I was "completely discouraged of ever finding the war."

IV

Then came December the sixth. It was just like any other morning. Frost lay on the ground, it was cold, and there were no prospects of any sort of news. There was no point in rising early, so most of us lay abed trying to keep warm and drinking tea or coffee in a valiant endeavor to wake up. I got up at about a quarter to eight and ordered my shaving water. It took courage to pull off my shirt, but I was just beginning when the drone of heavy airplane motors broke the morning silence. I looked up. Pretty early, I thought, for the Ethiopian plane which was leaving for Addis. Then I saw them—four great trimotored silver ships coming in heavily over the mountain pass from the north.

I suppose that I knew in that first moment that those planes were Italian. If I did not realize it immediately, the others following in formation right behind would have told me. But I had waited so long for such a sight, that my brain refused to believe my eyes. Until I saw the first heavy bomb drop from the leading plane I could not credit what I saw. It seems horribly cold-blooded, but after so many months of waiting it seemed impossible that at last we were to hear the screech of descending metal and the roar of exploding powder.

The first bomb lit in the unused airport just below the Mission compound in which we journalists were camped. At the tearing explosion, the hundreds of mules and donkeys which had been grazing on the grass stampeded wildly in every direction. Dust rose in clouds and the town all about us awoke to a shouting, screaming frenzy. Our camp erupted men. In pajamas, half dressed, wild-eyed and excited, they rushed from the tents searching for cameras.

For a long minute the planes came droning toward us. It gives one a queer feeling to watch those heavy-laden birds of death come on closer and closer, knowing that at any minute they will drop death and destruction. Fascinated, as a bird watches a snake, I stared at those great silver shapes coming overhead—so low that I could plainly see the man standing up in the after-gunner's cockpit. I saw the man swing the guns, and then Dessye erupted. Rifles cracked, bullets whined and sang through the air. Machine guns chattered, and high up on the mountains above us a single old anti-aircraft gun coughed and spluttered. Wham. A bomb. Screams and the frightened neighing of terrified animals. The skies opened and from those roaring ships circling above rained down a hell which I hope never to see again. Huts sailed into the air. Dirt and dust and flying metal and heavy palls of smoke. The piercing shrieks of mortally wounded men and women. The wailing cries of terrified little children and the hoarse shouts of frightened but fighting men filled the air. All over the town, echoing and re-echoing from the mountain sides, bombs fell and exploded. Columns of dust sprang into the air. Tall eucalyptus trees seemingly uprooted themselves—one could not see the bombs descend—and flew waveringly through the air. The roofs of huts caught fire from the incendiary bombs and, burning with high leaping flames, filled the air with a wet, dank smell. The acrid odor of burnt powder and the sharp bitter stink of burning flesh filled our nostrils.

It was horrible and terrifying. Bombs fell all about me. The truck which I started to drive toward the gates, with a wild idea of getting more into the center of town, was almost hit by a bomb which fell just behind it and sent it over into such a lurch that we abandoned it. Tents were hit and caught fire. The hospital next to which we were camped was abandoned by the Ethiopians. With others, I rushed up to carry out the screaming patients. While we were working, five incendiary bombs made direct hits and we were confronted by a fire as well as by panic-stricken people. One room occupied by four bed-ridden patients was hit directly. I felt sick and fearfully frightened. For one of the first times in history, correspondents were actually present and watching while a hospital was being bombed. And an American Mission hospital at that. What a story!

At twenty minutes to nine I took my first short-story cable up to Lorenzo Taezas, the censor. Frantically I explained in my best broken French how important it was for him and all of Ethiopia to get that story of the bombing of an American hospital out and away. Overhead as I talked the great planes roared and circled. About us bombs fell and burst with such concussions that we were nearly knocked off our feet. In a field near the wireless station I could see the Emperor firing a machine gun, trying to hit one of the planes which were dropping those loads of death upon his

people. The Emperor firing a gun himself! That was another story.

The planes went off only to return shortly after in a more vicious and terrifying attack. The wounded were being brought in. On stretchers, carried on the backs or in the arms of friends, on beds they came, women and children, old men and young, torn, bleeding, broken, with great spreading red stains on their clothes. Hurt, maimed for life, blinded by incendiary bombs, ripped by flying splinters of steel, the almost defenseless people came to the one people who had the sympathy and skill to help them: the hated, hated foreigners. I filed another and longer story and then, with one of the Irishmen who was working for the Ethiopian Medical Service, I drove the truck into town to pick up the wounded. We had to go not only to pick up the hurt but to see with our own eyes the damage which had been wrought. It was a terrible sight. With me were X and M and another cameraman. Our interpreter hung on the side of the truck, waving a Red Cross flag and screaming at the top of his lungs that we were friends and had come to help. Red Cross flags, Ethiopian flags, and American flags waved from the truck.

We got as far as the crossroads which constitute the center of the town and stopped. *Tukuls* were flaming and smoking. Bomb craters dotted the streets. Houses, smashed and uprooted, lay across the road, or leaned drunkenly against each other. Smoke and the sharp smell of burnt powder filled the air. There was a horrible sickening odor of torn flesh, of blood, and burnt roasting meat. About us milled shouting frightened hundreds, armed with spears and swords and rifles.

While we stood looking and making pictures the murmuring roar of a motor sounded far away. There was a rush. Airplanes. They were returning again. A wild dash. But there was no place to go. When death falls from the sky there is no protection. One place is just as dangerous or just as safe as any other. But the motor was only another truck coming with more journalists from the Mission compound.

When it arrived we moved on again. But hardly had we crossed the road than there came a volley. My interpreter slumped and fell off the side of the truck where he had been standing beside me. There was the ping of metal when it is struck a sharp blow. From the other truck behind came shouts and yells. We stopped.

The interpreter had been shot in the arm and on into the body. It was a bullet which had been aimed at me, the hated white, a man of the same color as those who had just blown the town and people to bits. There was a bullet hole through the truck just behind my head and another just under the camera platform on the top on which the cameraman had been squatting. In the truck behind, the French correspondent had been shot through the leg just above the knee and was bleeding badly. X had had a bullet pass between his legs so close that it had made a hole through his trousers.

We turned round and raced back to the hospital with our wounded and dying. I wrote and filed another story—my third for that morning. Then, seeing that the few doctors could not possibly cope with the stream of wounded, I rolled up my sleeves, washed, and went to work. Once again I thanked heaven for the many months of hospital training I had received on the Labrador coast in the hospitals of Doctor Grenfell. For nine hours, without food, we worked sewing, cutting, chloroforming, extracting, and setting smashed and broken bones. From the waist down I was bathed in blood. My hands were stained black from the permanganate and iodine. Hour after hour we held trembling Ethiopian men and women and children in our arms while we took tearing bits of metal from their bodies or tried to alleviate the pain of calcium-burnt eyes and faces.

Staggering with weariness, I wrote another and last cable, bringing my daily story up to more than eight hundred

words and the number of messages sent to five. In spite of the horror of what I had seen I felt a certain contentment. At last the war had been found.

I could picture the excitement in the home offices when our cables began to arrive. Mingled with my contentment was a smug satisfaction, for I, the youngest in experience, had filed the first cable. Tired as I was, I fetched my flashlight and made my way up to the camp where Lorenzo Taezas was staying. By luck I found him and put to him the question which was so important to me. Had the wires gone off?

"Yes, yes," he assured me, his dark face alight with the excitement of the day's events, "all the wires have gone. The Emperor himself had issued orders that the wireless operators should work so long as was necessary in order that the news of the bombing should reach the outside world as soon as possible."

Some of my weariness left me. My cable I now felt certain would be the first. I even went so far as to imagine extras on the streets. At last, after months of waiting, after months of routine work which by no stretch of the imagination could be called war reporting, after months of spending money for practically nothing, I had got a story. And despite all the skepticism which we had felt previous to the bombing, the story had gone off.

As I made my way back to my tent across the darkened fields which still stunk of powder I thought of the cable which I had received from my office instructing me not to file more than five hundred words on any story. I had exceeded that, but I believed the story justified the expense. Some of the other correspondents, I knew, had and were filing stories over two thousand words in length. I was so engrossed in my thoughts that I bumped into the barbed wire surrounding our camp before I realized where I was. Before pulling the wires apart so that I could get through I stood for a few minutes listening and staring into the darkness. On the mountain slopes which closed us in I could see the twinkling fires of the camps of people who had fled the town. Occasional shrill calls echoed down and floated across the black emptiness of the bowl, to be answered by an answering cry from the unseen further side. Along the black canyons between high eucalyptus trees which were the roads I sensed the movement of people and animals. Low noises and the creak of saddles and murmured conversations came to me on the soft cold breeze. Dessye was being evacuated.

I passed through the wire and stopped again as a long wailing crying broke the night. From all about, low in the valley and high on the mountain sides, sounded the wailing cry of a people tortured by doubt and fear and grief and calling upon their God for help and justification of what had happened. Rising and falling, shrill with belief and agony, the sound ran through the night to be picked up and returned by camp after camp. In what remained of the town the scavenging dogs raised their heads and howled mournfully. Somewhere not far away a hyena whooped. I could picture the heavy-shouldered beast loping along searching for food, and shuddered to think of the feast he would have that night. So I went back to my tent and fell into bed, with the cries of the women wailing for their dead in my ears.

The next morning, promptly at eight, four Italian planes droned up from the southeast and the shimmering Danakil desert. As that menacing sound broke over us again we rushed for the open and stared down between the craggy opening in the mountains through which the black fuselaged ships were coming. They were heavy and flying slowly. We pulled ourselves together and prepared for another fearful hour of running and dodging, of blood and sudden tearing death. But the planes passed by the edge of town, dropping only two high explosives and a single package of incendiaries. Watching how carefully the planes passed us by we congratulated one another and spoke of the power of the press. For we all in-

terpreted that passing by as the result of the messages which we had sent out on the previous day, telling of the bombing of the hospital. There had been a flare-back, we told one another. The messages which our papers had printed had started such a wave of horror and reaction that Mussolini had been forced to telephone hurriedly to Asmara and Assab to cease the bombing of Ethiopian towns. We interpreted the action of those planes as proof that our stories really had reached their destinations.

After the planes had gone I sat down and wrote another story, not only about that morning's visit but about the sights and sounds of the night before. Excitement still ran high in me and I wrote what I thought was a very good story. I could not forbear questioning Lorenzo again when I turned the wire in for censoring, and again he assured me that all the bombing stories had been sent the previous evening.

I did not know then, nor did any of the other correspondents know, that the wireless operators had fled their posts and that Lorenzo in the intense excitement had just pocketed my message and neglected to turn it in for hours. I did not know then that the Emperor had sent a message through to Addis Abeba and that Colson had given it out to the newspapermen there, so that they sent messages which beat us on our own bombing story. None of us knew early that Saturday morning that our wires giving the eye-witness accounts of the bombing had been held up waiting for relay in Addis until the messages filed by the correspondents there had been sent away, or that even far away Djibuti had received a flash of the news and had sent messages which arrived hours before the actual Dessye stories began coming in. It was eleven o'clock before we knew these things. Then I received the first message. It was from my New York office and read (translated from "cablese"):

LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED WORDS RECEIVED WHERE WERE YOU AND OTHER CORRESPONDENTS DURING BOMBING

The Lion's Mouth



TO SEE IT FALL

BY MORROW MAYO

In the winter of 1850 a group of pioneer stock-raisers settled in a valley at the foot of the western flank of the Sierra Nevada, near the present city of Visalia, California. Early the following summer, needing fresh pasturage for their cattle, they moved high up into the mountains, driving their lean herds ahead of them to graze in a lush glacial meadow to which they were guided by friendly Indians. The meadow lay at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, between the north and middle forks of a river, surrounded by virgin forests.

There were twenty-seven persons (men, women, and children) in the party, and shortly after their arrival they discovered, not more than two miles from their camp, a grove of giant Sequoia trees. Great was their amazement. They were among the first hundred, and probably among the first fifty, white persons ever to gaze upon these colossal conifers; and coming upon them as they did, without warning or previous knowledge of their existence, it was difficult for them to believe their eyes.

They had already looked with wonder upon magnificent pines, firs, and spruce, some of them one hundred and fifty feet high, trees larger than any of them had ever seen or heard of before. But here were trees beside which all the other great mountain trees were little more than saplings. Entering the giant grove was like entering a Brobdingnagian cathedral. The high forest ceiling cut off the sunlight altogether, and the little people wandered as through a gloomy underworld, walking among the massive pillars, moving about the fallen trunks, speaking in low tones.

They explored the grove thoroughly and finally came beneath the giant of the giants, the greatest tree of all. The men measured the circumference of the trunk, using a sixty-foot lariat for the purpose, and discovered that, five feet above the ground, the tree had a girth of one hundred and thirty-one feet, or a diameter of approximately forty-two feet. One of the women remarked that the parlor of her old home, back in Kentucky, was only twelve feet wide, and she wondered if they would believe her if she ever got home and told them that she had seen a tree three times wider than that room!

They did not know how to measure the height of the tree, but if they had done so they would have discovered that it was more than one hundred yards high, or taller than a twenty-storey building. The colossus stood against the sky calm as a granite dome—the great masterpiece of the mountains.

The men and women who stood beneath it felt subdued and insignificant. After a time, however, one of the men tugged at his beard, and his blood leaped as a terrific thought flashed in his brain.

"Man *alive*," he whispered, "I would like to cut it down!"

Horrified, one of the women cried out, "In heaven's name, what for?"

"Just to see it fall!" replied the white man loudly, and the others answered with shouts and cries.

The giant Sequoia probably has as hard a time propagating itself as any other living thing. Unlike its cousin (the coast redwood), *Sequoia gigantea* grows from the seed alone, and these seed sprout only in fertile soil. A single grove of these great trees sheds enough viable seeds from its cones every year to populate all the mountain ranges of the world. But probably not one seed in a billion germinates, and of those that do germinate, probably not more than one in a million seedlings attains to a mature tree.

With the giant Sequoia the first thousand years are the hardest. Throughout this period of infancy and early youth it faces a countless number of deadly hazards. But whenever one of these trees reaches an age, say, of fifteen hundred years, it is relatively safe thereafter. It does not die of thirst no matter how long the drought, for its spreading root formation, sometimes extending over an area the size of a city block, not only holds water like a sponge, but creates subterranean streams. Silver firs seldom live more than three hundred years, and pines are ancient trees in their fourth or fifth century. At the latter age the giant Sequoia is still a juvenile, almost an infant. Its organs never wear out, which is to say that it never dies of old age. Most of the great trees of the High Sierra die of disease, devoured by fungi, but the giant Sequoia never dies of disease, and its juice is poison to insects.

It is not only an evergreen; apparently it is everlasting. Within itself, and of itself, it appears to be almost immortal. There is no record anywhere of one of these great trees dying from natural causes. Its existence ends only when it is killed by an outside agency, and by violence. And the violence that it encounters is terrific.

Every winter hurricanes sweep over the High Sierra. Infant Sequoias flatten out on the ground, and juveniles ripple like wheat and break their backs. The largest Sequoias creak and groan and quiver to their roots. Huge limbs are torn from them, and occasionally the earth heaves as the whole tree falls.

The hurricanes are followed by thunder and lightning storms. Every summer for about four weeks these storms occur in the High Sierra daily, lasting from five minutes to two hours. At about ten o'clock in the morning a great white cloud gathers above the dark woods and stands motionless for about an hour, hanging poised in the blazing sunshine like a mountain. Suddenly, with a sound like the crack of doom, a tremendous thunderbolt crashes through the sunshine, followed immediately by a downpour of rain which obscures the sun, while jagged streaks of lightning illuminate the heavens.

The lightning plays havoc in the forests, striking into them again and again, day after day. Douglas spruces are shattered as if by a giant axe stroke. Tall silver firs are split asunder down to their roots, leaving not even a stump, the rails radiating like the spokes of a wheel from a hole in the ground. Many of the largest Sequoias are struck, and always apparently at the top. When a giant is thus struck, its domed head is knocked off and shattered into hundreds of chunks the size of cordwood which fall in a circle around it.

At infrequent intervals—usually in the late autumn—wind and lightning are followed by forest fire, the flames creeping from tree to tree. The giant Sequoias, being almost resinless, are fire-resisting; but the destruction of the juveniles, some of them one hundred feet high, nevertheless is terrific. The young trees resist the flames until the hot air distils the inflammable gases from their green leaves and sprays. Then they explode, blazing up suddenly in a geyser of flame which envelops the whole tree and goes a hundred feet above it. Bonfires burn beneath the greatest trees, and blue flames run up the massive fluted columns, burning the giant's whiskers, the shaggy brown beard which grows in the furrows of the fibrous bark from base to top. Slowly the great trunk is ignited, the branches

high overhead twisting and leaping as if writhing in pain. If the monarch has been injured by lightning or by previous fires it may burn for months and finally give up the ghost and fall.

And once in a great while, once in a half-century perhaps, the giant forest is struck by an earthquake. The largest Sequoias shake from stem to stern; here and there a giant crashes to the ground, and the tops of others are snapped off as if they were matches. But most of them do not lose their balance. Their spreading root foundation, gripping bowlders deep in the earth, intertwined with the root structure of other giants, holds fast. The shock passes, and the earth is still again, with a fissure in its crust, and the fallen trees, and the clouds of dust, and the swaying tops, remaining to give evidence of the blow.

In September, six of the white men set out to fell the giant of the forest. They had talked about it all summer, until the idea had become almost an obsession.

The tree was buttressed on all sides by its rearing root foundation, which sloped gradually into the earth at an angle of twenty degrees, and the men soon discarded the notion of attacking this spreading base at the ground. Instead, they felled a score of small trees and worked for two days erecting a scaffolding round the huge trunk, with steps leading up to a platform eight feet above the ground, on which they could stand and chop. This done, they debated in which direction they should make the monarch fall, finally reaching the conclusion that they could only chop; the tree must choose its own path of destruction. When all was ready they mounted the platform and took their positions around the huge bole, twenty feet apart. The leader gave a shout, the axe blades flashed in the sun, and the pygmies set to work.

Day after day they chopped from early morning until darkness fell, stopping only for an hour or so at noon, when they returned to the camp for their midday meal. The axes bit through the fibrous bark, which was two feet thick, and into the sapwood. They took a grindstone to the foot of the tree, and when the hot blades of the axes became dull, they descended from the chopping platform to the ground to resharpen the blades, and take a rest and discuss the project.

The pile of brown and purple and pink chips grew up about them until in places it was as high as the platform of the scaffolding, and the vast opening into which each man chopped was as a tunnel taller than himself. Their backs ached, and their arms were as lead, and they cursed the day that they had started on this venture, but they did not stop. Finally they no longer stood on the platform of the scaffolding; they stood on the lower shelf of the tree itself, as on a mountain ledge, and the wine-colored juice from the tree poured out from its wounds and trickled about their feet.

On the twenty-second day the men stopped chopping, for their axes could reach no farther into the v-shaped openings, as great as they were. Fifty feet up the mountain slope there was a juvenile Sequoia, one hundred feet high and four feet wide at the base, and this they felled against the goliath, hoping that this weight would cause it to topple. But the giant did not budge, as the smaller Sequoia crashed against it, and then to the ground. Discarding their axes, the men took a pump auger, and began boring into the sapwood. The debris was cleared and a runway was built from where they knelt in the trunk down to the ground, so that they could run for their lives at the first sign of the fall of the leviathan. Only two men worked at a time now, twisting the long shaft of the auger, and on the second day the circular blade bit into the red heartwood.

When the men returned to camp that night they announced triumphantly that a few hours' more work, a day's boring at most, would see the finish of the giant. The whole camp made plans to go to the forest the following morning to watch the monarch fall.

That night, with no one near to see its death, the great tree fell. Deep within the innermost heartwood of the goliath, toward midnight, suddenly a ticking started, slow and measured, like the ticking of a grandfather's clock, faintly, but loud enough to have been heard if anyone had been near to hear it. Tick—tick—tick—tick—. (This ticking presages and immediately precedes the fall of all the great trees. Woodsmen working to-day in the coast redwood forests call this sinister sound the tick of the death-watch, and they jump and run to safety when it starts.)

The ticking grew louder, then it stopped for a full minute. High overhead a faint breeze was playing for the last time through the leaves and branches of the doomed giant. The breeze lulled, and the ticking began again and grew in intensity. Its tempo increased very gradually, however, for that immense bole stood as straight in the moonlight as if it had been turned on a lathe and set by a plummet; as evenly balanced as the most finely poised shaft of granite ever erected by the hands of man.

Suddenly a tremendous shiver ran up the mighty stem, to which every limb and branch and twig and leaf responded. There was a heavy, sharp report: as heavy as the boom of a cannon, as sharp as the crack of a rifle. A second report and a third followed. The great tree swayed and, when the line of the center of gravity fell outside the base, it began to fall. There was a sound like the rush of a whirlwind as the huge mast, stately to the last—taller, remember, than a twenty-storey building—carrying all its lofty spars and well-set rigging, thundered down. A hundred smaller trees were crushed or splintered by the irresistible sweep of the monarch as it crashed headlong; there was a stunning crash and a jar of the ground like the passing of an earthquake, and great clouds of dust and twigs and leaves ascended.

When the clouds settled, the giant lay stretched out down the mountainside in a semi-grave which it had made for itself, huge limbs torn bodily from it, branches splintered into bits, the lower trunk broken at intervals of fifty feet, the upper portions shattered into thousands of chunks. If all the wood in this tree had been loaded into standard freight cars, carrying thirty tons each, the cars would have formed a train a mile and three-quarters long.

Great was the disappointment of the men when they discovered that the tree had fallen while they slept. They had destroyed the oldest, tallest, largest, and without question the mightiest living thing on earth. This tree had stood the test of the ages. Since its fifteen-hundredth year it had probably been through ten thousand wind and lightning storms, and perhaps a thousand forest fires and a hundred earthquakes. In twenty-six days six men had destroyed the work of four thousand years—and then been robbed of the thrill of witnessing the climax of their destruction.

In October, before the first snow fell, the settlers returned to their valley home near Visalia, driving their fat cattle ahead of them. Where they had been there was a gap in the mountains.



ECONOMICS GETS RELIGION

BY JAMES H. GRAY

THE revivalist season in economics is here. Whether it is yet at its height, no man can say; but surely it is far advanced. You have only to look about you to realize that what was once a staid and sober science has been appropriated, throughout large sections of the English-speaking world, by as curious a collection of preachers as ever trod the platform of a camp-meeting.

Up and down the land they rage, a Bible in one hand and a thin pamphlet in the other, shouting anathemas into a

microphone at rival apostles and extolling the virtues of the Utopia that will surely be brought into being if the simple rules and regulations laid down in the pamphlet are followed. Once economics was a dismal science indeed; economists were cool, professorial creatures who came to their conclusions only after the weary study of tons of statistics, of dry government reports, of forbidding treatises on the mechanics of trade. Now if an economic system is to get a really enthusiastic hearing it must be expounded by a back-woods revivalist.

Once it was thought that if the foundations of capitalism shook, the masses would rise in communistic fury and there would be barricades in the streets. That may happen on the Continent, but not among the English-speaking peoples. The evidence is becoming clear. Already the foundations of capitalism have shaken —and nothing has happened except that flocks of exhorters, like pigeons rising from a shaken building, are now flying wildly in all directions.

Like pigeons, did I say? But look more closely. Each has his economic plan and his hymnbook. They are the pious prophets of the New Economics.

Of the American apostles of economic revivalism little need be said here. The American citizenry have listened to Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend long enough to be well acquainted with their doctrines and tactics. But there are other religio-economists with whom readers in the United States may not be so familiar.

There is, for example, William Aberhart of Calgary, Alberta, head of the Prophetic Bible Institute, who came across a pamphlet on Social Credit, was converted by it, formed a Social Credit League to contest the 1935 provincial election in Alberta, and campaigned for the Premiership on a platform which declared that the provincial treasury should pay twenty-five dollars a month to everybody in the province over twenty-one years. The hope of an unrestricted gift of this amount of cash every month won the election for Aberhart and his followers, but only after a campaign as fantastic as anything Canada has yet seen.

Aberhart blazed a revolutionary trail, even for the New Economists. His meetings were always opened with hymns and his back-country constituents took him to their hearts for the manner in which he sang "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past" and "Onward Christian Soldiers." Here, they reasoned, was a man of obvious piety. Surely such a man must be telling the truth when he offered them twenty-five dollars a month each for life if they elected him. But the hymns were not all. When they were finished, he waved to the pianist, who swung into "Happy Days Are Here Again," and a chorus of buxom, lightly clad girls would dance upon the stage and demonstrate for the electorate just how a Ziegfeld chorus went through its paces. When they retired, a prayer was said and then the prophet Aberhart in impassioned tones took the economic system apart and propounded his panacea. After that there was another hymn and a couple of prayers. As a climax, he demanded that they not only vote for him, they must say a prayer for him and the cause every night in order that God would bless them with Social Credit certificates.

For the more populous centers, Aberhart had other attractions. The best, by far, were the horse races with well-trained cow ponies that he staged at the local racetracks in which the jockeys all bore names of political parties emblazoned on their silks. Loud-speakers were set up in front of the grandstand and, as several thousand looked on, the race was started. The horse labelled Social Credit was always left at the post and when the field approached the turn into the backstretch it would be countless lengths in the rear. But always, in a stirring finish as they thundered toward the stands, Social Credit would gain, pass all the others, and win going away by a wide margin. Ten-sheet billing of the chorus and horse races got the crowds, the promise of twenty-five dollars a month sandwiched

between hymns got the votes. But when the circus moved off there was always a danger of the voters waking up. To circumvent them Aberhart took a chapter from Hitler's book. He could not burn the books that would have exposed his fallacies, as did the Fuehrer. He simply warned the public that their foes would stoop to all kinds of dishonest tactics to beat them; therefore everybody must sign pledges not to listen to or read any criticisms of Social Credit until after the election. Not only did people sign the pledges by the thousands, they kept them!

Now Aberhart is Premier of Alberta. The end of the first session of his legislature approaches and no Social Credit legislation has been passed. No Social Credit dividends have been declared. But Aberhart, in an address at the Prophetic Bible Institute, has recently assured his followers that the great boon is nevertheless on the way. Two weeks after this speech he brought down his budget which included large increases of taxation—from sales taxes to increased income taxes on small incomes—but no mention of the eagerly awaited dividend.

Curious as are the doctrines of Aberhart and the other Social Creditors, they hardly compare in strangeness or in breadth of popularity with those of the British Israelites. The British Israel World Federation claims to have 12,000,000 actual members and over 20,000,000 followers. There are 150 branches in Canada and a branch in every English city of any consequence.

It holds that the ten lost tribes of Israel who disappeared after the dispersion of the Northern Kingdom in 700 B.C. did not in reality get lost at all but wandered to England and founded the British Empire. By some strange genealogical reasoning, the British Israelites trace the ancestry of King Edward Eighth back to King David. The present king is thus God's own ruler of God's chosen people; and Jews are only fooling themselves about being God's favorites.

God, according to British Israelites, has worked out a perfect economic system which he revealed in the book of Deuteronomy. The present depression has come because his chosen people have refused to use his system and have used the Babylonic, or gold-standard system, instead. The departure of the United Kingdom from the gold standard was hailed by these people as a victory for God. God's system, which is a sort of Christian communism, will have to come before the millennium dawns. But before this He must destroy all his enemies at Armageddon. This will happen in the near future when his people, the Anglo Saxons, will engage in a holy war with the forces of the devil, presumably an entente composed of Russia, Italy, and Germany. The battle will start when Russia attempts to capture Palestine. Thus England and the United States—for Americans of pure Anglo-Saxon lineage are but sheep who have wandered from the fold—will need large armies and navies to combat the devil's legions.

This war, according to the infallible measurements of the Great Pyramid, will start on September 16, 1936. Once the battle is over, the millennium will dawn, the Anglo-Americans will inherit the earth, and Deuteronomic economics will govern everything.

That such a doctrine should gain a hearing in this day and age may seem incredible at first glance, but the British Israelites have some very fetching arguments. What, they ask, is the matter with the world? Primarily the trouble is debt, which is brought about by the violation of one of the fundamental laws of the Bible. The Bible orders debts to be wiped off every seven years, but we don't wipe them off; we pyramid them by charging compound interest. These debts have now grown so large that they can never be paid. What we have to do is cancel all debts.

To a debt-ridden populace such an argument is more attractive than socialism or Social Credit. Add to it a denunciation of interest *per se* and an advocacy of unsecured loans and you can

see that the British Israelites have talking points. And if the hearer happens to be a professing Christian and chauvinistic Anglo Saxon, he will delight in the claim that Jesus Christ spent many years in study in English universities, and in the multiplicity of biblical predictions that are shown to have come true. Judged by its inherent absurdity alone, British Israelism should sweep the world. It already has 12,000,000 members.

You will have noticed already no doubt that, though the New Economists differ radically in the concoction and delivery of their gospels, they are all monetary reformers at heart. Save for the British Israelites, none of them wants either to get rid of the capitalistic system or to treat any of its numerous basic maladjustments. When the depression came with its unemployment and deflation they discovered, through a consistent decline in the burden on the collection plates, that something had happened to the money supply. They visited their flocks and discovered that the milkman, grocer, landlord, and installment collectors were all demanding money, and not getting it. Nobody, it seemed to them, had enough money. Even the governments were reporting complete lack of funds with which to feed and clothe the unemployed. But the money was there; somebody must have it. They found out where the money was: it was all owned by the bankers, hidden away in vaults where no one could get at it.

Bankers then became the agents of the devil, and were denounced with suitable acrimony and fitting quotations from the Bible. But no apostle is satisfied with destructive criticism; so after the bankers had been boiled in rhetorical oil, the New Economists set to work to invent schemes for the circumvention of the villains. Inflation, or printing-press money for unemployment relief, was toyed with by some of the lesser fry. But somebody vaguely remembered that it had taken a bushel of marks to buy a loaf of bread in Germany in the inflation period, and that idea was dropped. Then, in a veritable deluge, came other plans. From England came Social Credit; from California came the Townsend Plan; and from Alberta came Aberhart's combination of the two by offering twenty-five dollars a month to everybody. Huey Long demanded that wealth be shared so that every American family might enjoy an income of $2,500—was it?—a year. In Canada, the Rev. J. S. Woodsworth, M.P., led a crusade aimed first at the nationalization of banking and currency and eventually at the creation of a co-operative commonwealth.

Though they all mentioned the mass-production machines in passing, not a single apostle, save perhaps Woodsworth, has ever attempted to get closer to the roots of the trouble than the grass tops. Tariffs, for instance, are to the apostles something that keeps goods manufactured in English, French, Canadian, or American sweat-shops from competing with goods made in America, Canada, France, or England where such high standards of living prevail; and are hence inviolate. Chaotic conditions in international exchange do not matter. Monopolies are all right if they don't get too voracious, and then the industrialists can always be made to see the error of their ways. These and a myriad other cankers on the body politic are ignored by the apostles. Money is what we all need, so let's have more money. Then the system will return to the normalcy of 1928, when everybody had money to spend and the system worked perfectly.

The wild men, if they do nothing else, put on a grand show. Perhaps we should be grateful for that. Meanwhile, however, the new messiahs gain converts by the millions, the subjugation of the old liberal ideals proceeds apace, and the possibilities of attaining economic justice become more remote. Such a price seems a bit too high for the entertainment which is being provided. One cannot help casting a nostalgic glance at the nineteenth century when economics, though dry as dust, was still a science.

THE CONSUMER'S AUTOMOBILE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

SOME months ago, while explaining profundities of the social system, the Easy Chair was led to make some remarks about automobiles. A number of correspondents appear to have been inspired less by the profundities than by the remarks, and have suggested that an extension of them without political moralizing would be welcome. The condition imposed is obviously unconstitutional and against God: to observe it would automatically cancel one's card in the Writers' Local and probably in the Editors' Amalgamated as well, and would hasten the coming of Fascism by at least three months. This discussion then will lead to the sense of the state in the last column. Up to there, however, it will deal solely with the automobile—the automobile *per se* and *an sich*.

The first point about the automobile as such is that it is pretty good. In fact it is very good, and the allegations of fraud, ruthless exploitation of the consumer, and similar felonies made against its manufacturers by amateur engineers, consumers' advisers, and people in the service of indignation are unrealistic and nonsensical. It is probably somewhat overpriced—no layman can know about that and an economist who undertook to find out would have to consider factors that are conscientiously ignored by the indignant. It is certainly over-gadgeted. But it is not over-priced relatively to its increase in value during the past ten or even the past five years, and it is not gadgeted half as much as the consuming public wants it to be, as anyone can see if he will look into the flourishing accessory business. The manufacturers are not systematically exploiting the public. As a matter of cold fact, they are steadily, even year by year, giving the public more for its money, in the basic value for which that money is spent—which is classically and precisely what two widely divergent theories would require them to do. They are, that is, observing the principles of laissez-faire economics, which not even the laissez-faire economists dare to believe in these days. And they are obeying the imperatives of the machine age.

Please observe that this is written by one who, as a consumer, knows what he is talking about. He lives in the country and works in the city, driving in at least five times, and usually eight or ten times a week all year round. Motoring is also his sport, his hobby, and an integral part of his profession. He drives his own car more than twenty thousand miles a year (two and one-half times the average as given in the usual statistics), and the other car in his family is driven almost exactly as much. He must have day-by-day reliability in his cars, for the organization of a busy life would be upset the moment he did not get it. But he gets it.

Take the car that is being turned in this spring on a new one. It is one grade, or seventy-five dollars, above the lowest price level and marks the first departure from the Ford-Chevrolet-Plymouth class that this family has ever made. It has been driven well over forty thousand miles in

exactly two years. It had one initial defect: a spring in a heat-control was too weak; but the first cold day showed this up at once and it was replaced on the original guarantee. Apart from that, no repairs whatever have been necessary. The car has been greased regularly, it has worn out two sets of tires, and the valves have been ground twice, more from principle than from need. It is being turned in now not because it is unsatisfactory in any way, but merely because its owner unexpectedly finds that he has spare cash. In two years nothing has broken or worn out or given any trouble. The carburetor, the electrical system, the cooling system, the engine itself, the brakes, the body, and the sum total of their adjuncts have never needed repair. It has gone through two Massachusetts winters, one of them in an unheated garage, and though it is of a make and model to which popular rumor and an advisory service ascribe notoriously bad starting, it has never once failed to start immediately, at any temperature. . . . Compared with other household developments of the machine age, the refrigerator, the vacuum cleaner, the oil-heater (above all, the oil-heater!), it has been utopian.

Such is the service one gets from a 1934 model. Motorists whose experience goes back twenty years can vividly remember the rocky road to this dependability; but you need not look back that far. Only a few years ago radiators were neurasthenic; to-day you forget that there is one on the car till cold weather reminds you to put in anti-freeze, and this improvement has gone unmentioned in the advertising. For years the carburetor was the repairman's annuity; to-day you have to consult the owner's manual to realize that you have one. Even two or three years ago a March day was hazardous to a cheap car, for brakes got soaked or frozen and the alert driver took care to scorch them into condition; that is all over now and the improvement has hardly been publicly announced. As late as 1929 even cars in the middle price-group had vibration points, which were annoying to the driver and produced excessive wear in the machine; there are no vibration points in the cheapest cars of to-day. Ten years ago if an emergency forced you to drive a cheap car six or eight hours at close to top speed, that car was a liability from then on; to-day you cannot hurt the cheapest car by any amount of top-speed driving. And these matters are representative of a steady improvement that has made the automobile as a whole increasingly effective in its basic function of transportation. In serviceability, in reliability, in longevity, in comfort, and in certainty of operation the consumer's dollar has bought him steadily increasing value.

The process, of course, has been accompanied by a loud ballyhoo, by irrelevant developments, and by some developments about which the consumer has a legitimate kick. He wants reliability first of all, and he gets it; but he also wants safety and convenience and some minor things that seem picayune to everyone except him. Take the knob on the gear-shift lever for instance. The manufacturer who first makes one with a corrugated surface will outdistance his competitors, and if he then surges on and makes one whose threads won't wear out so that it comes off in your hand, none of them will ever draw even with him again. *The New Yorker* has been crusading for head room and is quite right, but eye-room is much more important. The mechanical intelligence that gave us a vibrationless engine ought to be able to cope with the problem of corner-posts, but is being thrown for a greater loss every year. Engineering has failed here, and styling has done even worse. Styling in fact is likely to do away with eye-room entirely if it is not checked, and cars will have to be driven not by direct view at all but by means of periscopes. That trend has got to stop. The consumer must be able to see out of the windshield, he wants to see his front fenders again, and he wistfully hopes to be able to see through, around, over, or in spite of the corner-posts.

Styling has done its best to make tire-

chains obsolete, but meteorology has not co-operated. Wheels should be exposed again so that you could put on chains without a garage turntable. A cowl ventilator could be devised which would not let the rain in: ignition systems are perfectly protected from storms, why not the trousers or skirt of the driver? If a really effective windshield-defroster exists, one cannot buy it in Massachusetts; why isn't there one? That question may be dodged on the ground that a defroster is a mere accessory and so outside the manufacturer's province; but it is not a mere accessory to one who must drive every day regardless of the weather. And windshield-wipers, which are standard equipment, are even worse; no even moderately good one has ever been made. Taken up by a research force that can design a crankshaft, the problem could be solved; if the zeal that goes into making crinolines and bustles for fender-ends then took up the cognate problems, we might soon be able to see our way in stormy weather. Zeal and research might then attack the problem of the rear view. Year by year it gets harder to make out in the mirror what is happening behind you; it is now practically impossible to back a car without opening the window, and with cars of "advanced" design (design, incidentally, which is praised by our theorists) even opening the window and sticking your head and shoulders out will not suffice. If the manufacturers would forget the hypothetical demands of an arbitrary theory and remember that an automobile must be driven backward as well as forward, so slight a device as a curved mirror or a wider and unbifurcated rear window might lessen accidents, increase prestige, and bring on a wave of buying. Then when it occurs to someone that the driver's seat can be made adjustable up and down as well as back and forth (and that last adjustment could be considerably improved with no more retooling than a pair of pliers involves), we shall be within sight of the Automobile of the Future. About all that will then remain is the problem of headlight-glare, and that has already been solved, in the laboratory at least.

Matters like these are much more important than those so endlessly discussed by idealistic engineers who suffer from insomnia. At a guess, the consumer doesn't give a hoot how power is applied to the rear wheels, where the engine is located, how many millions of dollars he is being robbed of by mechanical backwardness (and most of those millions exist only on a scratch pad), or how good a car he might have if it were built to look something like a turtle and very like a whale. Any manufacturer who brings out in November a car in which the driver is required to sit approximately where the motorman sits in a trolley car—as the theorists demand—will be bankrupt when his notes come due in January. But if the same Automobile Show discovers a manufacturer who has let piston-rings alone for the time being, ignored the dictates of idealism, and really done something about the trivia of his product, his bankers will wait on him bearing gifts. Logic in design and whimsicality in styling could go by the board if we got more common sense in both. Probably they are still reconcilable with common sense if a simple principle is borne in mind: the driver must see, he wants to be comfortable, and there is no reason why he should not be dry as well, and warm or cool according as his wish may be rather than by an oversight of the manufacturer.

This manufacturer is a submissive and in some ways a very gullible man. Whoever convinced him that women buy the cars in America and buy them on the merits of the ash-trays in the arm-rests perpetrated a monstrous deception. Mostly it is women's husbands who choose the new car; and women drive cars, they don't merely smoke cigarettes in them. He is advised to revolt against his advertising counsel and spend his next appropriation bragging about the mechanical excellence of his product. It is his best selling-point and he would find it, if he experimented, his best talking-point as well. He would also be doing something

that some of us, who have no personal affection for manufacturers but only a feeling for reality, would like to see done. He would be retorting to the theories of his critics by an appeal to what actually exists. His product is not perfect and never will be, but just what perfection has to do with getting in to the office on time has never been made clear. But his car does get you in to the office on time, and that fact is of the utmost possible importance. He is giving the consumer his money's worth—giving him a square deal and a lot more. The man who buys his car is getting what the pulpits used to call a miracle of modern progress—is getting not only the usufructs but also the stock dividends of the machine age. The automobile manufacturer is doing the job assigned to him and doing it extraordinarily well.

Why doesn't he say so? If, that is, he is going to say anything at all. Any manufacturer of anything wailing in the Liberty League that the New Deal has scared him away from plant-modernization is, to some of us at least, a little craven and more than a little silly. Whereas a manufacturer who saws wood or makes automobiles and does it effectively is after all the hope not only of civilization but of the theorists who find fault with him most habitually. He can, in this instance, prove his case against his critics, against his less effective competitors, and even against his own timorousness. There are a good many reasons why the automobile industry is happier than most industries these days, but one vital reason is the fact that it is doing its job. It is giving the consumer good value for his money, it has done so over a long period of time, and it has improved its products as circumstance and the rigid limits of the possible have permitted. And it recognizes, as the scratch-pad school of automobile design does not, that the possible has rigid limits. Every manufacturer knows how to build a better car than he is now building. But it costs millions to scrap a plant—and it would cost millions (or whatever would substitute as symbols of wealth) to scrap one in a socialized industry, which probably could afford the waste even less. Also, if the plant were scrapped, the hypothetically better product would run into "consumer resistance" if it departed too far from the consumer's tastes, prejudices, and conformity—and the consumer would resist just as stubbornly in Utopia, unless invited not to with machine guns. Within the limits imposed by such forces, and by others quite as obvious to intelligent people, the automobile industry has performed its social function realistically, progressively, with tremendous satisfaction to the consumer and with unparalleled success. What American industry needs is more manufacturers as good at their jobs as those who make automobiles—and a dialectic that will give the indignantly thoughtful a means of harmonizing their notions with the facts. An automobile is a tool of what, in our old-fashioned way, we used to call The Machine Age. It is a tool for effective transportation, of which The Machine Age requires that it shall keep getting more effective, and requires nothing else whatever. Well, it has kept getting better. Look round you and see how many other appurtenances of life in the modern age you can say as much for. You will be looking for a long time.